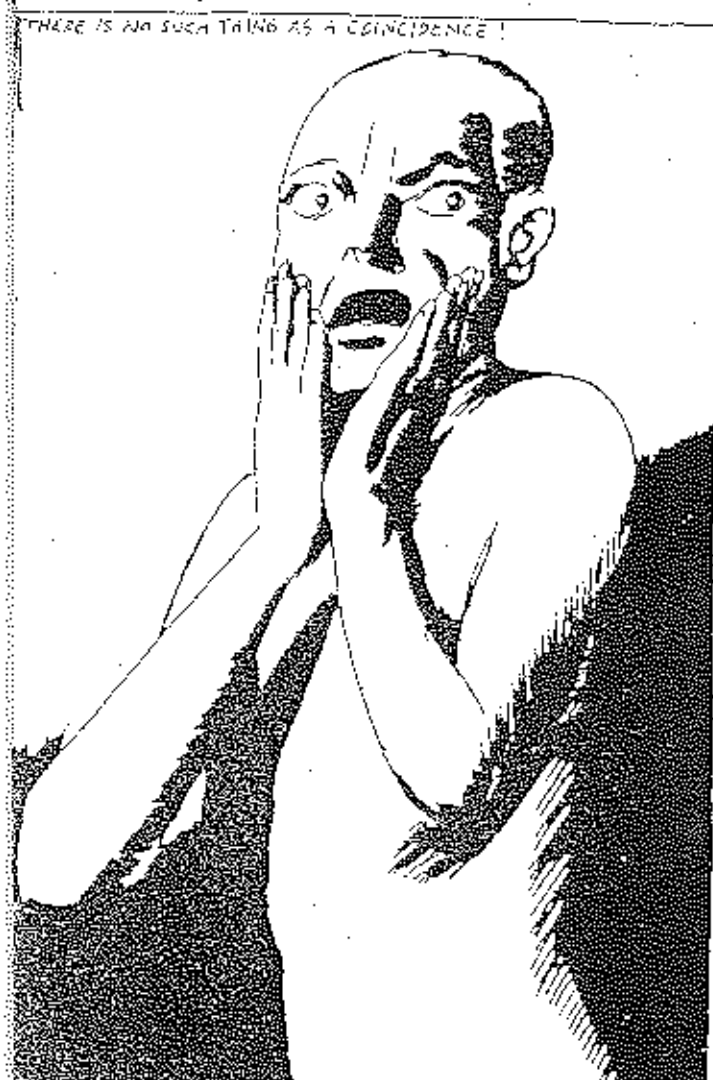


Eeegads It's

Gadfly!!!



Celebrating 35 years of 420, dude.

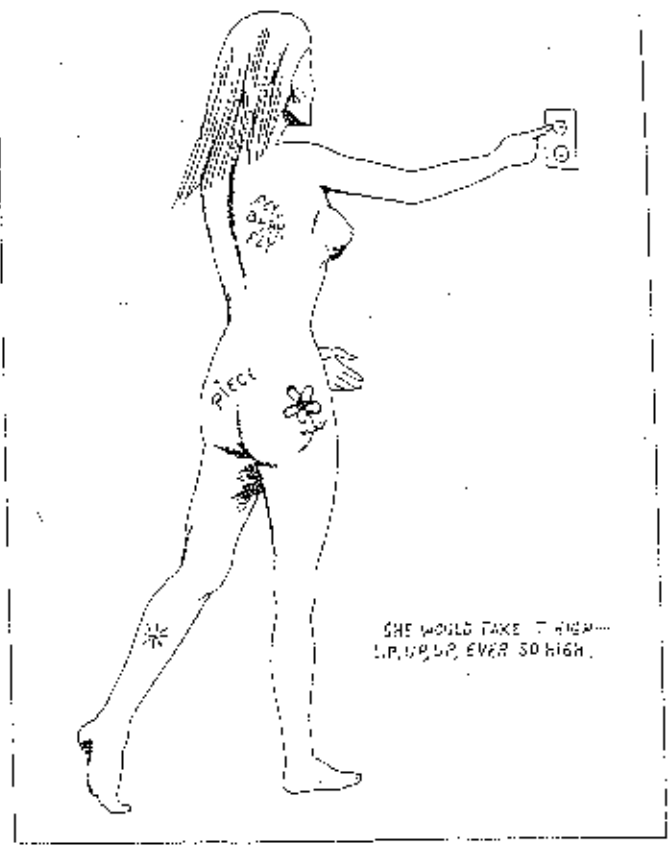


Achtung!  
 Art historians, punk rockers and visitors to a certain pre-millennial Philadelphia Art Museum exhibit will all tell you the same thing: Violence against women is depicted rarely in Raymond Ferrisone's art. Mostly it appears only in relation to Hippia and the legacy of the White American memory of the sixties. Perhaps a thesis has been laid to this coincidence?

Be warned! This pamphlet contains images of the worst consequences of Dionysian (rather than Apollonian) Dionysian excesses. It is truly difficult at times to stomach the culture of death and violence which infects our narcissistic and nihilistic society. Alas, we'll have to bear it down.

an official OSCA publication stolen  
 by adam.feldman@oberlin.edu  
 from Raymond and you, my dear  
 reader: Want the Mill back?  
 apply for Next Year's Publication  
 Coordinator, want to bury it deeper?  
 Details inside!

nothing's gonna stop the flow  
 mmwan -- Adam



April 20, 2003

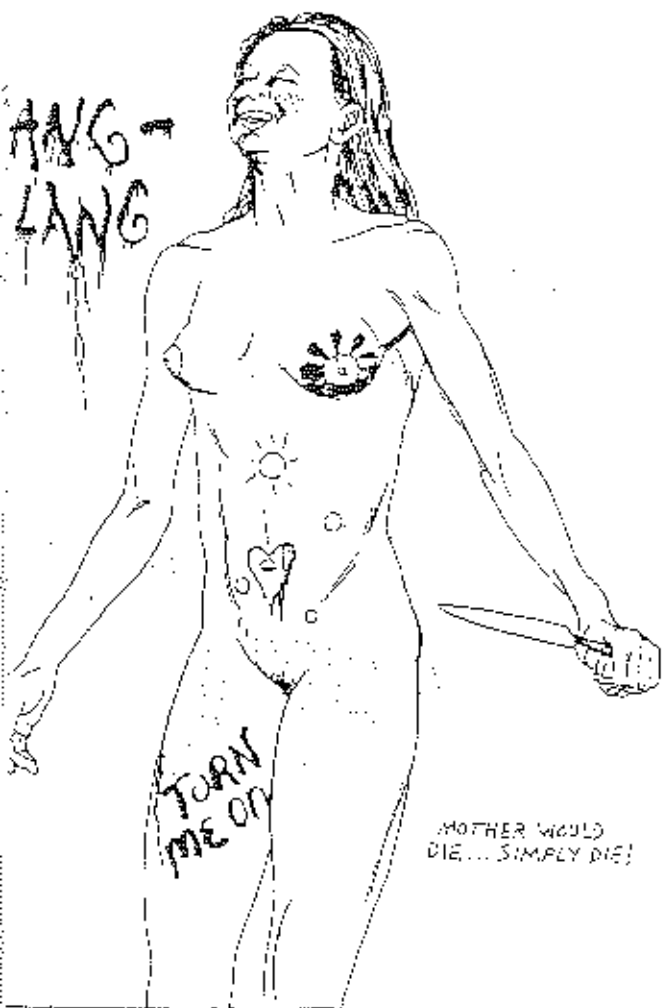
Today, Jesus rose from the dead and got high on God's sticky-sticky love. Hallelujah. Meanwhile, America's Crusade into the cradle of civilization has yielded, surprise!, rather lucrative business contracts for the rulers of our Imperium. Senator Halliburton and Prefect Bechtel look forward to recasting Assyrian and Persian civilization in the mold of McWorld after Mesopotamia is suitably reformed. Blood will coagulate, but can we heal the psychological sores of this globalized prison?

I guess if I can't dance in it, then it's not my revolution, but is grooving on the rehashed sounds of the Grateful Dead really what I need right now? Will hits from the gravity bong make it all better?

4/20 is a nearly epic number. Lincoln's most famous address began with four scores. Hitler was born on the 20<sup>th</sup> of April. Some claim it's that anniversary, which Columbine's alienated youth celebrated with a massacre (I'm skeptical). And somehow, 4/20 became the hour, the month, the day, that stoner's across America have inaugurated as their Easter, as their Passover, as their Ramadan--the holiest time of the year.

Many Oberlin students, including you (including me?), will celebrate by huffing mad dogs. OSCA students, shielded from the danger of RA-wares, will be particularly festive.

Between 1984-2000, I smoked, ate, and in a few cases drank about \$5000 worth of marijuana.



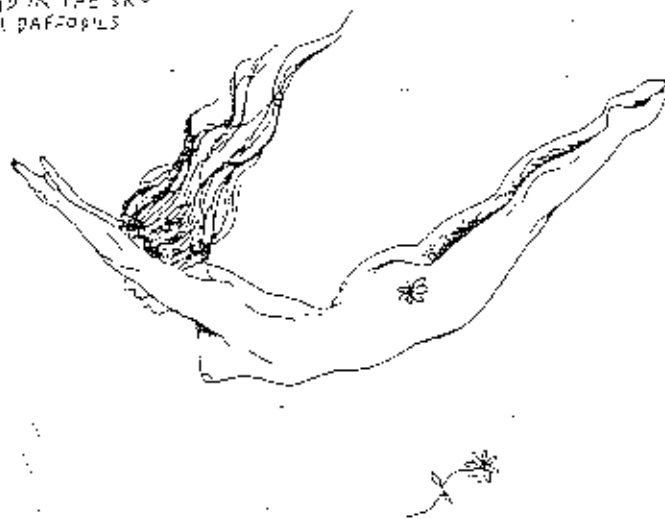
That's my share of the 3.58 g of domestic and Canadian sensimilla that three other friends and I (plus multiple hanger-ons) shared almost every week of high school and beyond. Fortunately, my friends either took pity on my relative poverty or felt comfortable sharing the wealth of their drug dealing. So only a small fraction of that value came out of my pocket—probably about \$300, not including glass pipes, bonges, chillums, novelty items, slice of pizza, and various pieces of equipment from the local hardware store. I've consumed at least \$2700 of someone else's hard-earned green.

I generally assume it's better to regret what I have done, rather than what I haven't. Regretting missed opportunities feels pathetic.

For a brief period, cannabis seemed to help me understand some mental health issues I had, and so work through them. Certainly, I'm glad I had the experience of eating Psilocybin mushrooms. Otherwise, I'd have no sense of what madness was like, or why some people believe in magic and whatnot. Getting to know my brain as an organ with all its limits and possibilities has had a lasting impact on my outlook.

Duane was buried with a guitar pick in his hand and a joint in his mouth.

LUCID IN THE SKY WITH PAPERPLANE



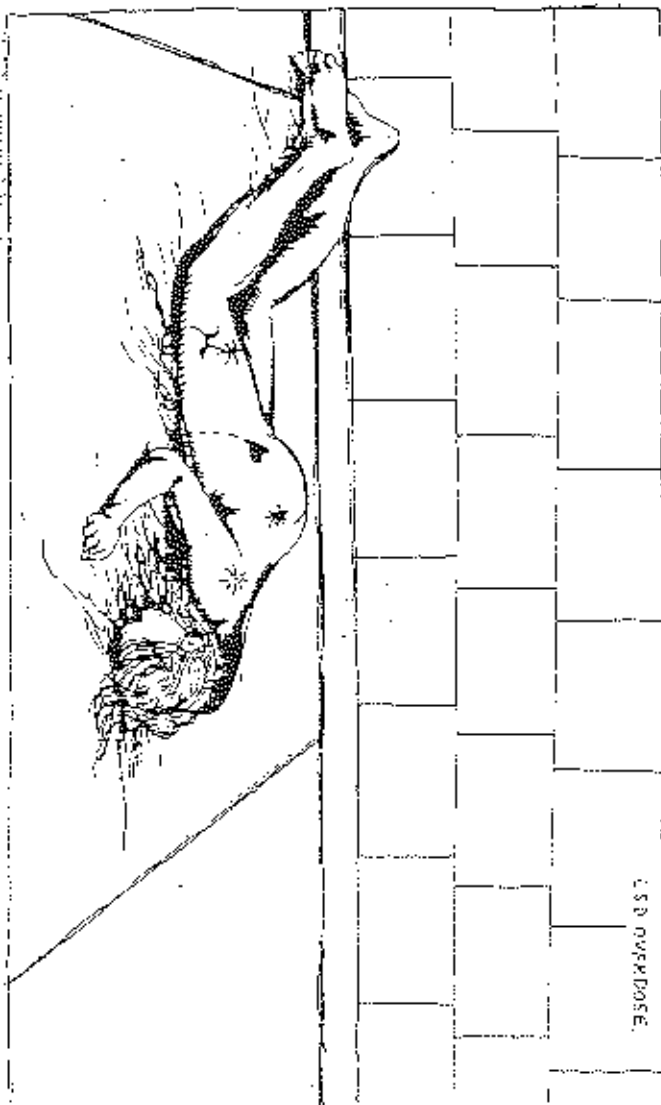
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I CAN SEE THINGS AS THEY REALLY ARE, CUTTING THROUGH THE LAYERS OF BOGUS PSEUDO-REALITY."

However, I no longer believe the myth of the harmlessness of marijuana (and the other hallucinogens), which I so diligently researched in the public library and tested in the laboratory of my spare time.

Marijuana probably is not a significant contributor to cancer. It doesn't noticeably affect fertility. It doesn't kill brain cells. It's not a real contributor to road accidents. It won't make you a murderer, a rapist, or even a lover of jazz (as Congress suggested in 1937). It does however make habitual users stupefyingly boring and awfully pathetic.

Stoners who do not form solely shallow friendships, at least hang out with people they usually would not. Ordinarily, such outgoingness would be admirable, it is weren't for the fact that marijuana brings together diverse groups who don't recognize each other, but rather recognize the convenience of their shared desire to get fucked up.

When you the novice smoker take two and pass, give a good look at the rest of the room. Are they happy with each other's company or are they happy to spare the experience of narcissistic introspection? When you the dedicated stoner share your schwaag or your kind buds, take a look beyond your excitement that you're finally getting so-and-so high. Do you see comradeship? Will so-and-so be back tomorrow? Do you feel a sense of loss that your nag is going to go more quickly than usual (frustrated by the knowledge that being stingy or asking for money will totally kill the mood)?



USD OVERDOSE

Since the marijuana high is most intense while not moving or even talking, most stoners train themselves—(like Pavlov's dogs—to seek out maximum inactivity. Exciting stoner's get high, listen to some music (a select few even make music), and chat with their friends. Slightly less fun stoners get high and watch a movie. The truly dull smokers smoke up and watch TV. The pathetic smoke out and play video games. Occasionally, a crew will hot box a car, turn up the stereo, and drive aimlessly but cautiously through suburbs—or cornfields. Since 4:20 is a celebration, there should hopefully be more chatting than video game playing. Novice smokers haven't yet trained themselves to total inactivity, and as such they tend to add a refreshing stillness to the otherwise depressing daily routine of the stoners who will host the festivities.

Marijuana has no physical dependence. But the sale of it quickly proves addictive. And the mental conditioning involved in getting high, leads toward an emotional dependence on marijuana. Stoner's get anxious when the supply dries up. They're uncertain how they're going to have fun during a weekend until they get weed, and they will often devote a significant portion of their time with their friends making worried calls and visiting dealers.



SURU-VY? OR SURU-SOME?

HAVE YOU LISTENED TO RAVI? I MEAN REALLY LISTENED? HE SINGS, MAN!

© 1970 us. Whether they were bell-bottoms.

Since marijuana is illegal, paranoia about possessing it and being high often stands in the way of fun. Someone in a crew is always worrying about getting caught, which makes takes through the woods to get high or illicit parties significantly less fun. This problem is definitely lessened with the protected status an Oberlin College student. It also plays a significant part in the popularity of the cops, where you definitely don't need to worry about any authority interfering with your toking.

In this respect, marijuana also provides a useful model of how privilege works. The overwhelming majority of potheads are white. Even adjusted for the white population advantage, a higher percentage of white people use marijuana (and just about every other illegal substance) than non-white communities. People of color are targeted, arrested, and imprisoned at viciously higher rates than white people. The war on drugs is a very well planned, funded, and executed war on people of color almost regardless of class.

Fear non white drug user! Even in the unlikely event that you are caught with a j in your pocket, you are certain to be sentenced lightly and with great compassion. Let the paranoia

LOOKING FOR  
MY SOCKS.

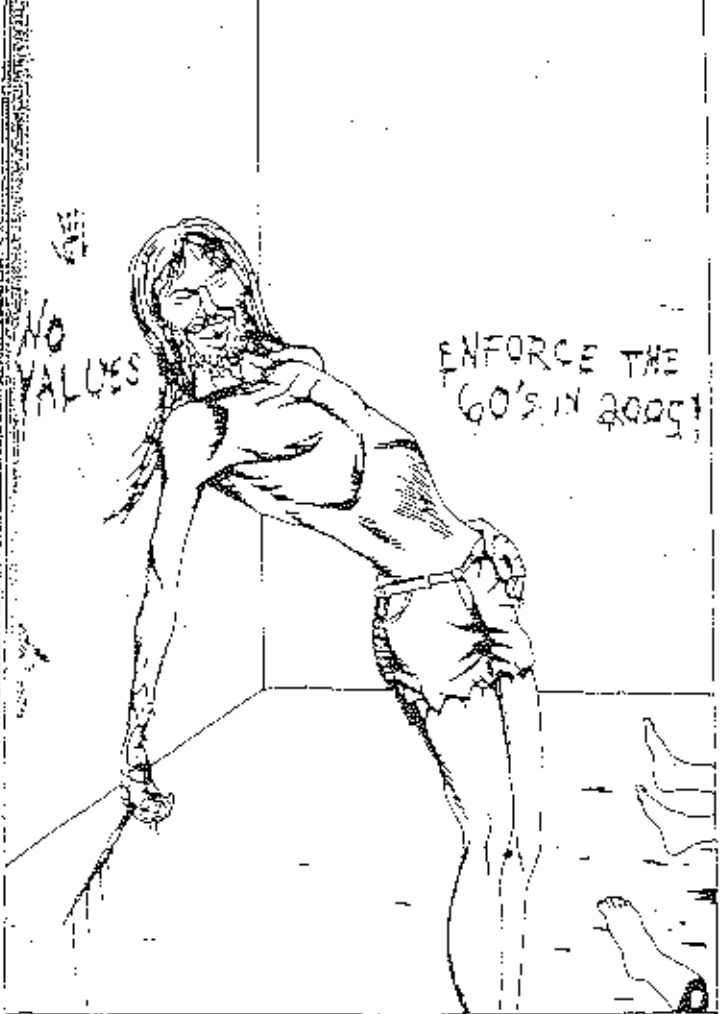


fall away from your consciousness as you remember that your peers, your HBCU, your College, your class, and your white skin privilege are one big get out of jail free card.

The drug war is not only a war on people of color, and the specter of the racialized urban drug abuser. It's also a war on Third World workers. I know most Charlton students have the money to avoid smoking schwag—The low grade, mass produced, commercial marijuana imported from Mexico, Haiti, Porto Rico, Columbia, and elsewhere in Latin America. But occasionally some schwag or nedis does the trick and makes its way into hundred dollar glass bongz (or govey brownies). The trade in this commodity from north to south involves trapping peasants between monocrop starvation, guerrillas, corrupt local governments, and US attack helicopters. It involves the devalued humanity of desperate "rules" It involves arms sales. And it supports a very brutal and dehumanizing border guard in Texas, New Mexico, and California. Merely supporting the reform of marijuana laws is not enough. Potheads really need to consider the impact of their purchases.

Of course, there's the sensinilla alternative. Sensinilla is the seedless flower of the carefully bred, selected, and grown female cannabis plant. The nature of sensi production pretty much rules out massive outdoor farms. Instead, it is grown largely indoors in the US and especially Canada. It is more potent, involves more care, and so commands a higher price as a luxury good.

"OF COURSE, I'M A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR."



ENFORCE THE  
60'S IN 2005!

Although not true everywhere, the sensinilla (kind, dank, endo, etc) market is controlled by white people from top to bottom. At the lowest levels, teenage white men of upper class backgrounds control, almost exclusively, distribution in their suburban and college communities. More organized crime elements control the production, so the government does pay significant attention to domestic surveillance in finding basement pot farms. But is it any wonder that Canada's number one cash crop is sensinilla but the US-Canadian borders takes no resentment to the US-Mexico border? Of course, class war and racism play a large part in this difference.

Since teenage white men control the distribution of seedless marijuana flower buds, women are frequently cheated. Women (or girls) must either accept less weighty bags for their money, or be dependant on men (or boys) to do the purchasing. When smoking up on 4:30 try to note the gender composition of the room. Who bought the marijuana? Who is confident in the lingo, tabs, and practice of smoking? How does sexuality enter stored conversation? Are you comfortable?

Some poems by Eric Beales:

FEMALE ANATOMY HASN'T CHANGED MUCH IN THE 10 YEARS I'VE BEEN AWAY

Rehabilitation  
Not Rehabilitation

CEASE TO  
CO-EXIST

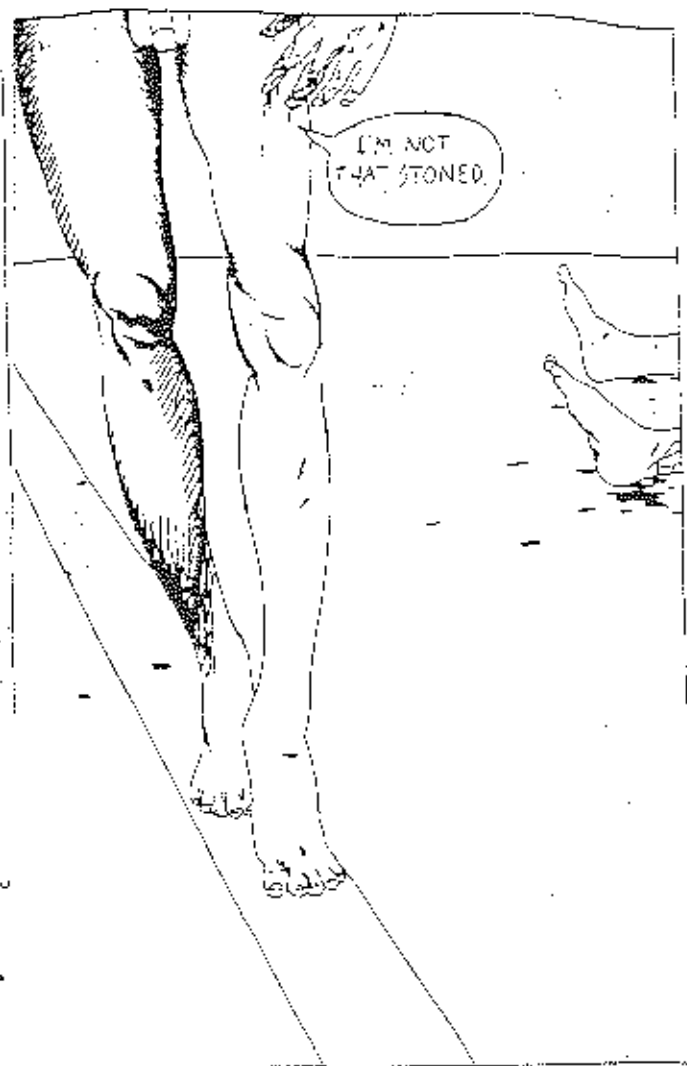
SAVE THE  
REDWOODS



Smoking/eating marijuana is fun. It is after all a drug. Besides the mildly psychedelic effects on perception, it presses a little button in your head that causes you to feel a very vibrant and direct sense of pleasure. The trade offs are: eventually you will be very boring; you won't have any real friends; your truest friends become really boring too and no matter how hard they try only care about getting high; you lose a love of life in a hedonistic pursuit fleeting pleasure; you are not only complicit in a racist drug war but actively support its continuance; and you take part in a subcultural reproduction of systemic sexism.

Smoking pot is like watching television, the act is not inherently sinful, but you lose more than you gain. You passively accept life rather than actively engage with it.

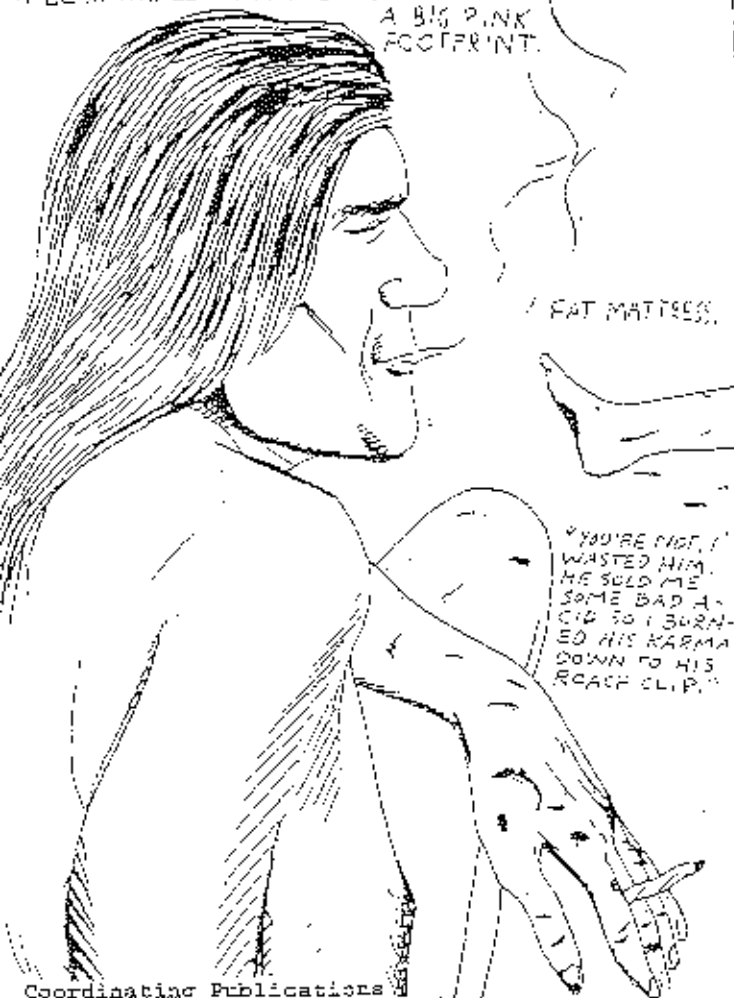
And what better time than now to engage with life? Since I was born the Carter-Reagan-Bush-Clinton-Bush clan has made the world so unstable, toppling in all almost seems like a possibility. Christ, the US is actually reinstating an Imperial project! All nations that aspire to empire ultimately sign their own death warrant. They destroy the cooperative buffers among people that make the global system



stable. If you jokers weren't busy surfing the web, smoking your weed, stumbling away from parties, watching the Sopranos on FOX, pissing yourselves about reality TV, we could learn to have a culture again. You know cooperate, share, and build our skills like living mattered.

MAYBE THAT ISN'T A 5007 ON MY PAD FLOOR AT ALL.  
MAYBE I'M HALLUCINATING IT.

A BIG PINK  
FOOTPRINT.



FAT MATTER.

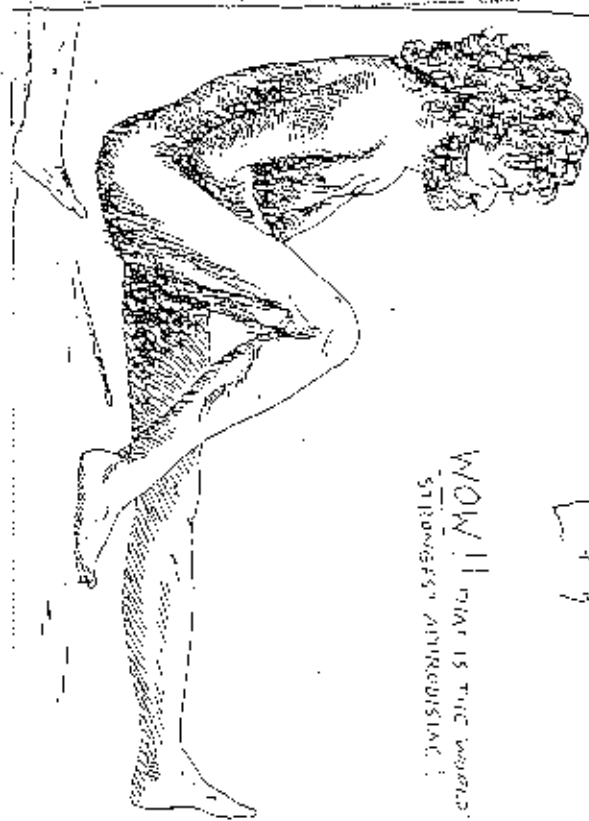
"YOU'RE RIGHT, I  
WASTED HIM.  
HE SOLD ME  
SOME BAD AN-  
CID TO I BURN-  
ED HIS KARMA  
DOWN TO HIS  
ROACH CLIP."

#### Coordinating Publications

I read once about a group of French students who accidentally helped birth a revolution. They got in a lot of trouble: police torture, expulsion, and a legacy forgotten. Paris in the spring of 1968 sounds so familiar: a powerful and seemingly unstoppable government bureaucracy headed by a President living entirely in fantasy is waging a rather pointless imperial war. Students are lethargic but at very least a dissatisfied lot. The general public suffers a rather dramatic social crumbling, which oddly burkes below, in front of, and above the confused collective consciousness.

Dissent popped up here and there over the previous years. In 1966, a collective of adventurous students noticed that given the apathy of their fellows they could easily seize student government. A group of radicals, disillusioned by the Marxist Left, ran and easily won seats in the student senate of the University of Strasbourg just to see what they could get away with. Immediately they began propagating their ideas about the poverty of contemporary life. Tens of thousands of francs were spent publishing tens of thousands of editions of hundreds of manifestos, zines, pamphlets, and stikscreened posters. Within weeks a French court ordered the senate disbanded for misappropriating funds. But the word was already out.

In that electric month of May 1968, student dreaming and student unrest reached such a fever



WOW!! THAT IS THE WORST  
STUDENT'S ATTITUDE!!

LSP

pitch that the government was forced to send troops into Paris to smash the movement and protect government ministries. The police and the military did not however expect the students to fight back. Barricades flooded the Latin Quarter. Graffiti, posters, raised fists, and cobblestones filled the streets. Workers facing their own unique repression defied their union leaders, and joined the students. Everywhere workshops, class rooms, public places were occupied and transformed. Unions across France slowly joined the movement. Farmers and transit workers guaranteed the food supply but struck for all non-essential goods.

The government, the right wing, the Communists were all horrified. Romantic students who dared to consider a brighter future and "adventurist" workers who refused to wait for the "historically appropriate conditions" for revolution to arise, were making their desires flesh. The Sorbonne closed for the second time in 700 years, and France's Fourth Republic failed.

In most respects Paris 1968 was a failure too. The joyful diversity of political thought and political actors proved slightly too disunited to withstand Communist betrayal and naked violent force. But Algeria is finally free and deGaulle is no more. A legacy of workers' councils and Situationist art still weighs heavily on the imagination of hopeful dreamers everywhere.



I wonder if I will be gloriously rewarded for this sacrifice. I hope I will be gloriously rewarded for this sacrifice. I hope I will be gloriously rewarded for this sacrifice. I hope I will be gloriously rewarded for this sacrifice.

Some among us with long memories lament the seizure of The Mill. Since 1990 (and even earlier if one includes newsletters by Lamar names: "Synergetic Quindund" (?) The Mill has brought a fun lovin' and homogenous bunch of OSCA rascals all the self-congratulatory news fit to print. Naked crew in Fairkid. Pudding wrestling at Harkness! Co-op pranks out of control since the theft of Tank's beer bottles. Vegetarian is in this season! Consensus causes spontaneous orgasm at Oic B!

I confess that I naively had the kids of Paris and Strasbourg in mind, when I shadily took control of Publications Coordinator. Like P.C. (Theodore Kaczynski) I too dream that a different future can unfold from the clicking of a typewriter. Do you ever make the same mistake?

If you think you can speak to Oberlin students, push them, make them think about cooperation--as if it means something, as if we have something to learn from this democra--then apply to be next year's Publication Coordinator. Application forms are available outside of the OSCA office on the fourth floor of Wilder. Applications in zine format will likely impress me. May 4 11:59 is your deadline. Two other kids and I will interview you that week.



I FELT GOOD,  
I FELT THE ORGASM MY KNIFE,  
BETTER THAN LSD, THAN STP.

THEY WERE  
SOME OF THE BEST.

"Do your thing--and if it smooches on someone else's bang." "See, you can't make it up like your lover--you can't force it on him!" In the in-

If we select you, you will have near omnipotence. You can publish anything you want, anytime you want, in quantities as large as you can handle. I encourage all artists, all the enraged, all the disillusioned, all the passionate, all those who know they can do better to apply.

The question to ponder is: How will you turn protest into resistance? Resistance into change?

Political Spectrum  
How in Oberlin we seem to suffer under an odd mythology. Everywhere I look I see some one thinking regarding the "liberal" disposition of the student body. Our self directed applause wouldn't be so bad if the world actually could be divided into liberal and conservative thoughts--the way the sophists in the corporate media portray things. If there were only two possible opinions, liberal or conservative, then at least we might be able to claim one opinion truly was dominant. Instead, the liberal were simply deemed wistly waddy liberals or errant ideological. Diversity and its discontents challenges to deny comfort as either conservative or a psychological disorder as if radicals solely desire to be "more liberal than thou." Grow up! Liberals don't desire to be more liberal than anyone--certainly not more liberal than the Oberlin students hostile to challenges to their conservative world view.

It's sad that students are so intellectual that they mostly can't identify the difference between Democracy, Liberalism (new deal or neo), or any of the various left wing camps (liberal or social). There are liberal feminists, but not all feminists are liberal. There are liberal approaches to the "race problem," but desegregation politics are by now quite old fashioned. Oppositor is related to networks of power and won't be healed by color-blind integrationist creativity.



Oberlin is not a liberal campus. Sure, there are quite a few party Democrats. Many neo-liberals express skepticism about poorly articulated anti-capitalism. And quite a few apolitical, but well-meaning bleeding hearts express their sadness at environmental destruction, animal massacres, crumbling social services, and imperial war. OPIEG is certainly a powerful force on campus. Some committed and astute liberals even courageously critique sloppiness on our campus's left regarding issues of civil liberties, free speech, and distributive justice.



Oberlin's disgruntled center and right minorities are also guilty of misrepresenting the campus as a harmonious bloc of groupthink. But they again now acknowledge the differences among libertarians, objectivists, religious-conservatives, Republicans, militarists, and conservatives, who lay blame then for relying on the colloquial definition of liberal to characterize the massive opposition their various ideals seem to face on this campus.

This opposition, I admit, comes from campus activists. Yes. The politically active attention getters on this campus tend not to be liberal—unless BIAA petitions truly upset the setup. Rather those who vocally speak out against rape culture, the prison system, local and global institutional racism, war, imperialism, colonial-settler projects, capitalism, et cetera tend to have a more radical critique of society. And it needs to be quite sincere. I doubt very many self-identified feminists on this campus consider themselves in competition with other feminists to be the most feminist (i.e. the "most liberal"). More likely, they probably view their intellectual task to be one of figuring out how gender power operates and how to best power can be used or dismantled to liberate. I'd make similar claims about self-described anti-racists.

In fact, self-described "liberals" are probably the most likely to have an intellectual commitment to understanding the structures of power. In the place of a struggle for understanding, they substitute a struggle for political correctness. And if the position perceived as the most so comes to conflict with the liberal's interests and disposition, then shoulders get shrugged in disdain, flaming snags, and an overly best-be-crabby cat's in.

don't like this zine? write your own,  
if you send me art or articles I'll  
publish them!  
Salfg409@riseup.net