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BLOOMINGTON / NORMAL

10¢

POST AMERIKAN

VOL 1 NO 7

OBSCEENITY ISSUE

BAD TASTE
ELEVATED!

MORALITY
SUBVERTED

The smut sellers
are after your
children!

Parents
Paranoic
for the
Prevent

I WANT
YOU!

I GOT DA'X
PANTAGRAPH
MOVIE ADS.

ART MUST
SERVE THE
PEOPLE!

I DON'T
GET IT!

I'VE
NOTHING
TO HIDE!

PROMISED
2 ISSUES
AGO!

GODDAMN
SMUT
SELLER!

THERE
IS MORE TO
A RELATIONSHIP
THAN SEX,
Y'KNOW.

PLENTY OF
GOOD THINGS
INSIDE!

PLUS RELEVANT
SOCIAL COMMENT

POST USA
OBSCEENITY
ISSUE

that sexually repressed cartoonist-- BSHERMAN-1972

DAVE BERLO AND THE AMAZING EXCELLENCE MACHINE!

"What we cannot do with excellence, we should not do at all."--David K. Berlo, president of Illinois State University, Normal, Illinois, 61761.

Leave us analyze the base roots of the well quoted phrase of that well quoted phraseologist David Berlo. Define: "excellence." Who gets to define "excellence"? Why is that person charged with defining "excellence"? What makes him better at it than, say, me? Why don't we just pull in any asshole out of the streets and have him define "excellence"? Mostly, what makes anybody's definition of the word worth more than, say, mine or yours?

"Excellence," thus becomes an awful nebulous term to make or break a program on. In the hands of David Berlo, it becomes a deadly weapon, capable of murdering a program in one swift slash (see Student Services) or several slow poisonous-tipped pin pricks (see the Graduate school.) The standards of "excellence" el presidente has used so efficiently have the added advantage of being invisible to all save the Chosen Few, such as old Michigan State cronies.

In short, by skimping funds for the Graduate School, firing Student Services, supporting Professional Sequence, Berlo has chosen himself a place on the side of the Hogs. Polite satirical phrases don't capture the essence anymore, for ISU is on the move progressively from Brillo Factory to Slaughterhouse. The Market Place of Ideas was always an idealism, and Berlo makes it a Butcher Shop: Professional Sequence, the ultimate mindless feedback system, is the best example yet. Despite student opposition to the one-sided nature of the system, it continues with little hope for those trapped

within it, who want out or an alternative.

The basic response to anyone who criticizes a program like Sequence is, "Well, if they don't like it, they can go elsewhere!"--such as U. of I. If this phrasing sounds familiar, it's because one sees it so often on auto bumper stickers--"America, Love It or Leave It!" The inherent callousness and arrogance in such an attitude is apparently not as apparent as one would wish. Too many students take the words as fair and just as if the man were automatically chosen by some deity to have full word over their fates. This phenomenon can be readily glimpsed for instance, in the passive acceptance of Berlo in the role of dispenser of Student Fees. At the time of this writing, members of Student Govt. could be seen sweating out how much of their money da man was going to allow them to spend.

Of course, the administrators answer by stating that they've polled students to uncover where their heads are interred. An example can be glimpsed thus: following the petition against the man, distributed last Spring, a committee created by the Praxy was set up in typical Parkinsonian manner to while away energies investigating it. Of course, none of the petitioners were asked to appear before or on the committee. Of course, none who signed the petition were asked. Of course, nobody knows what the committee was even doing or investigating--perhaps Carole Halicki's editorials.

Primal opposition, most united, has been from the faculty, and recent Berlo tactics, once again swinging his "excellence," have been working efficiently against it. Merit pay, distributed amongst the faculty more nebulously and arbitrarily than grades to students, have successfully been dividing faculty.

Seems 50% of the pay raises, a la Berlo's direction, must be divided amongst 10% of each dept. faculty. Seems few (the Chosen Few) know the means or standards by which this 10% was chosen, except that it involves the dept. head somewhere. The effect is more resentment, petty bootlicking, and bullshit self promotion--on a larger scale than it's yet been seen. So much for faculty "excellence."

With students being more stifled and controlled and faculty being controlled, the question becomes, "Where would we go from here?" The answer lies with David K., and one can be sure it's an "excellent" one.

Perry Noyes

CLASSIFIED

ADS

RIDE NEEDED to McCormick Place Chicago, Tuesday, August 8 for 2 people. 829-9872. Ask for Paul or Jeri.

LOOKING FOR A FLUTE reasonably priced. 829-9872. Ask for Paul.

Ride needed for two to Boulder/Denver Colorado going and returning for the first or first two weeks this September. Will share the cost of gas. Call Cher 452-5953.

aliveness
as pagan
and
Don't LET THEM
DO IT
Robert,
they
have no right
no souls--
nothingness
in
their swinging
sophistication.
They're dead
and
eat the bodies
of the dead
They've
slaughtered
to fill
their
twice daily
buffets on swinging
S.S. Rich
S.S. Right
S.S. Superiority
Super Shit
still stinks
and
as far as I'm
concerned
We're OK, Robert,
Our cleansers
are tears for
dead brothers
AND
the strong will
to go on.
They use Ajax DISINFECT
Lysol CLEAN IT ALL
sterile
semen
can't
fertilize
even
earth mother
in all her
glory.
--Babe.

Al's Book World

111 W. Front St.
Bloomington

| | | |
|--|--|--|
| <p style="font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold;">SAVE</p> <p style="font-size: 1.5em; font-weight: bold;">UP TO</p> <p style="font-size: 4em; font-weight: bold; text-align: center;">75%</p> <p style="font-size: 1.5em; font-weight: bold;">ON USED BOOKS & MAGAZINES</p> | <p style="font-size: 1.5em; font-weight: bold;">Also...</p> <p style="font-size: 1.5em; font-weight: bold;">UP TO</p> <p style="font-size: 4em; font-weight: bold; text-align: center;">40%</p> <p style="font-size: 1.5em; font-weight: bold;">RETURN CREDIT</p> <p style="font-size: 1.2em; font-weight: bold;">On Old Books You Have Read</p> | <p style="font-size: 1.5em; font-weight: bold;">COMICS ADVENTURE MYSTERY WESTERN SC. FICTION WAR Also... Adult Section</p> |
|--|--|--|

LOCAL BOOKSTORE BUSTED



Al's Book World, Bloomington's adult book store, was busted early in July. Gary Whitbeck and Clarence A. Tannahill, partners in the store, were both charged with four counts of obscenity. Their bail was \$1000 on each charge, for a total bail of \$8000.

The store, located at 111 W. Front St., has two sections. The rear section displays pornographic novels, picture magazines, and a display case containing what could be labeled "accessories": French ticklers, artificial penises, vibrators, etc. The front section contains mainstream paperbacks and comic books. Used books in both sections may be traded in when buying new ones.

State's Attorney Paul Welch said he had been "monitoring" the store since its opening 18 months ago. According to Welch, the bust's planning began after a new State Supreme Court ruling held that a clerk or owner was open to charges of obscenity even if he did not know the contents of his material.

Apparently Welch expects us to believe that the store's owners could have successfully claimed in court that they did not know what they were selling. This seems doubtful. One does not usually post signs barring admittance to those under 21 with the idea one is selling cottage cheese.

Although Welch was "monitoring" the store for a year and a half, the actual "investigation" was launched only 60 days prior to the bust. Welch sent State Troopers Kuhl and Manning to undertake the investigation. The reason for this, Welch told the Pantagraph, was that members of the Bloomington Police force were known in the store. Co-owner Whitbeck confirmed this, saying that Bloomington policemen were among the store's best customers.



The beginning of the pornography investigation coincides with the murder of an ISU woman last spring. No leads have turned up in that case.

During the 60-day "investigation," Kuhl and Manning spent hours examining the magazines at Al's Book World. The bust was based on four magazines finally purchased by the State Troopers on July 5th. Despite their acquired familiarity with the store's literature, it still took Kuhl and Manning a half hour to make their final selections. Perhaps they wanted to be absolutely positively sure of the contents of the store's materials.

I interviewed co-owner Whitbeck after the bust. He could see no reason for the arrest except harassment, especially election-year harassment. Whitbeck felt sure that all that he sells is legal, even what he called the "hard core." The police were not even discriminating in their selections, Whitbeck said. Only one of the four magazines purchased was "hard core," the other three depicting simple nudity. Whitbeck said that there are stores all over the state like his, some selling even "harder core" material. There are eight such stores in the vicinity of the State Capitol Building in Springfield.

Whitbeck described his clientele as mostly straight businessmen with suits and briefcases. The briefcases are handy for carrying purchases from the store.



The book store bust brings up conflicts for me. On one hand, I condemn the bust. But on the other hand, I can't exactly support the store nor picture it as the innocent victim of fascist repression. From a Constitutional standpoint, the bust is obviously illegal. The

first amendment says that Congress shall make no law abridging freedom of the press. And, as Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black repeatedly maintained, "no law" means just that--no law. From another perspective, the selling of pornography, no matter how crude, is a victimless crime. There can be no crime without a victim. The classifying of victimless acts as crimes is usually an attempt to legislatively impose bourgeois morality into people's private lives. The irony is that the best customers at Al's and Book World are probably, in their public lives, staunch defenders of all the bourgeois symbols--motherhood, the family, church, the flag, etc.



From a socialist perspective, however, pornography would have to be condemned on much the same basis as we condemn advertising, defense spending, yachts, and planned obsolescence. They are all wastes of resources. When the means of production are socialized, and when the question of what should be produced is decided on the basis of social utility rather than on profit and the demand of only those able to pay, every commodity will be examined in terms of its social opportunity cost. The opportunity cost of building the largest military force in the world is the thousands of schools and hospitals that could have been built with the same resources. The opportunity cost of every socially useless commodity is the socially useful purpose to which the same resources could have been dedicated. It is doubtful that pornography could survive this test of social utility, even though a concrete definition of exactly what is socially necessary has not yet been devised.



Shortly after the above article was written, Al's Book World was busted again. After purchasing 5 magazines from the store, two State Troopers helped obtain warrants for Robert Hayden, a clerk at the store, and the store's owners. Hayden, who allegedly sold the publications, was booked on five counts of obscenity. His bail was \$500 for each charge, for a total of \$2500. For the same five magazines, Tannahill and Whitbeck were each charged with ten counts of obscenity. Their bail was \$1000 on each charge.

No one seems to understand why the store's owners were each charged with two separate counts for every magazine. The procedure does serve to increase the total amount of bail posted by the partners. The Pantagraph's headlines read "Welch War on Smut." So far, Welch has lodged 33 separate charges of obscenity, based on the purchase of 9 magazines. The total bail is more than \$30,000.

Welch's charges rest on shaky legal ground. The State will eventually lose the case when it goes through the appeals courts, but the States Attorney apparently intends to "punish" the "smut sellers" anyway. There is no limit to the number of charges Welch can pile on in the next few months, each of the charges requiring additional bail. Ten percent of all bond posted is non-refundable, even if the verdict is not guilty. When the bond is high enough, even innocent persons wind up paying a considerable penalty. In addition, the defendants will have to pay a considerable amount of money for a lawyer, especially if the case has to be appealed. A defendant found innocent is not compensated by the State--he still pays a large monetary "fine" simply because he was arrested.



The war on smut has abandoned the masquerade of being pure legal action. After the first bust, Welch could have awaited the case's outcome to see if he could legally close the store. But the second bust, serving only to increase the financial burden on the store rather than add to Welch's case, shows that Welch is trying to close the store by harassment.



THE ART CO-OP

THE ARTS CO-OP PRESENTS
for your viewing pleasure
Something you may never have seen
before.....
FREE FLIX!!!!!!!!!!!!
for the rest of the summer!!!!
ON AUGUST 5, 7, and 8
On the Waterfront
directed by Elia Kazan
featuring Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb
with
Water
ON AUGUST 12, 14, and 15
Never Give A Sucker An Even Break
and
Two Men and a Wardrobe
directed by Roman Polanski
with
Walking by Ryan Larkin
ON AUGUST 19, 21, and 22
Raisin in the Sun
directed by Lorraine Hansberry

with Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil and Ruby Dee
with
Cops Buster Keeton
and
Vicious Cycles
by David Bryan, Chuck Menville,
and Len Janson
ON AUGUST 26, 28, and 29
The Wild One
with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy,
and Robert Keith
and
The Red Balloon and Jean
by Ralph Arlyck

All to be seen just at the end of the day--(eventide, vespers, dusk)

On Thursdays (Aug. 5, 12, 19, 26)
on the ISU quad
On Saturdays (Aug. 7, 14, 21, 28)
at the Miller Park Bandshell
And Sundays (Aug. 8, 15, 22, 29)
at the Abyss, 206 W. Lincoln,
Normal

CULTURE COUNTER!

RECORD REVIEW

Living In The Past Jethro Tull

A greatest hits album is much more often than not an unnecessary commercial addition of A.M. short shots in a plastic package. Who in the hell needed Hot Rocks if they followed the Stones? While Living In The Past is far from perfect and does contain rehashed material, it is still a welcome addition to any decent collection. The double album contains, in addition to the music, a supplement of pictures which traces Tull from its beginning. One might be astonished to compare the appearance of early Tull with the present.

For those who are rather unfamiliar with early Tull, allow me to interject a few words in your behalf. This was Jethro Tull was released in 1968. It is a mediocre effort, featuring a wildman named Ian Anderson on flute, mouth harp, piano, clag-horn, and singing. At that time Anderson shared the authority over the group with lead guitar player Mick Abrahams.

"A Song for Jeffrey" on Living In The Past comes off this first disc. In the liner notes of This Was, the song is described thus: "He is one of us but doesn't really play anything--makes bombs and things." Also from the first album is "Dharma for One," live, rearranged, and far superior to the original effort.

Standup, the second LP release, is made by the departure of Abrahams, the addition of Martin Barre on lead guitar, and, in all, a far superior album to This Was.

From Standup through Benefit, Aqualung, and Thick as a Brick, Anderson has matured, and the replenishment of new talent is shown in the new double album. Among the new cuts (or rather, songs never before released in the U.S.) are a number of fine efforts, most notably, the before mentioned "live" side and also "Christmas Song," "Witch's Promise" (which I believe was released in '69 as a 45) and "Life is a Long Song." In all, there are 15 previously unreleased cuts, two rearranged cuts of earlier albums, and four cuts out of earlier LP's.

This is one fine album; sit down and dig it. A close friend found it faulty in the inherent assumption that Tull is a historical footnote. They are. My one major criticism of it, however, concerns the inescapable fact that no matter how much you dig Tull (and I rate them in the Top Three), this album is too much to listen to non-stop. Play a side or two; play some Traffic or Mayall, and then come back to it. You'll appreciate it more.

One final note: "Bourie," which is on both Standup and Living In The Past and is one of Anderson's best efforts on the flute, was not written by him as is claimed. As a matter of fact, its true author was J. S. Bach, and its full title is "Flute Suite in E, BWV 996; Sarabande and Bourée."

Jethro Tull and Ian Anderson have brought more than a degree of sophistication to rock. This is not just music; it's a philosophy of life.

FILM REVIEW

CLOCKWORK ORANGE, directed by Stanley Kubrick

Supposedly, a critic isn't supposed to let ideology (personal ideology, that is) influence appreciation of an art work (Supposedly, that is, in some mythic world where objectivity exists) but all

things being equal, when an art work is primarily polemical, as all satire must be (as in the Maoist films of Jean-Luc Godard,) I suspect this can't help but become the primary concern. Certainly a director like Godard prefers it that way.

CLOCKWORK ORANGE, in the way it flaunts its confrontation of a variety of ideologies, has lain victim to this critical phenomenon with some ridiculous charges levelled at it that must confuse the hell out of its director. Called reactionary, nihilist, and various species of left by all sorts of critics eager to disown it from their point of view, it has been panned more on an ideological level than any other.

Since the film is so technically well put together, perhaps this is fair. Kubrick's use of color, setting, and photography is stunning and shrewd in its presentation of its hero's perspective. It is often quite beautiful, particularly during the violent sequences. Which raises the crux of the film's problem for so many. What purpose does the technique serve? For one, it creates visually the equivalent of its hero's love for the old ultraviolent. (He is, after all, narrating the story, and it's logical to present to present events the way he'd see them.)

Second, the techniques of slow-motion, shading, and filming in long-shot create an obvious aesthetic distance that keeps the violence from being as horrifying as it could be, almost appealing. What, they ask, is Kubrick trying to do?

Alex, the film's hero, is the walking dilemma. One hand has him the leader and perpetrator of several muggings, a rape, and a murder, but because his deeds are so artfully filmed, this impression is undercut. It is further undercut by the way Kubrick's script portrays the victims as caricatures, or pop-art paintings at the moment of death's impact. (Note the Catwoman's assertion: "I'm a human being.")



The effect, most critics have noted, is to make Alex the most appealing character as he's the only one we know as real. It makes him sympathetic through his victimization at the hands of Behaviorism, contemplating chucking it all. Kubrick's satirical handling of all others in the film makes Alex the moral norm by default. In the futuristic crap society the director is showing, people don't act any other way. If this is taken as a weakness in the film itself, then part of the point is missed.

In this context, the message becomes an absurdist debate over free will. Alex's ability to make decisions is destroyed, which, of course, is bad, but the decisions did represent some form of resistance against the society, which was also bad, but this resistance consisted of brutalizing people, which is worse, but then the people aren't really people, which is also bad. Further, the end result becomes favorable for society, which finds itself able to use Alex. (Not to mention his droogs.)

The conflict is one of those involving the individual against society, but Kubrick presents such a melange of contradictions one doesn't intellectually know who to side with. (Emotionally, because the movie is so filmically loaded, the viewer sides with Alex.) The one person to defend Alex, the prison chaplain, is near psychotic and does it out of a misconceived religious ethic.

The director seldom places his hero out of his setting, which isn't hard considering the unique nature of the sets, particularly emphasizing the hero's role as one logical element of the future. (Note the long shot of Alex walking home.) Alex is both victim of society and an integral member of it. His gang member droogs are able, on the basis of Alex's training, to become policemen.

The film's final half hour has the most serious problems for any aesthetic judgment, being as contrived as it is, (with Alex running into everybody he's trashed in the first half of the film,) but the pace with which Kubrick presents it--all rather slow and detailed--make it apparent that this wasn't a prime concern for him. Rather, what becomes important is the presentation of the discriminatory sadism that he falls victim to (as opposed to his indiscriminatory sadism,) which ultimately isn't that different. (The beating scene, at the hands of the cops, is filmed in the same long-shot style as Alex's droog's beatings.) A further conflict is presented.

The film becomes important, despite successful and unsuccessful attempts to label it, because of its vision of the future, a vision subtly different from novelist Anthony Burgess'. It may not be the one we're going to get, but statistics indicate there'll be some kind of a future.

Why not this?

BSherman

BOOK REVIEW

Let's Cook It Right

by Adelle Davis



Did you know that if you always eat your eggs with the whites still runny, you're more likely to get depressed? Can you tell by looking at a piece of beef whether it comes from an old cow or a young cow, and what difference that will make? Are you destroying 48% of the vitamins in eggs and cheese by cooking them in an open pan instead of covering them? Adelle Davis' cookbook is not just a bunch of recipes. Every section includes an explanation of the nutritional values of the food and how to preserve the vitamins, minerals, and natural flavors. She tries to design the recipes without ingredients that contain large amounts of additives, dyes, and sprays. This isn't easy, since she has found that there are 75,000 processing plants now putting chemicals in food, sometimes adding as many as twelve chemicals to one food. In the U.S., food is grown on worn-out soil. Plants grown on worn-out soil quickly become infested with insects, so they are treated with tons of poison sprays. Soil sprayed just once is still contaminated fifteen years later. An average family eats about 45 different added chemicals a day. When we finally get the food in our kitchens, we usually cheerfully destroy whatever nutrients have survived by chopping, soaking, boiling, peeling, and generally mutilating it. In the process, we also destroy the food's natural flavor, so we have to season and sauce it until it tastes vaguely recognizable.

While keeping nutrients and flavor high, Adelle Davis' recipes avoid high cholesterol, which is believed to cause hardening of the

(Continued on next page.)

(Continued from last page.)

arteries and heart trouble. She includes vitamins and minerals which help make you resistant to cancer and --believe it or not--radiation fallout. For vegetarians and people with low incomes, there's lots of recipes with meat substitutes and meat extenders. For hard-core cooks, there are methods for baking bread, making homemade soup, and canning and pickling.

Don't let the cutesy-homey title of Let's Cook It Right deceive you. Adelle Davis is serious and knowledgeable, and very important.

REVIEW

AN APPRECIATION:
AL CAPP AND WALT KELLY



One of the last episodes of POGO, before the PANTAGRAPH decided to ax it, contained some acute prophetic words. The sequence contained a running allusion to KRAZY KAT, perhaps the first consciously allegorical comic strip, when one of the strip's minor characters, a cat, complained about the plotline of Herriman's old series (wherein a cat is constantly hit in the head by a brick flung by the mouse Ignatz, who he/she loves.) Another POGO character, a mouse who has been describing the old strip, replies, "Intellectual comic strips ain't always funny." Not if one is a cat.

To my mind POGO has always been the most beautiful comic strip in existence. Walt Kelly, its creator, has for over twenty years realized with ink and brush (in panels originally four times larger than the ones the reader sees) to present a landscape gothic, light, and American. POGO is the only strip fully conscious of the subtleties of background--one look at any strip show clearly what time of year it was drawn for, the seasonal presentation is so well done.

But it was the strip's foreground that confused readers. Anybody who didn't read the strip with consistency easily got confused by the multitude of characters and simultaneous action the author flashed back and forth to. Each full year becomes a full novel, with a multitude of subplots, and many readers didn't have the patience or understanding.

Then too the language, spawn of vaudeville and Joyce, confused many. POGO, easily, grappled with subjects and concepts beyond the expectational level of most comic strips. Few were prepared for it. POGO, since its conception, has used itself to present a vision of satirical humanism that is unflagging. Easily, the comic strip was one of the most contemporary and most gutsy--which is why others have resented it so much.

Yet no other contemporary artist, in his appreciation of current events, has reached such a consistently satisfying synthesis of cynicism and human concern.

For a while, intellectually grappling with Marx, I tried to become embarrassed reading POGO. I couldn't do it, and the strip has had a stronger life for me than the words of Marx ever could have. Even though Marx probably has greater importance for history (even though I don't believe him, I believe that,) objects of art mean more to the individual, and individuals, in part, is where history comes from. Besides Marx never had a good line in his life.

Capp's strip, L'IL AEMER, was more surprising in its demise. It being much less liberal than POGO. Perhaps the fact of newspaper comic strips is simply that readers (and editors) don't like them with political overtones. I don't know. Despite the reactionary missionary air the strip has gotten itself into, I still enjoy reading it. Even when the strip was closer to liberal, its basic appeal was, in its grotesqueness, anyway.

And Capp created magnificent grotesques: the whole rural slum of Dogpatch, the multitude of opportunistic politicians, personalities, the original tall tale perversity of the stories. Perhaps, Capp is closest to being an actual wilderness American. Perhaps L'IL AEMER's outlook was closer to the American mass than POGO could ever be. (Capp certainly thought so.) Capp and his horde of ghost-writers

GOONTER! CULTURE

took the principal of satire through grossness about as far as it could go in an establishment paper. If he'd just been starting out now, in the underground comics, there's no telling where he would have gone. Unfortunately, time made much of the author's progressiveness anachronistic.

My objection with the strip's ghost-written years has been for incongruity, as if a multitude of writers in the background somewhere were fighting for control of the strip, while Capp was off somewhere lecturing. Sometimes episodes would stop in the very middle, never to be seen again; sometimes they'd veer off in some unprepared for direction. The effect is always frustrating. Where POGO has always been a model of complex continuity, L'IL AEMER seemed entropy.

Both strips, accompanied by a defensive editorial in the PANTAGRAPH (citing the usual useless non-defense: poll results) were dropped. As a near fanatic admirer of comic art, I was more that merely annoyed by the action and the paper's citing of "mass response." The event wasn't all that significant for history or even for the cartoonists probably. The only ones to notice were the cats and mice in the area, and the cats sure didn't care. Fewer and fewer these days have sympathy for divergent tastes and priorities--particularly if those tastes seem threatening.

BSherman

SPEED?



Wilderness Road at ISU

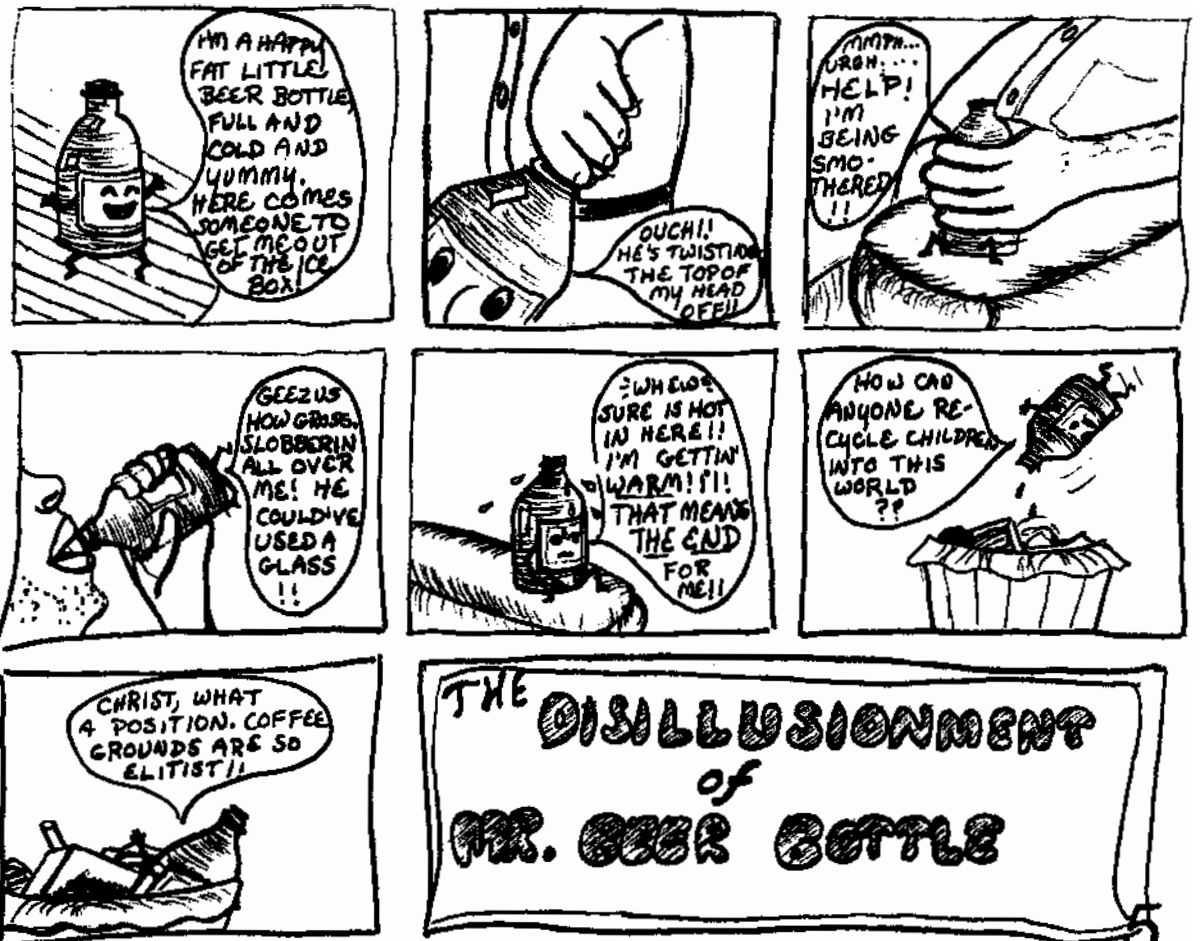
Wilderness Road at ISU

Saturday evening July 22, Union Ballroom

Somewhere in the vicinity of 150-250 people gathered while Wilderness Road, a good solid country rock group out of Chicago, played at them.

The first song of the set made little impression but the second featured a more than decent guitar solo by the lead player, a capable performer whose identity seems to have been confused with Peter Townsend. Then strains of Mason Profit as they did Bounty Man. A greaser rap featuring Dominic Balloon then a song off the hit pile of WKKK led ultimately into a sermon by the right rite reverend

E. J. Korvette who said, "We've been smokin' Jesus, we've been snortin' Jesus, so now its high time we start shootin' Jesus, so this week and this week only we are featuring this genuine neon lighted crucifix, with split Amerikan flag canopy for the low low price of just \$29.95." Then a Johnny Cash imitation and a dynamite electric mandolin solo to wrap it up--almost. Did my senses deceive me or did we really bring them back for more? Yes, Honky Tonk Women, and they would have played more if only the people would realize they are not in the army. Next time folks let's kick over those fuckin' chairs, get rowdy, party it up, HAVE FUN, and who knows, this week Wilderness Road maybe next week the Stones or perhaps Mitch Miller.



The Red Flag

by Jan & Carol Cox

*It waved above our infant night
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow,
We will not change its color now.*
--James Connell, 1889

The Edge of Bourgeois Rule

"We have met the enemy and he is us" is a slogan by the ruling class for the exploited. As long as that slogan is accepted by masses of people the Kings of mine and rail and soil will remain peacefully seated in their glory. HOWEVER--the very acceptance of that slogan by millions is a symptom of the fact that the enemy is, indeed, "inside" as well as "outside," that the struggle is both personal and political. The first line of defense of the international ruling class is the continuing hegemony among all classes of bourgeois culture. The pig-ish idiocy of considering drugs or dress-style to be revolutionary is a trivial instance. The loyal service to capitalism of the French and Italian Communist Parties is a tragic instance. Somewhere in between is the paranoid fear of red-baiting among so many "progressive" groups in this country. (Two years ago the local Community for Social Action refused to sponsor a public forum for local Venceremos Brigade members on the grounds that to do so would be "political suicide.")

The continuing presence of white and male supremacy within the left itself is, however, the clearest form of bourgeois cultural hegemony in this country. There are too many radicals who will risk their jobs, their futures, their reputations, their freedom, even their lives--but who will not (or can not) surrender the privilege--bestowed by a white skin or a penis--of defining for non-whites or women the terms of struggle. This bourgeois power within the movement must be broken--smashed by

whatever means available and at whatever cost to the Movement. For unless it is smashed, totally and ruthlessly, there is no Movement.

The basic principles were stated 50 years ago by Lenin in his conversations with Clara Zetkin:

Mobilisation of the female masses, carried out with a clear understanding of principles and on a firm organisational basis, is a vital question for the Communist Parties and their victories. But let us not deceive ourselves. Our national sections still lack the proper understanding of this question. They adopt a passive, wait-and-see attitude when it comes to creating a mass movement of working women under communist leadership. They do not realize that developing and leading such a mass movement is an important part of all Party activity, as much as half of all the Party work. Their occasional recognition of the need and value of a purposeful, strong and numerous communist women's movement is but platonic lip-service rather than a steady concern and task of the Party.

They regard agitation and propaganda among women and the task of rousing and revolutionising them as of secondary importance, as the job of just the women Communists. None but the latter are rebuked because the matter does not move ahead more quickly and strongly. This is wrong, fundamentally wrong! It is outright separatism. It is equality of women a rebours, as the French say, i.e. equality reversed. What is at the bottom of the incorrect attitude of our national sections?

In the final analysis, it is an underestimation of women and of their accomplishments. That's just what it is! Unfortunately, we may still say of many of our comrades, "Scratch the Communist and a philistine [i.e., Pompous Pig] appears." To be sure, you have to scratch the sensitive spots--such as their mentality regarding women. Could there be any more palpable proof than the common sight of a man calmly watching a woman wear herself out with trivial, monotonous, strength- and time-consuming work, such as her housework, and watching her spirit shrinking, her mind growing dull, her heartbeat growing faint, and her will growing slack? It goes without saying that I am not referring to the bourgeois ladies who dump all housework and the care for their children on the hired help. What I say applies to the vast majority of women, including the wives of workers, even if these spend the day at the factory and earn money.

Very few husbands, not even the proletarians, think of how much they could lighten the burdens and worries of their wives, or relieve them entirely, if they lent a hand in this "women's work." But no, that would go against the "privilege and dignity of the husband." He demands that he have rest and comfort. The domestic life of the woman is a daily sacrifice of self to a thousand and insignificant trifles. The ancient rights of her husband, her lord and master, survive unnoticed. Objectively, his slave takes her revenge. Also in concealed form. Her backwardness and her lack of understanding for her husband's revolutionary ideals act as a drag on his fighting spirit, on his determination to fight.

They are like tiny worms, gnawing and undermining imperceptibly, slowly but surely. I know the life of the workers, and not only from books. Our communist work among the masses of women, and our political work in general, involves considerable educational work among the men. We must root out the old slave-owner's point of view, both in the Party and among the masses. That is one of our political tasks, a task just as urgently necessary as the formation of a staff composed of comrades, men and women, with thorough theoretical and practical training for Party work among working women.

Two points need to be added. (1) Lenin probably overestimated the capacity (or willingness) of men (communist or non-communist) to change without strong, continuing, often vicious, and sometimes violent pressure from organized and militant women. The Chinese reflect awareness of this fact in their creation of all-woman militia units and in their use of women only as army paratroopers.

(2) By objecting to "equality of women . . . in reverse" Lenin did not express a fear of women being "too" militant; rather, he was warning against the major refuge of "liberal" male supremacy: the trick of saying "See, we're all equal here--no more need to make special arrangements for the participation of women." Regardless of the sincere or insincere personal attitudes of the men involved, male supremacy is an objective fact, and structural and procedural defenses against it must be built or the full participation of women will be impossible.



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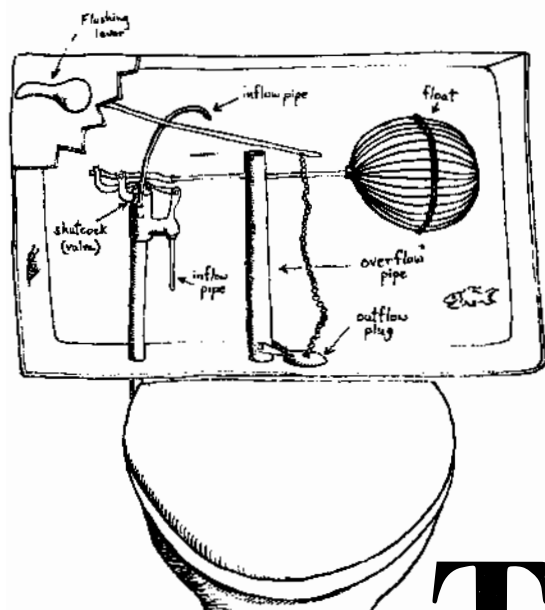
Check out this list, then, of stores in the neighborhood, carrying us. Or seek out a hawker.



THE LIST OF STORES:

- The Joint, 605 1/2 N. Main, Blmgtn,
- Karma, 101 North St, Normal,
- McLean County Pant, 601 N. Main, Blmgtn,
- Mr. Goodbar, 111 1/2 North, Normal,
- Student Stores, 107 N. Broadway, Normal.

WHY NOT BUY SEVERAL ISSUES? (They make nifty paper mache.) GIVE A COPY TO A NARC.



TOILET TRAINING



(Reprinted from The Fair Share,
Champaign)

Plumbing was the first step down the long road to modern civilization, and the flush toilet is the flower of the art. Rome finally fell the day the sewers backed up, and if your toilet fails in this age of well-heeled plumbers, you'll understand why.

If you want to learn to communicate with your toilet, first you have to understand how it works. You can learn all you need to know about it just by taking off the top and watching while you flush it a few times. Basically it's a tank full of water which washes down in through the toilet bowl when you pull the plug, then fills back up to get ready for the next load.

Refer to the drawing. When you push on the flush lever, it pulls the plug in the bottom of the tank by means of the chain on the end of the arm. The plug is hollow, so once it's pulled up it floats in the open position until all the water in the tank runs out. Then it flops back in place, and when the tank starts to fill up again it is sealed in place by the pressure of the water on it.

All the rest of the machinery is to fill the tank automatically. The water comes in through a pipe which comes out the back of the tank; you can turn it off if you have to with the faucet somewhere behind the toilet.

The water intake goes through a valve which is controlled by the float. As the tank fills, the hollow float rises and shuts off the valve. And that's all there is to it.

Unless something goes wrong. Fortunately not much can go wrong with such a simple system, and usually it's easy to deal with. (Everyone knows what to do when it's clogged, right? You use a plunger, often called a 'plumber's friend.')

The first thing to do is take off the top and look inside. The water in the tank is as fresh as the last time you flushed the toilet, and it's the same water that you drink out of the sink. Notice the float bowl. If you want to conserve water, don't waste a brick by putting it in to take up space. Just bend the float lower so that the filling valve will turn off when there is less water in the tank. The only limit to lowering it is that you might have to flush more than once

to get rid of particularly stubborn turds.

The most delicate part of the mechanism is the valve. If yours leaks when it should be off, the tank will keep filling up until it starts to drain out of the overflow pipe. This is one of the main sources of a constant sound of running water. All you can do is see if the float works properly (they can get waterlogged), to check if it's really the valve that's broken. If it is, turn off the water from behind the toilet and remove the top part of the valve. Take it down to a plumbing supply house and get new washers and seals for it.

Another problem that makes your toilet sound like a mountain brook is if the plug at the bottom doesn't seal down, and water keeps running out into the toilet bowl. Finding out exactly why is a matter of peering closely at the plug while flushing the toilet a time or two. This too can be cheaply replaced if it's old and worn. Frequently it's just a matter of a minor adjustment, though.

Remember, a smoothly-functioning toilet is of prime importance to a serene household.

AN ALTERNATE FLAG

"In Washington, Clark MacGregor, chairman of the Committee to Re-Elect the President, said Nixon will not debate McGovern in the campaign 'because it is not in the national interest.'"

"The Nixon administration's position on a broad range of key issues is clearly defined, well understood and broadly supported by American citizens," MacGregor said. "The sharply divergent views of the President's opponents have been spelled out in this year's primaries and have not found wide acceptance. The people know fully of the great differences on issues between the candidates."

"The President is engaged in a variety of secret negotiations. Debates will not serve the national interest."

--from the OPT, 22 July 1972

It is not quite a surprise that we of the mighty USA should read that our ruler should regard secrecy as necessary to the operation of the government. That is the way with rulers. Some past and present rulers, of course, have not been quite so blunt. Even some of the USA rulers in the recent past have found it politic to pretend that they were sharing the process of ruling with their electors. But at this late date, it is not even surprising that Citizen Nixon would routinely allow an open admission of the fact that he regards himself as the One Superior Helmsman. Our rulers have grown confident and arrogant.

People have often allowed their rulers to become arrogant and only seldom have the people, even momentarily, repudiated such arrogance. In the USA a small segment of the population has striven to end the arrogance and the rule of its unwanted rulers, but those flashy and meagre efforts have failed--failed totally. In 1968 Citizen Nixon was willing to go before the people and debate John Kennedy. That was a political mistake but he felt that he had to debate issues before the people. Today, Citizen Nixon no longer regards such action as necessary.

The people of the USA must realize that since 1952, at least, they have been ruled by the same Man. O, the Presidential names have changed, but the spirit is still the same. It must be remembered that even the revered John Kennedy gave the final orders for the Bay of Pigs. That Kennedy was youthful and a magnetic personality, but he was no less secretive than his successors. Even in his supposedly glorious death, John Kennedy contributed to the physical circumstances that allowed Lyndon Johnson to expand the Indochina war with so little opposition.

How is it that the same Man can always be elected? And why is it that that Man can feel himself safe being openly arrogant?

The answers are simple and easily available. The rulers of the USA come from or are made by a small class which wields a vastly disproportionate economic clout. And those rulers and that class are supported by a basically unchanging bureaucracy which naturally supports the status quo. This bureaucracy has become so vast that it would

be political suicide for any ordinarily-elected official to attempt to alter it. The bureaucracy has further gained security through its special knowledge of the mechanics of ruling, from its ability to gain civil service tenure, and from the common belief that such a vast bureaucracy is necessary to the efficient functioning of a modern state.

On the basis of this analysis, it would appear extremely unlikely that even the election of George McGovern would reverse the accumulated strength of the USA ruling bureaucracy. Already McGovern is re-evaluating some of his most far-reaching proposals and it is impossible to guess how much mere "re-evaluation" will be undertaken in the next three months and much more "re-evaluation" might be undertaken after his election. It is even possible that he could find it impossible to force a recalcitrant ruling structure to do his bidding if he did stand by his proposals.

It has been becoming more daily apparent for many years that the only certain way, and possibly the only way, to make the USA a democracy is through a political and social revolution. To have such a revolution, we must discover the ways and means of removing the ruling class and we must--this is much more difficult because it has never been done--find a way to govern that cannot be corrupted. But now is the time for revolutionary action because every day the bureaucracy becomes larger and stronger and every day the ruling class becomes richer and stronger. Every day the task of overcoming state power becomes more difficult.

--Ilyin Starik

THIS LAND IS

THEIR LAND

The wheat field is ten miles long. There is a machine--one colossal machine--harvesting the wheat, rumbling toward the setting sun on tracks which keep it from compacting the soil. A helicopter sprays pesticide on the adjacent soybean field. Another helicopter circles, scanning crop conditions, transmitting data to a computer.

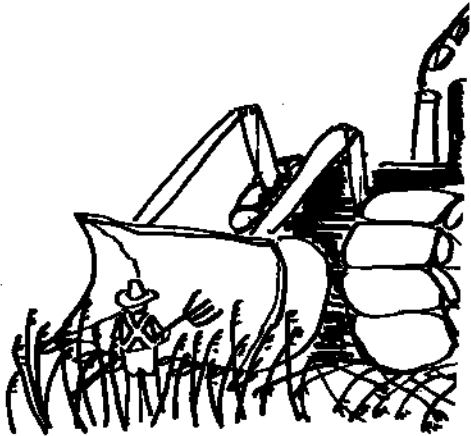
Two men sit in a bubble-topped control tower, watching the instrument panels which surround them. The lengthening shadows of three giant skyscrapers--skyscrapers filled with cattle--fall on the men. In these nearly fully-automated structures the cattle are fed various chemicals, fattened, killed, processed and packed into cylinders for shipment by monorail to the cities, which are, presumably, where all the people are.

This is a picture of the American farm in the year 2015, as sketched by US Department of Agriculture (USDA) specialists. To them it is irresistibly appealing: ten whole miles filled with great amber waves of grain. Yet the implications of their vision are chilling: environmental ruin, nutritional famine, wrenching social dislocation.

Who will own this futuristic farm? What will be its economic and environmental costs, and who will pay them? The government's crystal-gazing agronomists--agricultural scientists--won't answer. But already, at every link of America's economic food chain, drastic transformations are at work which provide some exceedingly disturbing clues.

Let's start with two statements: 1) if you are the "average American," you eat a less nutritious diet today than you did fifteen years ago--a fact which even the Department of Agriculture admits is true. 2) You've heard vague news about land reform progress in Asia and Latin America? Well, it turns out we need land reform right here--in the fields of California, and in Maine, Mississippi...

These two situations are caused by agribusiness, America's largest business--a \$190 billion-a-year industry which employs 30% of privately employed American workers and ac-



counts for nearly 20% of our Gross National Product.

Would you trust the Bank of America to supply you with healthy food? Or Dow Chemical? Tenneco? Kaiser? Greyhound? ITT?

It is corporations like these as well as the more obvious food giants like Safeway, Del Monte, and General Foods--that most Americans rely on for their supply of food. In the food industry, as in so many other areas, big corporations are continuing to centralize control of our lives in their hands.

The older food corporations--the Safeways and Del Montes--are continuing their horizontal growth (swallowing up competing retail stores, canners, etc.) But even more ominously they are growing vertically--striving for "vertical integration," "total food systems"--by expanding into food manufacturing, processing, and growing. At the same time, huge corporate conglomerates are diversifying into the food industry--particularly into farming itself.

Tenneco, the 32nd largest US industrial corporation, although a fairly new entry into agribusiness, could be considered the vertically integrated food corporation par excel-

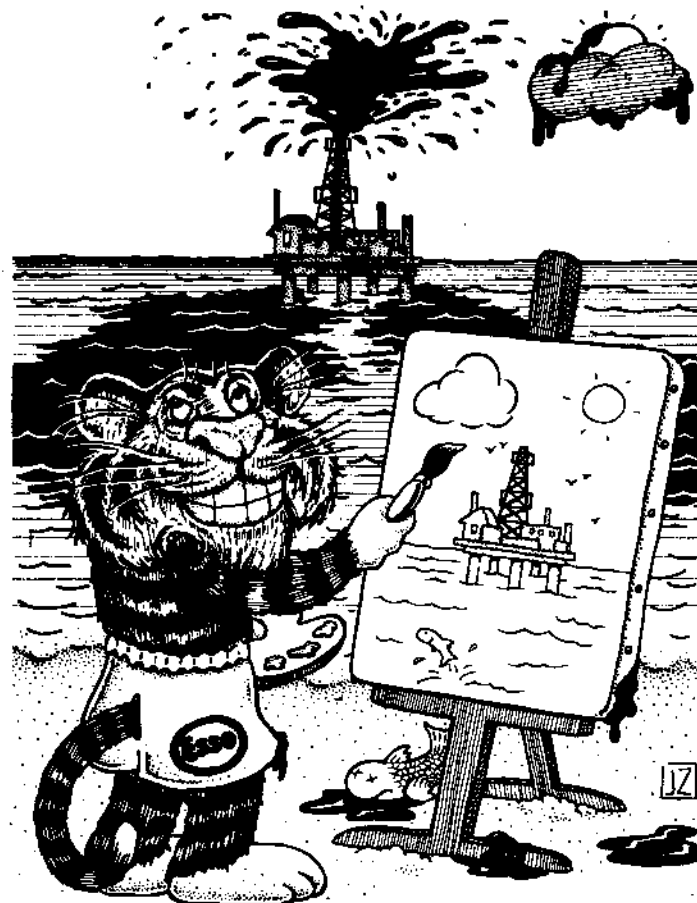
lence, with its stated aim of **controlling food production** "from seedling to supermarket."

In 1967 Tenneco acquired Kern County Land Company, California's third largest land owner. Three years later it took control of Heggblade-Marguleas, the nation's largest marketer of fresh fruits and vegetables. Tenneco also owns J. I. Case Co., which manufactures, among other things, farm machinery, and the Packaging Corporation of America, which manufactures food containers.

So Tenneco plows its own land, fertilizes and sprays it with chemicals from its own chemical division, using its own tractors fueled with gas and oil from its own oil wells and refineries. The food is processed, packaged, and distributed by Tenneco subsidiaries.

rotation--a practice which ruins the soil), pesticides, and inorganic fertilizers, which together have increased the variety and resistance of pests and impaired the quality of the soil, so that ever greater amounts of even more toxic and costly chemicals are soaked into the land.

Agribusiness corporations are decidedly uninterested in alternatives like organic fertilizers and biological control of pests. And they are in a position to make their lack of interest count. As a National Agricultural Chemicals Association spokesman candidly points out: "There really is not much biological control in industry research; they would research themselves right out of the market."



Tenneco is presently attempting to develop its own national brand name (Sun Giant) for produce. They intend to sell it at "premium prices," though as yet they don't have their own supermarket chain.

Corporations like Tenneco decide what kinds of food will be available to us and what prices we will pay for them. They supply us with food sprayed with poisons, processed until it retains little nutritional value and loaded with chemical additives. The people who eat the food don't benefit from the spraying, processing, and additives. But the agribusiness corporations certainly do. As a marketing spokesman admitted: "The profit margin on food additives is fantastically good--much better than the margin on basic, traditional foods." Big food manufacturers, could not even exist at the same size and power without these foods which can be cheaply transported and stored over long distances and long periods of time.

Along with food additives, agribusiness has brought on an upsurge in pesticide use, which has more than doubled since Rachel Carson's book *The Silent Spring*--which predicted the devastating effects of pesticides--was published in 1962. Large agricultural corporations (which often have their own holding in the farm chemical business) are totally geared to large-scale farming techniques that depend on huge amounts of pesticides and inorganic fertilizers.

They are firmly locked into the familiar vicious cycle: extensive use of monoculture (using a field to grow a single crop without

And food prices. As control of agribusiness is concentrated more and more, food prices will rise considerably. Even now a large part of the cost of food goes for such things as advertising. The food industry spends more on advertising and less on research than any industry in America (ten advertising dollars for every research dollar.)

Back on the farm, the situation is desperate. The traditional American family farmer is fast disappearing--2,000 farms a week go out of business in the United States. Small farmers cannot bargain effectively for fair prices with the huge food industry distributor. Nor can they compete with government subsidized corporate farmers.

In 1969, 5% of US farms (90,000 farms) made over 50% of farm sales. In California, by far the nation's agricultural state, roughly 40% of the cropland is owned by 45 corporations. Everywhere the pattern is the same: land, whether agricultural, timber, urban... is coming increasingly under the control of giant corporations, banks and insurance companies.

Unlike ordinary farmers who must live by selling their crops, Tenneco, for example, can make its profits somewhere else along the line--in processing and distribution, for instance. Sixty-three percent of the 400,000 largest farms made most of their profits from non-farm operations. And when it wants to, Tenneco can practically give its crops away at cost of production or below, driving prices down until other farmers are forced out of business.

continued on next page

Agribusiness

continued from last page

Meanwhile it can rely on profits from its non-agricultural operations, which account for most of its revenues anyway. Tenneco drills for oil off the coast of Southeast Asia and is the world's largest transporter of natural gas. Its Newport News Shipbuilding Company is building the Nimitz and the Eisenhower, America's second and third nuclear powered aircraft carriers. So the son of a farm family forced off their land by Tenneco can swab the decks of an aircraft carrier built by Tenneco defending Tenneco's Southeast Asian oil wells.

And after all this Tenneco even collects welfare! Big farmers receive a fascinating variety of public subsidies which make it even easier for them to eliminate competition. These are just a few examples:

CROP SUBSIDIES

In 1970 crop subsidies paid out to farmers, most of them large corporate farmers, totalled over four billion dollars. In 1970 Tenneco received crop subsidies of over one million dollars. J.J. Boswell, one of the world's largest cotton growers, received \$5 million. Some of this money is paid for not growing crops.

"My government taxes me to the extent of confiscation to subsidize and create favorable conditions for vertically integrated corporations," said Gus Starneson, for 26 years a grower of almonds on 40 acres of California land. "Give me a four million dollar subsidy and I'll be the most efficient farmer west of the Mississippi."

THE RESEARCH SUBSIDY

Universities do a great deal of publicly financed research for agribusiness. This research is aimed at developing technology for giant farms. The situation is simple: we pay the universities to develop, not technology to help the family farmer, but technology for corporate farms. Then we are told that this technology, and the corporate takeover of agriculture which it is helping to make possible, are inevitable.

In the bitter grape strike of the late sixties, the University of California came to the growers' assistance during pruning season and allowed them to use a pneumatic pruning machine it had under development.

THE LABOR SUBSIDY

The government helps to provide big farmers with a cheap, easily exploitable labor force. Farmworkers are the least protected of all workers by federal and state laws. The government has actively intervened to obstruct the United Farmworkers' attempts to organize farmworkers. For instance, the Defense Department more than tripled its purchases of Dow Chemical-controlled Bud Antle lettuce during the United Farmworkers' lettuce boycott.

The Arizona state legislature, pressured by big farming interests in the state, recently passed a bill severely restricting primary boycotts (boycotts against the growers themselves) and outlawing secondary boycotts outright (a secondary boycott is aimed at other handlers of the farm produce, like supermarkets). Idaho and Kansas--big farming states--have also passed similar laws aimed at smashing farmworker organizing.

THE TAX SUBSIDY

Tax loopholes encourage corporations and wealthy individuals to avoid paying taxes by using their income to buy farm land and make improvements on it while holding it for speculation--even if farming the land is not profitable for them.

THE WATER SUBSIDY

In California the federal and state governments have built huge water projects paid for mostly with our tax money. The California State Water Project costs roughly ten billion dollars--\$500 for every man, woman and child in California. Yet economists estimate that the project will return only 50% of benefit for every dollar it costs. Then why build it?

It's being built because the bulk of its benefits goes to a few concentrated interests: big landowners, water using industries, and developers. The water allows big landowners to irrigate their crops much more cheaply, and it raises land values by at least \$300 an acre. So, if you happen to own 20,000 acres, your land is suddenly worth \$6 million more than it

was before California citizens built a water project for you.

Southern Pacific and the Tejon Ranch were the biggest donors to the successful 1960 campaign to persuade California voters to approve a bond issue to finance the project. And Bank of America holds the largest share of the bonds!

A lot of people think: "Well, this is pretty bad, but how else are we going to do things? After all, we've got to be efficient to feed all those people." The fact is, big farms are not more efficient--even in a strictly economic sense. The government's own studies show that farms ranging from 100 to 500 acres are highly efficient. Most people assume without thinking that the agribusiness giants are more efficient, even necessary.

This is the educational effect of agribusiness--a result of USDA propaganda aimed at teaching us to accept the agribusiness picture of the world, to consider it natural and right. We are expected to learn that big and powerful equals efficient and good, that we must rely on unseen "experts" and their magic technology to supply us with food, and transportation, and defense, and health care, and even (with their cosmetics) with love.

And we are expected to learn that the development of a technology controlled by "experts" and corporations is inevitable, that technology controls us--not that we can choose technologies to serve human life.

A LIST OF SOME SPECIAL KNOW FARMERS

Boeing Company--airplanes and 200,000 acres of agricultural land near Boardman, Oregon.

E.I. DuPont--chemicals, including pesticides, fertilizers, feed supplements; plant biology to "find compounds that will regulate plant growth;" food and related products (packaging film, plastics, processing compounds), commercial food freezing units; real estate

The Greyhound Corporation--transportation and Food and Financial Services (quick service food counters, full service restaurants); Armour and Co. (Armour Dial--canned goods, frozen foods, grocery items, animal health products; manufacturer and processor and distributor of fresh, processed and portion-

controlled meat and poultry products).

Gulf Oil Corporation--gas, oil, agriculture chemicals, and real estate

International Telephone and Telegraph Corp. (ITT)--communications, including components for automated battlefields and electronic war, such sensors that relay information to remote computers which dispatch pilotless bombers into the air, programmed to drop their load of bombs on designated target areas. The sensors cannot distinguish between troops and civilians. Also food products (including Continental Baking Co--Wonder Bread, Hostess cupcakes, Twinkies, Profile Bread; Morton Frozen Foods; food additives, meat) truck rentals, real estate, the Republican Party.

King-Tenoco-Vought (K-T-V)--defense products, Braniff Airlines and Wilson & Co., Inc. (foods, beef, and lamb, farms); Wilson Agribusiness Enterprises, Inc., (livestock land and agricultural equipment.)

Litton Industries--defense and agricultural machine tools, food products and services

Mobil Oil Company--gas, oil and fertilizers, herbicides, petro-chemicals used in feedstocks, recently acquired assets and large share of stock in Leslie Salt Co. of California which announced it is going out of business; tractor tires, crop chemicals, special dairy paints, frost protection systems and cattle sprays.

RCA Corporation--electronics and frozen prepared foods, commercial real estate, equipment rental.

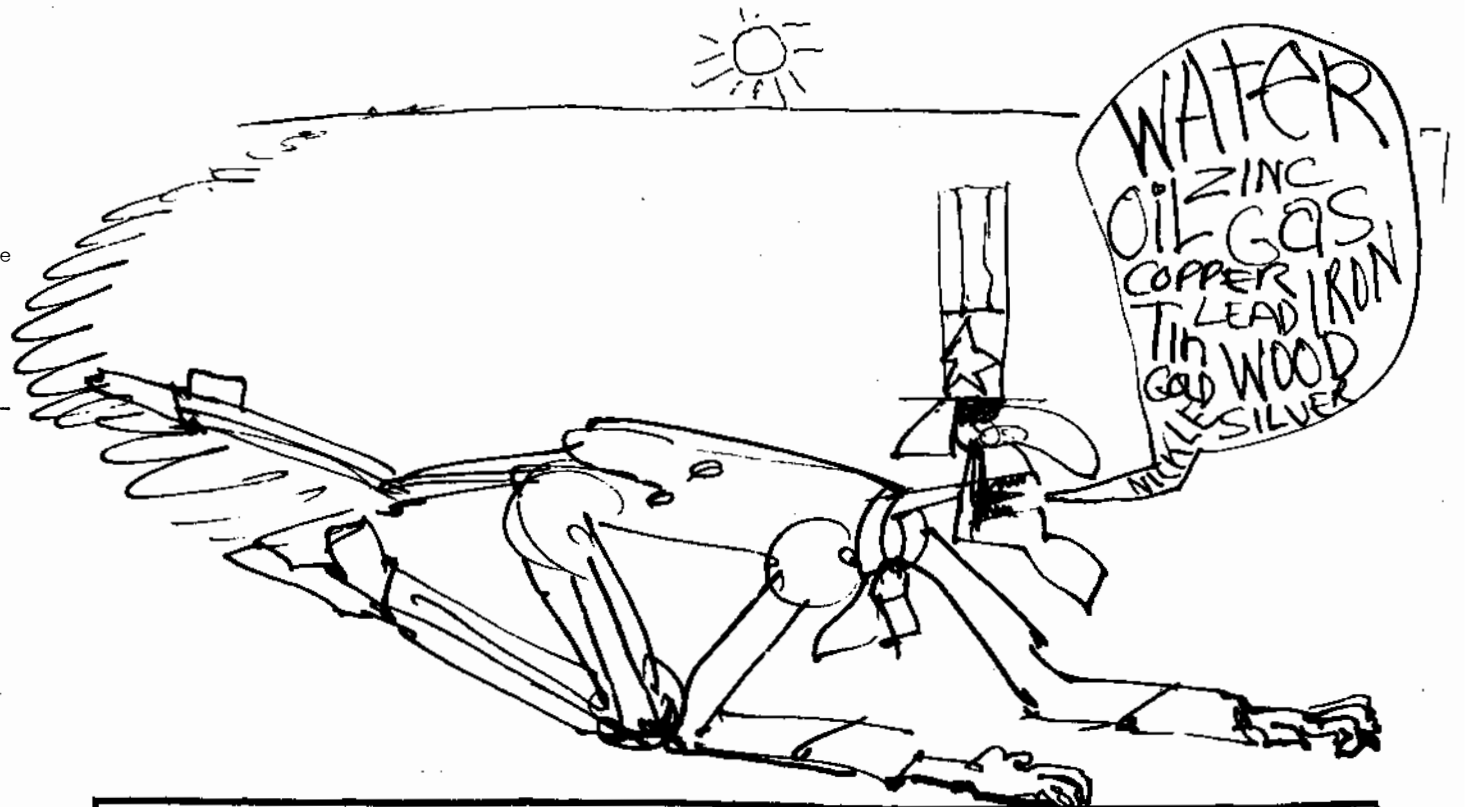
Shell Oil Company--gas, oil and fertilizers, pesticides, petrochemicals for agriculture.

Standard Oil of Indiana gas, oil, and agricultural fertilizers and chemicals.

Standard Oil of New Jersey--gas, oil and chemical feedstocks, real estate, pesticides.

Texaco, Inc.--gas, oil and agricultural chemicals, fruit sprays, cotton conditioner, orchard heaters, chemical feedstocks, fertilizer, pesticides.

The Travelers--insurance and real estate, (20 per cent of investment amounting to \$466,167,000 in farm and ranch mortgage loans; large sums in bonds, preferred and common stocks invested in a multitude of agribusiness corporations.)



WASHINGTON (LSN) -- Nixon's campaign fundraisers have really been turning on the charm and sparing no cash in the scramble for campaign backers, reports Jack Anderson in a recent syndicated column. Traveling first class, staying at the most fashionable hotels, dining and prospective backers at the most elegant restaurants and smoking the finest cigars, Nixon's men racked up an April-May expense account not to be believed. Air travel alone for the two months in commercial, private or government planes came to over \$45,000.


In New York, they stayed at the Waldorf-

Astoria (three visits cost them \$2985) and in Florida it was the Boca Raton Club, a "watering hole for millionaires." But the cheapest place so far to entertain potential backers has proven to be the White House. For an April 18 reception at the presidential palace, the Republican Finance Committee reimbursed the White House guest fund a full \$159.

All in all Nixon's fundraisers have been quite successful. They managed to collect over \$10 million from unidentified contributors before a new law went into effect on April 7 requiring that all political donors be named.

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FACE OF THE ENEMY



I am not one prone to visions. The feebleness of my sight precludes the efficient reception of even the more materially explicable images, yet I have of late been tortured by a certain terrible hallucination, the disclosure of which in this periodical may be of some entertainment and inspiration to its readers.

I work in a factory, making small blocks of dye which, in some distant place, are used in the colouring of fine tapers and fanciful soaps. The work is by no means difficult, and the conditions are most agreeable; the tedium of repeated tasks on a mainly physical level, nevertheless, allows the mind to ramble, to roam the twisted, branching tunnels of the imagination, often to the amazement of its stultified owner. Recently, while pouring mold-tray after mold-tray full with a remarkably sanguine shade of vermilion, I noticed that this particular dye was highly soluble in the cooling water in which the filled trays floated giving the chilling tank the appearance of a bloody sea, swarming with colliding barges.

My subconscious, mesmerised by long hours of repeated, simple tasks, seized upon this concept with an astonishing tenacity, developing and elaborating it fantastically, until I looked down upon not mould-trays and water, but upon warring galleys and their rolling battleground. Ships of many forms wheeled in martial manoeuver, and great clouds of smoke belched up as the cannon blazed. Stretching to the horizon around, the vast naval warfare was joined, two immense fleets in contest upon the scarlet swells.

Deafening blared the din of battle, the crashing of great guns, the clash of sword and steel, the whistle of aerial bombs, the rending of wood, and the screams of the suddenly dying. Long trains of hospital vessels bore away the maimed, the horribly burned, the blinded, the limbless, and the dead, streaming to opposing horizons with their burdens of agony, and corresponding convoys arrived at the conflict, fat with fodder for the slaughter. Everywhere raged the battle, and men strained and calculated with murderous intent, hewing down their partners and rolling the splayed bodies into the seawater. Scarlet billowed the ocean along the planked sides of the reeling warships. Yellow flashed the skin of the enemy, yet jaundiced also was our skin by the sickening orange sun which lit the engagement, and all was drenched in the giddy red of human blood.

Among the thundering naval guns and the toppling masts whirred huge mechanical dragonflies, and high overhead soared the aerial machines of my country, intricate and outrageously expensive engines of enormous destructive capabilities, streaking out of sight to missions of death over the country that we had invaded to keep from invading our own. In the distant, unseen malarial jungles the same battle was engaged with a savage ferocity. Prisoners were tortured to anguished ends, women raped and their infants bayoneted, villages burned...

Violent clamoured the combat around, blades cleaving flesh and projectiles hurtling through bodies, the collision of East and West, in-

dustrial and colonial, white and yellow, socialism and mercantilism, heathen and Christian. Shocking deaths were met on both sides with cries of Peace! and Freedom! and the carnage waxed ever more grisly.

And high on the glittering poop of a titanic galley strutted the dark, thick figure of the President, delivered to the floating front to personally witness the unspeakable butcheries of the pagan enemy. This man, now spying out the ravages of the battle he directed, this most powerful man on the planet save, possibly, any one of the communistic enemy, this unbelievably, inconceivably central figure in this most terrific of military campaigns, this dark man loomed above the killing and the dying, supported by a wooden tower afloat on a sea of blood. And the blind, screaming rage exploded in my gorge, the searing shame for my people, the horror, the unreason that choked my consciousness until the image swam before me in the crimson flood.

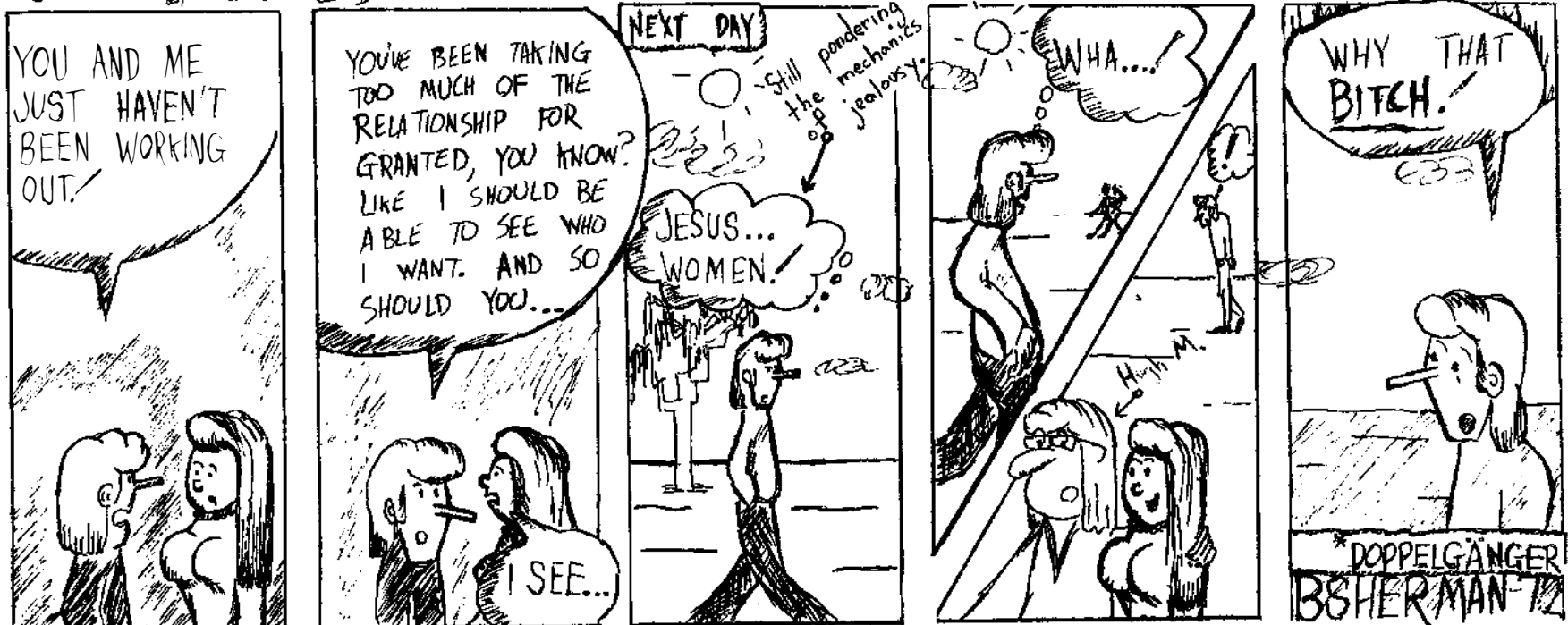
The sable-cloaked President frowned of habitual sternness, jowls wattling. Jet hair,

thick and oily over balding areas, and the unshaven darkening of a heavy beard framed the well-known thin lips, narrow, scooping nose, and glowering brow. Yet his eyes, the President's eyes were not well known, were not noticed behind the smile and handshake and bravado atmosphere of an officer capable of fully discharging his formidable duties to God and country and the citizens of our unimaginably mighty nation. In those eyes, deep inside those eyes there glints the chilling twinkle of one not likely to be trusted in night-shrouded alleyways, the sparkle of a man who enjoys strength and control somewhat in excess of the demands of a well-ordered society. They are the eyes of a man who inherited a fully-grown war and sophisticated it to a mind-blasting degree of efficiency in death and pain and political hysteria and all of the colossal wastes of Mars, the Reaper.

And I shrieked above the pandemonium of the battle, Turn! Turn about and loose your withering fire upon this man! His eyes! Can't you see? Fire, and kill him, for this is the face of the enemy!

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 THE ATTIC WILL BE
 ***** having meetings to determine what is to be done.
 THE ATTIC NEEDS
 ***** support from young people
 for information about THE ATTIC
 ***** call Dick or Peg (in the day) 452-9111
 ***** or Jeanette (at night) 8293576

Joe Vanist: ALL AMERICAN BOY (INTRODUCING HUGH MANIST*)



THIS INSPIRATIONAL ISSUE OF THE BLOOMINGTON-NORMAL POST AMERICAN was brought to you courtesy of the friendly freaks, folks, and/or subversives working erratically at 114 1/2 North St., Normal. (That's the place to send things to.) Special thank go to several unknown people, Chuck and Mary, Lucie, Ilyan,

Davo, Dan and Sue, Jan and Carrel, Paul, Perry, Fogo, Phil, Arlone, Jay, Merton, and whoever I forgot to mention.

Special inspiration comes from life in these United States. And Bloomington-Normal, too.

The Green Berets, starring baby-faced silver-screen universe stud, John "Badass" Wayne, will be shown sometime this fall as an ABC movie of the week, or something. Political implications might weigh as heavy as a ten ton surface to air missile if the flick runs before the election November 4th or 5th. Impulsive Probability forecasts that any odd combination of the following events might ensue thereafter:

1. Medical facilities all over the nation are flooded with a sudden, dramatic influx in high blood pressure and cardiac arrest cases for as much or little time as 24 hours following the movie's conclusion. 2. A slight increase in the price of pork. 3. Count Nix-on endorsed by Robert Sheldon, Young Peoples League for old peoples war, and the entire crew of the west of Chicago nigger baiting, sectional winning, knot hole Climber Club. This may have a dramatic effect on the election outcome, for while there are not many knot hole climbers, there are a great many knot holes.

Flash from Peoria: Hairy monster destroys drunk lust for money and stocks down 32 pints.

EDDIE ARE YOU KIDDING?

We have been picking up various (unwanted) radio signals on our TV, stereo, and tape deck. Another friend spoke of similar occurrences with his equipment. Is it the men in blue? Well yes, as well as Illinois ham. Anyone else troubled thus? Send us the story and we'll do something about it...tomorrow. If only they would stay away from Night Galery.

Don't crush that joint, hand me the Bible.

Was that a narc at the Wilderness Road concert? A man between the ages of 20 and 26, dark hair, crewcut, with 3 inch sideburns, kept a wary if repulsively piglike vigilance over the gathering. To the concerned observer this man, who made no secret of his presence, appears to be either a nut or a narc. If you are the former, accept my apologies. If you are the latter, eat some shit.

If the audience felt intimidated it certainly seems to be inherent in their nature. True to form no dope was smoked at this gig and the forces of greed, Shell Strip, and righteous ignorance prevail. We aren't dummy; we're fossil.

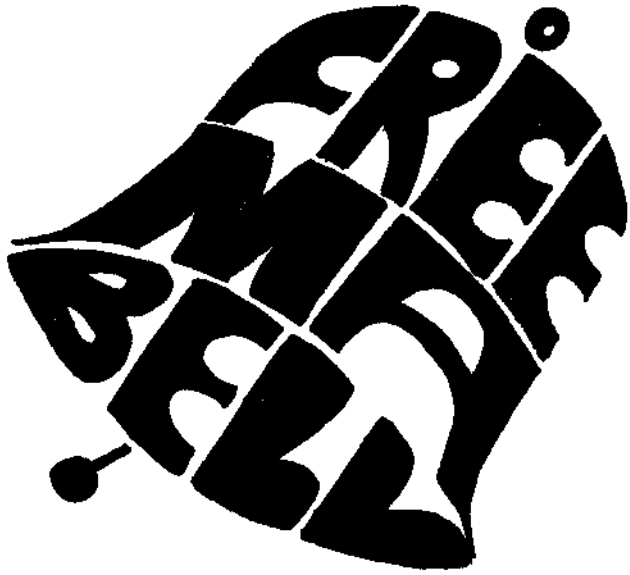
Was that a Communist infiltrator walking past State Farm around noon the other day? A man between the ages of 20 and 26, dark hair, about down to his shoulders, bearded, kept a wary if hard-to-detect vigilance over the entrance. As my fellow workers and I were going out of the building to lunch, he definitely glanced at us, obviously making sure we weren't watching as he "cased the joint" for bombing. Then I observed him walking on down the street, making no secret of his actions. This man appears to be either a nut or a mad bomber. If you are the former, accept my apologies. If you are the latter, eat some shit. If we were intimidated, it certainly seems to be inherent in our nature.



Did all ya catch Muddy Waters on the Cavett show? Played two McKinley Morganfield songs, "Mean Disposition" and "Blow Wind Blow"; "I know you don't love me, go 'head and have your way." He seemed a bit restrained, but a muffled Muddy Waters is still fine blues, and more than that, a treat to find on an evening in this striving metropolis of mush.

If you liked him on Cavett, you might check out the LP Fathers and Sons on Chess (LPS 127). He plays both of the songs, and they cook, cause he ain't in a TV straightjacket, and he's joined by some of the best young and old bluesmen in the business: Otis Spann piano, Mike Bloomfield guitar, Buddy Miles drums, Paul Butterfield harmonica, Sam Lay, Donald Duck Dunn on bass, and others. If you're into fine blues with rock influence, pick it up; and if you haven't gotten into blues much before, Oh.





Well, a new year and a new credit card formula, and we wouldn't want anyone to miss out on making those long-distance calls.

Here is the 1972 combination:

| | |
|------|-------|
| 1--Z | 6--H |
| 2--J | 7--U |
| 3--Q | 8--M |
| 4--S | 9--A |
| 5--D | 10--X |

Whereas last year, you matched the 6th digit in the credit card with the code letter on the end, this year you match the 4th digit. Here is an example: 489-1234-16Z

A credit card for Ma Bell's System consists of 11 digits, and they are divided into four parts--three sections of numbers followed by a corresponding letter. An example: XXX-XXXX-YYY-A.

The first three digits and the next four are a telephone number, and can be anything, fictitious or real. The set of three numbers near the end are called the RAO, which tells the accounting office what area the credit card came from. The RAO can be any number from 001-599. The code letter at the end of the credit card must match the FOURTH digit in the phone number. Only ten letters are acceptable: Z, J, Q, S, D, H, U, M, A, X, (that "HUMAX" ought to be easy to remember!).

Here is an example of an acceptable credit card: 834-1656-087-Z (Z corresponds to number 1). It meets all the requirements of a good credit card, the RAO is between 001-599, and the fourth digit, a 1, matches the correct letter, "Z." You need not worry if the card is non-existent, we do no checking, and it will only be proved phony when it is time to bill the call to someone. (An amendment: At night, from about 5:00 to 12:00, you may run into some of the seniority workers, who may hassle you with such questions as "What city are you calling from?" etc, and then go so far as to look up the RAO number and see if you are telling the truth. Don't let this temporary delay upset you. Merely hang up the phone and try from another one. There is a chance that you might get one of us. You may even sweep the operator off her feet by saying, "Why, yes, this is a fraudulent credit card. Now will you please put my call through?"

Here are some examples of RAO's: 167 is the Berkeley-Oakland area, 158 is San Fran-

cisco, 159 is Hayward, 172, 174, and 021 are New York, 035 is Atlanta, 182 is Los Angeles, 932 is Washington, D.C. and 105 is New Mexico. Some corporations have special codes for their businesses so it is possible to have a 158 in front of the card number, however, less suspicion will be aroused if it is a telephone number followed by any of the codes or RAO's. It is a good bet to check and see if anybody answers the number you are billing it to (this is only necessary on local RAO's such as 167 or 158) because some pig operators will call and check during conversation to verify the existence of a number. (Amendment: there is a big huge book correlating the RAO's with the area codes. However, each operator does not have access to this book in her position information, and especially not during the day. But, as we said, some pig operators will at night check the book and check out your credit card. During the day there may be 80 operators working, and they do not have the time to get up from their positions to look up the numbers in the book. It is definitely not a standard procedure. Only those who have a mindless loyalty to the company would even think of using it.) At our position information (ALL the info. which is at our fingertips, i.e., how much a coin paid call costs, area codes, procedural matters) we do have a list of prefixes that a 167 RAO matches, so if you use a 167, match the prefix.

A very important part in placing a phony credit card call is how you approach the operator. She (or he) takes calls day in and day out and knows the sound of a routine credit card customer--the average credit card customer is Mr. Businessman. They come fast and usually have the number memorized. It sounds suspicious if you come off like you are reading it off, or if you say "841 dash 2267 dash 167 J," we will know you don't understand the content of the credit card. If you knew the beginning of the card was a phone number, you would not say "dash," but you would read the RAO as a unit, etc. A good opener is "Operator, Credit-Card call. My number is 893-3079 359 Q. The number I wish to call is 777-8989." Don't hesitate, memorize your number and have all information handy.

Most important, don't phone from your home phone because regardless of how long you talk, it can be traced. Do not get into any phoning habits.

Habitual use of a certain credit card, using the same phone booth and the same time each week is to be avoided. Of course, if it is possible to get ahold of some corporate

pig's valid credit card, by all means; run up hours and hours of calls. The people who will first be aware that phony calls are being made is the company who issued the credit card, and it will take them awhile to realize it is not their employee making the calls. But if it is billed to a fictitious card, the phone company will become aware of it immediately, at the end of the month, when they find no one to bill the call to (too bad for them).

They will go so far as to stake out a phone booth to catch someone since their losses in Oakland alone amounted to \$4000 a month! Also, there is a law which the phone company invokes. It states that a line may be tapped if there is a loss in revenue or intent to defraud the phone company. Do not say to whoever answers, "This is a phony credit card, don't worry about the cost." If you have a pig operator (or abored one), she may stay on the line long enough to hear your opening conversation. Wait until later in the conversation to warn them if questioned, that they should only give out a first name and a city. Example: "I only know the first name, operator, it was Mary. The address? Oh, I think she was calling from San Francisco. I know that's not much help to you operator, I am sorry." This line is also good for times when the operator tries to make you pay for overtime on a long distance call or tries to find out who called you. Never, never be dumb enough to tell her who it was that called you. I am surprised and irritated that so many people will divulge the full name and address of someone who just left \$12 in overtime. Whenever the overtime is more than \$1, we must call the party who received the call and

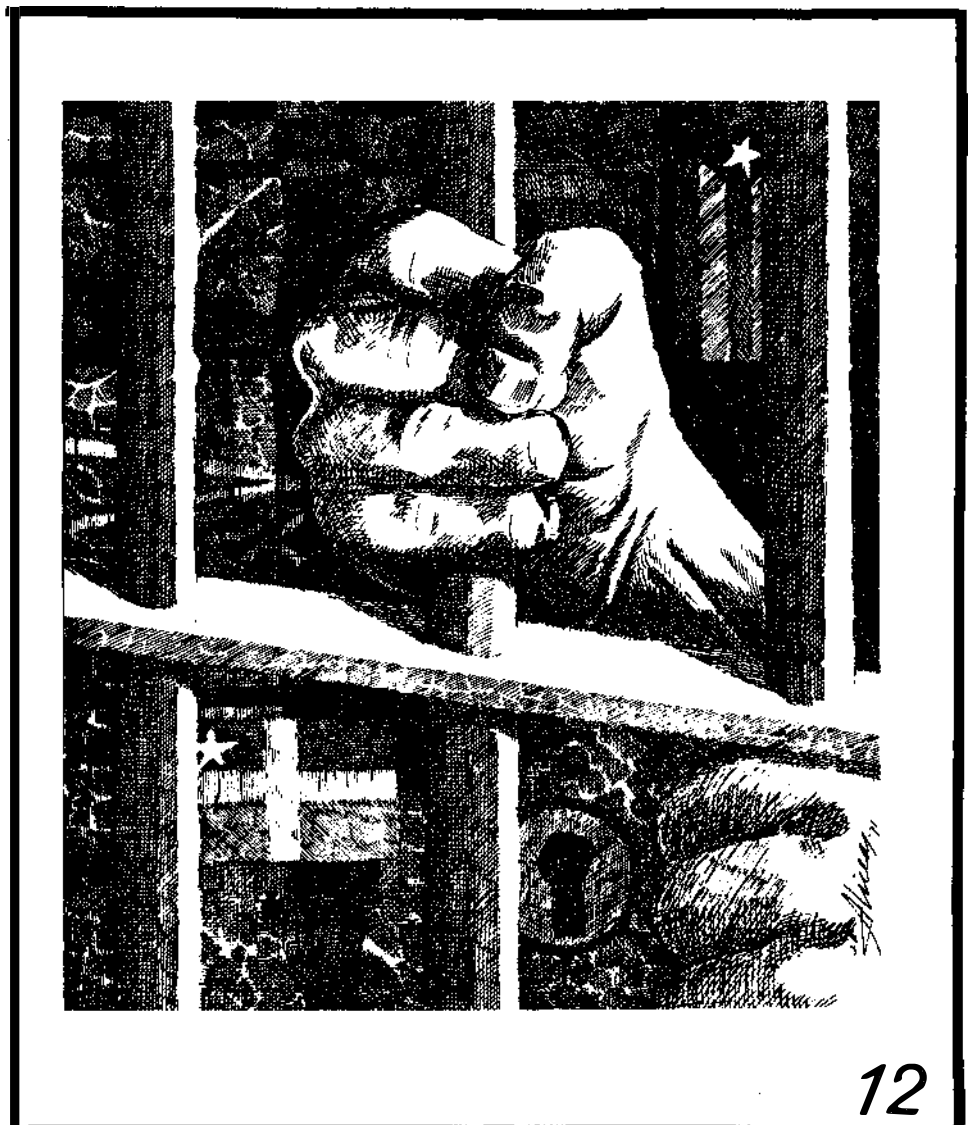
try and get the information. Please, people, don't give us away.

There is a procedure used to trace whoever made a phony credit card call. If you have called your mother who lives in New York, the accounting office will have a record of it. They will look on her past bills and see who previously called your mother from Berkeley. They then have a list of all possible people who could have made such a call to your mother, and are sometimes successful in narrowing down the possibilities. Once they think that it is only probable that you made the call, they will attempt to place it on your bill. Refuse charges.

If they want to know where the call is being billed to and you know, tell them. "It's billed to my office in San Francisco, operator." You do not have to give out the name of the company or the particular person if the operator asks. If the operator asks you what number you are calling from, you need not give it (for a credit card call). The same thing goes for a phone booth, "Operator, this is a phone booth." We can hear any background conversation as if it were being said over the phone, so don't give yourself away. Don't panic, if you follow the steps, all should go well. If there is some fuck-up, the operator will not come through the wire or seal you in the phone booth. The company is not going to send someone out for every possible phony credit card call. Many operators are not pigs and will often make a habit of returning money. Do not blow it and say, "Operator, the money came back." We have no option in that case but to ask for a redeposit of the coins.

Of course, you don't have to use an RAO that corresponds with the area you are in (i.e. while in Berkeley-Oakland area 167), you can use your credit card anywhere in the country.

After all, as a businessman, you travel to many places.



THE STRAIGHT SHIT

There are three kinds of crises that follow heroin: withdrawal, overdose, and an offer to use. What can you do in a crisis?

WITHDRAWAL: If a friend is using heroin and can't score, he'll let you know. But if he starts going into withdrawal you should keep your head and stay with him. Withdrawal is rarely fatal, so you've got room to deal with the situation. But your friend needs special attention and 3-5 days to kick, so you've got to think about where and who for help.

The type of care will be mainly supportive, which means you'll keep him safe and inside, cover him when he's cold, getting him to the john, cleaning up his mess, and holding his hand--most important. But if you need and want help, the best resource in the city is Mandrill. Mandrill can be reached through PATH, 452-4422, and has resources at the Mental Health Center and Brokaw Hospital. The entire system is safe, it's been tested many times.

Some common signs of withdrawal are runny nose and eyes, chills, a general anxious-tense-restlessness, insomnia, no hunger, stomach cramps, nausea and vomiting, muscle and body spasms, and sweating. You're friend will feel and wish he was dead, but as long as he can tell you so and he's breathing, he will be OK.

After withdrawal, he will need support to help him talk out the incredible experience. It's not the time for value judgments and putdowns, or pampering.

Questions like how he got strung out in the first place and how to stop are difficult to deal with in words. But if he's serious about helping himself, the Mental Health Center or Mandrill are resources.

OVERDOSE: This crisis always demands medical help. Because death is involved, the legal hassles are intense. So you'll have to decide if your friend has overdosed or is just nodding. There are three points to check: breathing, heartbeat, and skin.

If he's high and nodding or OD'd his head droops, eyes close, body goes limp. If he's OD'd the first thing you'll notice is that his breathing has slowed down and his skin color will change. If he's white, he'll get whiter and blue around the mouth and nose, if he's black he'll get grey. His skin will feel cool and clammy.

Check his pulse where his wrist joins his hand, directly in line with his thumb. Use your index finger, not thumb, or you'll get your own heartbeat back through your thumb. His pulse can go as low as 60 beats per minute, any thing below that is an OD.

Watch his breathing by the rise and fall of his chest. If his breathing rate goes below 12 breaths a minute, he has OD'd. If you can't get his pulse or respiration put your hand over his left breast and your ear directly in front of his mouth and nose.

You'll have to decide nod or OD and if OD, how to get him to a doctor. The only

place he can see a doc is the emergency room at St. Joseph's, Mennonite, or Brokaw. The fastest transportation is the Rescue Squad, 911, which will arrive with a Police escort. The ambulance service is not much safer but better than the Fire Department, 827-6213. And if you're not sure, don't sit on your ass hoping, call Mandrill through PATH, 452-4422, and ask for help.

If he's OD'd, or not sure, keep him breathing with mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Lay him on his back and clear any food or gum out of his mouth and throat. Second, tilt the head back by lifting under the neck and pushing down on the forehead. Third, pinch the nose closed as you take a breath. Fourth, breathe deeply and slowly into the mouth. Fifth, turn your head and watch for the chest of the victim to fall as a sign that your breath is getting into his lungs.

If he's still breathing, keep him awake by walking him and slapping him in the face. Stick him under a cold shower and get him pissed off. A pissed off person doesn't want to die.

If you can get him awake and breathing normally, you are both OK. Stay with him for several hours to see if he goes into withdrawal.

Do Not shoot him up with saltwater or milk, that is bullshit. Saltwater only expands the blood volume and not enough to prevent shock, and milk is a foreign body, vegetable fat, which causes edema or fluid in the lungs, which is what is happening in an OD anyway.

Do Not force him to drink anything, he may choke, vomit, and suffocate. If he can hold the cup, give him something thin and warm.

OFFER TO USE OR BUY: This is a complex question. Many changes and realities have to be considered. Stay tuned for next issue's Straight Shit cause we're gonna deal with that question as a personal and community problem.

PEOPLES FOOD

Peoples Food  Carrots Unite!

Phone your orders in on Tuesday Night 5-8 or Wednesday Morning 9-11
452-9111 or 452-9221

How To Get A Pumpkin Excited--or--
Whatever's Right



Quite a few people in this community already know about the Peoples Food Cooperative and occasionally work with or order through it. As a relatively new volunteer organization it has run into several minor hassles in the process of trying to figure out the best ways to get fresh produce at the cheapest possible price on some kind of a regular basis. A number of problems have been dealt with through the cooperation of several people (more often than not, the same small group of dedicated worders) but the structure in general is beginning to come together.

So far not too concentrated of an effort has been made to expand the co-op beyond the friends and acquaintances of people already involved. Hopefully, this will change in the future through a program in which those already ordering food begin a block by block canvassing effort in their own neighborhoods. By reporting back to the Peoples Food office the exact areas covered, it could save any possible overlaps. As with most of the other situations that have come up this can be best dealt with if everyone works together.


Expanding our co-op can be beneficial to those individuals already ordering food. You see, some weeks when we have a small order, say \$200 or less, we are unable to buy food in cases or in the bulk quantity that the produce market sells it in. So what that means is that to fill our orders we buy through a Food Buyers Cooperative and take what we can get. It is more

expensive this way, more time consuming, and the quality of the produce is not always what we would like it to be. SO-- If the size of the co-op is regularly expanding (so as not to overload the present systems) it will have a direct effect on the regular quality and low prices.

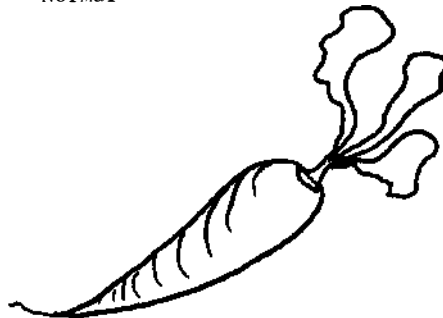
A lot of people don't bother about their friends in the vegetable kingdom--they think Ah, what can I say?..What can a person like myself do for a vegetable?--But the answer is simple, my friends, just call and tell them how you feel, about nothings, pumpkins, waxpaper, caladonia mahongings elbows, and green things in general. And soon a new rapport between you and your little green and yellow buddies grooving together--oh--NO--maintaining your coolness together, worshiping together in the church of your choice---only in America--

 Rutabaga, Rutabaga, Rutabaga 

So remember anytime, anywhere you might be, call any vegetable--call it by name-- and the chances are good that the vegetable will respond to you.

What A Pumpkin 

Please Come to PF meeting
Tuesday 7 PM 114 1/8 North St.
Normal



TWELVE MILLION ACRES HELD
ILLEGALLY BY RAIL COMPANIES:
GROUP ORGANIZES TO
FIGHT THEM

NEW YORK (LNS) Many of the big grape and citrus growers in California's Central Valley do not own the prime agricultural land on which their farms are located. 150,000 acres of that land is leased from the Southern Pacific Co., which owns 2.4% of all land in California.

Southern Pacific and other railroad companies hold 12 million acres in the Western states given to them for free by the government in the 19th Century.

A group called the National Coalition for Land Reform charged recently that the railroads have violated the laws under which the free land was granted to them. These laws required the companies to sell most of the land for family-sized plots at \$2.50 an acre or less; otherwise the land would revert to the federal government. Instead, the companies held the land and leased it out reaping huge profits.

The attorney for the coalition said: "The Interior and Justice Departments are charged by law with seeing that the terms of the railroad land grants are enforced. They should apply the same standards of 'law and order' to these public land hijackers as they do to ordinary felons."

If the Interior Department fails to look into the landholding violations, the coalition plans to initiate law suits.

THE AMA

ARROGANCE
MONOPOLY
AFFLUENCE

by Teddy Franklin

LNS

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS) -- "If you don't get out of here, I'll have you arrested," bel-lowed a high-ranking AMA official breaking the plush silence of the San Francisco Hilton's California Room. A thirtyish science reporter for the Baltimore Sun gulped nearby.

The American Medical Association, a \$34 million-a-year operation, was about to hold its 121st annual convention, and the last thing the organization's PR men wanted around was the cold glance of the anti-establishment press.

Five million AMA dollars per year are earmarked for a powerful lobby supporting conservative candidates and legislation. And historically, the AMA opposed child labor laws, social security for the aged, the minimum wage, the 40-hour week, and Medicare. With a record like that it pays to hide from the radical press.

The white gentlemen's club of the medical profession spends \$1.5 million of its budget on public affairs each year but that doesn't mean it's in the business of providing free information about health care to the American public. In fact, it spends a lot of that money keeping the stomachs and brains of straight newspeople well fed at a time when millions of people are asking questions about their shoddy treatment by the nation's doctors.

So the convention must go on--not only so that 10,000 average men averaging \$40,000 a year get a chance to work out the latest details of their opposition to progress in American health care, but also to insure drug companies of a major opportunity to hype their wares. After all, a third of the AMA budget comes from drug advertisements in the AMA medical journal, and that's the sort of money you can't ignore.

The AMA's national convention stimulates an enormous cash flow--second only perhaps to the quaterennial gatherings of the Democratic and Republican parties. Aside from the ten thousand doctors, another 20,000 hangers-on booked hotel rooms, took clients out for lunch, had a night-on-the-town, and generally spent good tourist cash.

But there was lots of business to get done in the wealthy atmosphere of San Francisco's luxury hotels (hooked up by closed-circuit TV to the convention's proceedings). Much of it wouldn't help the one-third of all Americans without a family doctor or the ten thousand people disabled by their jobs, or the 150 rural counties without a doctor.

But it was bound to do some good for the 156,000 dues-paying members of the AMA (about 45% of the nation's doctors) and the \$80 billion-a-year health industry they serve.

After all, now that Teddy Kennedy has put forth a plan for national health service that the doctors want to fight tooth-and-nail, and what with the growing public restlessness over spiraling medical costs and insufficient and reckless attention, well hell, there's \$10 billion worth of profit to protect.

One of the AMA's most urgent tasks was to name a stone reactionary as its helmsman in the perilous years ahead. They found him in the person of Dr. Charles Hoffman, a urologist from West Virginia. In his first moments as president of the organization, Hoffman warned his colleagues:

"Almost daily, there are attacks on our methods of practice, on our methods of payment, even on our motives and lifestyles... And always there hangs over us the looming spectre of a massive government health program."

Chatting with reporters before his inaugural speech, Hoffman insisted that a national health system in America would never work:

"The cost would be tremendous, the abuse would be tremendous, and the majority of patients would be deprived of much medical care."

When health care is free, too many people come to doctors "with nothing wrong," the new AMA president claimed. "Let's face it, after three generations of welfare there are people who have forgotten how to work."

And that's the AMA's brightest argument against free medical care? That millions of healthy Americans have nothing better to do than kill time in a doctor's office? That we're a nation of hypochondriacs?

Not quite. There's also the matter of professional privilege and pride. Teddy Kennedy's health plan, for example, is anathema to Hoffman.

"I read it to mean physicians would be working on salary," he declared. "As things are now, doctors are in the employ of their patients and under the Kennedy bill the government will be the employer."

"Sir, have you actually read the Kennedy legislation?" a reporter asked.

"No, not exactly," Hoffman replied.

He also pledged himself to defend "the splendid strength" of the AMA, and responded to demands for a larger public voice in the health care system with an off-handed dismissal: "It's very difficult for consumers to have any insight into our problems."

Aside from passing a few resolutions a la Hoffman, the governing House of Delegates rejected liberal resolutions on marijuana and gun control.

Reversing its stand of three years ago, when the AMA declared pot "a dangerous drug," a committee that studied the question for two years proposed decriminalization of marijuana use in agreement with President Nixon's hand-picked Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse. But the House of Delegates followed Nixon's lead in rejecting the position of its own task force.

And despite the efforts by some delegates to win support for a liberal resolution in favor of gun control (no guns for "crazy" people and "criminals," except those in uniform), the AMA rejected the proposal for all the wrong reasons. "In my country," declared one doctor from New Orleans, "a man is raised with the idea that his wife, his gun, and his dog are his own business."

Perhaps the only positive accomplishment of the convention was the exchange of a modest amount of new scientific knowledge, some of which documented radical accusations of the declining health of the American people.

The AMA was told by a North Carolina doctor that angina pectoris, a common heart ailment, is drastically worsened in patients who are subjected to steady doses of big city smog.

Dr. Stanley J. Ludrick, a Philadelphia physician and authority on intravenous nutrition, charged that one out of every ten patients who die in hospitals has been "starved to death," because of sloppy administration of intravenous feeding.

Masters and Johnson, the well-known sex researchers who for all their good work have not yet investigated the effects of sexism, nevertheless reported a statistic worth pondering: that over half of all marriages are troubled with inability to function sexually.

Of course, the larger question of who benefits from the AMA's scientific discussions still remains.

On the last day of the AMA's week in San Francisco, a group of women from the Berkeley and San Francisco Women's Health Collectives infiltrated a symposium on obstetric and gynecological surgery--the last event on the AMA's schedule.

After two hours of listening to sexist jokes and medical jargon about hysterectomy and sterilization, a neighborhood health worker from Berkeley seized the microphone and condemned the AMA for perpetuating a system which denies women control over their bodies.

"The complete lack of political content to these panels is enough proof to back up the charges by the health and women's movement that health care in this society is defined by an elite of specialists whose primary concern is power and profit."

And that, you might say, was the last word. Banging their gavels, shouting "goodbye till next year," and pulling the plug on the microphone, the doctors fled from the stage lest they be entangled in a losing debate.



IS GOOD HEALTH CARE SUBVERSIVE?

Last Thursday saw one of the regular meetings of the Mid-Illinois Area Health Planning Corporation (MIAHPCo), and an eventful thing it was, too. First without enough members to form a quorum and rule on anything, the meeting proceeded--with a reading of old minutes, a report on the sick child clinic (open at the Western Avenue Community Center on Thursday nights--with unfortunately short hours), and a reading of who had been appointed to certain committees. The last is apparently the heavy part, linked as it is with the whole MIAHPCo controversy.

MIAHPCo is the health planning body for McLean and Livingston counties; under federal guidelines, the group was to be divided into providers (doctors, hospital administrators) and consumers with consumers having a majority (51%) on the board of directors. This isn't the case. MIAHPCo bylaws include hospital trustees and health insurance salesmen in the category of consumer. MIAHPCo emerges particularly stacked against those consumers in any income bracket lower than that of a doctor or State Farm executive. The Board is provider dominated. Further, the Corporation as a group has been striving, probably rather successfully, for state and federal recognition, to control health planning and programming in the two counties. It becomes important to anyone with visions of free health clinics, subsidies, or health grants to recognize this state. MIAHPCo is controlled by a specific set of interests.

Attempts by a local group, Concerned Citizens for Responsible Health Planning, to publicize the situation among community people and rebalance the scales have met with traditional opposition. Public meetings became closed meetings. (A cartoon in the EOC OBSERVER shows a director at the barricades blocking a crowd out, saying, "Yes, MIAHPCo is a public corporation, but the board of directors gets to define who the public is.") MIAHPCo bylaws state the annual meeting can be held "within and without the State of Illinois." Why would they wish to leave McLean or Livingston for a meeting, one wonders. The board seems to be resisting public response.

Under the new bylaws, the new Board of Directors to be chosen in October will consist of 11 providers and 11 consumers from community organizations and 5 providers and 6 consumers elected at large. The new bylaws were written and revised to conform to government standards for that important recognition. (Just in case any readers had the impression it was being done out of altruism for the public.) The committees mentioned Thursday included a membership committee to take charge of applications and the election. Small wonder then that concern was expressed over the selection of committee members for this task, all turning out to be providers. One spectator watching the meeting commented after, "They've certainly stacked that one."

Further, Board membership is being only partially re-elected in October, only 30% re-elected. Despite this, a move by community people is being made to try for a more legitimate representation. Applications (which prevent nominations from the floor) for the board need to be submitted 30 days in advance. Why? So far there's been little publicity from MIAHPCo about it, though the applications are now available. (CSA and People's Food bulletins have announced it, along with the last meeting, since the place of the meeting was not announced until the last minute.) Best sort of community feedback at this time would, the groups feel, be to get as many different applications in as possible, so maybe MIAHPCo and health in our counties would have a fairer chance.



I mean I don't get paid any money for the damn thing, so I deserve something for my efforts. Shit, I've been a dedicated and sincere member of the counter-culture for four years, and I ain't gotten any reward for it, yet! I'd say it was about time.

After all, I don't really need to draw for this rag! Once I learn to do hands well, I could have my own comic. Goddamn assholes still don't pronounce my character's name right!

As far as I'm concerned, the whole thing stinks.

Peace,
BSherman

POST;

Some of your readers may recall seeing a photo of ex-president Dwight Eisenhower in the magazine NATIONAL LAMPOON with the rather tasteless word balloon added--"I'm not dead yet!" Actually the photo was only half true. My body is gone, but my brain lives encased in the cranium of one of the White House cocker spaniels. (You didn't think Dick would stop consulting me, did you?) It was all done through a complex brain transplant, similar to that described in Mary Shelley's novel. It was originally planned that I be transplanted to the vice-president's body, but unfortunate timing (Agnew being off visiting Nepal in a good will tour) prevented him from being there at the proper time, several days before my death. An emergency substitute (the cocker spaniel) was rushed in. It was simply a case of Spiro willing, but the flesh too weak.

Regards,
Dwight

P.S. I think this beats either the Hoover or Blofeld letters. When do I get my prize?--D.D.E.

POST;

What a blast! Like all night I've spent rockin' the night away to some hard-drivin' boogie from Turkey Trotsky and His Revisionist Ragtimers. I'm trippin', of course, so that makes it a good time to write this letter--just near the peak. Some asshole is playin' the Who again. Wish they'd turn the damn thing off. (The sunrise over the Florida keys is far out!)

Miami is a stoned groove. Have made a mint sellin' autograph copies of STEAL THIS BOOK to middle-age Jewish matrons--I'm a celebrity, you know. (The wages of sin and revolution are pretty high!) Spent last three days fuckin' liberated chicks and smokin'. Pretty fine. Anyhow just wanted to write to tell you how it's been. I guess the revolution is comin' along pretty good, too.

Love ya all,
Abbie

LETTERS

POST;

Because of the roundabout route this message is forced to take--from trusted agent to trusted agent--it should be several months to arrive at your office. I've chosen to send this to the POST AMERIKAN, because I realize it to be such an effective widely read counter-cultural voice.

Most of my life, I must begin in confessing, I have been less than an ideal person: hounding people, ruining their lives, taking away their freedom. I must admit that many of these people deserved to an extent the persecution I was responsible for--many others, however, didn't.

It was by chance I happened to come across Document A1492 (Low-level Subversive,) and how that happened is not altogether too important to detail. Suffice it to say that chance and curiosity gave me the opportunity to read this document, long forbidden by the rule I myself had set up. Yes, chance and curiosity gave me the opportunity to read this document, (Document A 1492, The Constitution of the United States,) and my life was changed by it.

Suddenly I realized just how wrong so much of my entire life had been! I was destroying the very ideals I had so long ago sworn to protect! I became a man on fire, and began a crash program of reading: Milton, Carlyle, Marx, Charles Reich. I suddenly realized the wonderful things the youth of our country had been saying and what a menace I had been. But how to apologize?

Publicly, I wish to dictate the following message before it is too late, for time is running out:

WORK ON BROTHERS AND SISTERS! A NEW SOCIETY MUST BE BUILT! FROM THE ASHES OF THE OLD IF NECESSARY! It is necessary for me that I sneak this message out. Some of my own agents--still adhering to the old vision, a vision I helped perpetrate--would try to stop me if they knew, maybe even destroy me. They would make it appear natural enough, but there are plenty of such ways to kill a man.

So before it is too late (it may be

already too late!) and I miss my chance to atone, let me repeat my message:

WORK, OH, MY CHILDREN, A NEW DAY IS COMING!

Sincerely,
J. E. Hoover

POST;

Re: your article of last issue ("Is David Berlo Really Ernst Blofeld?") I would like to submit the following corrections.

First of all, Berlo is not the head of SPECTRE in disguise, bent upon using his position as head of a small Mid-western university as a stepping stone in his organization's latest attempt to control the world. David Berlo is merely a second-rate Behaviorist SPECTRE underling, assigned this section of the state as part and partial of a Larger Plan, who've been promised the "governorship" of this state once we succeed in totally taking over. (So have seven others.)

The original Berlo, selected for his "ability to relate to and serve the needs of students" died long ago.

I write this missive to your paper, knowing full well that it will be dismissed by readers as a hoax.

E. Blofeld

POST;

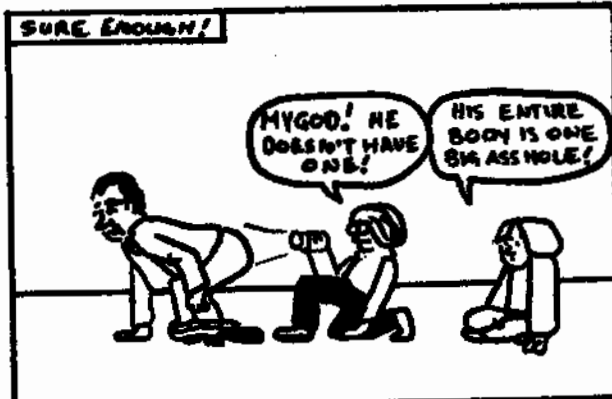
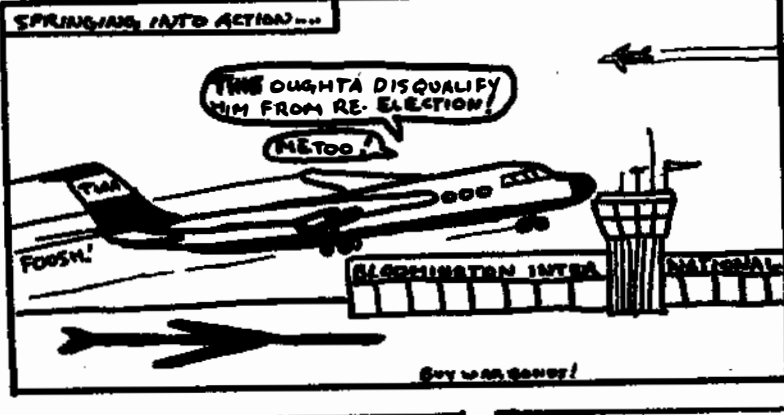
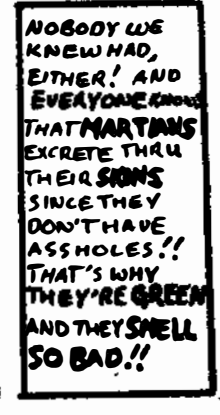
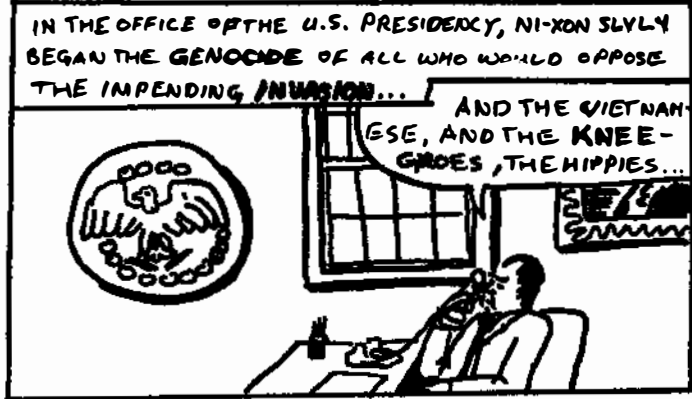
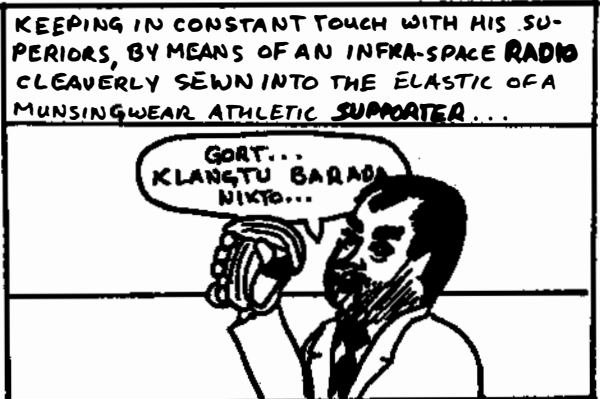
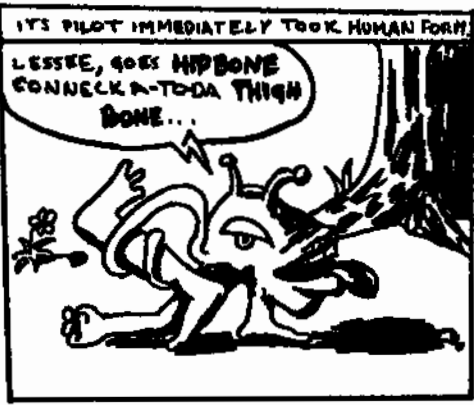
If you go carrying pictures of Chairman Mao, you ain't gonna make it with anyone anyhow.

J. Lennon

POST;

Some "counter-cultural" newspaper! Why it's been months since my first "Joe Vanist" comic strip has appeared, and I have not gotten a single good response. You know what I mean. In the very first strip I wrote, "Any women suitably impressed with the right on ideological level of this strip, wishing to ball the cartoonist, contact care of this newspaper." I ain't gotten a single goddamn response, yet! And I thought these women were Liberated!

I FOUGHT THE MONSTER NI-XON



SOON, THE MARTIAN MONSTER NI-XON WAS BEING IMPEACHED UNDER THE HARSH LAWS HE HIMSELF HAD INSTITUTED! THE CHARGES WERE: OBSCENITY, GENOCIDE, OFFICIAL MISCONDUCT, MISUSE OF THE NATIONAL TREASURY, SADISM, DEFILING THE AMERICAN FLAG, ABYSMAY STUPIDITY, NOT SHAVING, HAVING BACKWARD FEET, ETC. ETC. THEY DIDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE FINDING CHARGES, BELIEVE ME!

