

Eastern Illinois University

## The Keep

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The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

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7-1975

### Volume 4, Number 4

Post Amerikan

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Bloomington Normal

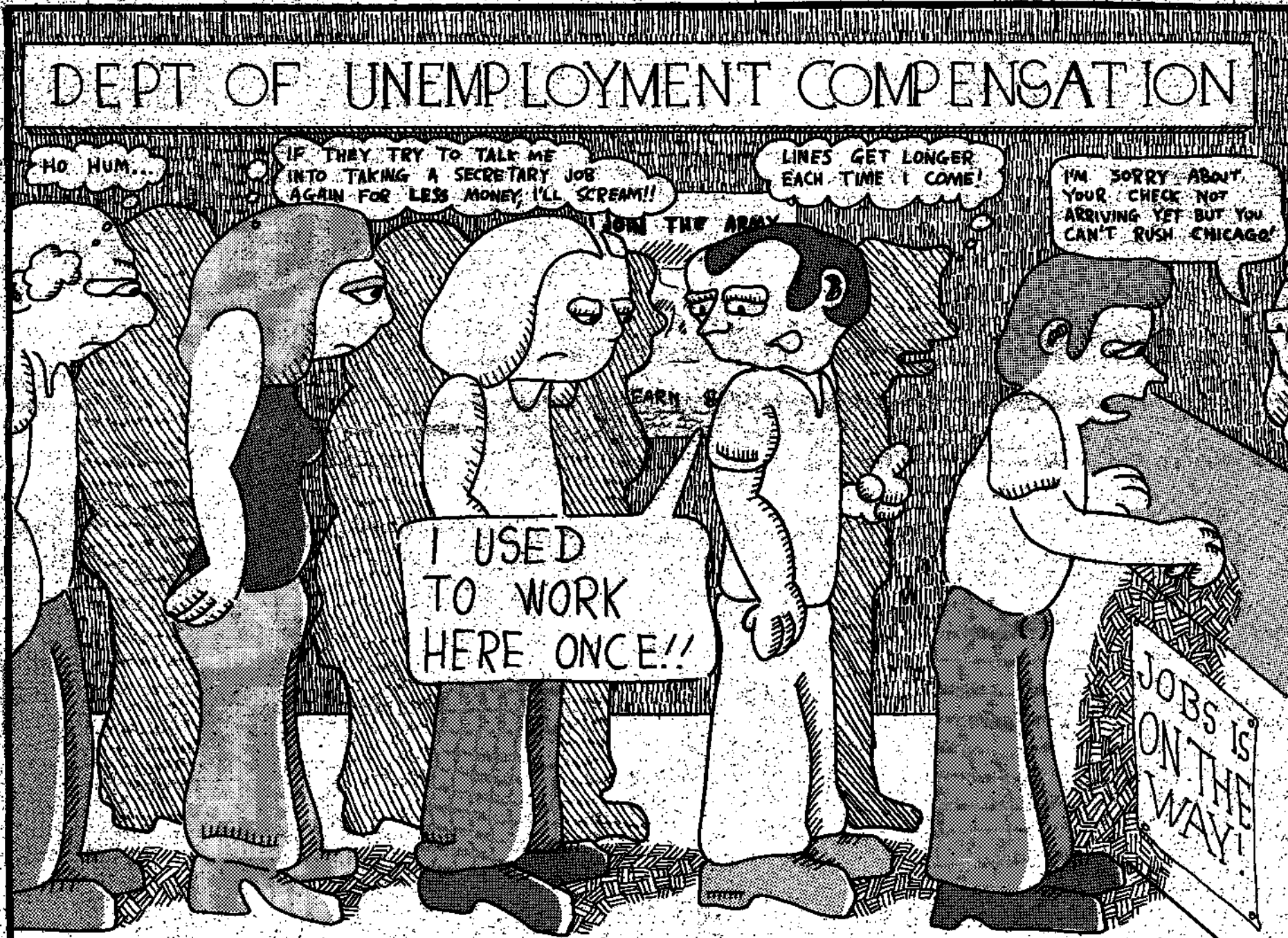
15¢

# POST AMERICAN

JULY 1975

Vol. 4 No. 4

## THOSE OL' HOT SUMMER RECESSION BLUES



And remember-- if you have the money-- to buy American!!!

### FARM WORKERS VICTORY!

(From a member of the UFW)

The signing of AB813 in California means that by the end of the summer there will be elections in the fields. After over 100 years of suffering and struggling, the farmworkers will be able to choose their own union.

It is a great victory! A victory won by consumers boycotting head LETTUCE, table GRAPES, and GALLO wines.

But, the bill only gives elections, not contracts. If we don't win strong contracts, we have nothing. The boy-

cott gave us elections. The boycott will give us contracts.

When the elections begin in September, the boycott must be stronger than ever. This law will not make the growers change. They will still try to destroy the farmworkers' movement. We all know this is true.

Continue to boycott and we will have an even greater victory to celebrate! Viva la causa!

(FOR THE FULL STORY SEE INSIDE)

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# ABOUT US

Mail, which we more than welcome, should be mailed to: The Post-Amerikan, 101 North St., Normal, Illinois, 61761.

Anyone can be a member of the Post staff except maybe Sheriff King. All you have to do is come to the meetings and do one of the many different and exciting tasks necessary for the smooth operating of a paper like this. We have one brilliant, dynamic, underpaid coordinator; the rest of us don't get paid at all, except in ego gratification and good karma.

Decisions are made collectively by staff members at one of our regular meetings. All workers have an equal voice. The Post-Amerikan has no editor or hierarchical structure, so quit calling up here and asking who's in charge.

Anybody who reads this paper can tell the type of stuff we print. All worthwhile material is welcome. The only real exception is racist and sexist material which we will vehemently not print.

Most of our material or inspiration for material comes from the community. We encourage you, the reader, to be-

come more than a reader. We welcome all stories or tips for stories. Bring stuff to a meeting (the schedule is printed below) or mail it to our office.

## MEETINGS

- Friday, July 4, 6:30 p.m.
- Friday, July 11, 6:30 p.m.
- Wed., July 16, 6:30 p.m. DEADLINE
- Sat., July 19, 2:00 p.m. LAYOUT
- Sun., July 20, 2:00 p.m. LAYOUT

These meetings are held at the Post-Amerikan office, 101 North St., Normal.

Subscriptions cost \$1.75 for twelve issues, \$3.50 for 24 issues, etc. Buy one for yourself and a friend.

You can make bread hawking the Post-- 7¢ a copy, except for the first 50 copies on which you make only 5¢ a copy. Call 452-9221 or stop by the office.

Our number is 452-9221, or you can reach folks at 828-6885, or 828-0945.

# POST SELLERS

## NORMAL

- University Liquors, 706 W. Beaufort
- Welcome Inn (in front)
- Redbird IGA
- East Vernon (Towanda Bi-Rite)
- Minstral Record Parlor, 311 S. Main
- Newman Center, 501 S. Main
- Student Stores, 115 North St.
- Mother Murphy's, 111 1/2 North St.
- Ram, 101 Broadway Mall
- Al's Pipe Shop, 101 Broadway Mall
- Hendren's Grocery, 301 W. Willow
- Co-op Bookstore, in front
- Sugar Creek Book Co-op, 115 North
- The Gallery (in front)
- Lobby Shop, ISU Union
- Cage, ISU Union
- Recreation Center, ISU
- Midstate Truck Plaza, Rt. 51 North
- Hottle House, 1402 S. Main
- SW Corner, University & College
- Radio Shack, in front

## BLOOMINGTON

- The Joint, 415 N. Main
- DA's Liquors, Oakland and Main
- Medusa's Bookstore, 109 W. Front
- Illinois Wesleyan Union
- News Nook, 402 1/2 N. Main
- Book Hive, 103 W. Front
- Cake Box, 511 S. Denver
- Gaston's Barber Shop, 202 1/2 N. Center
- Sambo's, Washington and U.S. 66
- DeVary's Market, 1402 W. Market
- Harris Market, 802 N. Morris
- Hickory Pit, 920 W. Washington
- Biasi's, 217 N. Main
- Discount Den, 207 N. Main
- SW corner, Morris and Washington
- Sunnyside Neighborhood Center
- Wood Hill Towers South
- Red Wheel Restaurant
- Madison St. Cafe, 317 S. Madison
- Produce-A-Plenty, 1409 S. Main
- J & L Gas Co., 1402 S. Main

# A PAUPER'S GUIDE TO MUSIC

Great Speckled Bird -- (Ampex A10103 Bearsville Record Production)

Ian Tyson, guitar; Sylvia Tyson, vocals; Buddy Cage, steel guitar; N.D. Smart II, drums; Amos Garrett, lead guitar; and Ken Kalmusky, bass. Produced by Todd Rundgren.

Any record collector would be proud to hold a copy of this recording. Basically, this is Ian and Sylvia's group; they take credit for penning most of its material.

Amos Garrett on guitar is like sweets in the belly and pot in the head. Some fine early work. Garrett has spent time playing with Rundgren, Jeff and Maria "Midnight at the Oasis" Muldaur, and Hungry Chuck to mention a few. N.D. Smart II has spent some time in the studio with Todd also, and can be found on Hunt and Balled of Todd Rundgren. He also played with Hungry Chuck and on the latest album by the Hello People. Musically it's probably the heaviest Ian and Sylvia ever put out, both instrumentally and lyrically. Too bad Warner/Bearsville never reissued this one. Seems like the good ones are gone before they're here.

I haven't seen too many copies of Great Speckled Bird around, but I know they still show up, 'cause I bought my copy last month for \$1.88.

Jesse Davis -- (ATCO SD 33-346)

Jesse Davis III, guitar, keyboards, compositions and production. Assisting the production are Eric Clapton, guitar; and Ben Sidran, Leon Russell, Larry Knechtal, etc., keyboards. Alan White makes an appearance on drums and Jackie Lomax appears on percussion. A vocal accompaniment for Gram Parsons.

Included among the three compositions not penned by Jesse is a Pamela Pollard piece entitled "Tulsa County." Eric turns out a fine performance, always like to hear him rock. Glyn Johns captured the English recorded sets and Joe Zagaring engineered the L.A. set. Don't miss this one, it has a green border with an Indian puffing on the old peace pipe cover, giving a profile exposure, unlike the Last Puff cover. You should be able to rescue this from the racks for \$1.97. Keep an eye peeled for Ululu by Jesse, it's his second album (ATCO SD 382), also out, but can be found.

Those Who Are About to Die Salute You -- by Colosseum, (Dunhill 50062)

This is something like 1969 material. The first and by far one of the best Colosseum albums to emerge. Jon Hiseman, formulator of the group and drums; Dick Heckstall-Smith, tenor and soprano sax; Dave "Greenslade" Greenslade, organ; Tony Reeves, bass; and James Litherland, guitar.

A jazz/rock work. Jon Hiseman and Dick Heckstall-Smith worked previously with the late Graham Bond and with John Mayall along with Tony Reeves on bass. It was after work on Mayall's Sure Wires album that Colosseum was formed. Tony Reeves and Gerry Bron produced the album. An interesting note about

the jacket is finding the sleeve design printed "Linda Glover/Apple Graphics", possibly a Linda McCartney.

Student Stores has been carrying all four Colosseum albums at \$1.76 per disc. All four are worth every penny spent. If you're not that hyped on Colosseum, Those Who Are About to Die Salute You would make a sufficient meal.

--Lazlow



## New Books Still 10% Off Most Used Books 25¢

### New and Recommended Books

- Watership Down
- Rubyfruit Jungle
- Back to Eden
- Recipes for a Small Planet
- Diet for a Small Planet
- The Well Body Book
- Our Bodies, Ourselves

- Pilgrim at Tinker Creek
- Rx for Ailing Houseplants
- Lesbian/Woman
- Flying
- The Tooth Trip
- Fear of Flying
- I Ching



# BOSSHARDT NIXES PORTER'S ALLEGATIONS

Last month's Post-American carried the full text of Rev. Jack Porter's allegations that a secret police file was kept on him and other members of C.S.A. (Community for Social Action). Porter requested that the matter be looked into after he addressed the Bloomington City Council on April 14. After about five weeks, Bloomington Police Chief Bosshardt responded to the allegations in a letter to City Manager Blodgett.

In his response, Bosshardt emphatically denied that his department maintains, or plans to maintain, files on citizens who have not been arrested for committing crimes. Some of his more specific responses, however, tend to indicate that either Chief Bosshardt did not even read Porter's formal allegations or at least did not understand what they meant.

Porter asked for all materials acquired about citizens by means of electronic surveillance. In Bosshardt's reply, he asserts that no member of the Bloomington Police force has tapped phones and that the police have no equipment for such work. The Post-American asked Chief Bosshardt if it was true that the potential for wiretaps lies in the machinery operated by General Telephone's downtown communications center, and if a municipal law enforcement official had asked the court's permission to place a wiretap on a citizen's phone. Bosshardt said he has "never had the occasion to do this."

The Post-American then asked Chief Bosshardt if, since he wasn't police chief in May, 1969 (the time Porter alluded to), it was possible that Police Chief McElvany had ordered the surveillance of C.S.A. members and the creation of a secret file. Bosshardt said, "I don't know of any such file."

Then, Bosshardt's response got off the substance of Porter's allegations. Bosshardt referred to a time when Porter allegedly picked up his phone and received 911 instead of a dial tone. Porter's allegations made no reference to that incident. As it turned out, Porter had mentioned the 911 incident to WJBC's Steve Vogel in off-the-cuff remarks, and the incident didn't even happen to Porter. Asked by the Post-American where he got the information to include in his response, Bosshardt said, "I have no idea where I heard the information. You hear different people talking in the community..."

In the final paragraph of his response, Bosshardt asserted that Porter wanted no records of traffic accidents to be kept. Porter's remarks never mentioned such a dumb request.

When asked about his own personal feelings regarding the revelations of intelligence networks within the Chicago Police Department, all Bosshardt had to say was, "It would be difficult to keep track of all those men (police)."

## why a file

The Post-American interviewed Jack Porter in mid-June about circumstances surrounding the discovery of the file. Porter told this reporter that the file was discovered by some C.S.A. members during a havoc-ridden urban renewal hearing in May, 1969. According to Porter, the file consisted of legal-size sheets of paper (type-written) with lists of persons who were at C.S.A. meetings. Two meetings were clearly documented in the file. There was also a document which tried to link the planning of anti-war activities at University High School with the C.S.A. meetings held on urban renewal topics. Porter insisted that such a link never existed and just reflected what he called "crummy intelligence." The urban renewal hearing in May, 1969 concerned eviction of a black woman from her Bloomington home. C.S.A. meetings were held prior to the hearing, and C.S.A. members were present at the hearing. Black students from I.S.U. and I.W.U. attended the meeting and so did the Students for a Democratic Society (S.D.S.). There was never any formal link between the groups--all were concerned with the woman's fate. There were some minor scuffles during the meeting, and in the midst of one, the file was found by C.S.A. members.

C.S.A. meetings prior to the hearings had, at times, been attended by "strange" people, according to Porter. One such stranger allegedly came to meetings to try to sell guns to C.S.A. members. A tap was also placed on the phone of local activist Dennis Majerus (see *The Dennis Majerus Story*--a pamphlet available at Withers Library for a full account.)

When asked why C.S.A. felt the file was compiled by the police instead of some other agency, Porter was not sure. "It's been so long ago--I think it was a letterhead of some kind," Porter also told the Post-American that C.S.A. members were "uptight about police possessing the documents."

Other incidents in Spring, 1969 indicate the possibility of electronic surveillance. Mimi Smith, a local activist, had organized a picketline in front of the Y.W.C.A. while hearings on a guaranteed annual income

went on inside. State Police showed up to "observe" the picketlines. But, according to Porter, no visible organizing was done to arrange a picketline; only telephone calls were made. Only a phone tap could have revealed when the picket line would have been set up.

Porter told the Post-American that most of his concern about the surveillance of local citizens emerged after it was revealed that a Multi-County Enforcement Group (MEG) informant was keeping track of the political views of instructors at Pekin High School. (see Post-American Vol. III #11). And it is difficult to tell when such activities will take place in the Twin-Cities. As Chief Bosshardt so aptly put it: "I haven't got the slightest idea what the future will bring."

--Jeremy Timmens

## CUBA PLANS ELECTIONS

The main criticism most people make about Cuba is that there aren't free elections, which are necessary for a democracy. It appears, however, that this is in the process of changing. In 1974 in the province of Matanzas in Cuba, the populace elected representatives to local "Organs of People's Power." In 1976 these local assemblies will be elected throughout Cuba. The representatives of the "National Assembly of People's Power" will be chosen by the elected local assembly members.

In 1976 a national referendum will be held to approve (or reject) the proposed national constitution. The government has submitted this to local groups for suggestions and criticism. The constitution guarantees the right of all people to productive employment, voting rights, medical care, and education. The legal voting age will be 16. Women are guaranteed equality in employment, equal pay for equal work, access to child care centers if they need them, and more.

It is probable the OAS will lift the trade blockade on Cuba this July. Resumption of trade (with the Cubans saying they are willing to financially compensate for nationalized American property), and diplomatic relations between the U.S. and Cuba may be shortly forthcoming. And that sort of makes sense. Why should the U.S. have relations with an oligarchic and repressive government like Russia and not have relations with a government just 90 miles from its shores which is showing a basic willingness to give its people basic democratic rights?



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# SHOOT NARCS! EARN \$\$\$\$

## PRIZES OFFERED FOR NARCOTICS AGENT PHOTOGRAPHS

To speed the destruction of the Multi-County Enforcement Group, the Post-Amerikan is sponsoring a narc photo contest. We're paying \$15 a head for shooting narcs (photographically, at least). Funds for prizes have been collected by some friends who want to see "undercover" agents lose their cover.

To win, here's what you have to do:

Get a camera, check the list below for an eligible narc in your area, and go catch him or her. Send the prints and negatives to the Post-Amerikan. Then we'll check around to make sure that you shot the right person. If the Post prints the photo you took, you win!

We want recent photos, so that we can see what the agent looks like since he or she has gone "undercover." Black and white film is preferred. Try to have the narc's face fill up as much of negative as possible, if you can stand getting that close to a narc.

Photos of the following undercover

agents are eligible entries in the narc contest; we are also providing last known addresses, which may not be accurate.

Walter Hetman, former McLean County deput, 201 S. Second St., Chenoa, Illinois (815) 945-7143.

Jeff Sielaff, lives with parents at 205 Eisenhower Drive 452-5738.

Ford Jonathan Conley

Eugene Maxwell, former Tazewell County Deputy, 1729 Valle Vista Blvd., Pekin, (309) 347-2294.

Christine Schaefer, former Tazewell county jail matron, Pekin, Ill.

Charles Schofield, former Peoria county Cop, Rt. 3, Chillicothe

Robert J. Edwards, former Peoria cop, 127 E. Hines Place, Peoria

Dale Oltman, Pekin cop, 2301 Cherry Lane, Pekin (309) 346-9506.

Jo Vice, former radio operator for Creve Coer Police, living in Morton Ill.

Robert D. Miller Jr. former Chillicothe city cop, 205 N. Stanley, Chillicothe.

Roland Inskip, 1101 W. Forest Hill, Peoria

Jerry LaGrow--the head of the MEG unit. He can be found at the head office, Room 23, Peoria County Courthouse.

The following three agents became public for the first time in June, when their names appeared as MEG agents in court records of the June MEG indictments in McLean county.

Randall Wyant

Diane Palombi

Thomas Bowman

To get photos, contestants may want to undertake surveillance at a MEG office, and then follow agents who come and go. In Bloomington, the office is at 2205 E. Washington St., Room 405. In Peoria, go to room 23, County Courthouse. MEG offices in other cities may be located by checking the phone book in the Yellow Pages under Govt. Agencies. The listing for "MCN Association" is the MEG office. (This worked in Bloomington, anyway.)

## PORTER CONDEMNS SECRET POLICE

**POST NOTE:** The following article is the text of Rev Jack Porter's editorial, given on WJBC's Forum series on May 19, 1975.

\*\*\*\*\*

I'm Jack Porter and I don't like secret police or secret police files.

The Pantagraph told us on Wednesday about "a nationwide police organization virtually unknown to the public" called the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit, with "a computerized intelligence file containing 19,000 names." It was supposed to deal with organized crime but some police say it includes the names of "political dissenters and any citizen who arouses the curiosity of the police." Tuesday's Vidette had a front page story about a woman student being awakened early one morning this month by two uniformed policemen asking about her enrollment in ISU's Poetry of Rock class and her involvement with drugs. Five other articles in that issue dealt with the Multi-county Enforcement Group (or MEG) and the turmoil it has created on campus.

The May Post-Amerikan reports the story of a MEG informer, the way he was blackmailed into becoming an informant after being caught with some marijuana, the way he was paid for introducing his friends to MEG agents, his giving false information about a guy he had a grudge against leading to that man's arrest.

I'm personally very cautious about drugs, including medicines and alcohol. I grieve for those whose lives are wrecked by drug abuse. I have no sympathy for the capitalist, old or young, who gets rich by selling dangerous products.

But that doesn't let me condone the operation of a secret police force in our community. The secret agents of every dictator are always justified by high-sounding slogans, such as "protecting the youth" or "law and order." But in actual practice they're the greatest enemies of the people's freedom. They trample on civil liberties; they nail opponents on trumped-up charges; they plead with people to commit crimes and then bust them when they

do; they create an atmosphere of suspicion and terror within the community where they operate.

Where is MEG's accountability? If I have a complaint against the Bloomington police, I can bring it to the City Council or the City Manager or the Police and Fire Commission. Where do I go with a complaint against MEG? Who knows what they do? Some of the elected officials who allocate our tax money to MEG say they don't want to know what MEG does. Then who will set the limits? Who establishes guidelines for recruiting informers? Is blackmail condoned? Who tells agents to solicit criminal activity? Who told the informer in a Pekin high school to check out the political tendencies of her teachers?

MEG and all other secret police agencies are a menace to our liberty. They develop their own practices and, in effect, answer to no one. Bloomington and McLean County should withdraw from MEG. Let's say "No!" to all secret police forces everywhere.

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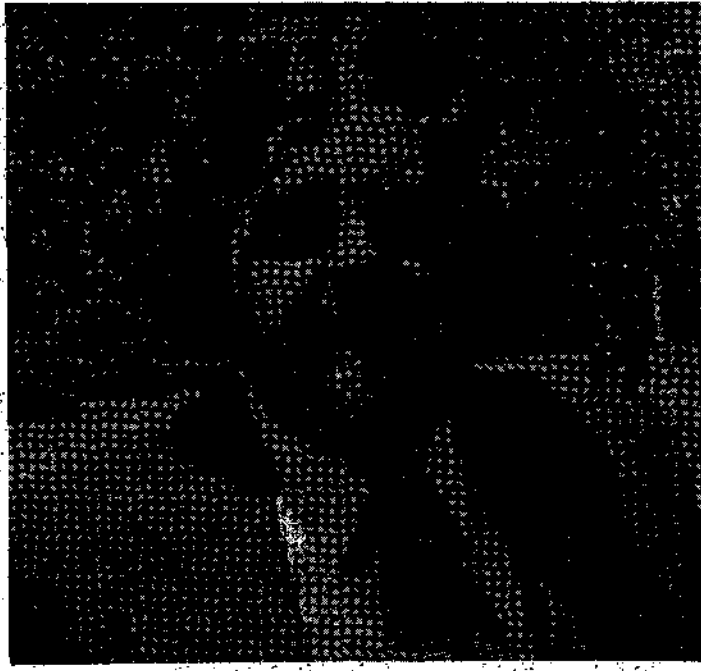
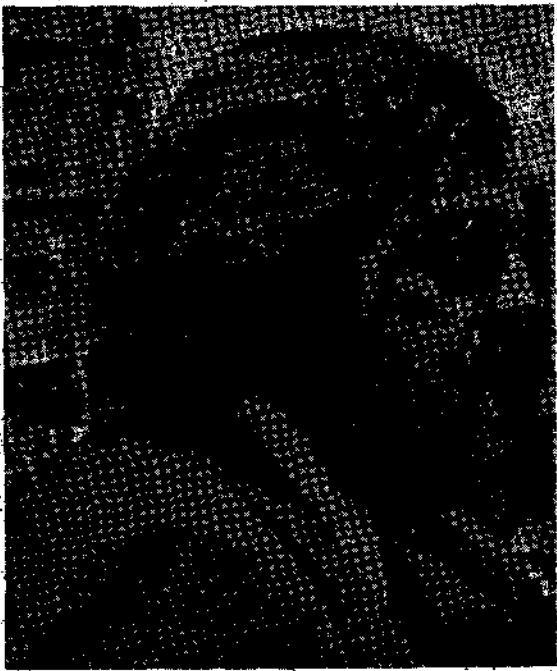
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## BEWARE THIS MAN: HE IS A SECRET POLICE AGENT

John Williams Stephens, pictured here leaving the courthouse after telling what some observers said were "outright lies" on the witness stand, is an undercover narcotics agent for MEG, the Multi-County Enforcement Group.

A Bloomington cop for several years, "Bill" Stephens is still technically on the city payroll. But Stephens has been a full-time secret police agent since July 1, 1974.

Stephens is in charge of MEG's Bloomington office, located at 2205 E. Washington St., Room 405, Phone 662-1546.

But Stephens is not a mere desk worker for MEG. He has made a lot of undercover buys, both in McLean and Tazewell County.

Stephens is one of two MEG agents whom a Pekin judge criticized for "concocting" testimony in court. Stephens testified in the trial of Ed Cotton, who is the only MEG defendant so far to gain an acquittal once a case has reached the stage of a trial.

Stephens is also the MEG agent who arranged for the production and transportation of a falsified document which aroused controversy when a MEG informer was slipped into Pekin High School without the school board's knowledge.

Stephens arranged for BHS to produce a false transcript. The MEG informer enrolled in Pekin High as a "transfer student from BHS." When Stephens transferred the falsified document to the Pekin High informer, he warned her

that the falsification was "a federal offense."

(This account was taken from 8 days of testimony in a school board hearing in Pekin. The hearing revolved around the controversy created by MEG's secretly planting a 23-year-old professional informer in the student body.)

Stephens drives a late model 2-door gold Mercury Cougar, with 1975 Ill. license plates 515 394. The front plate is displayed off center, on the left side.

We last knew of Stephens living at 1408 N. Main in Bloomington, side door. The landlady told us Stephens moved out.

POST-AMERIKAN  
-5-  
JULY, 1975

## Judge Dreams Up Rules to Stop POST-AMERIKAN Photographers

Trying to protect the secret identity of MEG secret agent John "Bill" Stephens, Judge Ivan Johnson pretended that photographs are forbidden in the courthouse basement June 6.

Agent Stephens, about to testify in a narcotics case, had been trapped for more than an hour in the judge's chambers in the basement. Three Post-Amerikan photographers were waiting in the hall.

There was no way for MEG agent Stephens to get to the courtroom without getting his photo snapped in the hallway.

The hearing was delayed several times, while officials apparently pondered how to protect Stephen's "cover" as a secret narcotics agent.

The solution: have Judge Johnson order the Post-Amerikan photographers to refrain from taking pictures.

Johnson approached photographer Mark Silverstein, and casually mentioned that there was an existing administrative order against taking photographs. Silverstein acknowledged that he was aware of such an order, but knew it applied only to the courthouse's second floor. Johnson said that another administrative order existed applying to the basement, the section of the courthouse run by Johnson. Silverstein asked if it was in writing. Johnson said it was.

Not long after, Agent Stephens and Asst. State's Attorney Charles Rayner

walked out of the judge's chambers on their way to the much-delayed preliminary hearing. Rayner had to walk down the hall, pointing to various photographers and yelling, "No pictures; judge's order. No pictures; judge's order."

Once Stephens was safely inside the courtroom testifying (Post photographers had never intended to photograph inside an actual courtroom), Judge Johnson offered to show Post worker Silverstein the text of the administrative order which allegedly banned photographs in the basement hallway.

The Judge showed him Administrative order #27. It prohibited photographs in courtrooms. The order said nothing about prohibiting photographs in hallways.

After some discussion, Judge Johnson finally admitted that the administrative order did not prohibit hallway photographs.

However, Johnson remained emphatic about ordering Silverstein not to take pictures anywhere in the courthouse basement.

When Johnson finally admitted that he was really issuing a new order, Silverstein asked if Johnson had been asked to do this to protect Agent Stephens.

Johnson claimed that no one had said anything to him about it. Johnson claimed that he did not

even know why Silverstein wanted to photograph.

Johnson said that he had noticed that Silverstein had a camera, and felt he should warn Silverstein that taking photographs violated an existing administrative order. (But there was no such existing order.) Silverstein says that he has been in the courthouse with a camera many times in the past, and had been seen by Johnson, yet has never received such a warning.

Harassment of Post-Amerikan photographers is nothing new. A few months ago Sheriff John King threatened a Post photographer with arrest for taking pictures on the courthouse's first floor, despite the absence of any judge's order prohibiting such photography.

During the march against Sheriff King last November 3, Post-Amerikan photographer Dave Nelson was arrested and thrown through Kresge's plate glass window by police. Officers then attempted to smash Nelson's camera with their billy clubs.

A few months earlier, a Bloomington patrolman threatened confiscation of a Post-Amerikan worker's camera. That officer was later reprimanded, according to Chief Bosshardt.

Despite the concerted efforts of MEG, Judge Johnson, and State's Attorney's office, Post photographers did get a photo of MEG agent John Stephens. (See adjoining story.)

# GETTING OVER

Getting Over is a regular column by the Bloomington-Normal Men's Group.

On Friday, June 13th, I with Chris and Dave went to the Midwest Men's Conference and Celebration in Chicago. We drove through pounding rain and pretty strong winds. So when we got there I was very tense from the trip and from being in a place that I didn't know, not knowing exactly what was going to happen. As I looked around the room at all the beautiful men, though, I realized that there was no threat, no competition. These men had come here to be together and to relate to each other positively.

We met Kurt there, a man we hadn't seen in a long time, so we talked with him a lot, but still hadn't talked to anyone new.

I started to calm down after watching a movie called Men's Lives. I knew that the other men there were identifying with the movie also. Just when the four of us were discussing why we weren't talking to anyone else, a man came over to our table to make some signs and talk. This was the first man that I talked to at the conference. He was doing some of the same things that I was. He was in a consciousness raising group and was attempting to deal with the main part of his being. It felt good.

--Jack

I felt good.

"How was your weekend?"

"It was really good."

"What did you do?"

"I went to a Men's Celebration."

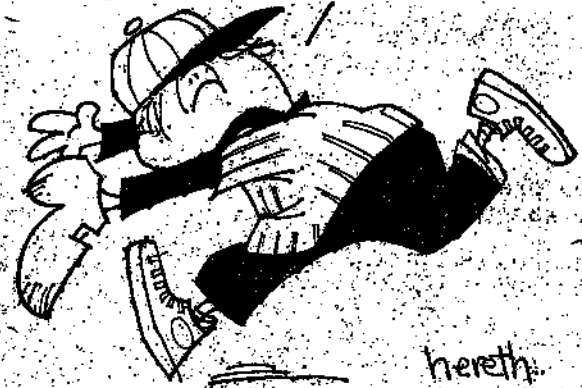
". . . a what?"

That was the reaction I got after an excellent weekend in Chicago at the Men's Celebration. Three of us from the Bloomington-Normal Men's Group drove up Friday night and arrived in time to register, pay \$1.50 if we had it, and get accustomed to a room full of men talking, playing music, reading the literature or sitting alone.

The first scheduled event for the evening was a film called Men's Lives. It was a moving, well done documentary that got into the socialization of boys and men. It caught experiences we've all felt and gave us something to talk about.

Saturday was filled with workshops and discussion groups. I attended one on listening which gave eight of us the chance to concentrate on the technique of reflection. This requires close listening and reflecting back the feelings to the talker. I was surprised to see how difficult just plain listening is. It was hard not to give advice, relate similar experiences or think about other things.

AND I'VE JUST GOT TO CATCH THIS ONE - IF I DO, IT MEANS WE'VE WON THIS GAME, GUARANTEEING US A PLACE IN THE REGIONAL PLAYOFFS, MAKING ME A HERO TO THE TEAM, AND EARNING ME THE RESPECT OF MY PARENTS - BESIDES, IT WAS HIT BY A GIRL.



hereth.

The next discussion group I chose was on bi-sexuality. All of us from completely different positions batted around our experiences in exploring that life style. One exclusively Gay man in his late 30's felt he ought to try a heterosexual relationship while another exclusively straight married man wondered about homosexuality and friendships. A third man was concerned with simply expressing his sexuality which he hadn't done yet. The variety of men and experiences made this a fascinating group.

The final workshop I chose was dance. This lifted me from discussion and allowed me to concentrate on pure movement. We filled the space in an entangling collage of form and energy giving us a new experience in unity.

The celebration ended with a party where everyone relaxed and enjoyed getting to know further the other men. I was thrilled to have met men, both gay and non-gay, who had developed satisfactory, alternative life styles and who refused to fit any stereotype roles. The celebration gave us all hope in knowing that we can come closer to our own feelings and to each other.

--Chris

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# CHAMPAIGN ABORTION

Post Note: In early June, a local woman had an abortion done by Dr. Trupin in Champaign. Here is her description of the experience.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 Wam, Bam, thank you Ma'am. That'll be \$100 please. You will be paying today, won't you?

One hundred dollars for 5 minutes of pain and a lot of moralizing.

I started to feel a little uneasy as soon as I walked in the building and saw that the "S" was missing from Dr. TRUPIN's plaque. The feeling grew in a waiting room full of all kinds of patients, mothers-to-be, mothers-next-to-be, children. I filled out the shortest new patient history I'd ever seen and read a booklet about natural childbirth.

Then a young robot girl led me into a blue room with blue plastic mother and daughter, butterflies, and a corny poem about puppy dogs' tails on the wall and a tape recorder on the desk, with Dr. Trupin Explaining Menstrual Extraction. "Please push stop button if nurse hasn't returned," the tape ended.

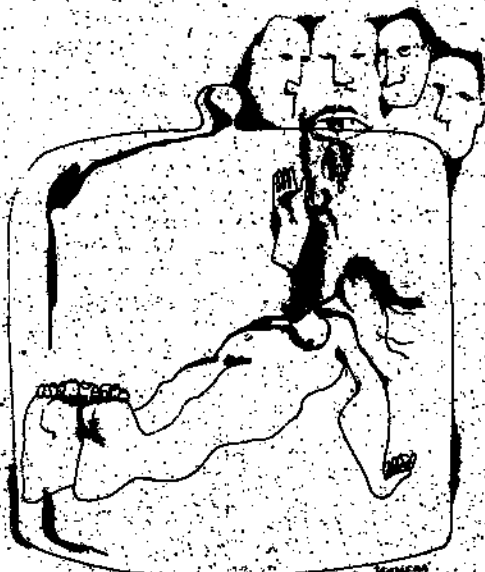
Then back through the waiting room, down for a blood test, back through the waiting room to another blue room, a very gold blue room just off the waiting room. I waited a long time there, shivering in a skimpy paper sheet.

Finally, a thin, tanned, slick Dr. Trupin came in, obviously in a big hurry. I tried to get him to stop long enough to discuss important details like an erosion on my cervix and a urethra that is too small. "oh, you're the one who had the bad experience before."

"Please be gentle with my cervix," I begged.

"Yes, the traumatic cervix," laughing as he rammed the anesthetic shot into both sides of the cervix, causing severe cramping. Without further delay and with total lack of sensitivity he jammed some other instruments up me and got on with it.

And I was screaming and crying and apologizing for screaming and crying because I knew all these other frightened women patients were right next door and I didn't want him to feel like a monster. Crazy.



Science for the People/epf

And they left me to lie there for maybe five more minutes, when my little friend came back and sat there while I dressed, asking questions like, "why don't you want the baby?" Then she wanted me to sign a statement that I'd received post operative instructions. I guess. Then she hustled me back to the waiting room. I was very weak and upset, trying not to cry when people were smiling at me. I hid my face in some magazines in the corner. Then I decided I'd rather fall apart on the sidewalk than in front of all those people, so I stumbled out into the sunshine.

The only alternative available now is a well-organized clinic. Since my bad experience I've heard good reports on the clinic in Peoria, that they counsel the women in groups, have a recovery room, etc.

Anyhow, I don't recommend a doctor who is as embarrassed, disinterested, disapproving and incompetent as Dr. Trupin for anything. And if he doesn't have time to talk to his hundred dollar patients, his helper should be a little more experienced and humane. Maybe they are just trying to be matter-of-fact, but what comes across is their moralism. They don't want to do what they are doing. When you make the decision to have an abortion you mull over all the things like, this might be a beautiful creature; I wish I could have a baby now; why can't I be stronger or the world prettier right now? So you set that aside and do what has to be done. Someone else's morality on the subject is not what you need at the abortion clinic.

Since abortion is still such a sticky issue, the care provided was inadequate. For instance, Dr. Trupin should have recommended vitamins and prescribed an antibiotic and perhaps a coagulant. Part of what made this such a trying experience was that I was physically and therefore emotionally off balance. Pregnancy takes a lot out of you: calcium, iron, B6, etc.

Menstrual extraction is a very simple procedure. The best place for it would be in your own doctor's office, a doctor who knows your body and you can trust. A doctor who could give you continuous care.



POST-AMERICAN - 7 - JULY, 1975



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• COMING SOON •



# SOMEPLACE ELSE FAILS TO SUPPRESS POST

In our May issue, we printed a story about Gay people experiencing discrimination at Someplace Else. The story served not only to report several incidents at the bar, but also to underscore the whole issue of discrimination on the basis of sexual preference. The issue was raised at both town meetings last Spring, and both meetings endorsed the idea of an ordinance banning the kind of discrimination practiced at Someplace Else. Neither city council has taken action.

Toward the end of May, Post-American distribution outlets reported that an employee of Someplace Else was going to stores and buying up all copies of the Post-American. This employee admitted that he was buying up all the copies of the paper he could find, so that no one would be able to read the story about gay discrimination. He had a shopping bag full of papers.

In late May, the Someplace Else manager phoned the Post American and complained that he was losing business because of the story we printed. He said he had talked to people who said they were no longer going to Someplace Else because of what they read in the Post-American. The manager said he was going to write his side of the story, but he never sent it to us.

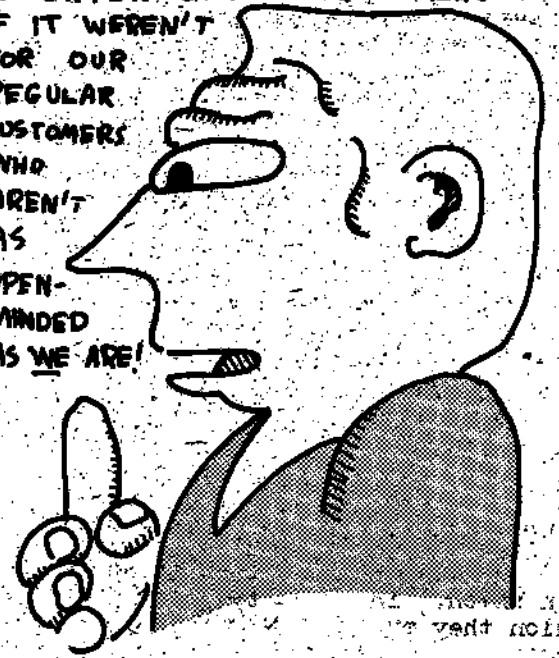
Fortunately, the Someplace Else employee did not begin buying up all the papers until most had been sold anyway. We are, however, re-printing the article he tried to suppress, just in case some readers were not able to obtain a copy of the May issue. In addition, we want to emphasize that we will not be suppressed just because someone has enough money to buy all the papers in the stores.

Anyway, we went to the Someplace Else again a couple of weeks later, this time with reinforcements. There were about 50 of us, a motley assortment of gay and straight, male and female, feminists and ex-bikers, but still very predominantly gay. Again, it wasn't a very busy night. Again, there were a few catcalls and gaping. But this time, physical abuse was at a minimum, probably because of our greater numbers and our more assertive attitude. We did get into several heated raps with other people there, and that was interesting and sometimes productive. It was all very exciting and we had a good time.

A short-lived victory. The last time we went, a couple weeks ago, there were only about 15 of us, and as the evening wore on the number declined to eight, six men and two women. And, as previously noted, it is more dangerous in many situations for men to be overtly gay than for women. Physically dangerous, that is, well, the vocal abuse was heavy, and about 11:00 things started to really get tense. Some straight people started elbowing and pushing the gay people on the dance floor, and they were accompanied by cheers from straight people sitting nearby.

Two bouncers, about this time, told the men dancing to stop, giving no reason. The men kept dancing. The bouncers then joined the assistant manager, who was telling the gay people sitting down to leave. (By the way, one bouncer, when told to throw out the gay people, refused. He was then asked to turn over his bouncer jacket. This he did and then walked off the job.) The ass. manager said that the gay people were being disruptive (not true, except that they were dancing together, which tends to disrupt some people's heads), and that they should leave for their own good, as the crowd was becoming increasingly hostile and threatening. He also said that about fifty people, including regular customers, had left (by the way,

WELL OF COURSE WE'D BE WILLING TO (AHEM) PERMIT MEMBERS OF TO ENTER OUR ESTABLISHMENT IF IT WEREN'T FOR OUR REGULAR CUSTOMERS WHO AREN'T AS OPEN-MINDED AS WE ARE!



Not in group of your choice.

If you're heterosexual and you want to go dancing with your sweetheart and/or your friends, that's how simple it is. You just go. If you're gay and you want to go dancing, you drive to Champaign, or Peoria, or Chicago. Not that there are laws against same sex dancing in Bloomington, because there aren't. But there are ominous other things. And this is a story about what happened when a group of gay people and their supporters set out to have a good time locally, running smack up against those other things. It's a story about pigglism.

We went dancing and drinking at the Someplace Else three times over the past couple months. The first time was the Thursday after Valentine's day. There were about 25 gay people and one supportive straight couple. It wasn't a very busy night, but the band was excellent, and after the tension of the first few slow dances, we began to relax and enjoy ourselves. There were a couple catcalls ("faggot!") first, but it subsided. Well, we'd been there a couple hours when the physical hassling started.

An anonymous man came up to a group of gay people dancing and told them to stop. Mistakenly, they assumed that this homophobe (someone who has an irrational deep-seated fear of homosexuals and homosexuality) was in some way connected with the management. After talking to the real ass. manager, who said that our money was just as green as anybody else's, we ignored the homophobe and kept right on dancing.

Unfortunately, he and three or four cronies began to make themselves impossible to ignore. They started shoving us around (literally), and since we were not into violence, we decided to leave. Our only retaliation was defensive. There was some fine guarding of the gay men done by some of the lesbians, who jumped between the two sets of men whenever possible. I guess it's still part of the macho ethic not to hit women, even if they're "queers." However, one man was apparently so upset that people of the same sex would want to dance together (how awful!) that he stooped so low as to shove one of the women around a little. Just another example that chivalry really is on the decline.

We tried to leave together, but things were a little disorganized. Another gay man got punched on the head a couple times. (As I walked by, I heard him muttering in surprise, "He actually HIT me...how strange!") And outside, the straight man who had been sitting with us ended up by himself with four of the homophobes who, to use the vernacular, beat him up. I'm sure it was an accident--they must have thought he was a "homo." That's small consolation for him though.

the band was not so hot and it was a week night), some of them telling him (he claimed) that they were disgusted and nauseated by the gay people's presence. (Speaking of being disgusting, some straight people threw a rubber at the table where the gay people were sitting.)

When the gay people reminded the ass. manager that they had paid to get in, he responded that although our money is just as green as anybody else's (a favorite line of his), the offended straight people frequent the bar more often. When asked if he had an obligation to protect us, he responded that he could just go in his office, close the door and let what would happen go right ahead and happen, and if anything did he could say that we were drunk and disorderly. (Two of us hadn't been drinking at all.) And there was rowdiness, but not on our part. The gay people were handling everything with their usual dignity.

The ass. manager and bouncers left, and all the gay people sat down to think and talk. Because the atmosphere gave us no choice, we decided to leave, which we did amid jeers and clapping.

I wish that I could give this story a happy ending, but it just ain't possible. As an afterward, an ISU Vidette reporter contacted some of the gay people who had gone to the Someplace Else about a possible story. However, the Vidette, in its usual paranoid manner, refused to print what did happen because they were afraid that something bad might happen to them (a libel suit, or something) if they said that gay people were being discriminated against.

So stay tuned.

--Alice Wonder

## SOCIALIST FEMINIST CONFERENCE

A socialist-feminist conference is being held July 4-6 at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio. The conference will facilitate communication among the growing numbers of socialist feminists and activist women and seriously examine major questions of theory, strategy, and practice. It will be a place to share organizing experiences, broaden perspectives, and assert socialist feminism as a strategy for revolution.

In order to provide a beginning point for discussion, the planning committee has agreed on three principles of unity for the conference which follows:

1) We recognize the need for and support the existence of the autonomous women's movement throughout the revolutionary process;

2) We agree that all oppression, whether based on race, class, sex or lesbianism, is inter-related and the fights for liberation from oppression must be simultaneous and cooperative; and

3) We agree that socialist feminism is a strategy for revolution.

This conference is open to any woman who is in general sympathy with the three points of unity and the goals of socialist feminism. If you are at all interested in attending, call before July 1 for information:

- Mary or Virginia 454-1644
- Ann or Pam 829-3576
- Susie 828-6885

# UNITED FARM WORKERS NEWS

## LEGISLATIVE BREAKTHROUGH

California has enacted an historic farm labor bill that could become a model for other states and for national legislation! The law was passed in a special session of the California Legislature, called by Governor Edmund G. Jerry Brown, Jr. The United Farm Workers of America requested the special session so that elections can be held this year. Under California law, a bill passed during a special session of the legislature goes into effect 91 days after final legislative action. The California farm labor bill passed on May 29 and will become law on August 28, 1975. This fall there can be elections in major parts of the grape and lettuce industry and perhaps in other crops that have peak seasons after August 28, 1975.

## BOYCOTT CONTINUES

The boycott of non-UFW grapes, head lettuce, and Gallo wines continues because elections are only one step toward victory. Farm Workers are seeking a measure of dignity and justice through the strength of their own union. In order to build that union they must win elections and negotiate effective contracts. Farm workers know from their own hard experience that winning elections does not guarantee that a good contract will be signed. No law can guarantee strong contracts. If the UFW loses the elections, the boycott will be terminated immediately. Otherwise the boycott of non-UFW grapes and head lettuce and Gallo wines will continue until elections are won and strong contracts are signed.

The new California law is called the Alatorre-Zenovich-Dunlap-Berman Agricultural Labor Relations Act of 1975 (herein referred to as the Act or the California Act.) It was enacted into law because the UFW struggle thrust the needs of farm workers in the forefront of legislative priorities in California. Liquor stores, chain stores, growers, retail clerks, farm workers, religious folks - all were calling for farm labor legislation. Gov. Brown gave aggressive, effective leadership in developing a bill that many diverse groups supported and that contains almost all of the key ingredients of the original UFW bill (AB-1, Alatorre).

## MAJOR PROVISIONS OF THE ACT

1. The Act establishes a 5-person Agricultural Labor Relations Board, appointed by the Governor with the advice and consent of the Senate. The Board will hold elections in agriculture, certify results of elections, enforce the provisions of the law, appoint a General Counsel (to be confirmed by the Senate), establish field offices, and in other ways implement the Act.
2. Growers and unions cannot sign contracts unless a union is certified by the Board as the representative of the workers. Certification can be gained only through secret ballot elections (no recognition strikes).

3. Worker petitions for elections must be filed at a time when at least 50% of workers employed during the peak season are actually at work on the farm. A petition for an election must be signed by a majority of workers.
4. If a valid petition is filed then the Board must hold an election within 7 days. If workers are on strike and petition for an election then the Board will try to hold an election within 48 hours. If there are three or more choices on the ballot (e.g., UFW, Teamsters, No Union) and none receives a majority vote, then there will be a run-off election.
5. Workers can petition to hold an election to decertify a union that has a contract with their employer; the fact that a contract existed prior to the effective date of the Act is not a bar to such an election; however an existing contract that is "otherwise lawfully entered into and enforceable under the laws of California" will not be voided until an election is held and a new union certified by the Board.
6. Economic strikers can vote in elections under ground rules established by the Act and by the Board.
7. The Act defines certain unfair labor practices including: refusal to bargain in good faith; coercion or intimidation of workers; discrimination; setting up company unions, etc. Included in unfair labor practices are the following restrictions on the secondary boycott:

- a) Farm labor unions cannot set up picket lines to stop employees from working at Safeway or A & P because those stores are carrying boycotted products (This is the "hard" secondary boycott - rarely, if ever, used by UFW)
- b) Farm labor unions can carry on a full, consumer "Don't Shop at Jewel" campaign (including picket signs, etc.) after winning an election.
- c) Farm labor unions can carry on a limited, consumer "Don't Shop at Jewel" campaign (leaflets and conversation) until they lose an election or until another union wins an election.
- d) There is no restriction on the product boycott ("Please don't buy non-UFW grapes, head lettuce or Gallo wines."); there is no restriction on harvest-time strikes.

8. The bargaining unit for elections and collective bargaining "shall be all agricultural employees of an employer." Construction workers and others who are covered now by the NLRA are excluded from the California Act.

The UFW will be preparing for elections in California this fall and next year. The Teamsters will have to decide whether they want to stay in this battle and face the will of the workers. Those growers who still do not want to deal with an indigenous farm workers' union will be looking for ways to use the law to fight the UFW. (There are plenty of lawyers who are experts in using labor relations laws to fight unions. And the history of the NLRA is full of examples of employers who go through the motions of "good faith bargaining" without any intention of dealing with the most basic issues involved in a valid collective bargaining agreement.)

## AGENT OF SAVAK EXPOSED! MASSUD SADJADIAN:



"Amnesty International doesn't generally issue league tables of those countries which, from our world wide research and legal work, appear to be the worst offenders in violating basic human rights; but in any such list, whether of torture, of execution after sham trials, or of extensive political imprisonment, Iran would be a world leader."

--David Simpson  
Director of Amnesty International, British Section, from The Times, Feb. 13, 1975.

The Iranian Student Association (I.S.A.) is an anti-imperialist, democratic, open organization of Iranian students abroad. The main tasks of I.S.A. are: 1.) exposing the brutal and oppressive regime of the Shah of Iran, who was brought back to power in 1953 after a

C.I.A. coup d'etat overthrowing Mossadeg's nationalist government, and 2.) politicizing the masses of Iranian students abroad.

This activity on the part of I.S.A. constitutes a material threat to the Shah's regime. The Shah has declared I.S.A. an illegal organization; according to the "law", members of I.S.A. will be sentenced to 3-10 years in prison when they return to Iran.

Another of the Shah's favorite tactics is to send SAVAK (Iranian secret police) agents to I.S.A. chapters in order to get information and retard the growth of new chapters. During the last week of May, three SAVAK agents were exposed: one at Purdue University, one in Chicago, and one in Normal. Massud Sadjadian, student in political science at I.S.U. is a SAVAK agent. The one exposed in Chicago, Reza, is his nephew. The charges against these traitors were brought after detailed and careful examination of the facts by I.S.A.'s U.S. secretariat. On Sunday, May 25, 1975, the secretariat of the Chicago I.S.A. make the existence of these traitors known.

Massud and Reza are traitors to the masses of Iran and the world. Just in the last two weeks of May, 29 political prisoners were tortured to death in Iran by SAVAK. There 35,000 to 40,000 political prisoners in Iran, and 200 revolutionaries have been executed in the last two years.

According to the Sunday Times, Jan. 19, 1975, "prisoners have been subject to psychological and physical torture; this includes being forced to watch their children savagely mistreated. 'I found it so unbearable,' one man reported, 'that I wished I had a knife so that I could kill my son myself rather than see him suffer like that.'"

We urge all the anti-imperialist, progressive people to expose Massud and Reza and prevent their presence in any political meeting.

WE WANT SAVAK AGENTS OUT OF I.S.U.

Support the just struggle of Iranian people for freedom and democracy. Down with the Shah.

--Iranian Student Association

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# LANDLORD EXPOSED

Jeanette and Roger, two tenants in a large house at the corner of Grove and McLean, contacted the Post-Amerikan in mid-June. Robert J. Bailey owns the house and Charles Lanham "manages" it. Tenants' complaints range from violations of Bloomington Housing codes to personal exploitation and neglect by Bailey.

She told us that her toilet began leaking in October, 1974. She couldn't reach apartment manager Lanham, so she called Bailey. He agreed to fix it. A month later, the toilet was still leaking, and Bailey had done nothing about it. Jeanette called again and Bailey promised to get someone to fix the toilet. But the promise amounted to nothing. She called Wilbur Voss, a Bloomington housing inspector, to get some results. Voss found the toilet complaint legitimate and Bailey later fixed it. (See adjoining story on Voss and Bloomington city officials.) When she had first moved into the apartment, Jeanette had noticed that Bailey had not made promised repairs on the lock. She slept with a rock and a hammer by her bedside for a week for fear of being attacked.

She also showed the reporter the fire escape on the second floor, which was nailed shut. It is no longer nailed shut.

Between February and March of this year, Jeanette asked Bailey if it would be all right to be a couple weeks late on rent. According to Jeanette, Bailey

responded, "would you fuck me for the rent?" She emphatically said, "No!" Jeanette told the Post that she is extremely angry that Bailey tried to use his knowledge of her financial situation (she is on Public Aid) to exploit her. She also remarked that Bailey had asked one of her male friends if he was her lover.

Consideration for the tenants is not one of Bailey's virtues. The lights in the hallways and staircase do not work, forcing tenants to creep carefully upstairs at night. The landlord promised to paint the house, furnish washers and dryers in the basement, carpet Jeanette's room, and provide essential repairs in the house. None of these promises have been kept.

The second tenant, Roger, complained about his front door lock in October, 1974. Unable to reach the apartment manager, he called Bailey and asked for a new lock. The lock was finally installed, but was broken again in May. This time Bailey refused to do anything about it. Roger finally called Bloomington Gun, had a lock installed, and sent the bill to Bailey.

At another time, the shower above his apartment was leaking, providing Roger's roommate with an unexpected soaking one evening. Bailey came by to "fix" it, but the repair lasted only a month. In his disgust at the second leak, Roger's roommate called Bailey

at four in the morning and visited him at the Barrel House Bar the next day. Bailey threatened to hit him, but decided not to. Another tenant told the Post-Amerikan that no windows have locks, and that many windows are without screens.

The tenants also complain that Lanham is ridiculously hard to contact, and Bailey often must be called four or five times before he will repair anything. The Post experienced a little of their frustration firsthand when trying to reach Lanham. We called Lanham at his number at eight in the evening, and were told to call him at the Barrel House Bar and Deli, which Bailey just opened. Calling his number again at eleven the next morning, we were told that he could be reached at that home number after five, which experience had already disproved. So we gave up.

In winter of 1974, three apartments on the second floor were sharing the same bathroom. Those apartments aren't being rented now, but one room on the second floor is filled with trash and littered with debris from a rotting ceiling.

Ironically, the tenants interviewed told the Post-Amerikan that Bailey said he was doing the tenants a favor by providing them with a place to live. Surely, Bailey and his wife don't have to worry about their own home falling apart.

Jeremy Timmens

## THE CITY RESPONSE

The Grove St. tenants certainly had a case to make against Robert Bailey's mismanagement of a building where people live. Immediately, questions came to mind about Bailey's intentions and connections in town. In the last two years, Robert and Mary Ann Bailey have purchased at least eleven buildings in town. Court records show the Baileys mortgaged for \$280,000. The financing has been diverse, indicating that Bailey is widely trusted for the money.

Do Bailey's connections include the Dept. of Urban Renewal and other city officials? The Post-Amerikan is not sure, but we'll give our readers what we have uncovered to date.

According to the Grove St. tenants, Wilbur Voss, a city housing inspector, responded to their complaints by checking out the house in the middle of November 1974. The tenants claim that Voss found a legitimate toilet complaint, exposed copper wiring in the parts of the house, and discovered other infractions of the city codes. He also allegedly said that a general inspection would follow soon. Voss apparently drafted a letter to Bailey and informed him of the situation. The Post-Amerikan also learned that the follow-up Voss promised never came. The Post-Amerikan visited Voss on June 19 to learn what he found during the November inspection. All we really learned was that Voss all but forgot his own name.

Post: When did you last inspect the property at 420 E. Grove owned by Robert Bailey?

Voss: (no answer)

Post: What did you find upon inspecting the property?

Voss: I don't think I should be telling you this. I wouldn't even give this information to the Pantagraph.

Post: What kind of communication did you make with Bailey?

Voss: The landlord said: "The tenants never proved they had contacted me."

Post: Are you aware that fire escapes on the second floor were nailed shut at the time?

Voss: We have nothing in our codes about fire escapes—that's the Fire Department's concern. The last time I was there the fire escapes were open. Voss became more and more uneasy as the Post asked other questions about the inspection report, and he said beligerently, "The information on housing inspections are not a matter of public record... go to my superiors if you want them." Voss said that when he was hired he had to agree not to give out housing inspection information. But he refused to tell the Post-Amerikan who gave him these instructions.

Voss' defensive attitude prompted the Post to check with the city's legal department. We contacted Paxton Bowers,

the city attorney. Bowers promised to give us the information the next day. Bowers claimed that he had no knowledge about the secret classification of housing inspection reports. The next day, the Post spoke with David Stanczak, Bloomington's Corporation Counsel. Stanczak admitted that he hadn't checked into our query, and that he would call back at 3:00 P.M. Having received no call, the Post called back and discovered that Stanczak, Bowers, and Donald Tjaden (Urban Renewal Director) had met and dis-

cussed the matter. Stanczak's opinion was that the file could be seen, but not until he notified Wilbur Voss. When we pressed Stanczak for permission to see the file that afternoon, he replied that he has to honor "the discretion of other city employees" and that the Post would have to wait to see the file. The Post-Amerikan will have gone to press by the time we see the inspection report, but there will be a follow-up next month.

# BOOK WIVE

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The continuing saga of  
**Sheriff King**

# BLACK BOX, STAND-UP REVISITED

Post-Note: When Post-American reporters check out potential stories, we inevitably run across more allegations regarding Sheriff King. Lately, when we have been introduced to former county jail inmates, most have preferred to have their names changed because of fears of reprisals by either King or the sheriff's deputies involved. This installment is no different in the continuing saga of Sheriff King.

Charles was placed in the County Jail for 47 days in November-December 1971 on a charge of delivery of a controlled substance to undercover narcotics agents. At a time when inmates were not confined to their cells, Charles was visited by two other inmates in the morning who brandished a morning edition of the Pantagraph. The story they showed Charles was about the rape of a woman Charles was engaged to at the time. They also told Charles that the man was incarcerated in the jail recently, and showed him where the man could be found. Charles immediately went to the cell and confronted the alleged rapist, who Charles claimed had scratch marks on his neck and chest. Beside himself with anger, Charles threatened the man, but the other two inmates who accompanied him suggested that Charles cool off and play a game of pinnoche. Charles returned to his cell.

After playing pinnoche for a while, the two men left Charles, went to the alleged rapist's cell, and beat the man until he was reduced to pulp, sustaining internal injuries. Charles, not satisfied with doing nothing about the man, went to the accused rapist's cell and discovered him in bad condition. The two men responsible for the beating had left the scene just a few minutes before Charles arrived at the injured man's cell. Charles immediately yelled for a guard. In the ensuing minutes, Sheriff King had called an ambulance, and Charles found himself hauled into the bullpen because circumstances incriminated him for the beating. (Apparently the alleged rapist told deputies who was responsible for beating him because the two men who did were already in the black box.)

## MIND GAMES

It was unclear whether King knew what was going on, but he didn't seem satisfied that two men were in the black box for the beating. In the "bullpen" King told Charles to confess to the beating, suggesting in the same breath that assault and battery charges would be filed if no confession was made. Charles refused to confess, and King left for the black box.

Taking the two men who were responsible for the beating out of the black box, King told them that Charles had told him that they had committed the beating (which Charles had not told him). Then King placed the two in the black box again. Returning to the bullpen, King attempted to conclude the mind game played against the three men. King told Charles that the men in the black box had implicated Charles in the beating. When Charles refused, King had him placed in the black box with the other two.

Expecting a fight between Charles and the two men, King left the three for a "pleasant" week-long stay in the black box. Charles knew what to expect immediately. Appealing to the two others and telling them what he knew, King's attempts at manipulation failed, and a tense scene cooled quickly. It is interesting to note that King filed no charges against any of the men--he meted out their punishment according to his own definitions of the law.

According to Charles, about 15 to 20 minutes after the three were reunited in the black box, all three were removed and placed in the standup cell. In the morning, all three were moved back into the black box. They were only wearing county jail overalls and were not permitted to wear any shoes and socks. (Remember, it was mid-winter, and Charles claimed the black box was extremely cold, with only a concrete floor.)

## COLDEST ROOM IN THE HOUSE

A frequent complaint from inmates who are placed in the black box, standup, and other cells is that King and his deputies neglect inmates' needs for toilet facilities. Charles and the other two men didn't receive any kind of vessel to urinate in for two days. Finally, they received a #10 tin can from their gracious jailers. Later, whatever heat which reached the black box was shut off and win-

dows in other parts of the jail were opened to air the place out. Charles claimed the cold was unbearable, and no consideration was given the three men in the black box. Unable to stand it any longer, the three men told King on their seventh day in the black box that they "would not start or incite any more trouble." They were released to their original cells.

On Charles 47th day in the county jail, he was finally granted a court appearance. The State's Attorney asked for a continuance, which would have meant a longer stay in jail, but public defender Jesell pointed out sheepishly that Charles had been in the county jail for 47 days without even a preliminary hearing. The judge immediately released Charles on personal recognizance--but Charles' preliminary hearing still didn't materialize until a week and a half after being released.

---Jeremy Timmens

## ANOTHER PLEA FROM THE HUMOR GAZETTE

This may be your last chance to contribute to Bloomington-Normal's one and only intentionally humorous publication, Ludicrous Situations, Ltd.

Then again it may not be.

Be that as it may, several erstwhile members of the cartoonist's co-op are soliciting material and helping hands for the first issue. If you think you might be into this sort of thing, we'd like to see what you can do.

Contributions should be mailed to the addresses below, hopefully with a self-addressed envelope that we can use to

return your material if for some reason or other your submission doesn't appeal to our warped sense of humor.

Helping hands should not be mailed, but you can contact us by mail or phone.

We expect to put the periodical out sometime in July.

So, if you're interested, contact us at either the Post-American office or 608 E. Douglas St., Apt. 2, Bloomington, or 1418 Kingsridge Drive, Normal.

Our number is 828-7026.



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# PEOPLE'S FOOD REORGANIZES

The People's Food Coop at 1004 W. Washington is undergoing a vast reorganization to satisfy the on-going demand for inexpensive quality food. Originating in January 1972, the coop has had to respond to a number of different situations and alter its form not only to efficiently distribute the food, but also remain in existence.

An overview of the situation faced by People's Food reveals why the reorganization is essential. People generally have a limited realm of experience when it comes to eating food: we were all brought up in a society where the needs we have are fulfilled by "specialists" for convenience. In this way, most people cannot see themselves as an integral part of the food distribution process, and widespread participation is harder to get. The coop is set up on the scheme that members need to commit time to others in the coop and to themselves. Having a coordinator for the coop is a theoretically workable idea, but in the past, People's Food coordinators have been totally responsible for the coop. Such responsibility tends to encourage other members to become lax in realizing their own commitments to the coop.

## Ups and Downs-- An Early History

In its beginnings in Bloomington-Normal, many people were receptive to the idea of a food coop. They were dissatisfied with the existing markets which featured rip-off prices, lack of quality food, and impersonality. This dissatisfaction led to a fast growth of coop members.

But this fast growth also posed problems for People's Food. There were simply too many people joining too fast. The participation was good, but the organization was insufficient to channel this energy into functions where the energy was needed. The function of time (there wasn't enough) contributed to distribution hassles: getting orders filled correctly, having the right amount of food at a given point of distribution, etc. The organization simply wasn't developed to a point where the immense volume of food could be distributed efficiently at Sunnyside, Western Ave. Community Center, and the Newman Center in Normal. The original plan soon became outmoded.

As time passed, and the inefficiencies of distribution became to be apparent, the Newman Center became the main distribution point. People began to drop out of active membership in the coop. Pressures on the few who could spend more time than others in coop functions grew more steadily, and clear-cut responsibilities for members became less defined.

## Operation: Newman Center

The Newman Center, as a site for distributing food, was good for a once a week operation. As food distribution became centralized there, participation became more on and off among members. But because of the physical set-up at the Newman Center, when the volume became too great there was congestion and overcrowding during the bagging and pick-up of food.

The food distribution on Fridays only lasted for four hours. It had to be set-up at 2 p.m. and broken down at 6 p.m. There were no facilities for storage of food that couldn't be sold on Friday. This "all or nothing distribution" on Fridays hurt People's Food in ways that members may not have realized.

Distributing all the food on Fridays hurt the buying potential for People's Food and its members. Depending on what was ordered, it was not always possible to buy case lots which resulted in more savings for members. Instead, People's Food often had to buy odd lots which cost more and forced People's Food to price commodities equal to that of many retail grocery stores. The four hour distribution on Fridays also hurt in that a number of persons who could participate were limited.

## Transitions

The need for a place to store food became more and more apparent. The Bee Hive at 1004 W. Washington was acquired in May 1973 for that purpose. But coop members couldn't decide among themselves whether acquiring the Bee Hive was a wise decision. A split developed between the members: those who wanted to centralize the coop with storage potential; those who wanted to keep the food distribution operation as it was; and those from Normal who couldn't relate to a west-side Bloomington base for People's Food.

Food was still being distributed from the Newman Center, but the split among members began to take its toll. Organizers who did (and were forced

to do) a great deal of the work could not handle the workload of two distribution points. The Newman Center distribution, discontinued in the fall of 1974 because the energy to keep two distribution points active was diminished.

Food orders from Normal fell drastically because of the supposed inaccessibility of the Bee Hive to Normal residents. The People's Food truck was on its last leg, and finally it became unusable. Food purchasing missions to Chicago had to be called off. Lynn Allen, then People's Food coordinator, made arrangements with the food coop in Decatur to replace the food acquired from the Water St. market in Chicago. Energy in People's Food declined, prices rose because case lots were not being purchased, and orders fell off drastically.

## Reorganization

Some new things are being tried at the Bee Hive now. It is now open as a storefront in addition to handling weekly orders from the coop. The hours are designed to make the storefront more accessible to people.

This consolidation and diversity in food distribution helps to free coop members from being bunched up for two hours at a time. Food orders can be placed at any time and is not limited to two days of phone order-taking.

The summertime reorganization has not been without its pitfalls, however. Many people are gardening this year, so fresh produce is not so much in demand. The community response has not

been good simply because people do not know what this reorganization of the coop can mean to them. Further, the location of the Bee Hive still inconveniences people from Normal and other areas of Bloomington.

## Buying Clubs

To effectively deal with the inconvenience of the Bee Hive's location, it has been suggested that persons who are interested in eating food at a low cost group together and form buying clubs. Such an arrangement would insure the practicality of buying low-cost case lots and the Bee Hive could effectively function as a warehouse.

Neighbors on Bloomington's east side, Normal, or other distant points in Bloomington can organize themselves into buying club units of four to five people or families. They can designate a buyer for each week and then rotate the chore among themselves. The buyer could simply phone in an overall food order, pick up the food, and distribute the food among buying club members in her/his neighborhood.

Buying clubs will offer the advantage of bringing neighbors closer together and allowing them to directly participate in the function of getting low-cost quality food. The time required for this operation amounts to no more than what is spent in a supermarket.

If you are interested in forming a neighborhood buying club, contact People's Food at 828-3922 or 828-0945.

Prices on all items at People's Food are potentially lower than offered right now. Savings for commodities range between 10% and 35% over retail grocery stores. And the discount would improve if the volume of food ordered and distributed would increase. An individual's buying power is insignificant unless several individuals cooperate and, for example, buy a case of oranges. The cost of each orange decreases with more people collectively purchasing oranges--and everyone's buying power increases!

Membership in People's Food costs 50¢ a month or \$6.00 a year. These fees are used to build up the stock so that lower prices are possible. Each member is required to spend 2 hours per month working in a variety of capacities: buying the food, bagging, bookkeeping, clean-up, and other functions. Buying club members also should recognize that they have a 2 hour per month commitment to People's Food.

The whole history of People's Food has been one of ups and downs because of inexperienced coordinators and members. A cooperative system of buying is not new to the country as a whole but is new to the Twin Cities. It's new in that it fulfills people's needs and, as a non-profit operation, requires a different set-up than a grocery store or supermarket. It requires commitment by members to their fellow members. It is just as much a learning process as an on-going operation. The mistakes made in the past have made the vision for the future of People's Food stronger. To all past members: reconsider what membership meant and consider renewing your membership and participation in People's Food. Through cooperation there is survival.

People's Food Hours:

Mon., Tues., Thurs. ---5 p.m.--9 p.m.  
Wed. -----10 a.m.--2 p.m.  
Fri. -----2 p.m.--6 p.m.  
Sat., Sun. -----NOON --5 p.m.

## JUVENILE FILE'S USE TO CONTINUE

In a move supported by all state senators from Central Illinois, the Illinois Senate sent to Gov. Walker's desk a bill which creates a new 15-member juvenile delinquency prevention commission.

The action took place June 19, and the Senate passed the measure 46-9 after a short debate.

An important part of the bill involves the extension of the

juvenile file, a data bank containing names of juvenile offenders throughout the state. Law enforcement officials statewide, led by McLean County Sheriff John King, have pushed for the bill.

Widespread criticism of the juvenile file, mostly dealing with the constitutional issue of invasion of privacy, was mostly ignored by the Springfield legislators.

Possibilities for violation of constitutional rights arise from the structure of the Youth file itself. It provides for storing information on youths who have had contact with a police officer, whether or not that contact resulted in arrest or conviction. And, according to one study done at Northwestern University, no clear mechanism has been adopted to inform persons whose names are on file how their records can be expurgated.

Others are concerned with the future posed by the continuance of this questionable bill. Alan Spear of the McLean County Youth Services Agency has suggested that already existing state agencies can more effectively deal with the problems posed by "juvenile delinquency" than can a brand-new bureaucracy which may tend to ignore the existing mechanisms for dealing with young people's people's problems.

Additionally, the Pantagraph reported that Gov. Walker may object to the new commission on the grounds that it is "costly and expensive."

### QUEEN ANNE'S LOVE

Laying in a field of flowers  
With the breeze flowing  
Softly off our lake  
Making Queen Anne's lace  
Brush against my sun-burnt cheeks.

Oh, how fragile these flowers  
Should be, but look,  
I'll pluck one  
While I lay with you in this  
Field of tenderness, watching  
The clouds whisk by in the  
Bright summer's sky while  
An ant marches gallantly  
Across your face and onto  
Your chest where the everlasting  
Lace rests with dignified beauty.

All the while I'm hoping for  
This summer to never end,  
This flower to sustain from wilting.  
But most of all, to stay here in  
This field and feel free to love you.

### Virginia

#### A SUMMER POEM

The sky is pastel with  
All of the clouds  
Breezing swiftly through  
The lazy summer days.

The lake is verdian  
Reflecting the trees  
While boats float  
Past basking sunners  
And happy swimmers.

Impatient lovers sit and  
Fiddle with anything  
Possible to make time fly  
By until their hands  
Touch again.

Lily

Lily

## poetry

We venture  
a little too quickly  
into each other  
then only to cling to warmth--  
here being the only place to find  
security.  
We are too afraid of the unknown  
too afraid of the independence we desire  
too afraid  
of everything  
and it is true--  
no matter how much we say we can do it alone  
when that time comes  
we shy away from it  
and cling even harder  
begging not to let go...  
don't take your arms away--and then  
as quickly as you  
reached out  
you are gone.

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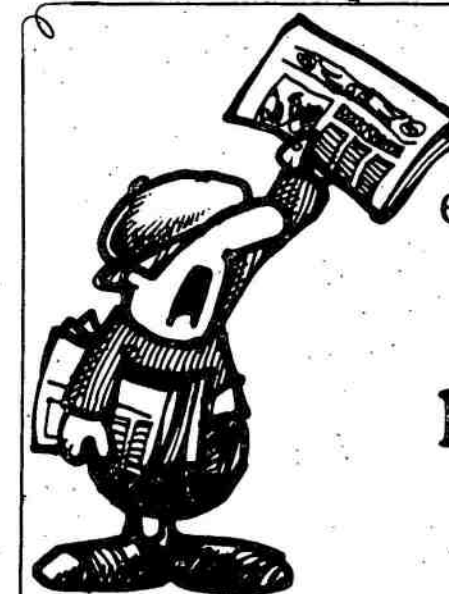


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1004 W. Washington-- site of the reorganized People's Food coop. See above story for insights on reorganization.



# VASECTOMY:

## THE OPERATION

I walked carefully as I left the doctor's office.

The world seemed unchanged. The grand old trees still protected me from the September sun along the half block to my car.

I thought all was well but I wasn't yet sure because I didn't know if the anesthetic had worn off yet.

I had just had a vasectomy.

I had taken my evolutionary destiny into my own hands, so to speak.

Why?

The reasons are not simple.

I am convinced there are already too many people and, considering the virtual certainty that there will be two billion more within 25 years, the pressures caused by overpopulation are not going to vanish.

I did not want to be responsible for bringing a human being into a world that features war, hatred, increasing pollution, and increasing competition for the resources that make life enjoyable, bearable or just plain possible.

And I don't like children. I don't want to spend the time, energy and money that are necessary to turn a child into a suitable human being.

Once I realized all that, then what?

I called Planned Parenthood's Bloomington office to find out how to go about getting a vasectomy and I made an appointment with Sue Fatten, family planning counselor, to go through Planned Parenthood's counseling session.

When the day of the appointment came, I was nervous--more nervous even than the day of the actual operation.

It's not often in our society that a man talks about his sex life with a woman he's never met before.

I felt alone. As far as I knew, I might have been the only person ever to just walk in off the street seeking sterilization.

But my fears and I made it on time, and from there on the fears fell one by one to the wayside.

First, Ms. Fatten wanted to know my reasons.

From a practical standpoint, a vasectomy is irreversible. I would be sterile for the rest of my life.

So, Planned Parenthood wants to make sure that anyone they help obtain a vasectomy is absolutely sure that's what's wanted.

It was.

Ms. Fatten explained the operation to me and showed me a film about three men who had had vasectomies. That was easy because I knew about the procedure already.

There was just one small problem.

Being 23 years old, divorced and childless, I didn't satisfy any of the standard qualifications set by all the Bloomington-Normal doctors who did vasectomies.

They wanted me to be 30, married and have three children.

Fortunately, there was a doctor in Chillicothe who, with a statement from Planned Parenthood that I had gone through their counseling session, would do the operation.

Since Planned Parenthood would send

the statement and since I was willing to drive 40 miles, all I had to do was go home and call for an appointment--which I did.

My big day would be a Saturday, the seventh of September.

Friday afternoons and Saturdays are the usual times doctors choose to do vasectomies so that the man will have the weekend to rest.

I drove to Chillicothe myself but I took a friend along to drive back--just in case. A vasectomy is supposed to be a simple 15 or 20-minute operation, but it is an operation.

Once at the doctor's office I had to wait about a half hour. The waiting room was full--mostly children with their parents and old people.

Rather than face having to explain why a stranger had come to Chillicothe, I read until my name was called.

Then I changed into a hospital gown and read some more.

No, I don't remember what I was reading.

Finally the doctor came in. It was the first time I had seen him. He was fortyish and seemed a decent enough fellow, though not very talkative.

Since I'm not very talkative either, we proceeded in silence.

First, he shaved my scrotum and then administered a local anesthetic on the left side. I felt virtually no pain. A tetanus shot is considerably worse.

I suppose I could have watched him while he worked. But I have a tendency to become queasy at the sight of my own blood, so I decided not to complicate things unnecessarily.

Anyway I knew what he was doing.

He made a small incision, about a half inch or less, above the vas deferens, which carries sperm cells from the testicles into the ejaculatory duct where they mix with the seminal fluid.

The doctor cut a section out of the vas deferens, tied the ends and stitched up the incision. Then he started over on the right side.

This time I felt him pulling the vas--or at least I thought I did. Suspecting that the local anesthetic wasn't working properly and imagining what I would feel if it conked out midway through, I asked for another shot.

The doctor was agreeable.

"This ought to make you numb from the waist down," he said.

We both laughed but I think I had a little more at stake than he did.

When he was finished, he wrapped my scrotum in gauze and told me I could get up whenever I felt like it.

In fifteen minutes I was back in the waiting room--walking carefully, of course. Less than an hour had passed from the time I had first gone back to the operating room.

I let my friend drive me home, but I never could tell when the anesthetic wore off.

I had been told to expect mild discomfort for a couple of days, and that's pretty much what happened. I never did experience any pain.

But my scrotum seemed to become progressively more discolored, making me think I was bleeding internally.

When the tenderness and discoloration didn't go away after three days, I made an appointment with a Bloomington urologist.

He examined me and told me that there was nothing unusual about my condition. He said it was probably some sort of reaction but that it wasn't anything to worry about.

In fact, he was more interested in finding out where I had had my vasectomy done.

I told him, and he told me that I could have had it done cheaper in Bloomington-Normal.

I then asked him what his policy on doing vasectomies was and he admitted that he didn't do them for young, unmarried men. Pressed further, he admitted that he didn't know of any doctor in Bloomington-Normal who would do a vasectomy for such a man.

As we discussed his philosophy, I became more and more upset about what I regarded as his holier-than-thou attitude.

Just before I left I asked him again to reconsider my arguments for changing his policies, and he grudgingly said he would--"for what they're worth."

Fortunately, his medical diagnosis was correct--though I doubted it at the time--and I was completely healed in another week.

Five weeks and three sperm analyses later, I was certifiably sterile.

It was and still is a good feeling.

--D. LeSeure

## FINANCIAL

A wide variety of possible sources of financial assistance for sterilization exists.

HOLDERS of the Illinois public aid "green card," which covers medical expenses, are usually eligible to receive complete payment for a sterilization operation.

The only restriction is that the individual's caseworker and the director of the local public aid office must be informed, although some hospitals and clinics ask for a letter from the caseworker or the director as proof.

Normal Township will give assistance if the sterilization is for "medical reasons" and Bloomington Township is considering adopting the same policy.

Planned Parenthood has an arrangement with one doctor who has agreed to cut his usual \$150 fee to \$75 for vasectomy candidates who have annual incomes of less than \$200.

Shockingly, no doctor who performs female sterilizations has offered similar arrangements despite the much greater cost of the female procedures.

In addition, an increasing number of medical insurance policies cover sterilization--the insurance magnates have finally realized that sterilization costs less than pregnancy.

The Planned Parenthood office at 210 E. Washington can give more detailed information and explain individual possibilities.



# THREE ANGLES

## SOCIAL ACCEPTANCE

Jim Bouton, the former New York Yankee pitcher, tells a story about a friend's reaction to his vasectomy:

"My God, Jim. What did you do that for? You're so young," the friend said to Bouton.

The pitcher explained that he already had two children and that he didn't want any more.

"But you still want sex, don't you?" the incredulous friend asked.

Six years have passed since Jim Bouton straightened out the misconceptions of his friend.

A lot of other men, aided by organizations such as Planned Parenthood, must have done the same for their friends in those six years.

In 1967 doctors performed the male sterilization operation, vasectomy, 50,000 times in the United States. The number rose to 700,000 in 1969 and to more than one million in 1971. With the backlog removed, the annual total has declined somewhat but has remained at a high level.

And what was true of the nation is also apparently true for the Bloomington-Normal area.

Planned Parenthood of McLean County counseled 30 persons of both sexes in 1973 and 58 in 1974. The trend appears to be continuing this year as Planned Parenthood received 26 inquiries about sterilization during the first three months.

Sue Fatten, family planning counselor for Bloomington's Planned Parenthood office, estimates that 90 per cent of those receiving counseling are actually sterilized.

But the Planned Parenthood figures do not include everyone in Bloomington-Normal who opts for sterilization because not all persons who are sterilized receive counseling.

Planned Parenthood records for 1975 show that it tends to receive inquiries from younger persons who have fewer than the usual number of children.

Out of the 23 persons for whom information was available, 16 had two or fewer children. Five had no children.

While there was no age information for seven people, nine of the remaining 19 were aged 21 to 25 and six more were under 30.

According to Ms. Fatten, older people who need sterilization for various medical reasons usually are taken care of solely by their personal doctors.

One of the reasons that Planned Parenthood tends to receive the younger people is that the doctors of Bloomington-Normal set standards that exclude younger people.

For instance, until recently the four Bloomington-Normal doctors who perform vasectomies required their patients to be married, to be 30 years old and to have at least three children.

Exceptions, of course, were made for husbands of women who for some health reason could not bear any more children.

These criteria make vasectomy available to the great majority of family-oriented, middle-class men, especially those who subscribe to the ideals of family planning. Such people believe that parents should be able to provide the financial and emotional resources needed to rear a well-balanced child. For these people, vasectomy provides a relatively easy, permanent form of contraception that is virtually 100 per cent reliable.

But the great popularity of vasectomy is also due in part to other

social forces, such as the ecology and women's movements, which frequently want to go beyond the limited family-planning goals.

Ecology enthusiasts point to overpopulation as the root cause of such problems as excessive pollution and over-exploitation of natural resources. Consequently, ecologists frequently advocate very small families and argue for free access to all birth control methods.

Similarly, the women's movement has challenged the traditional family structure by emphasizing that other lifestyles should be open to women.

One by-product of the women's movement is the increased awareness of the male's responsibility in the realm of birth control, a condition which caused part of the vasectomy boom.

In response to those who want vasectomy to be available without any restrictions, many doctors argue that they have a responsibility to make sure that they are not performing an essentially irreversible operation on someone who may later change his mind.

These doctors argue that young men are not mature enough to make such irreversible decisions or that fate -- in the form of remarriage, disease or accident -- may change a man's circumstances so that he may later want more children.

The counter-argument to this stance is that any physician who chooses to decide whether a candidate for vasectomy is emotionally prepared for it is claiming a responsibility for which the physician has not been prepared, either by formal schooling or by experience.

Of course, doctors as a group have the final word by virtue of their legal monopoly on medical practice.

Planned Parenthood largely avoids the issue by treating vasectomy as a matter of individual concern.

"Our agency does not set a limit on

the number of children," Ms. Fatten said. "Nor does it have marital or age requirements.

In addition, Planned Parenthood's counseling program thoroughly covers the issue of irreversibility. Among the topics that must be discussed are remarriage, accidental death and the unavailability of adoptive children.

"We play the devil's advocate," Ms. Fatten said.

Planned Parenthood also makes sure that anyone it counsels is fully aware of alternative forms of birth control and of the exact nature of the surgical procedures.

The counseling session also covers the possibility of psychological side effects that a small percentage of men suffer and the various forms of financial aid which may be available.

According to Ms. Fatten, the Bloomington-Normal doctors who perform vasectomies have high praise for Planned Parenthood counseling, and they have referred patients to the agency for the service.

Nonetheless, the number of inquiries by persons who did not fit the old requirements prompted Planned Parenthood to request new policy statements from the Twin City doctors this year.

Of the three doctors who perform vasectomies who replied, one indicated that he has accepted divorced men and childless couples but that he would not take single, young men.

A second physician lowered his standards to men who are married, over age 21 and have two children. The third doctor requires men to be 25 to 30 years old, to be married and to have two or three children but will consider individual exceptions.

But the alternative for men who still do not meet the standards of Twin City doctors is a trip to Chillicothe.


If social acceptance is measured in terms of demand, then it appears that vasectomy is socially acceptable. If it is measured in terms of easy availability, then it has not yet arrived everywhere.

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# BOOK REVIEWS

## Male Survival

**Male Survival--Masculinity Without Myth**, a recent book by Harvey Kaye, M.D., deals with the problems males face in dealing with what he calls the "masculine mystique." According to Kaye, "Man is to become the embodiment of heroism and courage, aggressivity and aptitude... vulnerability becomes a vice, emotionality is odious, and stoicism connotes strength."

He discusses the "unduly phallogocentric view" of sexuality in our society. The male receives more prestige from sex than the female does; female genitals are not given as high status as male genitals, according to Kaye. The "male mystique" would make him into a "sexual athlete," always in an active, aggressive, and dominant role. Kaye states, "There is no commandment that the male must always be the aggressive initiator; why should he not be allowed the occasional role of the passive receptor without loss of his masculinity?" Conversely, he states that the female should be able to be the initiator and dominant as well as be the passive receiver. The "Playboy," says Kaye (an ideal of the "masculine mystique"), "is devastatingly attractive to scores of women, who pantingly stand in line to enroll in his harem. Women are his toys, his play things... he leaps and bounds from one encounter to another."

One aspect of the "masculine mystique" he discusses is the dominance drive. "Marriages are ruined by monetary power plays... Dominance displays are so rampant in business that it would require a Machiavelli to write an appropriate compendium... The mystique can be directly implicated as the prime or accessory agent behind warfare (and violence), with its limitless toll of human agony... and in the unconscionably high suicide and homicide rate."

According to Kaye, there are some inherent differences between male and female besides those in reproductive organs. Males (as a result of chromosomal differences) tend to be slightly more aggressive than females, he says (or to have a predisposition in that direction.) However, he also states that male and female chromosomes are "98% alike." He recognizes the very important role of role socialization in forming personality (it would seem that pre-dispositions such as being slightly more aggressive can be eliminated or significantly increased by socialization, and thus the influence is really minimal. He sees females as having somewhat different sexual responses (more delayed and prolonged in orgasm, for example), but as no less capable of them. He states, "A redefinition of 'masculinity' is called for; one which emphasizes intelligence, effectiveness, and understanding, one which extols man's humanitarian virtues rather than his destructive potentials... Masculinity should not automatically be equated with aggression, violence, and cutthroat competition."

He criticizes what he calls "society's vendetta against pornography." He says it is basically harmless, and that it "supplies an enjoyable though innocent sensual excitation, which normally pales if overdone." He points out that when Denmark legalized pornography in 1969, sexual crimes actually dropped, and he also notes that most sex criminals have had less exposure to pornography and are less reactive to it, than the rest of the population (on the average). Thus he opposes strict pornography and obscenity laws.

Kaye contends that tension (and hypertension) in males is often caused by trying to live up to impossible roles. The "Superman," the "Sexual Athlete," and the "Playboy" are some of his examples. Only when males realistically set their goals will they be happy (doing so according to what is best

for themselves and others as individuals instead of according to a rigid role). He states, "In re-joining the other half of the human race, he may more equitably share the onus, the responsibility, and the workload with his female counterpart (which may mean role-sharing)... woman... may become more his partner than his antagonist." Males and females alike should critically evaluate the part their respective mystiques have had in shaping their values, goals, self-expectations, etc., according to the author.

According to Kaye, "women's liberation" has had a lot to say to males and females alike. He discounts those who would label man "the enemy" or advocate the elimination of all males. However, he recognizes the contribution of a number of women in pointing out the existence of discrimination, inequities, and sex-stereotyping and role playing in their society. Many of their

proposals--including eliminating sex bias in textbooks, establishing day-care centers for working women, eliminating discrimination in employment and education--warrant our attention. The "macho" values that would make men superior, dominant, aggressive, and possibly violently so, and which can and do cause men to feel that they must prove their masculinity by dominating and exploiting others, should be questioned, they feel.

Kaye's book is valuable reading. It is not without its faults, however, including sometimes overstressing male problems in relation to females' problems, which are just as real. Some might object also to his use of the word "penis" to describe males continuously throughout a major portion of the book. Despite this, the book is a thought-provoking one, and has a lot to say.

Dave Burdette

## SMALL CHANGES

As I read this book, my bones ached with memories of the sixties, of early revolution, of yesterday. If you were in the late sixties' anti-war movement, you can probably relate to the women here, hanging around on the fringe of the "hip" community, doing dishes, cooking, mothering, screwing, doing movement shitwork and finally rebelling.

One woman I know responded to the lines that "hip" men give to women in this novel. Remember "If-you-were-really-a-free-person-you-would-screw-me"? It reflects how often the early sexual revolution was for men; it took away a woman's right to say No!

The book follows two main characters, Beth and Miriam, through six years of their lives. Beth's story begins on her wedding day, right after high school graduation. She has serious doubts about getting married but has never seen another pattern for a woman's life. By the end of the novel, Beth becomes a strong figure in a women's theater commune and her life seems to be heading toward self-awareness and fulfillment.

Miriam at first seems to fit the stereotype of the Jewish "not-pretty-but-smart" girl. She finds that the "hip"

culture accepts her best, but her PhD in computer science also carries her into a male-dominated professional world, where even her most outstanding ideas are discounted because she is female. She ends up married to another computer scientist and tied, at least temporarily, to children and kitchen.

Most books about the hip lifestyle, or about the political and cultural milieu of the late '60's, are written from a male point of view. *Small Changes* is refreshingly female-oriented, and it made me feel that my responses to this period were shared by women all over.

This novel often evokes strong reactions in the woman who read it. It has made some women seriously reexamine their relationships with their male lovers. It has encouraged others to confront men (and women) they were having problems with, instead of avoiding the issue.

*Small Changes* is very well-written and it's nice and long. Marge Piercy is extremely sensitive to emotional subtleties and ambiguities. I haven't yet talked with a woman who didn't think it was great.

Read this book! Read this book!  
--Lily and Phoebe

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# MOVIE REVIEW



## "DAY OF THE LOCUSTS"

Go see Day of the Locusts, but wear a helmet because you're going to get hit over the head a few times. If you really want to have a good time, buy a copy of the book by Nathaniel West and stay home and read it.

The faults of the movie are easier to point out than its virtues. First of all, subtle connections between theme and imagery which are made in the book are exaggerated in the movie to the point where they're intrusive. On the other hand, things which are clear in the book (for instance, how much of clown Harry Greener's sickness is real and how much is clowning) are made uncomfortably vague in the movie. Tod Hackett's attraction to Faye Greener seems rather unmotivated, considering the way the two characters are portrayed.

And of course, Hollywood was in a strange position making a film about the decadence of the Hollywood film industry, which may be another reason why the novel rings truer.

Besides all this, a friend remarked that if she had to watch one more five minute closeup of Karen Black's mouth, she was going to scream.

I think it may be unfair for a print freak like me to compare a movie too critically with the book it was based on.

Day of the Locusts is definitely a movie with a point (which may not be the same point made in the novel, but I'm trying to look at the movie by itself now).

That the film has a point makes me have a lot of positive feelings about it. It doesn't just ramble along until the producer runs out of money. A day in my life has more artistic unity than some movies I've seen lately. Anyway, Day of the Locusts begins, middles, and ends very satisfactorily.

You may think, maybe it's not as good as the book, but it's got a point, a beginning, a middle, and an end: what more can you ask for?

Well, I can ask for a point that I like better.

You should know here that Day of the Locusts implies that its Hollywood is our society in a nutshell (literally and figuratively): the never-has-been-freaks, the shallow would-be actors and actresses, the embarrassed poverty of many in contrast with the tasteless opulence of the few, and the "locusts" -- the swarms of people who flock to Hollywood supposedly to feed vicariously off the thrilling lives of the movie stars.

We are treated to more than enough scenes of these folks: fat, expressionless, silent, waiting for a bus, and slimy, moist-eyed and eager, pushing each other aside for a glimpse of a celebrity in a restaurant. We see enough of them so that in the final riot scene, when the crowds trample, smash and burn everything in

sight, we know that these folks are far too lacking in real sympathy to be moved to such anger by a murder; the killing of a child merely serves as an excuse for the masses to unleash their brutal passions. And here is the problem. The movie does not root the brutal passions of the people in reality. It seems as though the mindless malignancy of the crowd is presented as an inherent nasty characteristic, like earwax, and is therefore singularly uninteresting. The film may be trying to tell us that people are basically crude, ruthless, devoid of sympathy, stupid, and violent, but it might as well tell us that people basically have eleven toes; the evidence of our own senses tells us that this is not true.

Now I'm not a Pollyanna, and I'm quite willing at different times to believe that the above-mentioned qualities are inherent in U.S. Army officers, senators, police chiefs, lawyers, landlords, men in general, people who drive cadillacs, or anyone who lives south of Springfield, Illinois. I also know that even if I had the money to make a film about it, no one would swallow the idea.

Unless maybe I got Donald Sutherland and Karen Black... and did some surrealist photographic things... and made it two and a half hours long... and did a lot of pre-release promotion...

Phoebe Caulfield

# COMIX REVIEW

## ARCADE

Arcade, California's answer to the now defunct Comix Book, reflects the daring and the limitations of some of the west coast's best-known underground cartoonists.

Bill Griffith and Art Spiegelman edit this one: a quarterly publication that features all-new material by the likes of Crumb, Shelton and Paul Krassner.

The mag's second issue is out now, and I don't know where you can get a copy in Bloomington-Normal (a strong hint to the retailers here) except by ordering from the publisher, whose address is The Print Mint, 830 Folger Ave., Berkeley, Cal., 94710 or from Sugar Creek, (\$1.25 a copy.)

Material is diverse. R. Crumb did the covers for the first two issues and some material inside. His "Let's Talk Sense About...Modern America" is a marvel of cranky personalized propaganda. Written from the point of view of Crumb himself, the piece presents Crumb the Media Seer and Crumb the Confused Everyman and lets the two images confront each other.

The result is the sort of humor that earlier Crumb comics like Plunge into the Depths of Despair exploited: a sort of humor of manic psychic desperation.

And there's other stuff in Arcade equally as good. Art Spiegelman's treatise on "Cracking Jokes" is another of his academically oriented pieces of humor. It's quite good, though not as complex or as capable of standing

up to as much rereading as some of his other cartoons. Spiegelman also draws a very Freudianized cartoon for each issue to depict a "Real Dream."

I don't always think much of Jay Kinney's wise-ass humor, but there's no doubt that he's a gifted comic artist. His "Midnight" in issue one, a three-page story done on scratch-board, is done entirely without dialog and is reminiscent of the great illustrator, Lynn Wald. A stark, prophetic piece, it depicts life in a wilderness refuge hidden away from a United States where martial law has been declared.

Some of the other artists, Shelton, Jay Lynch, and Willy Murphy are noted for their accessible and quite funny cartoons. Their work in Arcade is up to par and quite enjoyable.



Others, notably Justin Green, Bill Griffith, and Kim Deitch, are a bit quirkier and an acquired taste. I've been a fan of Deitch's weird wine-soaked fantasies for some time; I'm still not sure what I think of Green and Griffith. (Which, of course, may be a good thing.)

But I haven't talked about any of the cartoons by women in Arcade. Well, there aren't hardly any. Diane Noonin and Aline Kominsky take up three pages totalled in the two issues. I'm not particularly fond of Noonin's "DiDi Glitz," a somewhat obnoxious middle-class single woman, but I'm rapidly becoming won over by Kominsky's cartoons. Kominsky has a seeming

childish style of drawing that wins you over on the sheer strength of its personality.

I just wish that more women cartoonists were represented in Arcade. Comix Book showed several capable of working within the magazine format (Trina, Sharon Rudahl, Lee Marrs) so it's not a question of lack of talent. One has only the editors to blame.

Several cartoonists have chosen to emphasize illustration in Arcade, and while some of the work is exceptional, I can't help wishing that they (James Osborn, Spain, Clay Wilson) would turn their talents back towards telling comic stories.

Some text pieces grace the pages of Arcade, including some satirical journalistic stuff by Paul Krassner. To my mind, Krassner can be either pungent or inane depending on how much effort he seems to put into a piece. By this gauge, "The Love Song of Timothy Leary" in issue one has 47 times the weight (in satiric acid) of "Who Killed Lenny Bruce?" in the second issue.

Arcade is a good magazine to read for an overview of where many of our best-known underground cartoonists are coming from. Readers may not like some of these places; the personalized nature of the art form still allows room for the expression of some oppressive ideas.

--Carl Barx



# MEMORIAL DAY: FOR WHOM?

School is out and many workers fortunate enough to have a job are allowed to collect a day's pay without doing a day's work. It is a day when bands proudly parade before almost nonexistent audiences, along with Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and their adult counterparts who get to play soldier for a day and brag and preach about an America that they really don't want to exist in actual fact. They are celebrating Memorial Day.

Memorial Day. What are we memorializing? A man is sent a letter from people he really does not know. They tell him that he must go to a big city where they will change him from an individual human being with his own hopes and dreams and conscience, into a soldier, a robot, an automaton. His rifle makes him a ruler over a subjected people. His dollar buys him the love of many women. His ship gives him a home all over the globe.

His airplane makes him ruler over the skies and a god to the human ants below him: Not the master of his own fate, but lord and master over many, many others. One day a bomb fragment, a bullet, a misplaced fire bomb, a savage jungle disease, or the knife of his liquor-crazed comrade ends his mastery. A body that was once a man is sent home in a box. The box is covered with a flag, martial music is played, and Mr. Nobody is buried a hero.

Mr. X is also buried in that same cemetery. He worked all his life cleaning school classrooms and took care of his wife and children until his heart gave out and he died. When he was buried, no flag graced his casket, no army or navy stood by in glittering uniform to honor him. No martial music to make us wish that we were like him....

Mr. Y was a hospital attendant. All his life he was careful to see that the patients got the right medicine and slept in clean beds. When he got too old to work, his savings proved too little to keep him alive. So he lived in the county nursing home until he died. Since he only had one good eye, the army wouldn't take him. So now his grave marker doesn't have a flag stuck by it every year.

Mr. Z was a miner. He didn't really want to be a miner; he wanted to be a farmer. But his wife was sick with a chronic ailment, and mining paid the hospital bills. One day his lungs wouldn't let him pay his wife's hospital bills any more. At the small simple funeral, no mine owner came out and pinned a medal on the dead man.

Memorial Day. What are we memorializing?

In reading about Memorial Day in the local daily newspaper, I discover that Captain George Knudson gave the big speech at Miller Park. Knudson... Knudson.... I remember that name.

Years ago, on November 30, 1967, some speakers came to Illinois State University to talk on the Vietnam War. Three members of the Chicago Area Draft Resisters told about a war that they said was wrong. One even knew from firsthand experience, as he was a Vietnam War veteran. Another refused even to accept that firsthand experience. He publicly burned his draft card in front of us. He had been an English major while a student at ISU, and his name was Gunnar Knudson. Later he went to prison.

Was he a Vietnam War veteran?

Two years later, Private First Class Daniel E. Pitcher decided that war was not only immoral and unChristian on the battlefield, but also in the hospitals within the United States where doctors were thrilled to receive large quantities of human guinea pigs to experiment on and "advance the horizons of medical science" with each new crop of war casualties. (Yes, this was years before the movie *Mash!*) He was trained as a medic so he would not have to be the kind of butcher a good soldier must be. Apparently he discovered that there were other kinds of butchers...

So Private Dan Pitcher refused to return to service. He did his fighting in the courtroom, all the way up to a step or two below the U.S. Supreme Court. But he was resolved that even if it meant prison, he would not participate in war. Fortunately his parents believed in him and, along with various churches, paid the courtroom bill. Unfortunately, few of us were rich enough to emulate him.

Was Dan Pitcher a Vietnam War veteran?

Then there is the Dennis Majerus Story in the Withers Library and some of our personal libraries, too. Was Dennis a Vietnam War veteran? How about John Kellar, who went to Canada?

In 1969, I too was worried about the Vietnam War and did not want any part of it. However, I did not consider either Canada or Sweden to be my homeland. Also, I did not want to go to prison simply for the crime of not wanting to kill people for no good reason. So I visited the office of the Midwest Draft Counseling Clinic in Chicago. There I met Linda Quint,

who was one of the draft counselors. The thing that impressed me about her at the time was that she seemed to know what she was doing.

Later I discovered that she did indeed know what she was doing. She and fourteen others "burned, tore, and doused with paint" most of the Draft files for the entire south side of Chicago. For this they were arrested. Later she stood before the statue in front of the Illinois State Capitol Building in Springfield and told us why she did it and what defense they would make in court.

Was she a Vietnam War veteran?

On July 29, 1970 four persons broke into the Pontiac Draft Board in Pontiac, Illinois. Patty Pottinger, Kevin Clark, Ortez Alderson, and Phyllis Burke stole the Draft files and were sentenced in Minonk. They were each sentenced to a year and a day in prison.

Were they Vietnam War veterans?

And there were others. Some tried to set up a local Draft Counseling service, although it never quite measured up to C.A.D.R.E. Some refused to pay the federal excise tax that is included on your monthly phone bill. Some are still refusing to pay it. Some sponsored anti-war marches and picket lines. Thant Khoman, the foreign minister of Thailand was picketed when he spoke at University High School during the late sixties. What was he to think of America? During this past year he was one of the political forces in Thailand that moved for independence from the United States and its "military commitments."

Everyone has heard of Jane Fonda. But what about ISU students Mary Skinner and Jay Waters? Somebody was needed at those G.I. coffeehouses to provide an alternative perspective on world events to that of the high command.

Were they Vietnam War veterans?

Yes, once a year we have Memorial Day—a year—a small band of men in uniforms marches out to Miller Park to honor somebody or something. Most of us ignore them. But that is wrong. They are memorializing something. They are trying to teach children something. It should give us a reason to stop and think. Haven't we got something to memorialize? Haven't we got somebody to honor?

What about those grave markers? Is war our only route to immortality? How many of our friends are we willing to exchange for a flag-draped coffin and a fresh flag every year on their grave? How many of our children?

---Ralph Dring

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# HONOR THE REVOLUTION



FREDERICK DOUGLASS (c. 1817-1895) escaped from slavery in Maryland in 1838, went North, and became one of the foremost Abolitionists prior to the Civil War. In 1852, the citizens of Rochester, New York asked him, as the city's most distinguished resident, to address the people on their Fourth of July celebration. His speech of July 4, 1852 is worth remembering.



FELLOW CITIZENS: Pardon me, and allow me to ask, why am I called upon to speak here today? What have I or those I represent to do with your national independence? Are the great principles of political freedom and of natural justice, embodied in that Declaration of Independence, extended to us? And am I, therefore, called upon to bring our humble offering to the national altar, and to confess the benefits, and express devout gratitude for the blessings resulting from your independence to us?

Would to God, both for your sakes and ours, that an affirmative answer could be truthfully returned to these questions. Then would my task be light, and my burden easy and delightful.

But such is not the state of the case. I say it with a sad sense of disparity between us. I am not included within the pale of this glorious anniversary! Your high independence only reveals the immeasurable distance between us. The blessings in which you this day rejoice are not enjoyed in common. The rich inheritance of justice, liberty, prosperity, and independence bequeathed by your fathers is shared by you, not by me. The sunlight that brought life and healing to you has brought stripes and death to me. This Fourth of July is yours, not mine. You may rejoice, I must mourn. To drag a man in fetters into the grand illuminated temple of liberty, and call upon him to join you in joyous anthems, were inhuman mockery and sacrilegious irony. Do you mean, citizens, to mock me, by asking me to speak today?

Fellow citizens, above your national, tumultuous joy, I hear the mournful wail of millions, whose chains, heavy and grievous yesterday, are today rendered more intolerable by the jubilant shouts that reach them. If I do forget, if I do not remember those bleeding children of sorrow this day, "may my right hand forget her cunning, and may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!" To forget them, to pass lightly over their wrongs, and to chime in with the popular theme, would be treason most scandalous and shocking, and would make me a reproach before God and the world. My subject, then, fellow citizens, is "American Slavery." I shall see this day and its popular characteristics from the slave's point of view. Standing here, identified with the American bondman, making his wrongs mine, I do not hesitate to declare, with all my soul, that the character and conduct of this nation never looked blacker to me than on this Fourth of July. Whether we turn to the declarations of the past, or to the professions of the present, the conduct of the nation seems equally hideous and revolting. America is false to the past, false to the present, and solemnly binds herself to be false to the future. Standing with God and the crushed and bleeding slave on this occasion, I will, in the name of humanity, which is outraged, in the name of liberty, which is fettered, in the name of the Constitution and the Bible, which are disregarded and trampled upon, dare to call in question and to denounce, with all the emphasis I can command, everything that serves to perpetuate slavery--the great sin and shame of America!

Would you have me argue that man is entitled to liberty? That he is the rightful owner of his body? You have already declared it.

What! Am I to argue that it is wrong to make men brutes, to rob them of their liberty, to work them without wages, to keep them ignorant of their relations to their fellow men, to beat them with sticks, to flay their flesh with the last, to load their limbs with irons, to hunt them with dogs, to sell them at auction, to sunder their families, to knock out their teeth, to burn their flesh, to starve them into obedience and submission to their masters? Must I argue that a system thus marked with blood and stained with pollution is wrong? No; I will not. I have better employment for my time and strength than such arguments would imply.

At a time like this, scorching irony, not convincing argument, is needed. Oh! Had I the ability, and could I reach the nation's ear, I would today pour out a fiery stream of biting ridicule, blasting reproach, withering sarcasm, and stern rebuke. For it is not light that is needed, but fire; it is not the gentle snow, but thunder. We need the storm, the whirlwind, and the earthquake. The feeling of the nation must be quickened; the conscience of the nation must be roused; the propriety of the nation must be startled; the hypocrisy of the nation must be exposed; and its crimes against God and man must be denounced.

What to the American slave is your Fourth of July? I answer, a day that reveals to him more than all other days of the year, the gross injustice and cruelty to which he is the constant victim. To him your celebration is a sham; your boasted liberty an unholy license; your national greatness, swelling vanity; your sounds of rejoicing are empty and heartless; your denunciation of tyrants, brass-fronted impudence; your shouts of liberty and equality, hollow mockery; your prayers and hymns, your sermons and thanksgivings, with all your religious parade and solemnity, are to him mere bombast, fraud, deception, impiety, and hypocrisy--a thin veil to cover up crimes which would disgrace a nation of savages. There is not a nation of the earth guilty of practices more shocking and bloody than are the people of these United States at this very hour.

Go where you may, search where you will, roam through all the monarchies and despotisms of the Old World, travel through South America, search out every abuse and when you have found the last, lay your facts by the side of the every-day practices of this nation, and you will say with me that, for revolting barbarity and shameless hypocrisy, America reigns without a rival.



## CALENDAR

### JULY

July 1, 1937. General Assembly passes bill establishing eight-hour day for women.

July 2, 1917. Race riot, East St. Louis; at least 40 blacks killed in vicious white crack-down.

**RAH!**  **TEAM!**  
July 4, 1776. Signing of the Declaration of Independence.

July 4, 1852. Fourth of July address by Frederick Douglass, black leader and abolitionist of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society; given at Rochester, N.Y. (See adjoining article)

July 6, 1892. Battle of Homestead. Strikers at Carnegie Steel win 12-hour battle with 300 Pinkertons.

July 11, 1905. Niagara Conference, led by W.E.B. Dubois, who called on blacks to fight against all oppression. The conference demanded equal rights, no segregation in voting, education, courts, juries, the armed forces, and health facilities. The armed forces were desegregated by President Truman in 1947, only after a threatened nationwide strike of black railroad workers.

July 19, 1848. Seneca Falls Convention, marking the beginning of an organized movement for women's rights.

July 27, 1919. Chicago race riot begins: 15 whites and 23 blacks killed, hundreds injured.

July 29-31, 1966. Martin Luther King launches demonstration in Chicago for "open city." Jeering whites pelt demonstrators with rocks and bottles and overturn demonstrators' cars.



# BEY RESIGNS

## Mental Health Center Offers Three Contracts

As follow-up on our cover story in the last issue, the Post-Amerikan gives this update.

\* \* \* \* \*

On June 10, in a letter to the County Board, Dr. Douglas Bey resigned as Chairperson of the McLean County Board of Health. He gave as his reason the County Board's obvious lack of confidence in his leadership as evidenced by the Health Services Committee of that group re-appointing Ms. Sandra Scott, a public critic of Bey and the Board of Health, as its representative, and by failing to re-appoint Miss Hazel Phares, who had served on the Board of Health for 15 years, in favor of the Rev. Roger Zimmerman.

At the Board of Health meeting on June 11, Mr. Bey was not present, and Carl Frautschi was elected Chairperson for the coming year. No mention of Bey's resignation was made, and thus the minutes of the meeting should not show that he is no longer chairperson. After the election, the main item of business was approving an allocation of money (up to \$750) for the moving expenses of the newly hired social services coordinator, Jack Smith. The treasurer's report also was approved. It contained one item which was questioned: an expenditure of \$171.19 to Nationwide Speed Printing. The bulk of that bill was to pay for Bey's "Report to the Board of Health" which was excerpted in the last issue of the Post. A great many copies must have been printed, but outside of those distributed to the media and to the members of the Board

of Health, it is certainly not publicly known where they all went.

Also on June 10 came the monthly meeting of the McLean County Mental Health Center Board. Several visitors were present, and the atmosphere was open and friendly. A report was heard, and discussion followed, on the negotiations continuing on the proposed merger of the Mental Health Center and Family Services. No resolution has been reached, since such a merger will be affected by the decision of the Mental Health Center to join the consortium of several agencies in the mental health field which is being called the Umbrella Corporation. The main item of business was the review of the contractual arrangement with Drs. Chapman and Bey, two local psychiatrists, who as partners have been the referral staff of the Center for the last six months. A new contract had to be decided upon by July 1. The discussion took place in a one-hour executive session, while the visitors waited outside in the hall. When the meeting again became public it was announced that for the next contractual period, a contract would be offered to three psychiatrists: Chapman and Bey, and Dr. Marlow Harston who has recently been admitted to the staff at Brokaw Hospital.

In the last month and a half, the following events have occurred which at least provide the possibility for constructive and beneficial improvements in the county's mental health services.

\* there has been a great deal of public discussion about important

issues which have long been grumbled about privately

- \* the County Board has taken seriously the oversight functions of its representatives to public boards over which it has some jurisdiction
- \* the Health Services Committee of the County Board has initiated a program of interviewing nominees and applicants for appointment to seats on boards over which it has jurisdiction--a highly professional approach toward screening the best-qualified candidates for important jobs (for which the members of the County Board are to be commended).
- \* an increase in openness and candor on the part of the Board of the Mental Health Center under the new executive directorship of Rodney Benninghaus
- \* the hiring by the Board of Health of a coordinator of social services--which hiring had dragged on fruitlessly for six months
- \* discussion of possible "conflict-of-interest" situations which might arise through inter-locking directorates, when the same people sit on various boards in related fields
- \* the breakup of an effective monopoly in psychiatric services available to people within McLean County

With reason to hope that change will come, citizens will watch with interest to see if mental health services in McLean County will show improvement.

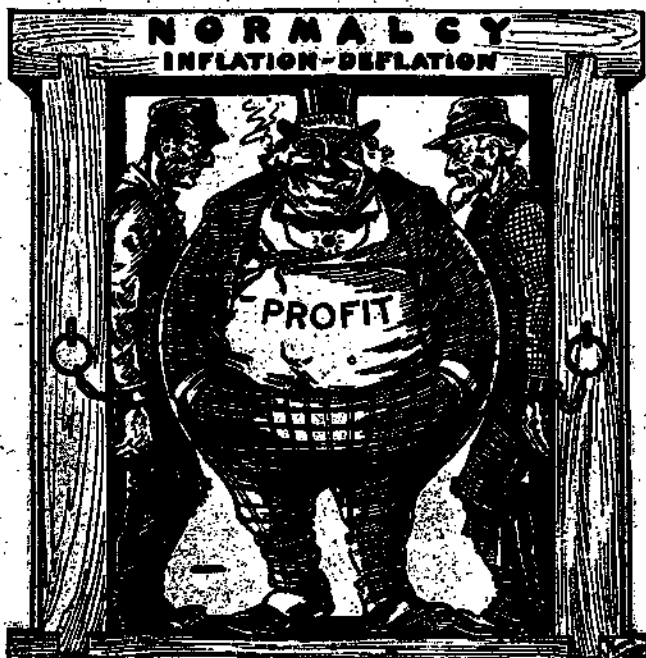
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# MIDDLE EARTH II.

DOWNERS, including Barbituates and Quaaludes

Medical names: Seconal, Amytal, Nembutal, Butisol Sodium, Methaqualone

Slang names: reeds, red devils, barbs, quads, luuds, ludee, seapers

Downers have become more popular in this community over the last 10 years. People like to cut down on the amount of stimuli they receive and relieve feelings of tension and anxiety. The folks from Gemini House, Champaign, seem to have expressed this increase in downer use well:

"We see this transition in drug use as a reflection of many changes in attitudes both in our community and across the country.

"Times are not rosy. Some folks call it 'tight money,' others call it a 'recession,' 'depression' or 'come uppance.'

"The environment, both urban and rural, is showing the strain of long abuse. Many options that were available to people five years ago are no longer in existence. Jobs have disappeared; special training and educational programs are scarce. Significantly, there is less hope and more cynicism about improving the situation.

"We have troubles. One increasingly common personal response to this is to filter them out. Drinking alcohol, which is also increasing, and using downers are two ways of alleviating feelings of depression and hopelessness.

"They are effective ways of making yourself feel better, but they are temporary and non-productive in terms of making changes in the situation. Even more seriously, they are potentially harmful to the user." (The Gemini House Manual, the Gemini House Collective, Champaign, Ill., 1975)

## STATEMENTS OF FACT ABOUT DOWNERS

--Methaqualone and barbituates are more addicting than heroin.

--Downers have a high potential for overdose and death.

--Alcohol mixed with downers increases the possibility of overdose and death.

--Downers can be classified as hypnotics because in sufficient doses they induce sleep.

--Downers can also be classified as sedatives because in small doses they reduce anxiety and tension.

# HARJAK MOTORS TAKES FAMILY FOR RIDE

Recently, Mr. and Mrs. David Walton from Gibson City purchased a 1970 pickup truck from Harjak Motors. While purchasing the truck, the Waltons took a test ride. Salesperson Scott Daley, apologizing for the way the truck started up and ran, claimed that the engine needed a minor tuneup and a new muffler system. Daley told the Waltons that \$100 would be taken off the cost of the truck if they agreed to do the necessary work and purchase the truck as is.

Six days after the truck was in their name, it began to stall and was performing terribly. The Waltons took it to their own mechanic in Gibson City. After diagnosing the truck's ills, the Walton's mechanic told them that the engine needed a complete overhaul.

Understandably angered, the Waltons visited Harjak Motors and asked for Scott Daley. According to Mrs. Walton, Daley was nowhere to be found. And other Harjak personnel gave them "the run-around." But someone from Harjaks

told the Waltons that they would come get the truck and do the necessary repair work on it.

When the Waltons purchased the truck, they received no warranty but the sales contract specified only a 25% discount on parts and labor. Nothing else but the Waltons' name, address, and the date of sale were on the contract.

The Waltons' truck was towed from Gibson City to Bloomington for the engine overhaul. After the work was completed, the bill came to \$420.00--not to mention the cost of \$55.00 for tearing down the engine in Gibson City to diagnose the basic problem. Overwhelmed by the costs involved when they were buying a truck they thought to be in good condition, the Waltons turned in a complaint with the Consumer Fraud Division of the Attorney General's office in Champaign.

The Attorney General's office contacted Harjak Motors about the complaint, and Harjaks sent a reply to the Waltons. In part, the letter said that "several weeks" had passed before the Waltons experienced difficulty with the truck--a misconception, because the truck became useless after the Waltons owned it six days. Jack Guess signed the letter and asked the Waltons to come speak with him.

On May 17, the Waltons visited Guess at Harjak Motors. Mrs. Walton told the Post that Guess was extremely unfriendly and condescending. Then came the surprise: Guess told the Waltons that he would give them a \$100 check (but he didn't "have to") and that if "you'd get off my back and release me from any obligation to you or your truck," then the money would be theirs.

But Guess' attempt to buy off the Waltons didn't work. The Waltons refused to sign any release and take any money. Guess claimed that all the figures the Waltons needed to know were on the contract--something that simply wasn't true. Interestingly, Guess' explanation of why the truck was in poor shape differed greatly from Scott Daley's story when the truck was purchased. Daley claimed that the truck hadn't been started for a while when the Waltons asked why it sounded so bad. On the other hand, Guess told the Waltons that "our mechanics have taken it to Chicago for parts, so I knew it was in good running condition."

The Waltons have experienced a great financial drain with the purchase of the truck. Not to mention expensive repair work and time consuming trips to Bloomington, the plans Mr. Walton had for the truck and its use in his work had to be delayed. The brakes were faulty when the truck was purchased, and have to be replaced. Mrs. Walton was recently laid off from her job, and the added expenses don't make things easy for the family of five. Dale Judy, the Champaign representative for the Attorney General's office mentioned to Mrs. Walton that if enough cases get to the Consumer Fraud Division, a major suit can be filed.

--Barbituates can also be classified as anti-convulsives because they can control seizures. The problem is that if you become addicted and try to stop without a doctor's help, the chances are good that you will go into convulsions. STATISTICALLY, about 1 out of 20 people addicted to heroin who try to quit on their own die. About 1 out of 12 addicted to alcohol will die. But for downers, 1 out of 4 people who become addicted and try to quit on their own will die. BEWARE OF DOWNER WITHDRAWAL!

--The downer overdose level remains fairly constant regardless of how much you have used before.

--Beware of people doing downers who are vomiting; they may drown in their own vomit because of their bodies' depressed state.

--Never put a person to bed "to sleep it off" if they're doing downers (especially if they were also drinking alcohol) because you may find the person dead later. It HAS happened in Bloomington-Normal.

--Accidental deaths by overdose are common because users can become confused as a result of the effects of the drug and forget how many they have already taken.

--Some folks who do downers can get violent. If this happens, stay out of the way until the person mellowes out.

--The University of Michigan Hospital reports physical addiction to Quaaludes at doses as low as 1200 mg per day; 300 mg four times a day. A lot of doctors prescribe 300 mg four times a day.

BEWARE!!

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# letters

The Post-Amerikan more than welcomes letters from the readers. Send them to 101 North Street in Normal, and don't worry about the word limit that most newspapers have. When a letter is longer than the traditional letter-to-the-editor, we often give it a headline and lay it out like a regular article. So write to us!

## EDITOR GIVES ADVICE TO YOUNG WRITERS

Dear Post:

You ask if I have any special tips on writing editorially for all your young aspiring journalist readers, and I would like to tell you how I write mine for The Daily Pantagraph.

Some people think it's easy to write editorials where each succeeding sentence has no bearing on the previous, but let me set the record here and now: it's about as easy as finding a decent parking space in downtown Bloomington.

(There's something awkward about the opening sentence of this letter here, but never mind.)

Actually, when one has had as many years of formal training in logic as I have, writing a series of non sequiturs day after day is singularly difficult. Here's how I do it.

First I write the editorial straight off the top of my head, and of course it is a model of tightly reasoned and structured

prose, so I set about altering it to fit Pantagraph standards.

To begin, I number each sentence, then proceed to throw out each odd numbered sentence except the first which I turn into a question and place at the beginning of the editorial. Next, I take each even numbered sentence divisible by four and make a paragraph out of it. I do the same for every even numbered paragraph divisible by three, five, seven, eleven, thirteen, seventeen, and nineteen.

Any remaining sentences I throw out except for the second which I shorten into a headline.

There. I hope this is helpful to any of you aspiring writers out there, because we at the Pantagraph can only benefit by encouraging you.

The young writer of today, after all, is the old writer of tomorrow.

Harold Liston

## Bloomington Trotskyite Writes to POST

Dearest Post:

"Today we are ruled by a new tyranny. Industrial and financial barons govern by the rule of profits, denying us the basic democratic and social rights we need for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Over 70% of the wealth in the United States is controlled by less than one percent of the population. And we are left scrapping for the rest of that wealth. That's the way of American capitalism, brothers and sisters. The Rockefellers, DuPonts, Mellons, Morgans and other families like them who run the country think they were born with rights that come first no matter what happens to the welfare and security of the rest of us. For the sake of profits they think it's perfectly justifiable to lay off tens of thousands of workers, to destroy our environment or help prod America into military conflicts. (Remember: War is good business. It helps the economy.)

### Desirable Addiction

Post Amerikan:

People are so easily addicted to things these days: drugs, alcoholism, etc. I myself have been addicted too. But mine is different from the rest, mine is love. I can't seem to live without it. Who can? I have to be loved and able to give love. I feel like I'm being wasted away if I can't be loved. Why should I live if I can't have love? I think people shouldn't try to find faults in everyone else but to look at themselves and see what they can do to better their ourselves. Just accept everyone as they are. When people have the chance to love they should grab that chance and love. Otherwise that chance may never happen again and they'll have been wasted. So don't waste away people . . . LOVE!!!!!!!!!!!!

In love and struggle.

Sue Griffith

And our economic crisis is worsening. Lack of jobs, shortages, layoffs, soaring prices; each week it's harder to get by. Suffering most are those at the bottom of the economic ladder - Blacks, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans and other doubly oppressed people.

Neither the Republican administration nor the Democratic Congress offers a solution. They are only interested in shifting the responsibility and escaping the blame.

To me, it seems that Socialism can cure America's social and economic nightmares. Socialism has worked in other countries. Look at Sweden, Yugoslavia, Finland and Norway, all of which are fine examples of successful socialism.

As a Trotskyite, I highly recommend joining or helping the Socialist Worker's Party or its affiliate, the Young Social Alliance (YSA). You can contact the Socialist Workers Party at 14 Charles Lane, N.Y., N.Y. 10014. Consider America in a socialist society in which education and medical care is free, and concentrations of family wealth (e.g. Rockefellers, DuPonts, etc.) are non-existent. Vote for Peter Camejo, the Socialist Worker's Party candidate for president in 1976.

May I also issue a warning concerning other so-called "socialist" parties in America. The National Socialist Party of America (NSPA) is a Nazi organization. The Socialist Labor Party (SLP) is for industrialization and little reform. And finally there is the Communist Party, U.S.A. and its youth affiliate, the Young Worker's Liberation League/ YWLL. Members of these two organizations are incurable, vile Stalinists, and they support the political framework which is present in the Kremlin. 'Nuff said.

Mr. Bó Jangles, jobless, therefore penniless, therefore universitiless.

## Don't Overreact: ENLIGHTEN!

To Jack, who wrote the "Getting Over" column in the May issue of the Post:

I hear what you're saying about groups accepting respecting other groups and I fully agree. I'm not sure how I feel about the joking though. You see, I'm bi-sexual and feminist, and my step-father is black. According to you, I have the "right" to joke about those three areas. But my humor extends beyond that small scope. I find much that is humorous about the male-ego trip, status quo, money-grubbing, political corruption, and a zillion other facets of life.

No, I don't think you're taking yourself too seriously, but I do feel that perhaps you may be overreacting and being too defensive about gay jokes and who they are coming from. I sometimes still get really hot hearing jokes from people that I feel are only trying to degrade the subject--be it women, blacks, gays, whatever. It's true that only one inside one of those groups can truly appreciate the humor, but that shouldn't limit only them to telling the joke. Hell, a joke is a joke. Try to be mellow about it. Being super-defensive can cheat you out of a chuckle, believe me! When I hear a joke directed at a group coming from someone who is trying to repress that group, I like to counter it by hitting them with a joke directed at his/her group. It's fun to watch the reactions. Sometimes they get all hot. Then I say, "Don't get hyped. It's just a joke. Maybe a black wouldn't like your joke about niggers," (or gays--queers, women--bitches, Italians--wops, Jews--hebes, etc.). It's all frame of reference, where you're coming from. Don't repress other people's humor. You don't want your style cramped so do them the same courtesy. Enlighten them, but don't repress.

--Ms. Theresa Norman

## Classy Fried Ads

Woman, Child, man and cats are seeking a two bedroom house either in town or in country with cheap rent (\$125-\$150/mo). We need it by August 1st and are willing to move in sooner. If you know of any place please call Mary at 454-1644 between 5:00P.M.-8:00P.M.

I am looking for a woman/student to share an apartment or house with me for a year or so, someone who can afford \$70-80 monthly rent. I want to move before August 1. Call Lynn 828-6828, and please don't call late because I have to get up at 6A.M.

Woman and dog looking for a new place to live after August 1, where rent is low (under \$60.00) and the people are good. The dog gets along with other people and animals. So does the woman. Call Virginia 454-1644, after 6:00 P.M.



Would you like to have the Post-Amerikan delivered to your front door?

See page 11 for a subscription form.



**Interview:**

# APARTHEID IN SOUTH AFRICA, NAMIBIA, AND RHODESIA (ZIMBABWE)

In 1810 Britain took possession of the southern tip of Africa; in 1910 the Union of South Africa was formed; and in 1923 Rhodesia (Zimbabwe) was incorporated. Despite the termination of the League of Nations mandate (now under the United Nations) concerning Namibia, the deadline set by the UN Security Council of May 30, 1975, for South Africa to declare its intentions to withdraw from Namibia, and the World Court's decision in 1971 that South Africa's occupation of Namibia is illegal, South Africa continues to maintain Namibia as a colony, and has not complied with the rulings of the UN and World Court. It has continued its repressive restrictions on blacks living in Namibia. It did make some recent changes, lifting legal requirements that white hotel, motel, restaurant, and busowners discriminate against blacks, but if they choose they can still discriminate, and have the black involved arrested.

One incident recently drew a response from the UN Council for Namibia. According to the UN Chronicle, May 1975, "It condemned 'in the strongest terms' the incident in Namibia (April 23, 1975) which involved the cold blooded murder of one Namibian; the wounding of ten others, three seriously; and the arrest of 295 persons by police (in a raid for travel passes)... the Council for Namibia reiterated that South Africa's illegal regime must realize that its stepped up repression and continued presence in Namibia will always increase the will to struggle by the people it is trying to repress. The struggle of the Namibians against such a regime is just and must be carried on to its logical conclusion that of the complete removal of the occupying forces... from Namibia. It demanded the... release of all those arrested." SWAPO (South-West African People's Organization, recognized by the UN Council for Namibia as the authentic representative of black people in Namibia) chairman David Merero recalled, "The South African police fired without any warning. They fired one after another in an undisciplined way and the firing continued for some time at the blacks of those running out of the compound. The shots were aimed to kill or wound severely."

The following is an interview with July Garari Mojo, a Rhodesian student who attends ISU.

**Post:** What situation exists in Namibia currently concerning blacks?

**July:** The blacks are restricted to black residential areas except when they are working in white areas. They must have work passes to go into the white cities (all business districts are white-restricted areas), which blacks must normally leave by 6 p.m. Special passes are required for those working after that. Black Namibians can vote, but only for the leaders of their residential areas; they have no voice in the central government.



**Post:** The U.S. government says it opposes apartheid in South Africa and Rhodesia. How do its actions measure up to this?

**July:** Not very well. In the U.N. Security Council, the U.S. along with Britain and France vetoed a proposal for a trade blockade against South

Africa. They also vetoed a proposal to refuse to admit South Africa to the United Nations until it conforms to UN resolutions. The U.S. imports coal, gold, and diamonds from South Africa, and it exports I.B.M. computers there. The U.S. imports chrome from Rhodesia, despite UN sanctions, by justifying it as a national security need. Kissinger's policy is to denounce apartheid, and go right on cooperating with apartheid governments. In South Africa and Rhodesia, not only are blacks not allowed to have certain jobs, but they are paid from 1/5 to 1/10 as much for same work as whites. Why should U.S. companies like General Motors and I.B.M. pay blacks as much as whites (or less) in Rhodesia and South Africa?

**Post:** What is the present situation in Rhodesia (Zimbabwe)?

**July:** The apartheid rule keeps blacks out of white areas, just as in Namibia. Apartheid rules are rigid. In the national congress of 66, blacks who are 96% of the population, have 16 seats, which is 24%. With this setup, voting doesn't get the blacks too far. The blacks have decided that armed struggle is the only way to achieve majority rule. The prime minister of Rhodesia, Ian Smith, wants Zimbabwe to be divided into two black states and one white state. The two black states will be Ndebele, which has 20% of the population, Shona, which has 80%. Although the whites are only 4% of the population, they get the best half of the land, located in the fertile plain in the center of the country. The black land will be mostly arid land or river basin. The censorship of the press is especially heavy in Rhodesia. In fact, any person who has been detained by the police (even if they are not convicted) cannot be mentioned in the press. All papers that are the least bit critical of the government are banned. Missionary papers were the latest target.

Recently the National Council of Churches of Christ petitioned the United Nations to end the importation of coal from South Africa by the U.S. and export by the U.S. of I.B.M. computers to South Africa. We in the U.S. can help the Namibians, South Africans, and Rhodesians by putting pressure on our government to stop cooperating and trading with the racist regimes of this area, and vote in the UN Security Council to uphold the trade blockade against South Africa.

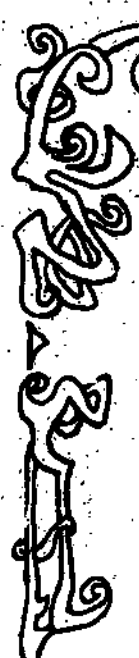
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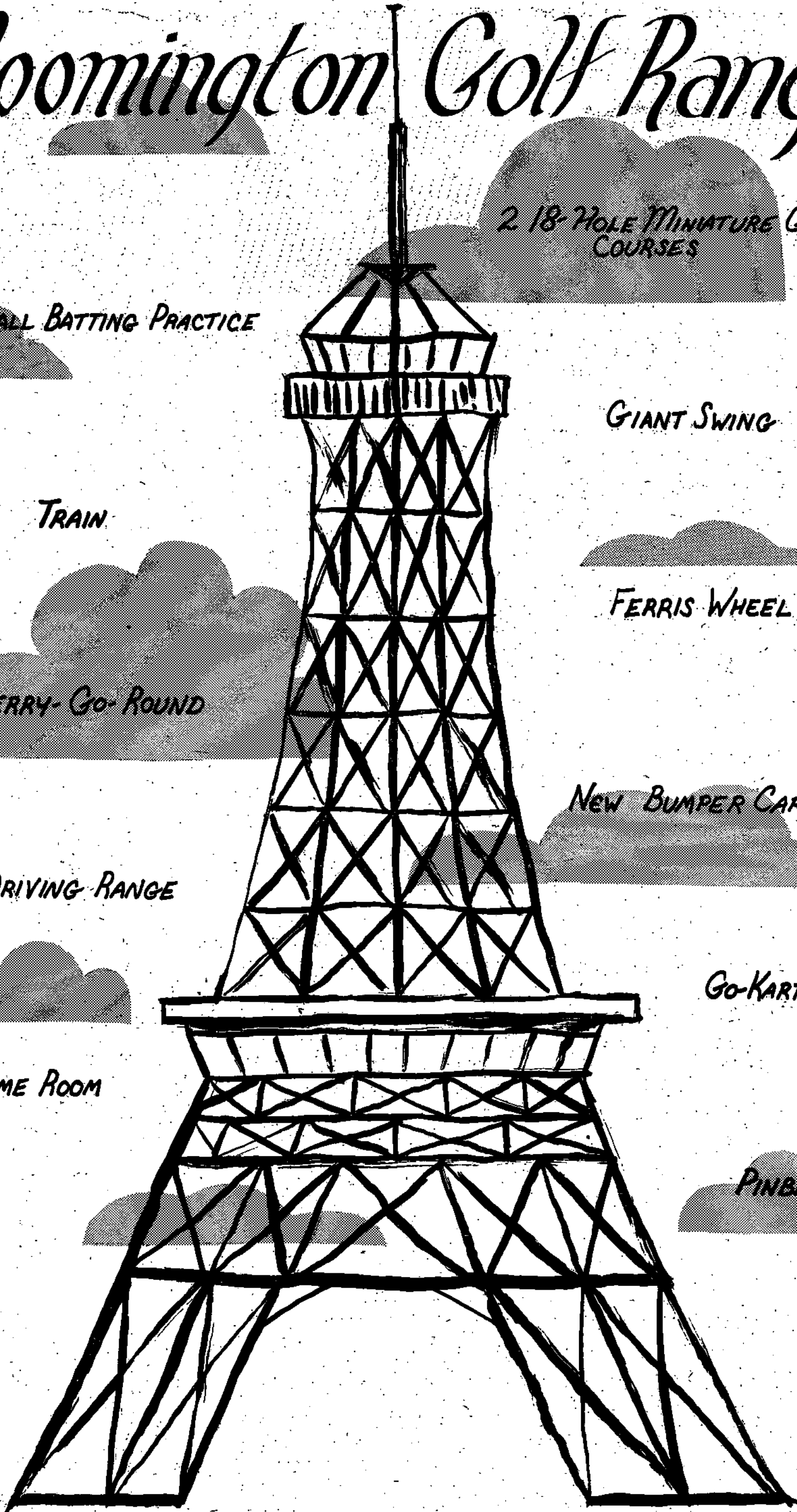
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