

Eastern Illinois University

## The Keep

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The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

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8-1989

## Volume 18, Number 2

Post Amerikan

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gay stuff / summer vacation / theatre / smoking

Bloomington-Normal

Vol. 18 No. 2 Aug-Sept 1989

# POST AMERICAN

*Simplicity* PRINTED Pattern **25c**



**The dress you can never part with**

STANDARD BODY MEASUREMENTS

Finished Bust Length from Base of Neck to Hem of Dress	34	36	38	40	42	44	46	48	50
Width Around Lower Edge of Dress	47	47½	48	48½	49	49½	50	50½	51
Waist	28¾	30½	32	33½	35	36½	38	39½	41
Hips	38¾	40½	42	43½	45	46½	48	49½	51

FABRIC REQUIRED — WITHOUT NAP OR ONE WAY DESIGN

NOTE: Fabric should not be pre-shrunk. If fabric is not pre-shrunk, allow for extra fabric. If fabric is pre-shrunk, require ½ yard less fabric.

SIZES: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50

STYLE 1 — WITH LONG SLEEVES

35" fabric	41½	41
41" fabric	47½	47
54" fabric	57½	57

INTERFACING — ¾ yard of 35" fabric

STYLE 2 — WITH SHORT SLEEVES

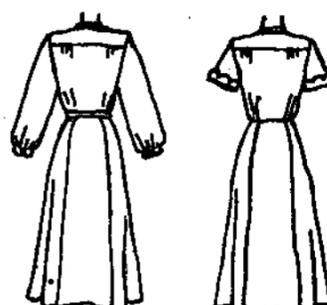
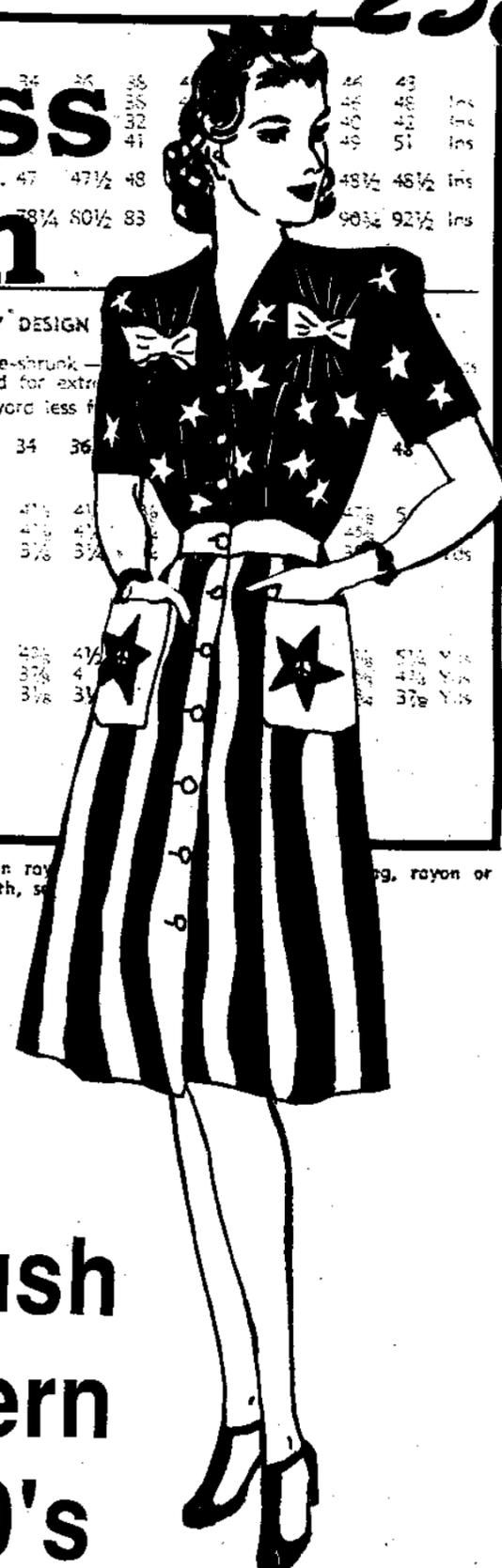
35" fabric	40½	41½
39" fabric	37½	4
50" fabric	37½	37

INTERFACING — ¾ yard of 35" fabric

STYLE 1 OR 2

INTERFACING FOR BELT — ¼ yard of 35" fabric

FABRIC SUGGESTIONS:—Silk, wool or rayon crepe, spun rayon flannel or gabardine, chambray, cotton broadcloth, seersucker, rayon or



**President Bush sets a pattern for the '90's**

BULK RATE  
U.S. POSTAGE PAID  
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BLOOMINGTON, IL 61702

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED  
POST AMERICAN  
POST OFFICE BOX 3452  
BLOOMINGTON, IL 61702

# Bloomington-Normal POST AMERIKAN



Pssst, wanna start somethin'? Pass this paper on to a friend.

## About us

The Post Amerikan is an independent community newspaper providing information and analysis that is screened out of or down played by establishment news sources. We are a non-profit, worker-run collective that exists as an alternative to the corporate media.

We put out six issues a year. Staff members take turns as "coordinator." All writing, typing, editing, graphics, photography, pasteup, and distribution are done on a volunteer basis. You are invited to volunteer your talents.

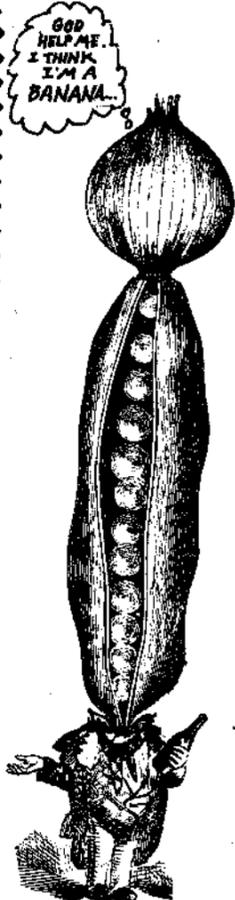
Most of our material and inspiration for material comes from the community. The Post Amerikan welcomes stories, graphics, photos, letters, and news tips from our readers. If you'd like to join us, call 828-7232 and leave a message on our answering machine. We will get back to you as soon as we can. Don't worry if it takes a while--we don't meet every week.

An alternative newspaper depends very directly on a community of concerned people for existence. We believe it is very important to keep a newspaper like this around. If you think so too, then please support us by telling your friends about the paper, donating money to the printing of the paper, and telling our advertisers you saw their ad in the Post Amerikan.

The next deadline for submitting Post material is Friday, 22 September. Material submitted after the deadline will probably not get printed.

## In this issue:

- 1 Cover
- 2 Page two stuff
- 3 Study up--Feminist Primer part 3
- 4 LVD's summer vacation
- 5 Bandwagon patriotism
- 6 Rental Health
- 7 A bunch of things--up 'n down; Identify yourself a sexist pig
- 8 What's happenin' around 'n about
- 9 Cispes; Minority publications
- 10-11 Gay stuff and a neat ad from Mclean County Health Dept.
- 12 Ollie North and Khomeni: stop making scents
- 13 Skeet scoops the poop on cigs
- 14 A night out with Tucker and Girly
- 15 ACLU's crime policy, and another neat ad from Mclean County Health Dept
- 16 They like us, they really do. Letters from the fans
- 17 Helm and Hippie on life
- 18-19 What the Balrog does when he has insomnia
- 20 The scoop on the Eddy Building



This paper is in your hands thanks to: Scott (coordinator), Angela, Sue, Pete, Anna Maria, Laurie, Bumper, Ralph, Richard, and probably others who we forgot to mention.

## Post sellers

### BLOOMINGTON

- Amtrak Station, 1200 W. Front
- The Back Porch, 402 N. Main
- Bakery Banc, 901 N. Main
- Bloomington Public Library (in front)
- Bus Depot, 533 N. East
- Common Ground, 516 N. Main
- Convenient Mart, Emerson and Main
- Front and Center Building
- Hit Shed, 606 N. Main
- Hungry House, 103 W. Jefferson
- Law and Justice Center, W. Front St. Lee St. (100 N.)
- Main and Miller Streets
- Medusa's Adult World, 420 N. Madison
- Mike's Market, 1013 N. Park
- Mr. Donut, 1310 N. Park
- Pantagraph (in front), 301 W. Washington
- The Park Store, Wood & Allin
- People's Drugs, Oakland & Morrissey
- Red Fox, 918 W. Market
- Susie's Cafe, 602 N. Main
- U.S. Post Office, 1511 E. Empire (at exit)
- U.S. Post Office, Center & Monroe
- Upper Cut, 409 N. Main
- Wash House, 609 N. Clinton
- Washing Well, E. Front St.

### NORMAL

- Avanti's, 407 S. Main
- Big Rudy's, 107 E. Beaufort
- ISU University Union, 2nd floor
- Hovey Hall, ISU (in front)
- Midstate Truck Plaza, U.S. 51 north
- Mother Murphy's, 111 North St.
- North & Broadway, southeast corner
- White Hen Pantry, 207 Broadway (in front)

## Moving?

When you move, be sure to send us your new address so your subscription gets to you. Your Post Amerikan will not be forwarded (it's like junk mail--no kidding!). Fill out this handy form with your new address and return it to us, P.O. Box 3452, Bloomington, IL 61702.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Street: \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

## Good numbers

- Alcoholics Anonymous.....828-5049
- American Civil Liberties Union.454-7223
- Bloomington Housing Authority..829-3360
- Childbirth And Parenting Information Exchange (CAPIE).....452-0310
- Clare House (Catholic Workers).828-4035
- Community for Social Action...452-4867
- Connection House.....829-5711
- Countering Domestic Violence...827-4005
- Dept. Children/Family Services.828-0022
- Draft Counseling.....452-5046
- Gay & Lesbian Resource Phoneline (11-4 M-R).....438-2429
- HELP transportation for senior citizens, handicapped).....828-8301
- Ill. Dept. of Public Aid.....827-4621
- Ill. Lawyer Referral.....800-252-8916
- Kaleidoscope.....828-7346
- McLean Co. Health Dept.....454-1161
- Mid Central Community Action..829-0691
- Mobile Meals.....828-8301

- McLean Co. Center for Human Services.....827-5351
- National Health Care Services-abortion assistance....1-800-322-1622
- Nuclear Freeze Coalition.....828-4195
- Occupational Development Center.....452-7324
- Operation Recycle.....829-0691
- Parents Anonymous.....827-4005
- PATH: Personal Assistance Telephone Help.....827-4005
- Or.....800-322-5015
- Phone Friends.....827-4008
- Planned Parenthood...medical..827-4014 bus/couns/educ...827-4368
- Post Amerikan.....828-7232
- Prairie State Legal Service...827-5021
- Prairie Alliance.....828-8249
- Project Oz.....827-0377
- Rape Crisis Center.....827-4005
- Sunnyside Neighborhood Center.827-5428
- TeleCare (senior citizens)....828-8301
- Unemployment comp/job service.827-6237
- United Farmworkers support....452-5046
- UPIC.....827-4026

## PRO-LIFE COMMITTEE

**UNWANTED BIRTHS**

*"Arrest them immediately. They're blocking the entrance to our office."*

# The Good Feminist Primer

## Lesson #3

### F is for Fat

"Fat" is not strictly a feminist issue. But it's the one epithet that paralyzes women more than any other. Why? because it hits us at the heart of our well-bred insecurity. As you know, many societies have fostered this particular insecurity in the female population for thousands of years, as a tool for our control. How can we act in our own best interest when we are made to feel terrible about ourselves? You've seen the insidious efficiency of this tool a million times: no matter how skinny you are, you are still painfully shackled to the belief that you're fat, or you're getting fat or you could get fat. Here is how the threat of being fat translates: No matter how smart, how capable, how strong or how creative you are, being "fat" undercuts each and every one of those qualities, because you do not meet the initial qualification for being female in our society --that is, to be "attractive."

In the eyes of society, being "fat" is worse than being simply "unattractive." If you are condemned to being "plain" by birth, you are not held responsible. (In fact, there is a much greater range of acceptability in a woman's visage than in her body. Big noses come and go in fashion, as do many other facial attributes.) But if you are what the status quo calls "fat," you are held personally responsible. And that translates like this: you're selfish because you seek the pleasure which food gives--and females are supposed to be martyrs, not hedonists! But most importantly, if you do not fulfill the expectation that you make yourself as attractive as possible, then you are not playing the game. They--that is, the men who perpetrate the game and the women who go along with it--don't like it when you don't play.

### F is for Feminine

feminine 1. pertaining to a woman or girl. 2. like a woman; weak; gentle. 3. effeminate, womanish. (*Random House College Dictionary*)

I have always had a problem with sissified women. Having grown up without sisters around a bunch of men, I'll admit I cultivated a certain disdain for "femininity." We could spend hours trying to establish what could legitimately be called "feminine" characteristics (weak, indeed!), but just for the sake of brevity, let's just talk about those attributes commonly associated with the female gender. The shiny side of the feminine coin reveals qualities like "nurturing," "emotional," "patient," "sensitive," "selfless," and "gentle." The dirty side of the coin is full of adjectives like "manipulative," "deceitful," "hysterical," "weak," "longsuffering," "meddling," "fickle" and "vain."

I used to think that to be a good feminist, I had to personally refute all those stereotypes associated with being female. I pretended that I didn't get menstrual cramps, so nobody could call me "weak." But wait--didn't that make me "longsuffering"? I couldn't accept simple compliments for fear that it would constitute "vanity." Oops, but that made me "selfless."

It finally occurred to me that those categories were pretty arbitrary. I also learned that nurture plays a greater role than nature when it comes to shaping our behavior as females; therefore, most gender behavior is acquired. Knowing this, I realized that a person could pick and choose from "feminine" and "masculine" qualities to form one superior personality--THE FANTABULOUS ANDROGYNE!!

But seriously, folks, psychologists have determined that people with "androgynous" personalities--those who have a pretty equal balance of "masculine" and "feminine" personality traits--are the most adaptable to life's everchanging situations, and, therefore, are happier.

Now that I accept that "feminine" behavior (in the right measure) is not a damnation, I no longer have to overhaul an engine in my lifetime to prove myself. And I've given up pretending that I don't get cramps.



### F is for Femme Fatale

The femme fatale is back in a big way. In our culture, the steamy, leggy siren in black high heels is everywhere, spreading like a dark stain through books, movies, television commercials, and popular songs. She's the manipulating bitch who wields her sex like a machete. The paradoxical woman who is both mistress of and slave to her own desire. The black widow, the praying mantis, the female who makes a midnight snack out of her lovers.

Sounds fun, doesn't it? What's dangerous about the concept of the femme fatale is that women are taken in by the glamour of the image without understanding the darker implications of the role. The femme fatale, who uses every trick in the book to get what she wants, reinforces the popular belief that women are by nature deceitful, manipulative and only good for one thing. It suggests that the best, easiest, quickest and perhaps only way to acquire power in a male-dominated society is to enshrine your sexuality in a purple satin box with a glittering bow, keeping the strings attached, and use it as leverage to get what you want.

The femme fatale may think she's the mistress of her own game, but the men are still making the rules. Her attitude ignores the fact that her power lasts only as long as the lover's desire (certainly a less than constant variable). Consequently, she must use more and more trickery to maintain her lover's interest, or else move quickly from one lover to the next.

The hierarchy of our society dictates that a woman who has power over men naturally has power over women. So the femme fatale is the enemy of women as well as the would-be predator of men. This does not strike me as being a very appealing situation to be in. And those high heels are a real bitch.

--LVD

### G is for Goddess

G is for Goddess, transformed by patriarchal ideology, under the name of Western religion, into the Virgin Mary. Barely recognizable in her new form, the Goddess is now the virgin-mother, virgin-whore, asexual, nonsexual, antisexual, or too sexual (dangerously sexual) avatar of masculinity's idea of the Ideal Woman.

This Goddess is a safe haven for masculinity's hyperdifferentiated Self, bounded on all sides against the encroaching Other which might erode the Self: the Angel on the Hearth, June Cleaver, Mother, Mommy-track executives, the Lady of the House, genderless child with the fashionable body of a fourteen-year-old boy. An object of desire that is kept in check by awe.

Or she is the Tooth Mother, the toothed vagina, lying in wait to castrate the vulnerable exposed Self of the masculine identity which has to confront and conquer (domesticate or rape) her to reproduce (validate) itself: temptress, femme fatale, vamp, succubus, Lady in Red, beach goddess, movie goddess, sex goddess. An object of fear that is overcome by desire.

Never mind the contradiction; that's part of a vision constructed out of insecurity.

In her older forms, the Goddess is the life-force, the mother of us all, the earth, Demeter/Ceres of the oak grove and corn field, Artemis/Diana of three forms (Selene, Moon Goddess in the sky; Artemis, Earth Goddess in the wood; Hecate, Goddess of Dark in the underworld), Cerridwen the Celtic Sow-goddess who as the Latins' Cardea protected children from witches or destroyed children in disguise as bird or beast.

Always of multiple nature but ever subject to the categorizing impulse of patriarchy, which cannot tolerate her in her fluctuating multiplicity, the Goddess is (re)named, embraced, reviled, exorcised, worshipped, reshaped (as Galatea by Pygmalion), pursued, and fled from. She is seduced by, protected by, burnt at the stake by, married by, divorced by, loved by, hated by men--so they say, as if she had no say in the matter.

She reappears as herb woman, midwife, witch, and madonna, fleetingly grounded in the specific life of each woman before she is re-categorized as universal Woman-in-opposition-to-man. She is the unrecognized, unmarked category, seen only in reflection in the mirror of masculinity. Confronted by contradictions, she today tries to be Superwoman, and she dissolves herself into not-woman. Or she chooses one version of the avatar and makes herself fit comfortably into the world of patriarchy. The Goddess is subversive, though, erupting into the named/categorized world, and is not finally nameable.

...

All saints revile her, and all sober men  
Ruled by the God Apollo's golden mean--  
In scorn of which I sailed to find her  
In distant regions likeliest to hold her  
Whom I desired above all things to know,  
Sister of the mirage and echo. . . .

Green sap of Spring in the young wood astir  
Will celebrate the Mountain Mother,  
And every song-bird shout awhile for her;  
But I am gifted, even in November  
Rawest of seasons, with so huge a sense  
Of her nakedly worn magnificence  
I forget cruelty and past betrayal,  
Careless of where the next bright bolt may fall.

Robert Graves, Dedication of "The White Goddess"

--S.

That old familiar racist refrain



# Song of the South



This summer I took a trip down South, destination New Orleans. I love New Orleans, even though it's crawling with tourists (to whom I admit only a passing resemblance). It's true that Bourbon Street is hardly more than a comic strip, but the city-at-large still retains enough of a funky edge to satisfy my xenophilia. You can see a lot of neat stuff in New Orleans. Growth and disintegration mingle in something like a perspiration that sticks to the wrought-iron railings of the city. It's a cosmopolitan city, and the blacks and whites seem to have struck an agreement of nervous mutual tolerance. People are friendly and polite (even the street people), and folks of all colors and sexual orientations seem to coexist in the Crescent City. But you have to cross a lot of foreign territory to get there.

We wanted to see country on the way down, and everybody knows the best way to do that is to drive the backroads. Now, why would a couple of liberal white yankees want to subject themselves to the culture shock of the rural deep South? I guess we just wanted to find out if the stories we'd heard were true. I'll be the first one to admit that I'm still carrying a chip on my shoulder when it comes to Southern whites. I try to keep an open mind, but all those documentaries I've seen have me trained like Pavlov's dog. So when the white man behind the counter at the gas station smiles and asks, "Y'all down he-yah on va-cayshun?" I hear "What ch'all doin' in these he-yah parts, niggah lovuh?"

Of course, racism is certainly not an exclusive franchise of the South. Heck, it's just about the cheapest, most prevalent, and beloved institution anywhere, running a close second to K-Mart in popularity. But down South, I was listening for the special brand of camaraderie which supposedly exists among Southern whites, that acknowledgement that whites are united in a blessed fellowship against people of other colors.

So I headed South with my ears pricked for any little comment, my eyes peeled for any gesture that smacked of white superiority. And I wasn't disappointed. Rather, I should say I was disappointed, because I would really like to believe the civil rights movement and the following decades have actually put a dent in racism. But that's just wishful thinking.



Beale St. Blues

My first entry in the book of bigotry came in Memphis. This city touts itself as the Birthplace of the Blues, seeing as how it was the birthplace of W.C. Handy, who is often called the Father of the Blues. And truly, Beale Street in Memphis was the location of dozens of chicken shacks, pawn shops, pool halls, and clubs that for years fostered the hard luck sounds of the evolving blues. Do I need to mention that Beale Street was in a black section of town?

A couple of years ago, some guy in a business suit (or more likely a jogging suit) realized that, based upon the wholesale cooptation of the blues by white folks, Beale Street was a potential gold mine in Tourist Revenues. It was badly rundown and full of black people, but these were minor drawbacks that could be corrected with a fat wallet and a cattle prod.

Today, where there were once storefront pawn shops populated by sweaty black folks, there are frozen yogurt shops and trendy restaurants where middle-class whites relax to the pasturized sounds of Elvis Presley while Furry Lewis, Ramblin' Thomas, W.C. Handy and Memphis Minnie spin quietly in their graves.

As we were leaving Beale Street, we said goodbye to the bronze statue of Elvis doing his best imitation of Caesar and headed south. The billboards and highway signs dropped away a little beyond Memphis and the true South of Scarlett O'Hara spread before us like a hoop skirt. You may not know what a beautiful place Mississippi is. Lush, but charmingly modest. We followed the river on down, and remarked at the uninterrupted beauty of the scenery. I couldn't describe this panorama without using the word "fertile"—a word which for my purposes usually has a negative connotation, but in the case of a fragrant landscape, it takes on the most laudable associations. You might lose yourself in private reverie driving through rural Mississippi if it weren't for The Evidence.



tarpaper facts

One-room tarpaper shacks and trailers prop themselves up in the broiling sun on the edges of the fields, while on down the shady lane is the big brick house where the landowner lives. I don't take the dwellings themselves too literally, but the gross distribution of wealth which they indicate can't be ignored. I hear my critics saying, "Why, you bleeding-hearted liberal! There are poor *white* people down South, too." Well, while it's true that you might have found an occasional white family living in the dirt on the edge of one of those fields, you can bet there wasn't a black family calling the shots from up the road in the Big House.

We stopped in Natchez for a couple of days. Natchez used to be the seat of the Great White Society in the antebellum days. There are literally hundreds of mansions and dozens of plantation homes, many of which are open for public tours. The tours are mostly conducted by ladies who belong to one of the three garden clubs in Natchez (which wield power in the little town like the Teamsters Union). These tours are usually delivered with all the insight and pizzazz of a child reciting the Pledge of Allegiance. "The decanter set is handcarved from France, the fireplace is imported Eytalian marble, the chairs are mahogany by Belter of New Orleans..., etc., etc."

The tour guide's presentation and audience response always seemed to exude a wistful air of "Wasn't it (\*sigh\*) grand?" No mention was ever made of slavery or the issues of the Civil War. The slaves and slave houses were referred to (as little as possible) as "the servants" and the "servants' quarters." Sometimes the tour guide would speak of the source of the family's fortune and mention some of their holdings. "The Langtrees owned 200,000 acres of farmland, 50,000 head of cattle, two textile factories, a foundry, three flour mills, and a bourbon distillery." The guide would, of course, never mention the *people* the family owned who were the foundation of the massive wealth.

In one of the homes, the guide provided us with this refreshing anecdote. "The MacFarlands had a very trusted manservant named Frederick who served the family for 37 years, even after the civil war. Frederick was so beloved by the family that they had a portrait painted of him, which was, of course, a great honor. You can see this portrait of Frederick in the gift shop on your way out, on the wall behind postcard racks."



color coordinated

At our bed and breakfast in Natchez, I was tutored in the doctrine of the White Station in Life by one of the brethren. This establishment was run by a very nice older couple who cooked us a hell of a southern breakfast every morning. On the first morning I stood up to gather my breakfast dishes and take them to the sink and my charming host chided me affectionately, "Why, Honey! You just sit right down! You can't do that!" "Why," he said with a wink, "you're the wrong *color* to be doing that!" I was shocked. What should I do? Should I make a stand and tell him I wouldn't spend another night under the same roof with a racist pig? My cultural training as a white female (Don't Cause a Scene) pre-empted my peer training as a white liberal. Guilt-ridden, I slunk down in my seat and felt like shit, thus acting out both my roles.

Further up the river in Greenville, we saw a billboard so horrific and hilarious that we had to turn around and take a second look. Imagine: It is dusk. Little lights go on one by one in the swollen countryside: Signs advertising fast food joints suggest we're coming to a town. Suddenly, at the city limits, we see a blaze of spotlights shining on one proud billboard which proclaims the motto of the (white) community in white letters on a flaming red background:

## MISSISSIPPI BURNING WITH LOVE FOR JESUS

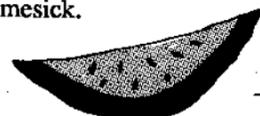
Sponsored by the  
Greenville Women's Aglow Fellowship

It was dark, and we weren't dressed for a necktie party or we would have taken a picture.

So do you think I'm reaching? Is this just a bunch of ambiguous stuff that I see as implicit expressions of racism when I look through my lefty-liberal glasses? Listen to this.

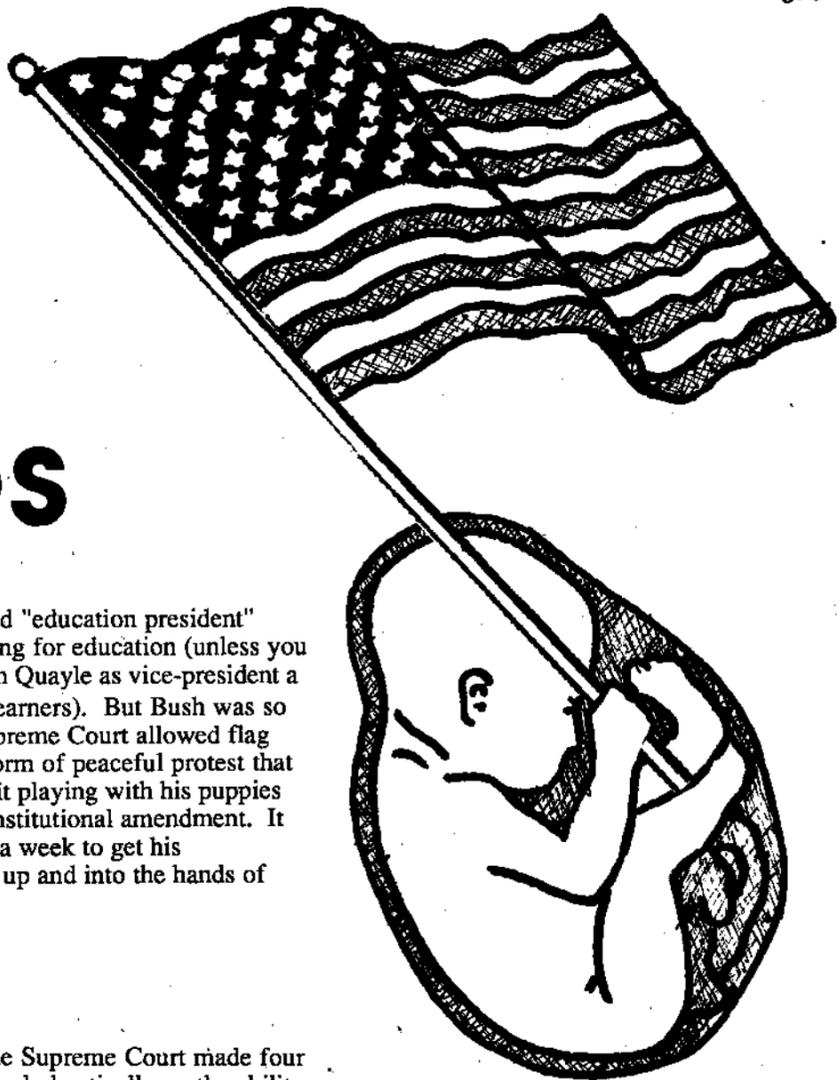
I encountered the grossest example of the White is Right mentality at a rest stop somewhere near Jacksonville. They have great rest stops in Mississippi. They look like little brick plantation homes with great doric columns out front. Clean too, but the graffiti leaves something to be desired: "Keep the South Beautiful. Kill the Niggers!"

The merely distasteful "Fuck Me, Suck Me, Eat Me Raw" never seemed so appealing. I was homesick.



---LVD

# God bless the flags and fetuses



"Religion," wrote Karl Marx, "is the sigh of the oppressed, the feelings of a heartless world . . . It is the opium of the people." I wonder how much consideration Marx gave to patriotism.

Opium is a sedative: it puts people to sleep, dulls their senses, deadens their reactions. It's also addictive. And George Bush has become the main connection for Amerika's patriotism junkies.

### George gets elected

You remember how he peddled that Pledge of Allegiance junk during the presidential campaign. A lot of folks got hooked, man. They forgot all about Iran-Contra, the CIA, and eight years of sucking on Reagan's coattails, and voted the Bush man right into the Big Crack House on Pennsylvania Avenue.

And the recent flag-burning flap has given the First Pusher a whole new supply of red-white-n-blue narcotics to deal. If enough jingo-junkies mainline Bush's flag smack, they won't be worrying about the \$530 million for a Stealth bomber, the \$50 billion savings and loan bailout, and the \$5 billion HUD scandal.

### George gets hot

Our country faces enormous social and political problems: homelessness is epidemic; infant mortality, especially among blacks and hispanics, is a national disgrace; the deficit grows bigger every day; problems of illiteracy are increasing; we're gradually slipping to the status of a Third World country. And what is the one thing that gets George Herbert Walker Bush hot? That's right--fire protection for Old Glory.

The self-proclaimed "education president" hasn't done one thing for education (unless you count selecting Dan Quayle as vice-president a triumph for slow learners). But Bush was so upset when the Supreme Court allowed flag incineration as a form of peaceful protest that he immediately quit playing with his puppies and proposed a constitutional amendment. It took him less than a week to get his amendment drawn up and into the hands of Congress.

### George gets lost

Of course, when the Supreme Court made four decisions that cut back drastically on the ability of women and minorities to file civil rights complaints, our Stealth President disappeared from the radar screen: no reactions, no proposed amendments, no patriotic rhetoric.

What happened to those "thousand points of light"? What about the "kinder, gentler nation" we were supposed to get? Well, if you're not poor or homeless or unemployed or illiterate or a victim of discrimination or involuntarily pregnant, life in the Bush era may not be so bad. (As soon as we kick those flag-burning commies in the butt, like they deserve.)

Let's face it, folks. Defending flags and fetuses is a whole lot easier than caring about the rights and the welfare of those who are already born. And a righteous fix of patriotic opium keeps a lot of people dull and happy--just like the vice president.

--Ferdydurke



## No comment

Then-Attorney General Edwin Meese III explained why the Supreme Court's Miranda decision (holding that suspects have a right to remain silent and have a lawyer present during questioning) is unnecessary: "You don't have many suspects who are innocent of a crime. That's contradictory. If a person is innocent of a crime, then he is not a suspect." ("U.S. News & World Report," 10/14/85)

See "ACLU" on page 12.



## Rape Crisis Center of McLean County

WE'RE A NON-PROFIT VOLUNTEER GROUP WHOSE MAIN PURPOSE IS TO OFFER ASSISTANCE AND SUPPORT TO VICTIMS OF SEXUAL ASSAULT AND THEIR FRIENDS AND FAMILIES.

FEMALE VOLUNTEERS ANSWER OUR CALLS, BUT BOTH MALE AND FEMALE VOLUNTEERS ARE AVAILABLE FOR CRISIS ASSISTANCE, INFORMATION AND SPEAKING ENGAGEMENTS.

If you want to talk to one of us

Call PATH 827-4005

and ask for the

## Rape Crisis Center

# Rental Hell

## Slumming ab-Normal

Imagine me, the disillusioned yuppie, fresh out of college (I disillusion easily). It took me six months of resumes and employment agencies to realize I wasn't getting a job offer because I had to tell lies from the beginning of a job interview to the end: "Yes, I've always wanted to sell light fixtures for a fine company such as yours."

I'm not a very good liar.

So I returned to college to study art. I arrived in Bloomington-Normal in mid-January and after a few frustrating days of living in my car I decided to look for an apartment. Student rentals seemed like the most logical idea. I decided to start with Young America Realty, being a young American myself. I met the lady realtor at the agency and we quickly got to work setting me up.

"One bedroom," I requested. "I want to live alone." Well, availability was pretty scarce and perhaps having roommates was "a little more practical," she suggested.

Cheaper, she meant.

"What the hell," was my response. "How bad could three randomly chosen roommates be?"

She gave me the keys to an apartment she knew I would like: brand new, microwave, breakfast bar, a dream come true. Plus, it was especially priced to fill up for the spring.

I drove over to Mulberry Street to discover that the apartment building was indeed brand new. Plenty big as well. "Maybe I should take a look at a few apartments," I thought to myself, but better sense was quickly forgotten. I drove back to the realtor and told her I'd take it. "How bad could my three, unknown, younger roommates be?" I said again.

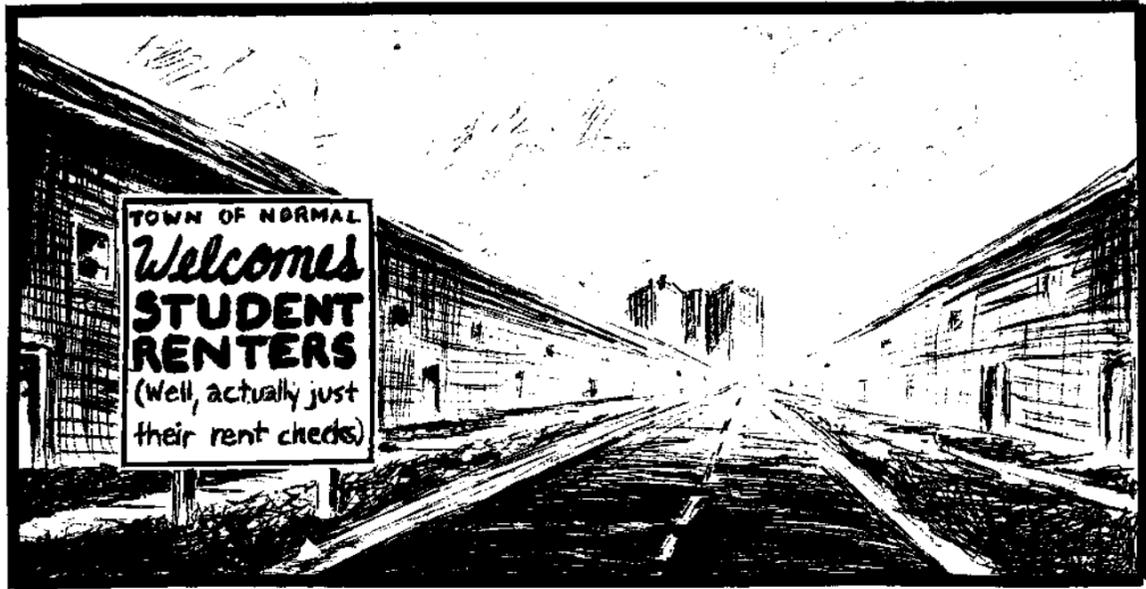
### Shacking up

Things started off well enough. Chuck and Mike were friends, transfers from their suburban community college. Chad was from down-state, also a college transfer. It took us about three weeks before we realized we all hated each other.

Chad was a pathological liar, or at least a pretty proficient fib-teller, talking himself on to the champion high school wrestling squad and the America's Cup team. Chuck and Mike participated in a couple of extra-curricular activities including girl friend swapping and breaking car windows in order to commit felony theft. After Spring Break, our apartment was officially recognized as a war zone.

I can now fondly reminisce about the first weekend after Spring Break. Returning to the apartment early Sunday morning, I discovered a large stack of new compact discs on our breakfast bar. (None of us owned a CD player). Also, scrawled across the counter were explicit pencil drawings of Chad and his girlfriend trying out an assortment of sports equipment.

When Chuck and Mike finally arose, they discussed how eager they were for Chad and his family to return later in the day so they could enjoy the artwork. I believe Mike was the most excited, hoping that he would have an excuse to "punch Chad's Mom in the mouth"



### Sleeping Around

Well, after four months in the apartment from hell and doing anything I could to sleep elsewhere, summer arrived and I went on another apartment search, this time with my friend John.

The apartment we decided to take was another Young America palace, but at \$200 for the whole summer, who could complain?

Although this apartment building was older than my last, the designer furnishings were remarkably similar. Mainly constructed of 2 x 4's, the design seemed to be the preferred decorative motif of almost all student apartments in Normal. I also became a connoisseur of fine, polyester shag carpeting, especially in delicate earth shades ranging from brown through to green brown and orange brown.

All in all, the apartment was worth the rent but unfortunately, as Fall rolled around, I had to give it up so that I could spend a semester away from Illinois State. But I would be back.

### New Approach

In mid-January I returned, astounded at the assortment of affordable, well kept apartments. Diversified Rentals guaranteed me a great, compatible roommate. (I decided I had better reduce my odds to one roommate, whatever the cost). As I entered the recommended apartment, I was overwhelmed with the odor of beer and gasoline. The latter came from my potentially new and "compatible" roommate's motorcycle, parked conveniently between the 2 x 4 couch and 2 x 4 coffee table.

Not relishing the prospect of living with an unpaying mechanical roommate, I decided to go with Young America's recommendation of a "townhouse" for \$1200 for the semester. \$300 a month!!! I can't believe I paid fucking \$300 a month to share a shitty apartment with someone else. The townhouse had sliding glass doors and nice thermal pane windows, all of which unfortunately had their thermal seals broken, leaving a nice, uncleanable steam and dirt pattern that made it difficult to identify even the closest of friends through the glass. The rubber-backed curtains had all been through someone's clothes dryer on "High" and rehung in an unrecognizable form. And of course we had the largest variety of shag that I had ever seen in one place: brown, beige, orange, gold, tan and green with yellow flecks.

### Tampon Havoc

The real highlight of that semester was when all of the toilets in the complex overflowed simultaneously. Fortunately, Young America steam cleaned all of our carpet so it looked just like new, still hideously colored and still polyester shag but at least we could walk barefoot without fear of catching something.

When summer rolled around, I was determined to find the apartment just for me, taking advantage of cheap summer leases, of course. I actually put two whole days aside to look for a place. The first day, Redbird Rentals showed me a lovely place they had in a basement. Apparently, someone had neglected to clean it up after the last 48 parties. Tinervin Rentals could do no better. The place they showed me looked laughably similar to the basement Redbird showed me. They must have the same architect and design staff.

Finally I found the nicest student apartment yet with Diversified. The whole place had brand new plush (!) carpeting. When I moved in, the place was reasonably clean, except for traces of cat litter and a dead plant. When it got humid, the new carpet smelled vaguely of cat piss, but other than that I was satisfied, finally living by myself.

### Great Expectations

Problems only arose when I paid the final installment on my lease. The nice landlady was happy to accept my check, hoping I was happy with the new apartment and the new carpet.

"Quite happy," I replied

"So happy that you may want to show me your appreciation?"

"Pardon me?"

"How about a little kiss for your receipt?"

Was she serious? Did I really need a receipt? It's a good thing I didn't need new carpet. God knows what she would have expected from me.

"Well, I don't know..." I stalled. Her husband was out of the office and she seemed rather adamant,

Luckily she sensed my hesitancy. She casually blurted something like "It probably wouldn't work out," or something to that effect. Quite frankly I was a little anxious to get my receipt and leave.

### Moving On

As the summer went on, I came to the conclusion that maybe I was getting a little too old and a little too wise to continue renting from student realty. I haven't even mentioned the all night beer and violence parties that I always seemed to live next to or my appreciation of the prefabricated army barracks architectural aesthetic propagated by the town of Normal and greedy developers. The student rentals available in Normal are over-priced, under-managed and basically, for the most part, slum-like. But ISU students have to be partially to blame for tolerating such conditions as it does take some effort to find decent rentals. I, myself, was prepared to forego the microwaves, breakfast bars, and "convenient" locations, and found a decent house in Bloomington with intelligent landlords and like-minded roommates.

--Peter Doubt



# Community News



## Pro-birthers support illiteracy

Ah, summer in Normal-Bloomington: visits from Klan bigwigs, bomb threats at libraries . . . Yes, that's right--a bomb threat at the Bloomington Public Library. The library was evacuated Wednesday, July 26th at 7 p.m. after a bomb threat in which the person mentioned the pro-choice meeting that was to be held that evening in the library's community room. Like the Planned Parenthood Federation of America's ad says: "Human life is sacred and to prove it, they'll risk yours."

The violence of the "pro-life"--or should I say pro-birth--movement has escalated over the past three years with an estimated "fourteen bombings and arson attacks, fifteen attempted bombings and burnings, and 294 other assaults, invasions, break-ins, bomb threats and death threats." They continue to harrass and attempt to prevent women's access to abortion clinics. Despite the terrorist tactics of these extremists, there has been a dramatic increase of activity among pro-choice supporters since the Supreme Court's decision in the Webster case. In Bloomington-Normal, a grassroots organization devoted to ensuring a woman's right to a safe and legal abortion in Illinois has been formed. It was the McLean County Voters for Choice who were supposed to meet in the Bloomington Public Library the evening of the bomb threat. Despite efforts to thwart the group, a successful meeting was held in another location with approximately 30 people in attendance.

The group will continue to publicize the location of their meetings. The next meeting will be held August 9th at 7:30 p.m. The location has not yet been decided. Anyone interested in participating can write to:

McLean County Voters for Choice  
P.O. Box 905, Bloomington, IL 61702

Watch local newspapers for the location of the next meeting (and bomb threat?).

--Isis

## art nūz

University Galleries of Illinois State University announces the opening of the exhibition "Our Corner of the World: Seventeen Illinois Artists" August 15. The show, which features more than 50 works by artists from around the state, will be on view at University Galleries I through September 30.



Today is the best time to prepare for the next school year, even though the summer vacation isn't over yet. Parents are advised to obtain required child immunizations early in the summer, in order to avoid the last-minute rush before school begins.

State law requires that children attending an Illinois school must be immunized against diphtheria, tetanus, pertussis, polio, mumps, measles, and rubella.

## Required child immunizations--it's time



The McLean County Health Department offers immunizations to McLean County residents school age and younger. Immunizations are available Monday through Friday from 8:30 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. and 1:00 p.m. to 3:30 p.m., as well as on the third Tuesday of the month from 4:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. Appointments are not necessary.

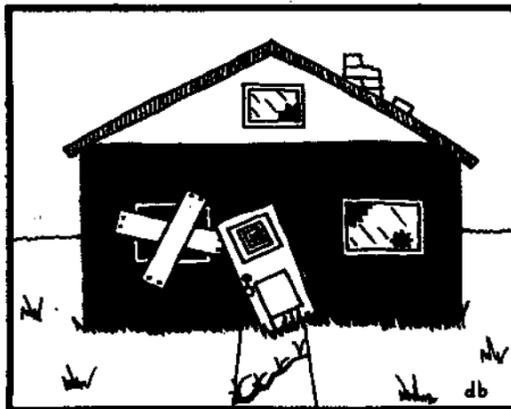
Parents or guardians must accompany their children and are encouraged to bring previous immunization records. There is a minimal fee charged based on a sliding scale.

To obtain information regarding immunizations, please contact your physician or the McLean County Health Department at 888-5450.

## POST WANTS GRIPEs

Got a legitimate gripe with a landlord, past or present? Send it to the Post Amerikan for our expose on slumlords in Bloomington-Normal. Just jot the story down and send it us by September 15.

Post Amerikan  
P.O. Box 3452  
Bloomington, IL 61702



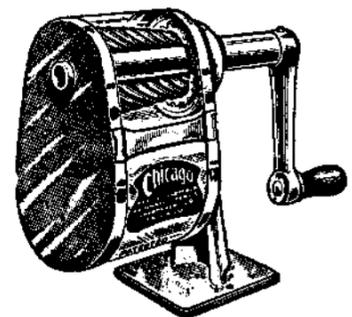
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## Up Front Gallery



Cooperative Gallery now reviewing slides for membership, and for rental of gallery space to guest for shows and other art-oriented purposes. Send slides/proposal, resume, SASE and inquiries to:

Up Front Gallery  
PO Box 4036  
Bloomington, IL 61701  
(309) 827-3457



# Publication helps address racism on campus

Racial incidents are on the rise on the nation's campuses, but a new book, "How to Sponsor a Minority Cultural Retreat," offers a unique approach to getting White and Minority students talking to each other.

Ethnic courses and anti-racist policies are traditional strategies used by campus administrators to broaden student awareness, but according to author Dr. Charles Taylor, "these approaches, while needed, usually end up talking at students or dictating behavior from the top down with limited student input."

"What's missing," says Taylor, "is personal interaction." A Minority cultural retreat provides this personal contact by creating an environment for Minority and White students to communicate about cultural and racial issues in a secluded setting that is free of major distractions. Students are able to discuss, debate, and contribute in ways that may help them discover, share, and broaden their awareness of themselves and understand the importance of opposing racism.

Through structured activities, speakers, and small discussion groups, students focus on objectives which challenge their beliefs and allow them to actually experience Minority culture. Comments like "I had no idea . . ." are common during the retreat. Even "free time" serves an important purpose because participants are required to spend half of it with someone of a different race.

When students return to campus, they usually end up more energized and willing to work against racism throughout the year. That's why many people hail the Minority cultural retreat as the human relations activity for the '90s.

This new updated publication, "How to Sponsor a Minority Cultural Retreat," allows campuses to duplicate a successful retreat. The book features an actual agenda, human relation activities that get people communicating, and a resources chapter that includes films, videos, ethnic food, cultural tests—nearly everything needed to plan your retreat.

Campuses who are interested in improving race relations or in getting students to broaden their perspectives will benefit from "How to Sponsor a Minority Cultural Retreat." It sells for \$24.95 plus \$3.50 shipping and is available from Praxis Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 9869, Madison, WI 53715 (608) 244-5633.

# Minority student services handbook available

Ten college administrators of successful Minority student programs were selected to co-author the "Handbook of Minority Student Services." Their final product is considered by many to be the "Bible" in the field. The handbook (nearly 300 pages) covers the gamut of the profession, including information on establishing special programs, innovative counseling techniques, fact sheets on Minority holidays, financial aid sources, and related topics.

The handbook was written for newly appointed administrators entering Minority student affairs for the first time as well as for the seasoned manager looking for new program ideas.

If you need help in establishing a peer counseling program or want to know what role Minority centers should play on predominantly white campuses, then the "Handbook of Minority Student Services" may be just what you're looking for.

The book helps with retaining Minority students by offering innovative ways of getting students to participate in campus activities. The authors bring a wealth of experience to their writing while providing useful tips for successfully working with culturally different students. They also provide insight into what professionals do, how to provide effective services, and how to negotiate the political environment of the campus.

While offering practical advice on a variety of topics, the "Handbook of Minority Student Services" also includes Minority entertainment sources, cross-cultural activities, survey instruments to gauge student opinion, and information on conducting a Minority student leadership workshop.

The "Handbook of Minority Student Services" is available from Praxis Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 9869, Madison, WI 53715 (608) 244-5633 for \$49.95 plus \$3.50 for shipping.

## U. S. Aid Kills Salvadorans For \$2.15 you can help save lives

Ten years of war in El Salvador have left 70,000 Salvadorans dead and cost U. S. tax payers \$3.5 billion. The U. S. designed elections, held last March, succeeded only in electing the presidential candidate of the death squad party, ARENA. The election is certain to deepen the crisis and intensify the level of repression against both members of the popular resistance groups and the FMLN.

And yet all reports from foreign delegations sent to El Salvador indicate that the people of El Salvador have never been closer to realizing victory over the brutal oligarchy of landowners and militarists that have oppressed them—with American aid—for generations. But that victory is certain to come at a great cost. It is the purpose of CISPES (the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador) to try to minimize that cost.

What we are encouraging you to do is commit \$2.15 per month (with Mastercharge or Visa #) or \$4.00 (with direct billing) to the CISPES Rapid Response Network. It works this way: each month CISPES receives many reports from El Salvador of kidnappings, murders, tortures and other forms of terrorism committed by the so-called "death squads" (in reality, the armed forces of El Salvador) against members of the resistance. Responses are drafted to those incidents and disseminated to the Rapid Response Network. Coordinators in the Network then dispatch telexes to the American ambassador in El Salvador or the appropriate Salvadoran official protesting the action and demanding redress.

This sort of international attention saves lives.

If you join, you will receive frequent newsletters from Bloomington-Normal Coalition on Central America. If you have any questions about the Rapid Response Network, please contact Bloomington/Normal coordinator, Curtis White, at 664-0157.

### Yes, I want to join CISPES Rapid Response Network

I authorize CISPES to send one telex per month in my name for the amount of time indicated below, in response to human rights emergencies affecting El Salvador. I understand I will receive a copy of the message sent and will be billed either through my credit card or directly by the telex company.

Please print clearly:

\_\_\_ 12 months \_\_\_ 6 months

Name \_\_\_\_\_

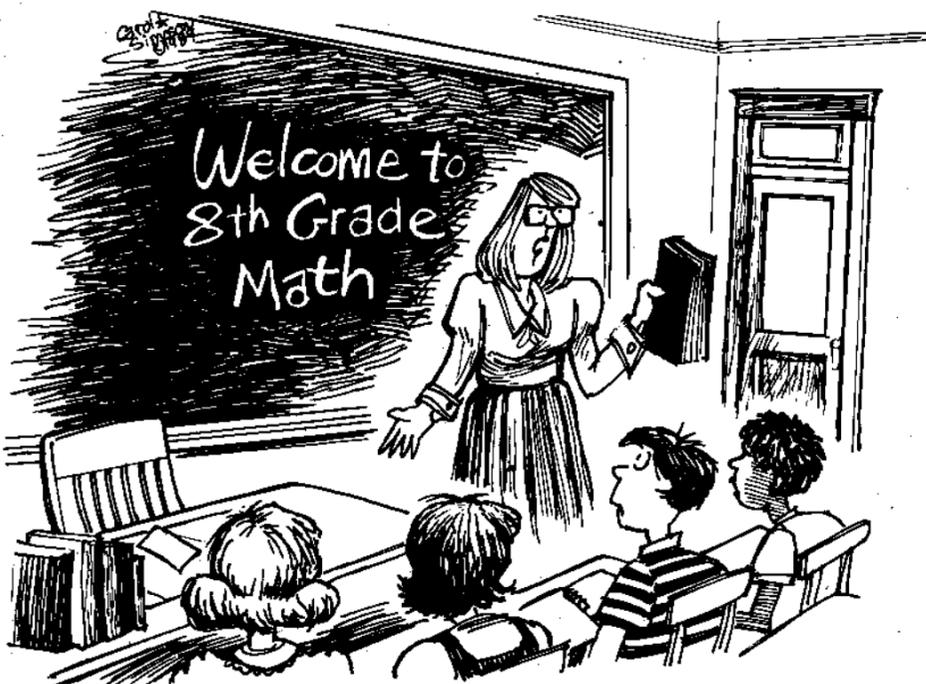
Address \_\_\_\_\_

Phone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

Master Charge # \_\_\_\_\_

Visa # \_\_\_\_\_

Send to Curtis White Dept. of English Illinois State University Normal IL 61761



"Our first lesson will be IMAGINARY NUMBERS. How do you divide one textbook among 50 students?"

# Celebrating 20 years of pride



With 1989 being the 20th anniversary of the Stonewall riots (regarded by many as the beginning of Gay Liberation), I made special point to attend Chicago's Gay Pride Parade and rally which was held on the customary last Sunday of June. I had been to only one other march, and as a participant in the parade I felt as though I had missed much of it. This time I looked forward to being a mere spectator. But no. This year was to be no different because my friend Bill is a volunteer with Horizons Community Services and had his day pretty much planned out for him. I was included in these plans as well. Horizons is a strong service organization dealing with gay and lesbian youth as well as AIDS-related assistance, support and education.

After I arrived at Bill's on Sunday morning, we went to a brunch for the Horizons volunteers that would be selling Pride Kits that day, and I saw just how strong their numbers were as well as their spirit and dedication. All sorts of food had been donated by local restaurants and caterers, and people took turns by the small air conditioner as they filed by the buffet line. Nothing glamorous, but the food was very tasty.

Everybody who was selling Pride Kits was issued a Horizons T-shirt and a bag of Pride Kits which consisted of a Pride Flag, an anti-violence whistle, a map of the parade route, and discount coupons to that night's dance and concert featuring The Weather Girls at The Vic. And a lot of pride that you were supporting a very worthwhile organization, all for only \$4.

Our assigned area was at the end of the parade route, so we met a lot of people going in to the parade. Bill and I donned sunscreen and took turns standing against the building against the shade. This was really the thing to be doing, I thought, since I had the perfect excuse to look people directly in the eyes to solicit their donation. The people-watching was the best I'd experienced in months.

"Pride Kits! Flags, whistles, discount coupons to see The Weather Girls! Show your pride! Support Horizons Community Services!" It was a while before anybody took us up on our plea for donations, and our first customers were womyn.

We had to wrap it up early to walk the entire parade route to join the others at Horizons' float, having unloaded about a dozen or so Pride Kits in an hour. Enough, I thought, to have earned our spot at the morning's brunch. Along the way I stopped at a small card shop and purchased a white helium balloon. We got to the official start of the parade just as Mayor Daley was rounding the corner in a turquoise Thunderbird. We had yet to find the float, and finally we found it down the way, and got on.

Soon we got to the same corner where we had seen the mayor, and I released the single white balloon in memory of my friend who had finished his long struggle with AIDS earlier that week. I turned and watched the balloon rise higher toward the towering buildings and the crowd noise seemed distant. My friend would've enjoyed this simple tribute, I thought, and I wished that he had been able to share this excitement with me.

The crowd grew thicker and thicker as we progressed southward, and some people were pressed dangerously close to the float. The volunteers on the float were chanting and blowing their whistles and dancing to The Weather Girls music blaring from the small stereo. People cheered as we went by, and I called out to several down-staters that I recognized. I wanted to get off and talk with them, but Bill had the microphone now, leading the entire float in a sort of cheer, and I knew if we got separated, I'd never find him at the rally.

We reached the end of the parade route and literally tore the decorations off the float, leaving the flatbed wagon as plain as Cinderella at midnight, and the driver left us to carry the sound system to a waiting car near the rally. Once there, we joined hundreds of others who were gathering for the big event. After the rally was underway, all the necessary acknowledgments were made, and Jon Simmons, Chicago's Coordinator of Gay and Lesbian Issues, gave one of the best speeches that I've heard at a rally in years. There was a lot to be celebrated, he

McLean County Health Department

## AIDS PROGRAM

The McLean County Health Department provides a wide range of educational and supportive services related to HIV, the virus responsible for the development of AIDS.

### Available services include:

- ✓ Information
- ✓ Anonymous and confidential HIV antibody counseling/testing
- ✓ Case management and home nursing services for individuals with HIV infection
- ✓ Referral/advocacy
- ✓ Consultation
- ✓ Assistance with policy development
- ✓ Group educational programs

For more information or services, contact:



Health Department  
905 N. Main Street  
Normal, IL 61761  
(309) 888-5435

said, but there was still a lot of work to be done, and it's up to us to do it. There was a reverent moment of silence to remember those who were lost to AIDS, after which a huge chain of purple balloons was released into the sky as the crowd cheered.

Some other speakers were at the dais as I saw other people I knew and decided to chat with them. Someone brought a huge placard with a garish rendering of Penny Pullen as her name was mentioned, and after noting the fine handiwork of the artist, the placard was ripped to shreds and tossed in the air as the crowd roared its approval. By this time Bill and I were quite hungry and tired, and we decided to go back to his apartment and give it a rest before going to see The Weather Girls that evening.

To those who have never experienced such revelry as a Gay Pride Parade, I hope this stimulated you to go to next year's and see for yourself what fun can be had on one afternoon and evening in New Town. And don't forget to get your Pride Kit!

-- T. Tucker

During his five-year tenure with the Orange County Sheriff's Office, Woodard had been promoted three times and had received consistently high recommendations and evaluations by his supervisors and co-workers.

In October 1988, Woodard was appointed Deputy Sheriff by Gallagher. Six months later, despite Woodard's continued exemplary service and professional conduct, the Sheriff's office began to probe Woodard's private life, including his off-duty sexual activity. The investigation was based on an allegation that Woodard, over a year and a half before, and while off-duty, had engaged in a sexual relationship with a consenting adult male in the privacy of Woodard's own home. At no time was any allegation made that bore on Woodard's performance of his job as deputy sheriff.



Lambda staff Attorney Sandra J. Lowe represents Woodard together with William Shaeffer of Orlando, Florida. Lowe noted that Sheriff Gallagher used the power of his publicly-elected office to conduct an unjustified intrusion into Woodard's private sexual life without any connection to Woodard's performance on the job or conduct in the community.

The investigation, and the termination that followed, served only to promote Gallagher's own personal bias against gay men and bisexuals, and deprived the citizens of Orange County of an outstanding public servant and law enforcement officer.

"This complaint has far-reaching potential beyond this case," said Lowe, "because it says that the right to privacy and simple fairness--which a majority of Floridians voted for and all are entitled to--prevent a governmental official from snooping into the private life of a highly-qualified and dedicated employee, solely because of his sexual orientation."

Lowe continues, "It says that no one should be fired simply because of the prejudices and hostilities of his or her boss. Article 1, Section 23 of the Florida State Constitution provides that a person has a fundamental right to be let alone, to be free from governmental intrusions into one's private life, and to autonomy in making important personal decisions."

As part of the investigation, an investigator called Woodard in after he had worked a full night shift, and subjected him to a demeaning inquiry regarding intimate details of his life history. In response to this interrogation, Woodard stated that he is bisexual.

Based on this, Woodard has labeled a "homosexual" and was told he must resign or be terminated. Under duress, Woodard agreed to resign, but only after being assured that such resignation would insure the confidentiality of the investigation. Despite this representation, the private details of Woodard's sex life and termination were made available to the local press, and were widely publicized. As a result, Woodard has been unable to find other work in law enforcement.

Woodard is suing Sheriff Gallagher for violations of his right to privacy, due process, freedom of expression and association, and equal protection of the laws. Woodard also charges the Sheriff with fraudulent and negligent misrepresentation regarding the confidentiality of the investigation. The suit asks for damages, including reinstatement to his prior position with the Sheriff's Office, and restoration of all back pay and seniority. The suit has been brought in the Orange County Circuit Court of the Ninth Judicial Circuit.

Lambda's Legal Director Paula L. Ettlbrick stated, "For too long gays and lesbians, and those perceived as gays and lesbians, have been at the mercy of their employer's moral vision--however myopic that vision may be. The Woodard case is a striking example of an employer--in this case, a governmental institution--which spitefully ignored and willfully violated the privacy rights guaranteed under a State Constitution."

# Lambda news

## Lambda files suit against Florida sheriff

On July 26, 1989, Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund announced a lawsuit against Walter J. Gallagher, Sheriff of Orange County, Florida, for violating Deputy Sheriff Thomas Woodard's constitutional rights, including his right to privacy under the Florida State Constitution. Sheriff Gallagher forced Woodard to resign after mounting an unconstitutional investigation into Woodard's off-duty private sexual activity.

## IGLTF creates (more) history

In a bold move to increase statewide empowerment, the members of the Illinois Gay and Lesbian Task Force (IGLTF) have elected Bill Helton of Springfield as Male Co-Chair of the state's oldest and largest gay/lesbian civil rights advocacy organization. "The members have clearly demonstrated IGLTF's commitment to statewide empowerment," observed re-elected Female Co-Chair Joanne Trapani. "We are looking forward to a great year."

It is the first time that an Illinois lesbian/gay institution has selected someone from outside the Chicago region for a major leadership position. Helton replaces Grant Thornley, who did not seek re-election. The members also elected a new Board of Directors which includes two additional members each from Springfield and the Chicago suburbs, and one representing southern Illinois.

The elections were held as part of IGLTF's Annual Membership Meeting, held Saturday, June 24 in Chicago. The election of the Board of Directors is the primary purpose of the Annual Meeting, and IGLTF members elected nine new, and re-elected ten incumbent, Board Members.

Newly elected Board Members are Susana Darwin, Genny Allegra Goodrum, Steven Grunst, Dick Peirce, Carole Powell, John Spears, Jim Stolz, Mike Stratton, and W. A. Verrick. Re-elected members are Al Wardell, Joanne Trapani, Grant Thornley, Arthur Schenck, Carol Ann Kyrias, Vernon Huls, Bill Helton, Tim Drake, Gregory Doxy, and Sarah Craig.

In addition to Helton, Spears and Stratton represent the Central Illinois Chapter of IGLTF, along with the Board member elected by the Chapter, Danny Turner-Jones. Darwin and Grunst are from the Chicago suburbs, and Stolz is from Carbondale in southern Illinois.

Also re-elected was Arthur Schenck as Secretary. Newly elected officers are Vernon Huls as Treasurer, Tim Drake as Male Director at Large, and Carole Powell as Female Director at Large. Together with Helton, the six officers form the Executive Committee, which is in charge of day-to-day operations of IGLTF. The Board of Directors meets every 2 to 4 months.

Founded in 1974, the IGLTF lobbies the state legislature, Congress, and towns throughout Illinois for legislation protecting the rights of Lesbian and Gay people, as well as for sane AIDS policies. IGLTF has a paid lobbyist in Springfield, and a chapter serving nine central Illinois counties. IGLTF may be reached by writing to 615 W. Wellington, Chicago, IL 60657, or by phoning (312) 975-0707.

CLUB  
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DISCO

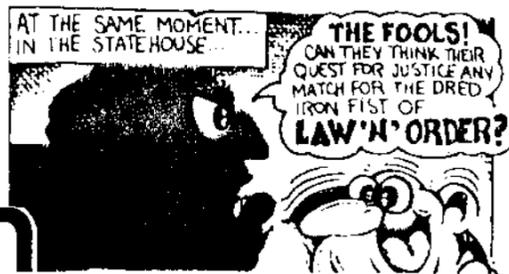
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PEORIA, IL  
676-9030

FINEST GAY ENTERTAINMENT  
IN CENTRAL ILLINOIS

OPEN NIGHTLY 'TIL 4 A.M.

PRESENT THIS AD AT THE BAR  
FOR A DRINK. LIMIT ONE PER  
CUSTOMER PER NIGHT

# Let's get real on crime: A CLU position



## The Bush admin. and crime policy

The ACLU is often accused of being "soft" on crime. This slur suggests that we favor practices that prevent law enforcement officials from doing an effective job, and that result in criminals going unpunished.

What does it mean to be "tough" on crime? Our critics often call for two things: longer prison sentences and an end to constitutional rights that are said to "shackle" the police. If only we would remove constitutional restraints, impose longer sentences, prohibit early release, and build more prisons, the argument goes, crime would be substantially reduced. These notions constitute the bulk of our current crime-control policies; they were the basis of the crime package President Bush sent to Congress in May. Anyone who opposes such approaches is said to be "soft" on crime.

The ACLU certainly does oppose policies that would abridge the constitutional rights of the accused. But we also know that those "tough" policies do not work. They have little impact on crime and, instead, make it more likely that innocent people's rights will be violated.

## 'Tough' policies are not effective, says ABA

We found solid support for this conclusion in a recent report by the American Bar Association (ABA). The ABA inquiry, chaired by Watergate Special Prosecutor Sam Dash, focused on crimes that alarm people the most: violent offenses, property crime, and drug offenses. Let me share with you some of the ABA's conclusions.

1. Constitutional rights are not an impediment to effective law enforcement. Rules that exclude illegally seized evidence from being used at trials, or that require arresting officers to inform suspects of their rights, do not significantly handicap police and prosecutors.
2. The major problem with the criminal justice system is lack of resources. Effective law enforcement is limited not by constitutional rights or lenient judges but by insufficient funds.

## An Alternate Community Service List Proposed for Lt. Colonel North

By David X Lee

Listed below are things I think Oliver North could do instead of some worthless anti-drug speeches. Some even take less time.

1. Ollie spends ten years in Nicaragua making artificial limbs for children injured by the Contras.
2. Ollie stands guard in front of abortion clinics to prevent fire-bombing and kidnapping of employees.
3. Ollie goes to Alaska and helps clean the oil from beaches. This is both good for him and good for the country.
4. Ollie is forced to read leftist publications instead of actual sweat-producing work.

3. This lack of resources is made worse by the use of law enforcement as our primary weapon against the drug problem. Attacking the drug problem mainly through law enforcement has distorted and overwhelmed the criminal justice system, eaten up most of the system's resources, encouraged corruption, and diluted efforts to deal with other serious crimes. Moreover, this approach has failed to reduce the importation, sale, and use of illegal drugs. New strategies must be developed.

4. Even if sufficiently funded, law enforcement cannot have more than a tiny impact on crime rates, nor can it protect more than a fraction of crime victims. Out of approximately 34 million serious crimes committed in 1986 against people or property, 31 million never even led to arrest, and only a few hundred thousand resulted in felony convictions and imprisonment. Criminals are not getting caught and then being turned loose by lenient judges and clever defense lawyers. They are not being caught in the first place. The emphasis on imprisonment as the major means of controlling crime is terribly misplaced.

5. Most street crime is committed by young people. Social programs that intervene early in the lives of children—child and family services and early education programs for example—could have a significant impact on the incidence of crime.

## ACLU suggests alternative policies

What policy conclusions should be drawn from this survey?

First, stop scapegoating the Constitution. Respect for the rights of people accused of crimes is not the problem. All politicians who suggest otherwise are diverting attention from the real problems.

Second, stop promoting harsher prison sentences as the cure for crime. The punishment should certainly fit the crime, but if the risk of getting caught is so low, higher penalties are not likely to deter criminals. In New York City in 1986, for example, a single robbery resulted in arrest an estimated five out of a hundred times. The 14- to 18-year-olds who commit most robberies feel the odds are in their favor, no matter what the penalty is. Developing strategies to increase their sense of risk would make more sense than issuing press releases that call for longer sentences for criminals we don't catch.

5. Ollie, being generally certified as a hero, patrols the New York subways to prevent crime.
6. Ollie goes *mano mano* with Abul Nidal, the alleged terrorist. Winner gets amazing amounts of press coverage.
7. Ollie gets no fine, but has to spend 15 years in the federal pen. This is roughly what a small-time marijuana smoker might get. Surely the penalty for invidiously helping Reagan overthrow the Constitution should be equal to the sentences of lesser crimes.
8. Ollie gets a cigarette and a brick wall to stand proudly against. We shoot him for his war crimes.
9. Ollie spends the time in Beirut trying to stop the Christian Phalangists from killing people they don't approve of.

Third, give law enforcement more resources to do the job we ask it to do. In New York City in the early 1970's, we had approximately 30,000 cops on the payroll. The number dropped to about 23,000 in 1980 and is still down. Fewer cops means a lower perceived risk of arrest. Yet the politicians who talk the toughest about prison sentences and lenient judges are the ones who have participated in cutting police budgets.

While money available to hire police went down, money available for building prison cells went up. Ask people in a high-crime neighborhood if they would rather have a police officer within sight or another prison cell somewhere else. Between 1970 and 1985, our elected officials consistently chose the prison cell over the cop on the beat. And crime went up. Ask a politician who is calling for harsher sentences what he is doing to put more police in the streets.

Fourth, stop pouring more and more scarce law enforcement resources into the drug problem. Even apart from the growing debate about decriminalization, many law enforcement officials recognize that law enforcement cannot control drug abuse, and that acting as if it does dilutes the capacity to deal with other serious crimes. Drug abuse is essentially a public health problem that must be treated like alcoholism.

Fifth, expand the development and funding of early intervention programs—education, employment opportunities, family support services. Many people in the criminal justice field believe that early intervention has great potential to stop criminal careers before they begin. They point out that in communities plagued by family disintegration, poor education, and a dearth of job opportunities, crime will be endemic to a degree that will overwhelm the capacity of law enforcement to deal with it. Yet it is precisely those programs of family support, early education, and expanding job opportunities that have been cut drastically during the past decade, usually by politicians who pretend to be "tough" on crime.

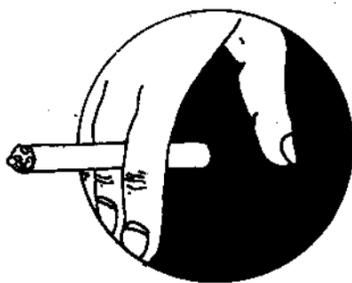
## Dialogue on crime coming this fall

This fall, the ACLU, together with law enforcement officials, prosecutors, and criminal justice experts, is convening a special summit in New York to focus on these and other issues facing the criminal justice system. In planning the agenda for this meeting, all agreed that we must refocus the debate on the real causes and consequences of crime, instead of going along with political "solutions" that do not make our streets and communities safer.

By Ira Glasser, reprinted from "Civil Liberties" 366 (Spring 1989): 12, 7; copyright 1989 ACLU

10. Ollie must pay all legal cost for every appeal he makes to overturn his sentence in order that the taxpayers don't have to.
11. Ollie undergoes intensive psychotherapy and evaluation. The results are released to the public.
12. Ollie is shipped to Nicaragua and is forced to bury every villager and farmer murdered by the cowardly and despicable Contras.
13. Ollie comes clean with everything he knows about Reagan and Bush's involvement with the illegal contra-supply operation.
14. Instead of giving stupid lectures on just saying no to drugs to impoverished blacks, Ollie reveals everything he knows about the government running drugs in the country.
15. Ollie admits that he has acted dishonorably.

# The Post Amerikan report on smoking-- part 1



I get a real kick out of looking through old family albums and seeing pictures of my parents--always with a cigarette in their hands. They don't smoke now. They both quit after I was born.

Smoking was quite social in the 50's. My mother often tells the story of how "it was polite" for the men to offer cigarettes to the women with whom they were dining. This of course meant that for my mother, considering her generation, her social group, and her sex, "it was polite" to accept.

Today as a smoker if you go out to dinner with a group of people, don't be surprised if you are the only one who wants to light up after you have stuffed your face. You'll be lucky if you even get a say-so in the standard question "smoking or non?" when you walk into the restaurant.

I have smoked for nine years. Throughout those years, I was only smoking a daily average of about five or six cigarettes. I never exceeded a pack a day. Regardless, though, smoking has been a constant in my life--never without it.

## "Your smoking really offends me"

Even now that I haven't smoked a cigarette in almost six weeks, smoking remains with me. I have become incredibly sensitive--hypersensitive, if you will--to the separate lifestyles of smokers and non-smokers, and to how incompatible the two groups can often be.

For example, non-never-have-been-smokers can at times be a hostile and violent lot. A woman I know will describe a co-worker: "He's really nice . . . but he smokes," and then she will make a face. I read a man's t-shirt the other day that read:

"See Dick smoke."  
"See Dick's friends choke."  
"See Dick get beat to a pulp."  
"Don't be a Dick. Don't smoke."

And at times, ignorance and insensitivity runs rampant amongst the ranks of the non-smokers. The other day I listened in on a conversation, "How can you say that you have quit smoking when you still smoke pot? You are still inhaling smoke." On my third day with no cigarette, my physician said, "That's great, but I don't know why you'd start such a disgusting habit in the first place."

## Yes, you can!

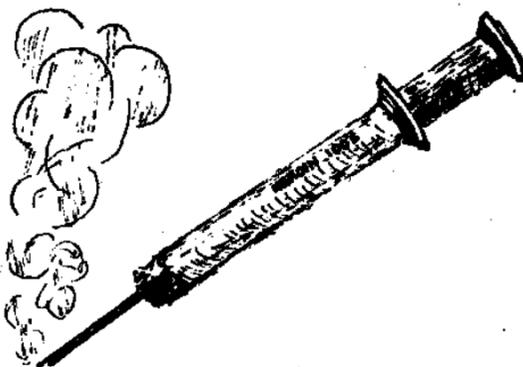
I have in the last few weeks also become sensitive to the representation of cigarette smoking, especially the strong emergence of quitting smoking. Anyone who has looked through a "quick self-help" pamphlet or seen any advertisement for a smoking cessation program knows the type:

The man sits on a comfortable couch in a living room setting. His family surrounds him, looking on with pride. He begins to list with a nasal tone:

"When I tried to quit before, I was cranky, I was irritable, I wanted to eat all the time. People didn't like to be around me. But this time around, it was much easier--thanks to "Smoke No More!." Now my family wants to spend time with me. The house doesn't stink. Even the dog smells better." (Woof).

I know very few smokers who would talk in such circles around how it really is to quit smoking. I know even fewer smokers who could relate to such mush. Perhaps if the scripts for advertisements and public service announcements were written by people who were in the process of quitting or had already quit, we would see something a little more poignant:

A woman is sitting in a small cafe. She is very uncomfortable sitting in the non-smoking section and drinking coffee--a very real paradox for her. She stares at the smoking section and nervously sighs. She speaks to the woman who is with her, "Last night, you know, I yelled at the kids so bad that they were afraid of me. I mean they were really afraid. And then that son-of-a-bitch walks in and throws a pack of smokes at me and he says, "Would ya fuckin' smoke and mellow out? Jesus Christ. We can't handle you like this."



## "Can I have a pack of Heroin 100's?"

It's confusing and difficult to decide who to believe about what nicotine really is. In January 1989, former Surgeon General C. Everett Koop published the 25th Anniversary Surgeon General's Report on Smoking. Although Koop did a lot of good things while he was the Surgeon General, you still have to wonder about some of his conclusions and proposals in this report.

Probably the most shocking of his reports was the one that said that nicotine has the same addictive qualities as heroin. He also made a call for a smoke-free society by the year 2000.

Hmmmmmm. We can explore these two ideas in a number of ways.

What kinds of correlations can be made between treatment and/or rehabilitation for heroin addiction and cessation programs for quitting smoking? The words "treatment," "rehabilitation," and "cessation programs" alone have connotations that tell us quite a bit about the attitudes of socially accepted and unacceptable drugs.

But remember that even though there is quite a difference between the socialization and mind-altering effects of heroin and nicotine, we are still talking about addiction and gaining control over this addiction.

There are plenty of gimmicks, "meeting" type programs, and schemes to help people quit smoking. All of them are very social. We can see them on television. We can read about them in magazines and self-help books. And most business and institution wellness programs run quit-smoking seminars regularly.

But picture this. You are watching late night TV, and one of those "you can do it" shows comes on:

"I quit using heroin, and SO CAN YOU! Quit shooting-up today and feel better as early as next week."

## The feds made me do it

Let's continue to assume that nicotine is as addictive as heroin. The government is always pretty quick to point the finger at the big, bad tobacco industry. But think of the control--the total manipulation--the government has over smokers.

The state of Illinois certainly has its smokers by the packs. When I stopped smoking six weeks ago, cigarettes were \$1.30 a pack. Four weeks after that, they were up to \$1.45 a pack--only days after Thompson had announced a new cigarette tax. An employee at G.B.Oil told me that smokers were complaining about the new tax and the fifteen-cent increase. He was quick to point out, though, that the new tax doesn't go into effect until the first of September. The fifteen cents was just an increase in the actual price of the cigarettes. The new tax will push the price up to around \$1.65 a pack.

And what about this monopoly on the price of cigarettes? Is the nicotine really better in Chicago? Is the nicotine really better at Huck's than it is two blocks down at Freedom? I mean, come on, man. I'm hooked on this shit. I want to buy some nic, and you keep fucking with the price. But it's 3 A.M., I'm in Chicago, there's a Seven Eleven, and I want some nic. Yes, I'll pay \$2.35 for a pack of cigarettes.

And what's going to happen when only the rich can afford the nic? Is the crime rate going to increase with the black market on nic? Where is the black market going to be? "Man, do you know where I can get some nic?" For sure, a butt won't stay on the sidewalk long.

## A few questions

So maybe I'm stretching the whole thing a bit too far. Especially if Koop is full of poop. But stopping smoking has forced me to look closer at a lot of questions whose answers are easy to take for granted.

Is there really "a way" to quit smoking? How many people are addicted and want to quit? What type of counseling is available to people who want to quit smoking? If the work place restricts smoking, do they offer any cessation programs for smokers? Do businesses think their employees will be productive if they are immediately cut off from a drug they are addicted to? Do any of the gimmicks really work? Are the gimmicks expensive--another elitist ploy? Do the tobacco companies REALLY believe that no proof exists that smoking is unhealthy or deadly? Where does all the cigarette tax money go? Does any of it trickle down to the low-income smokers? Or will they continue to be manipulated by a government that might be a little pleased about the revenue generated by this type of drug addiction?

I am going to continue to explore this topic that, before now, never seemed to me more than just a bad habit. But there are a lot of questions that need answers. It's clear that there's a lot more to sucking on fags than bad breath, a burn hole in your sweater, and annoyed friends.

Part 2 of the Post Amerikan Report on Smoking will appear in the October/November issue.

--Skeet Floyd

# Station production a hit



My previous experience with La Cage aux Folles was watching the French version of the video movie in a crowded room, straining my tired eyes to catch the subtitles, and I didn't get much out of it. However, my recent experience of the live musical put on by the Celebration Company's Station Theatre in Champaign was altogether different.

This troupe of actors and actresses breathe new life into what could easily be a stock musical farce done up with lavish costumes and run across any stage with limited success. The play itself is good, but the roles played out on the stage are what make this production work. The costumes are lavish as well, but never do they overrun the real message of the play: We are what we are.

As for the story line, it seems that Georges is a host at a cabaret called La Cage aux Folles, and his lover, Albin (a.k.a. Za Za), is its "hostess." The drag club has quite a spicy show, and Georges and Albin seem to be quite well-liked around St. Tropez, France. They have raised a son, Jean-Michel, who is engaged to be married to the daughter of a Jesse Helms-like politico who wants to close down all the fun things--like La Cage-- around his district.

These new in-laws want to meet Jean-Michel's folks to check them out, and Jean-Michel arranges to bring back his birth mother and get rid of Albin for a day merely to impress his future in-laws in spite of the loving attention Albin has given him over two decades in his birth mother's absence. Albin is understandably crushed, but just before the big introductions are made, a telegram arrives from Mama saying that she can't make it, so "Za Za" decides to stand in for Mama at the last minute.

The timing of the show is incredible, and this production moved with the greatest energy I've seen in years. It contains a most delightful mixture of raw emotion and riotous laughs. The orchestration matched the vocals' intensity, and the vocal performances were exceptional, especially Albin's (Steven Keen) song, "I am What I Am," which he performs in grand drag, but the intensity of his emotion leads one to completely disregard the costume.

The show goes with frenetic pace, and each scene closing led me into greater curiosity about how the next scene could outdo the last. Keith R. Winsted deserves special mention for his

performance as the even-tempered Georges. I believe Keith is able to do about ninety percent of his acting with the eyes alone, and the rest of his talent simply overflows out into the audience. His only flaw was a slight breath control problem on a couple of the more demanding songs.

But La Cage is very much an ensemble piece. None of the actors held back and neither did any one try to steal the show. During the two and a half hours I was in the theatre, I enjoyed tears from both laughter and emotion, and I knew ten minutes into the show that my entertainment dollar had been well spent here.

It is unfortunate that the schedule of The Station Theatre is not shown by the local newspaper. The Celebration Company is a not-for-profit group which has been around since 1972, and the shows are currently staged at The Station located at 223 North Broadway in Urbana (just south of University Avenue). You can obtain information by calling 217-384-4000, or for a schedule or season ticket information, you can write to them at PO Box 2906, Station A, Champaign, IL 61825-2906. My guess is that after you've experienced your first show at The Station, you'll be going back for more.

—T. Tucker

# Barbara Bush gives Shakespeare a "thumbs-up"

The way we clamor to see Shakespeare productions has always disturbed me. Mainly I think, because we do so simply out of a reverent sense of awe for the playwright who most of us were forced to read at school under the neon bright banner of the "greatest playwright in history," never questioning the social and political implications of "appreciating" staged Shakespeare: Shakespeare is great, and that's all there is to it.

This summer at the Illinois Shakespeare Festival it was cool, hip, and above all cultured to like old Will be seen at Ewing Manor, swan around the grounds, wear expensive clothes, sit in centre isle seats, and you're well on your way up the Mid-West ladder of social acceptability.

## A Bush in the crowd is worth \$8 in the bank

On such terms culture becomes a scary thing—a means of dividing and segregating through the arts, and sadly my impressions after experiencing this year's Festival were far from comfortable. I was reminded of all the forced elitism that theatre, especially Shakespearean theatre, can potentially induce. Elitism which is fuelled when the theatre being played makes no political statement—not even to remind those who can afford the tickets (\$8 a piece, and that's at the student rate) that they are indeed in a position of immense social power, and privilege.

If Shakespeare offers a cultural comment, what comment was being made in the two productions that I went to see? The absence of commentary from within the productions themselves was certainly made visible amongst the audience in attendance. On the night that I was there I did a quick head count—amid a crowd of at least 150, there were but 8 people of colour.

Ewing Manor only confirms that money does talk—especially when a woman who bore an uncanny resemblance to Barbara Bush remarked after the performance that "young people today just didn't see heroes like Henry V anymore." Gag me now please! Whilst most of those seated in the centre isle spent the first ten minutes of *Henry V* preening their J.C. Penney/Sears outfits (women only of course), the men glanced around with looks of proud possession; an arm casually flung around the chair of the

accompanying women so as to loudly declare **LOOK I'M STRAIGHT IN CASE YOU WERE WONDERING.** With the be-armed woman nestling securely under the protection offered by the physical statement being made. The less homophobic ones simply enjoyed this, later recognising it as a strangely apt preview for what was to follow.

## Just an ordinary king

Unfortunately, *Henry V* stuck to being a flat history play promoting the archaic and dangerous image of kings as "OK chappies" just like you and me at heart, but who have to struggle too frequently with the awfully tedious and frightfully difficult dilemmas brought on by being an extremely powerful, manipulative, and wealthy head of state—"God it's a hard life. Should I have him executed and abscond his lands, or should I be lenient today and let the poor bugger live? Should I have a one-nighter with his wife? But my, the daughter's a handsome wench too..."

I was really disturbed when "Barbara Bush" actually started to applaud during a scene in which the dirty common po' red-neck folk—the troops—raise Henry high on a ladder before a major battle. As he passionately cried out for "God, Harry, England and St. George" (please excuse me whilst I am violently sick!), old Bab's leapt off her seat and virtually wet her pants! ... oops! Now there's a social no-no.

Whatever, this resembles pure jingoism, and nothing is done to show it up as such. The real implications of war and its effects are neatly skirted around. The scene, as played, fails to remind us of the fact that such rhetorical tactics are still employed today by the likes of Thatcher, Reagan, and I have no hesitation in anticipating that given the chance, old boy, George will follow suit.

The battle scene is all thrills and goosebumps, and you know I was horrified when I realised that somewhere along the way I'd been sold into this—I'd got goosebumps. Whilst sitting there thinking "my God this is awful," those kumpy bumps were erupting all over me—although this also could have had something to do with all those young boys leaping about in tights! ... some of them without any undies on! Now that never happens at the Stratford in England.

## But was it worth it?

*The Merry Wives of Windsor* had me less disgruntled—but still I wish that they'd played up the gay (or should that be queer, Skeef?) potential of Falstaff—he is never seen in a relationship with a woman, he participates in a lot of pseudo-male bonding, and he certainly gets a thrill out of cross-dressing. Or at least made the suggestion that he isn't allowed to run riot around the town because of his sexuality—the threat it poses to the establishment is particularly relevant given the especially AIDSophobic society in which we live today—he's taken back into the family oriented community fold at the end, and order is restored... as it always is in a society governed by the patriarchal myth of marital family bliss... ahhh!

## And so...

A big plus for the play is the strength of the two lead women, Melanie Van Betten and Pam Klarup—brill. Their portrayal of the two merry wives moved parts of the play into a possible contemporary 20th century setting—the subversive, yet so overwhelmed, strength of their women characters in the strongly male environment made a statement regarding not just women within a community, but said something about women actors in a small, predominantly male company.

I realise that for both directors it was a first time with regards to taking on a Shakespeare play, and I guess that a certain degree of discomfort in the bowels accompanies a challenge involving risk. But as far as I'm concerned, that's crucial to the responsibility of being a director, an actor, a supporter of the arts.

What disturbed me most about these productions was the apoliticising of two plays which hold such potential for controversy—the time and money afforded only seemed to affirm middle-class views through a traditionally middle-class medium.

For me, the Festival this year made a direct appeal to traditionalists... a strategy which resembles all too closely the tactics employed by the Thatcher-Reagan administration.

--Virginia Girly--

# Khomeini in dustbin of history

Ten years ago in 1979, millions of Iranians--young and old, women and men--poured into the streets and toppled the shah's regime. Their hope was to create a democratic society where thinking was not a crime, where writing was not punishable by execution, and where men and women were free from the yoke of torture and imprisonment.

They paid for this very humanistic goal dearly with the lives of several thousand who shed their blood so that freedom's tree could grow. But their revolution was betrayed; the democracy originally intended was replaced with one of the most brutal regimes the history of the world has known, the Islamic Republic. At the top of this regime was its leader, a mullah (a quasi-clerical Muslim trained in traditional law and doctrine) named Khomeini.

## Several steps backward

The hopes of the people were soon shattered. The Kurdish people were attacked indiscriminately. Turkaman people were massacred. Women, who had played a major role in toppling the shah's regime, were told to stay in their homes and cover themselves in accordance with an Islamic dress code. Any who opposed were crushed brutally. Revolutionaries who fought the shah's regime were executed.

With each passing day, additional military units (composed of thugs whose mission was to control the mass movement) were formed. And still sitting at the top was this mullah named Khomeini. Under his direction, new dungeons were built to kill freedom lovers, those who chose to die while standing rather than live on their knees. But the story of this regime's brutality does not end here.

A few months after taking power, the Islamic Republic engaged in a war that was to claim more than one million Iranian and Iraqi lives. Children as young as nine years old were sent to walk the mine fields, creating a security blanket with their shattered bodies for western tanks to pass safely over. Millions more lost their homes and became refugees. Youth dodged the draft by fleeing the country, opening another chapter in their misery- and prejudice-filled lives.

While the war created suffering for millions of Iranians and allowed the Khomeini regime to consolidate its control over the people, the superpowers benefitted enormously, from selling arms in the Iran-Contra scandal. Once the war was over, the Khomeini regime, to show that it wouldn't be soft against internal opposition, immediately began mass executions of political prisoners. Even those previously released from prison were rounded up and executed.

## Revisionist history

All these atrocities seemed never to have happened, however, when the media fashioned its reports on the death of the mullah responsible for this enormous human suffering. The media and the Islamic Republic worked together to portray Khomeini in death as a beloved leader. Despite their Islamic beliefs, the mullahs displayed the body of Khomeini enclosed in a glass case. The corpse of Khomeini, this heinous figure in the history of humankind and Iran, was put on display in a square in Tehran.

Immediately following the announcement of Khomeini's death, Islamic Republic-controlled radio and T.V. gave departure locations of free busses and trains which would carry people from outlying provinces to Tehran for the funeral spectacle. Resorting to various such tactics, the regime was finally able to gather some one million people (out of a population of 50 million) from all of Iran to view the corpse, showing to the world the facade that the Iranian people loved Khomeini and what he represented.

In harmony with this internal revision of history, the international media, particularly that of the U.S., also legitimized the Islamic Republic's regime in its depiction of the event. Many political figures praised Khomeini. Carter, "Mr. Human Rights," called him a "great leader" and a "hero."

## What future?

Khomeini's death by no means signifies an end to the atrocities committed against the Iranian people by this regime, nor does his death put to an end the regime's brutal nature. The new leaders are the very individuals who have been involved in shaping the politics of the Islamic Republic since its inception.

The message of the U.S. government and the think-tankers has also been very clear in regard to the impact of Khomeini's death. When asked if the U.S. should support any opposition to Iran now that Khomeini is dead, former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger said definitely not. To some degree, this stance helps explain the harmonious news reporting of recent events in Iran.

We urge all who sympathize with and support the hopes and goals of humankind in achieving democracy and justice to help uphold the the Iranian people's banner of struggle against the brutality of the Islamic Republic.

For more information about the political situation in Iran, contact the I.S.A. (Iranian Students in America) Outreach Committee, P.O. Box 937, Riverdale, MD 20737

# AIDS

## FACTS FOR LIFE

How to reduce your risk for HIV infection, the virus responsible for the development of AIDS

### Practice safer sex

- ☞ reduce the number of sex partners
- ☞ communicate with your sex partner about safer sex
- ☞ consider abstinence as an option
- ☞ use latex condoms properly during any sexual activity preferably with a spermicide containing non-oxynol 9
- ☞ learn which sexual practices are safer than others

### Avoid sharing needles

- ☞ avoid using IV drugs
- ☞ if you do use IV drugs, use you own set-up or cleanse needles between persons with household bleach and water

### Furthermore, be alert to actions which affect your judgment or your immune system response

- avoid excess alcohol
- avoid use of non-prescription drugs
- change lifestyle to reduce stress and fatigue
- protect yourself from other infections through good handwashing and the use of condoms.

For more information or HIV related services, contact:



McLean County

Health Department  
905 N. Main Street  
Normal, IL 61761  
(309) 888-5435

# I.I. hippie brings.....



IF SHE'S MS. HIPPIE, WHO WAS THAT OTHER BITCH?

YOU THE CHANCE TO ORDER A COSMIC T-SHIRT...LIKE, YOU MAY HAVE SEEN ME WEARING AT THE POST BENEFIT. BUT, LIKE, GET YOUR ACT TOGETHER COZ THERE'S NOT MANY ABOUT. THEY'RE DEAD CHEEP AND YOUR \$9 WILL LIKE, HELP SUPPORT THE ONLY FAR OUT NEWSPAPER IN BLOOMINGTON/NORMAL,

YOURS FASHIONABLY,  
MS. HIPPIE

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 SIZE: XL L M  
 NAME:  
 ADDRESS:  
 CITY:  
 STATE: ZIP:



Post Amerikan  
Vol. 18 No. 2  
Aug/Sept 1989

## Letters:

### Alive and funky and local--us?

Dear Post Amerikan:

I met a University of Illinois professor at the Association of Humanistic Education Conference in Denver recently; we got acquainted; and he sent me a copy of your lovely newspaper. It's alive and funky and local. I really enjoy local energy outbursts.

Been engaged for over three years now in putting together and sending out a nationwide newsletter called ANOTHER SPOKE IN THE WHEEL--primarily for teachers of critical and creative thinking. I am enclosing a copy.

Wonder if you folks would like to contribute an article for the next SPOKE? I would like to see something nowish--WHAT THE REVOLUTIONARY ACTIVITIES IN CHINA MEAN DOWN HOME IN NORMAL, for example...How does that sound? We are not paying anyone yet, but I would be happy to contribute an article of mine for your paper (I write under the pseudonym Bud Baer in SPOKE) and my editor, Suzanne Anderson, would also be willing to send a piece your way.

Look forward to hearing from you.

Flexibly yours,

Jerry Fishman



### Robesonian: the exposers exposed

Dear Post,

It's been a long time! I've missed y'all, old friends, but I've got business for you. Exclusive! Notarized signatures, etc...

I'm here with Timothy Jacobs of the Timothy Jacobs/Eddie Hatcher Indian takeover of the Robesonian newspaper office to expose corruption in Robeson County, NC. Anybody exposed to the National News would be interested in what he has to say, and perhaps you could print something up relative to y'all in Bloomington. If you have any specific questions, then please ask. It's free and exclusive. Okay, not exactly free. We would appreciate a subscription comp.

Thanks. Our "payment" upon publication if you have the questions. I'll double-space as I've done before, and I'll do a good workshop before the questions begin. If this reader is new, I've been published in the Post several times, but not in the last few years

Sincerely,

Robert Cassity

### "Rabid feminists" response

Dear People,

Loved your June-July issue! One of your best! Virginia Girly's "rabid feminists" was the first place I'd ever seen stats on percentages of pregnancy-related deaths before Roe. Previously I'd only seen inflated (or deflated, depending on who was arguing) on those who died from illegal abortions. Question: Did Ms. Girly bite a Supreme Court Justice and make him foam at the mouth to earn the title "rabid feminist"? I doubt it. Some of those people already seemed to be foaming at the mouth.

I predict there will be two other feedbacks to the recent Supreme Court abortion decision:

1) People will reduce their donations to organizations like Birthright who help unwed mothers who don't want abortions. I suspect think that now that the Supreme Court and/or the local legislature has struck, they don't need to spend money. In Norman, Oklahoma, only three of Norman's sixty churches had been donating any money to Birthright--and none was any of the city's big churches. Any effort by a local paper to start up a list of Norman-Oklahoma City churches whom an unwed mother could call for financial aid or baby items

or medical care failed when not one of the one-hundred churches contacted offered to participate.

2) Third-parties will die out in election for President. John Anderson's campaign may be the last. I've heard people say they voted for a third party in 1980 or '84 which supported their beliefs only to be sorry they did so because of Reagan's court nominees. Ever since 1980, potential Supreme Court candidates have been Presidential election issues. Voters who would once have voted in protest for third parties will now vote Republican or Democrat for fear of bad Supreme Court nominees.

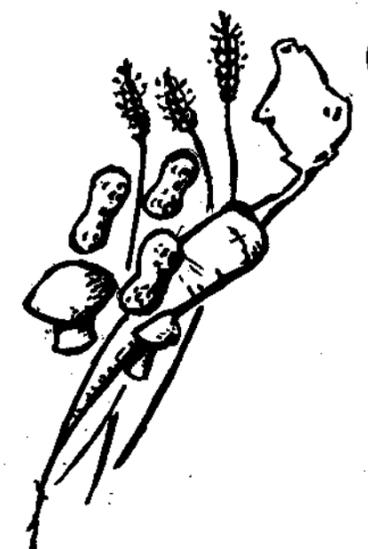
LVD's "Hope I Die Before I Get Old" was wonderful. It reminded me of newsmen I've known who say Watergate was overblown and Nixon shouldn't have quit. Of course, Watergate triggered a glut of J. school students, resulting in a mob of reporters which made it virtually impossible for good, experienced reporters to find a job at other papers because area J. grads were being hired.

Finally, did you hear about the atheist who was dyslexic? He didn't believe in dogs.

Steve LaPrade

*Herbs · Spices · Fruits · Vegetables · Nuts*

*Soaps · Coffees · Breads · Beans*



## Common Ground

### NATURAL FOODS

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**Bloomington, Ill. 61701**  
**829-2621**

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Chapter 6 of "To live and die for Unicorn"

# "Take two Motrin and (don't) call me in the morning!"

That same wonderful government that euphemized the Korean War into a "police action" has designated the Federal Correctional Institution here in Lexington a "medical facility." This would seem to imply that there is at least a modicum of Florence Nightengaling goin on. Hrumph, snort and sneer. The only thing "medical" about this inland Devil's Island is us inmates who are languishing in various degrees of decrepitude.

For openers, you can only be sick Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday. Thursday is for the preg-os, and on weekends, of course, the staff goes out to indulge in something wholesome like necrophilia or cat-shooting.

Now if you wake up on an approved day feeling more than usually shitty, you join the stampede to sick call at 6:30 a.m. Once at the desk, you have 7.5 seconds to gasp out your name, number, and departure from good health. Then you get a clinic appointment.

Come appointment time minus 15 minutes, you start beating the bushes for an officer to write you a pass. His location in the unit is directly proportional to how ghastly you feel and how little you want to chase his ass hither and yon.

But--pass secured--you totter to the clinic and wait several eons to be seen by a physician's assistant (all graduates of the Grace L. Sullivan School of Medical Quackery).

Once in the inner sanctum, you are fixed with the typical federal fisheye. Never mind the fact that your temperature is 109, you have blotches the size of poker chips, and your heart is thudding like a jackhammer. You are a hysteric, malingerer, and hypochondriac simply because you are a womyn and an inmate . . . And you get the same prescription that all sickees get for everthing from carbuncles to pre-eclampsia--Motrin.

Then there is that Lourdes of Lex, the "hospital" officially designated F-4, unofficially called "The Butcher Shoppe." There, the equipment, like the staff, is barely functional. Disposable needles are re-used, clean or not; IV needles of any size are poked into your collapsing veins; often, no working blood pressure cuff is available; and the computerized EKG machine tends to "straight-line" even when you, at least, know fucking well you are alive!

"Observation" means being dumped like a sack of numbered garbage in a dingy little room and left totally alone. Rarely are vital signs even taken. The only aid and comfort you get is from the inmate workers up there. The nurses give new depths to the meaning of cold, callous, and indifferent.

If you're a patient up there, God help you 'cause Divine Intervention is the only help you're gonna get. You may see a P/A or that



rara avis, a doctor---when their schedule permits. (After all, there are other inmates to bang and boff!)

But in spite of all this non-treatment, there is a most curious phenomenon: nobody dies here! Oh, you might pass on in the ambulance or be D.O.A. at the outside (genuine) hospital; however, you don't expire on these hallowed grounds--no matter how far advanced your rigor mortis or how badly-decomposed your late fleshy form. Fucks up the federal paperwork and invites acerbic inquiries like "Whad'ya mean 'natural aging process'? She was 18!"

So be warned, gentle readers, and don't get "federalized." It may be SRO in the Gulag, but Uncle always has room for one more.

--Marta Helm



## Dear Ms. Hippie:

Dear Ms. Hippie:

My best friend suggested that I have an all-purpose excuse ready to use when I'm invited to an uncool event. I've taken this as sound advice, especially since one of my co-workers is one of those Christians who would just as soon convert you as look at you. The problem is that I'm not too swift on my feet and I'm not a very good liar. Can you supply me with an easy-to-memorize, reusable excuse?

Love ya,

Slow--but I catch on eventually

Dear S., B. I. C. O. E.:

I always liked Woody Allen's "Damn, I have to wash my raccoon that night" excuse. Of course, if you want to have a little fun with your Christian co-worker, you could turn the tables by asking her/him if s/he would like to attend a little get-together at your house --nothing formal, just a few friends who meet every other week over coffee and cookies to discuss the doctrines of Satanism.

Dear Ms. Hippie:

I have a most embarrassing problem that is affecting my whole existence; my mental well-being and my nearly non-existent social life. My problem, I'm sure, is one that I feel I am the only sufferer of: I have a smaller than average amount of underarm hair.

Now, some of my close friends have bushes that I could easily kill for; hair that sprouts out on its own free will from beneath their un-raised arms; dark fluffy fringes, bold auburn

locks, blond and brown tufts that make me feel inadequate as a 'right on' woman.

I shaved during the winter, in preparation for the summer, believing what my mother told me about hair growing back thicker (or does this only apply to bikini lines?), but all I ended up with was a rash. So, Ms. Hippie, what I would like to know is: how do I promote a more substantial crop? And should I stop wearing vest tops in order to hide my secret?

Please don't think me vain; I'm not as particular about my other bodily areas and I don't wear make-up.

Barely yours

Dear Barely:

Don't despair. There's nothing to be done short of getting implants or wearing pitwigs,

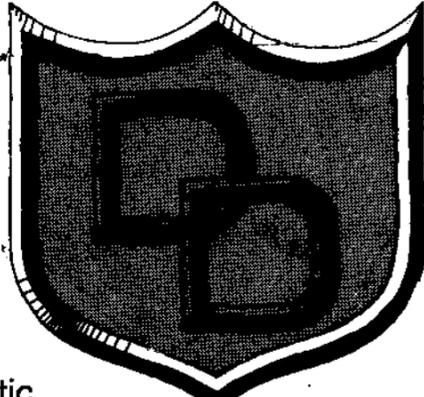


but if it will make you feel any better, legend has it there are others like you. I happened to see this ancient verse carved on the wall in Westminster Abbey:

There once was a woman from Crewe,  
Whose coiffure was curly and true.  
But as hip as she was  
Her pits showed no fuzz  
So she fastened two bird's nests with glue.

Life in the post-70s have you in a quandary? Address your questions to Ask Ms. Hippie, c/o Post Amerikan P.O. Box 3452, Bloomington, IL 61702

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# The Devil's son--

I have this bad habit of watching Falwell, Swaggart, and all those other fundamentalist Christian bullshitters. I tell myself (and others) that this is an outgrowth of the "Know Thine Enemy" philosophy--you can't fight 'em unless you know what they're up to. But this is just an excuse. I've had a long-held fascination with these fundamentalist fools and, in particular, their hatred of me. Why am I, and my gay brothers and lesbian sisters, the focus of their barbs and barbarisms?

At first, I thought it might be because we don't get married like heterosexual folk. You see, the institution of marriage is one of their major sources of power. Way back when, the Judeo-Christian church recognized the need for a powerful, power-hungry regulator/enforcer of personal partnerships.

## The sham of Christian marriage

Contracts of any type are ineffective unless they can be enforced--the temptations to slack or cheat are so great that they demand some form of guaranteed punishment to be prevented. For example, in China before World War II, goods were often transported on barges drawn by teams who were given large bonuses if the goods arrived on time. Members of barge teams usually hired another person to whip them when they slacked off. This wasn't just sadomasochism. Each crew member had the incentive to shirk and enjoy the fruits earned by the other crew members. But if everyone succumbed to temptation and shirked, the shipment almost certainly would not be delivered on time. So the crew members wanted--and needed--an authoritarian outsider to whip them and enforce their private contract.

Such is the case with most fundamentalist Christian marriages. Without a master to administer the whip, the marriages would collapse under their own weight.

Outside enforcement is unnecessary and unwanted for a true marriage based on love and trust. But the church, of course, really doesn't want such relationships for they undermine its power too much. It puts continual pressure on people to deny their sexual natures until they enter a marital union sanctioned by the church. It then tries to restrict the use of contraception to create further pressures (a.k.a., kids) to break a poor union and further the need for its regulatory power. It imposes near-impossible vows (like "in sickness and in health, . . . till death do us part") on unsuspecting couples. And when a couple attempts to use divorce to escape the church's burning chapels, the church does everything it can to barricade the exits.

No wonder "The 700 Club" has a parade of sick, broken Christian relationships that have been "healed" by Christ and the church (albeit, in all probability, only temporarily). No wonder the divorce rate is so high.

Good stuff, I thought, but it still doesn't answer the question of why they hate me so much. Why wouldn't the church want to spread its regulatory power as far as possible and include same-sex marriages? In fact, the church's refusal to recognize same-sex relationships symbolizes the degree of its contempt for the gay community. We aren't even good enough to be accepted as paying barge slaves under their whipmaster/Christ.

## Owning God

Of course the fundamentalist church, like any monolithic, authoritarian structure, needs an enemy. This necessity stems from the fact that much of the value of a good or service--even the service of a whipmaster--is derived from having control over its property rights. For example, a company president will be careful not to wreck his or her car but often doesn't hesitate wrecking the environment. Campaigns to help the hungry (like the Christian Children's Fund) focus on selling you the responsibility for--the ownership of--a specific starving child.

Similarly, the fundamentalist Christians want the property rights to God and don't want to share their whipmaster with anyone else. For the capitalist fundamentalists to value God, they must be able to own God, and ownership implies the right to deny access to others. Ownership of God implies an enemy.

Often people don't mind sharing what they own, but this isn't the case for the fundamentalists and their God. God, you see, comes equipped with all sorts of extras. He comes packaged with His own personal enemy (the devil) and a place (hell) to ship those who don't want to purchase His crap. It's like those television offers for jewelry and kitchen knives. Order God NOW, and absolutely FREE the church will throw in a complete set of enemies to make you feel superior during your worthless life here on earth. These enemies have a lifetime guarantee, for the Holy Bible promises they cannot own God (even if they wanted Him).

## Vintage Post Amerikan: 10 years ago this issue

# Commies nip Vets 3 - 1

It doesn't pay to be patriotic any more. You just don't get any respect.

Take the case of the Combined Veterans Organization of McLean County. Here are a bunch of All-American guys who fought and bled and killed and maimed for their country, and they can't get a little street re-named without a hassle.

I mean, these fine fellows don't just want to play bingo and show stag movies. They want to do something meaningful for our community, and nobody appreciates it.

It couldn't have been easy for the CVO to come up with the idea of changing Kingsley-Center street to Veterans Drive. But they did, probably all by themselves.

And what happened? The Commies who lived there didn't like the idea. So the CVO had to think some more and figure out a way to get around those pinkos who use logic and practical reasons and other subversive tricks to interfere with patriotism's onslaught.

But the boys from the CVO were up to it. They hit upon a plan that would defy all rational objection and prove once and for all that patriotism has nothing to do with logic: change the name of Belt Line Road to Veterans Memorial Parkway.

Of course, some smart-aleck members of the Normal Town Council did point out that calling the Belt Line a parkway was a misuse of the language, but that was just more subversive logic. Thank heaven the CVO's scheme was

sufficiently irrational to convince the rest of the council, and they approved the change to Veterans Memorial Parkway.

Then, just as the Bloomington City Council was set to go along, the state of Illinois offered resistance. The state's transportation officials said the name wouldn't fit on a standard road sign. More practical rubbish.

Darwin Cochran, one of the CVO's chief political analysts, recognized what the state was up to. "I believe they could write Veterans Memorial Parkway as easy as anything they could hand on their sign," he observed in an unusual display of anti-authoritarian pique. "They've already taken Memorial Day away and made it a weekend so they can go out and have a cocktail party." By God, you can't fool a veteran.

Cochran said the CVO just wanted a tribute to veterans in the Twin Cities to replace what has been taken away since "flag-waving" stopped in 1945. Thus, they will settle for the simple but eloquent Veterans Parkway. "If we make a hassle out of it, they might take it away from us," pouted Cochran.

Then the CVO had to get the Normal council to go along with the change in the change of the change of the original change. Having accomplished that, you'd think patriotism's dream would finally be achieved, wouldn't you?

But, alas, a patriot's life is never easy. When the state's official highway map was released recently, it showed Belt Line Road. A new map won't be published until 1981.

## August 1979, Vol. 8 No. 3



*Daddy, what did YOU do in the Great War?*

This tale of frustrated ideals is so touching that I think we ought to come up with other ways of paying tribute to the veterans in our community. Perhaps Miller Park could be renamed Veterans Memorial Forest and Recreational Area. Or Sugar Creek could be called Veterans Memorial Waterway. Maybe the American Legion could even be designated a valuable and worthwhile social service organization. Anything for patriotism. •

--Ferdydurke



# without apology

Yes, the fundamentalist church knows it has a hot commodity—a pious way to hate yourself and the rest of the world is sure to sell. Marriage and other sacraments provide the regulatory framework needed to reinforce God's value to (and, consequently, the church's power over) the masses. If the fundamentalists could find the right enemy to include in their package, this God thing could be as big as the California Raisins or (dare we even think it?) Batman.

### Choosing the Enemy

So, where could the Falwell/Swaggart fundamentalists find a good enemy? Well, there are lots of plain ol' nasty people out there, but they just wouldn't do. They're almost everybody's enemy, and then we run into that property rights problem again. Sharing the enemy with others just cuts too much into the commodity's value—and then the church couldn't obtain the monopoly it wants on its protection racket (and so it couldn't consolidate its power over the masses). No, the fundamentalists needed a more exclusive enemy.

They needed an invisible enemy—one that really didn't cause anyone much trouble—one that was closeted enough so that fundamentalist slander could easily create fear (and consequently the need for protection). Yes, that would be perfect.

Now let's see. Who might this perfect enemy be? Could it be . . . queers?

Oh yes, those queers make a perfect enemy. Not only do they fit the above requirements, but the Holy Bible itself tells us what nasty, self-centered people they are. And it's right

there on the third page of Genesis, which is very convenient since the fundamentalist powerbrokers really don't want their followers to read too much into their bible.

God created man; later God created woman to be man's "help meet" (that is, helpmate). How dare those queers reject God's choice for them? What greater blasphemy of God can there be than to place your own preferences above God's?

Can you imagine the excitement that the first fundamentalist powerbroker felt when this final piece of the sales pitch was proffered? How positively perfect! People are so worthless, they need a whipmaster/God. People are so special—much more special than the other species of animals—that only they deserve and desire a whipmaster/God. And, of course, the best way to sell this schizophrenic view of people's inferiority/superiority was through sex. Hatred of homosexuality fits perfectly with the other sexual aberrations—like circumcision, abstinence, denial, and the marriage ritual—in which the fundamentalists deal to gain their power.

Too bad Christ didn't think of fundamentalist gay-bashing Himself. Imagine how much more powerful His movement would have been. (Silly Jesus. He didn't even mention the word *homosexual* in His preachings.)

And now this hatred of homosexuality is entrenched in the fundamentalist dogma. Don't buy their "Love the sinner but hate the sin" line. When the Falwell/Swaggart types use/abuse the word "homoSEXual," nine times out of ten the words "thieves,"

"murderers," "child molesters," and "child pornographers" aren't far behind. We are always grouped with the most universal of human abuses. In their black-and-white minds, gay men and lesbian women are the devil's sons and daughters.

"... And the devil threw up his only begotten son ..."

Their unspoken label for us (or at least my version of it) is ugly and extreme. But I believe the shoe fits. Based on the hatred that I hear Falwell and Swaggart expound every week, I feel that "the devil's son" is appropriate and symbolic. Within the context of their twisted fundamentalist world, I am the devil's son.

For, after all, I am their antithesis.

By their definition, there can be no compromise, no acceptance, no live-and-let-live. And consequently, from my point of view, we are at war. The struggle for gay rights inevitably leads to a war with the fundamentalist church. (Just look who's first in line every time a gay rights ordinance is proposed.)

The Falwellians and the Swaggartees know we're at war. They think that they—through their whipmaster/God—have won a big battle. They claim that God sent a "gay plague" as His "retribution" for the sins of the homoSEXuals.

God, you see, never does the dirty work Himself. God always sends some stupid mutt to do His dirty work.

Indeed, AIDS is a stupid mutt—caused by a goddamn virus. Its closeted silence initially devastated us, but we are steadily winning the battle against it. If the fundamentalists believed that their God would either kill us or convert us (same thing) with His junkyard dog, then they're dumber than their dogma reveals. AIDS has only delayed the inevitable war.

And the inevitable victory. It may take 30, 50, or 100 years, but eventually we will win. For now the fundamentalists take comfort in the life-hating shadow of their imaginary God's only begotten son, but they have yet to feel the full force of the devil's son.

--The Balrog

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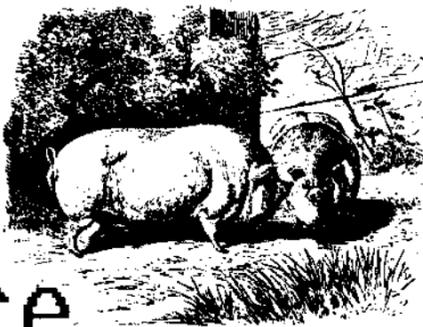
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# Eddy Building's renaissance halted by pigs



The Eddy Building, located at the corner of Market Street and Main in downtown Bloomington, has for a number of years been a bastion for those in this community who desire an alternative and/or artistic lifestyle. In its life span, the Eddy has housed a genuinely vast array of artists, musicians, and general oddball-types. Now, however, due to the events in the past couple of months, all that has changed. What's left of the spirit of the Eddy is a ghost.

The Eddy is a century-old building that has, for the most recent part of its history, survived (and even thrived) as a commingling of artists, musicians, community-minded individuals, and both large and small businesses. The spirit of the Eddy extends even further back in time; if you look at the north side of the building, you can see the faint impression of "Skinner School of Art and Expression" painted near the top.

Current tenants speak of all that's been happening at the Eddy in the 1980's; the Mantra Mash arts festivals and Post Amerikan benefits; the large number of talented artists, bands, and musicians who have taken studio space in the building; the infamous club Hell; the great diversity of community groups and artists using the free space of Electric Coffee, and the (overall) camaraderie and love for the building shared by tenants.

Unfortunately, though, the chicanery of self-interest (not to say piggish materialism) of a pair of individuals has brought the renaissance of the Eddy to an abrupt end.



## False hope

Eddy building owner Bill Mullins obtained control of the building from a family trust in December of 1986. His beginning there was, well, less than auspicious—he approached each tenant with an eviction notice "just to show what (he) could do." However, Mullins allowed the tenants to stay. Not really a gracious gesture, considering that the building was wrought with broken windows, burst pipes, and occasional visits from roaches the size of mice. But everyone was excited when Mullins announced his plans to restore the building.

For the next two and a half years, Eddy tenants existed in the midst of plaster dust, toxic paint fumes, and countless heaps of scrap materials. They all pretty much endured it, looking forward to the day when the remodeling would be done. Little did they know that one of the last steps in the remodeling of the Eddy building would be the expulsion of all bands, artists, and Electric Coffee.

## He's a sly one

The man given responsibility for the interior remodeling of the Eddy was Larry "Sly" Sylvester. Sylvester, who likes to pass himself off as the building's owner, is also supposed to be the building's janitor. Unfortunately, Sylvester has spent the greatest part of the past two and a half years lounging and gabbing in his penthouse apartment, at the top of the Eddy. And so, this spring, business owners in the Eddy building called a meeting with Bill Mullins to express their dismay over the horrible shape in which the building was kept. What happened next was both twisted and ugly.



It seems that Sylvester passed off the mess in the building onto the bands, Electric Coffee, and a few long-time residents. Then, in the middle of May, Mullins moved to evict all of the above. He said some of these tenants were evicted because of late rent payments; others were to go because of "noise complaints," and because "no one is supposed to live (reside) in the Eddy Building." Well, the tenants tried desperately to meet Mullins' new conditions, but it didn't matter—all will now be gone by the middle of August.

## "Don't ask me--I just live here"

Mullins certainly prospered from the time he did allow these tenants to remain in the building. Many of them, particularly Electric Coffee, did tremendous remodeling on their spaces at their own expense. Now Mullins stands to profit from renting spaces which were previously unsuitable for any kind of tenancy.

During the period in which Mullins was moving to evict the tenants, Sylvester, a supposed friend and patron of the arts, played the consummate Sergeant Schultz: "I see nothing, I hear nothing, I know nothing." Of course, everyone knew what was really going down. When asked to use his influence to talk to Mullins, Sylvester claimed he had to "remain neutral." Then, as he helped to enact the evictions, he said he was simply "under orders from Bill."

In the third week of June, Sylvester removed the front door from Electric Coffee and replaced it with a new one. He tried to pass it off as just part of general building remodeling, but the ulterior motive became clear when Electric Coffee was not given a key to the new lock. In the process of changing the door, Sylvester caused plaster dust to fall throughout the interior and onto the equipment in Electric Coffee. He then refused to clean up that mess.

Well, Electric Coffee quickly contacted Mullins and got the key to their space back. Other tenants didn't fare quite as well. Mullins actually brought a thug with him to confront one tenant. The thug physically intimidated and subdued the tenant while Mullins yelled at him that he had to be out by that night. The tenant responded that Mullins had to give him a legal 30-day notice. Things quieted down then, but less than two weeks later, Mullins broke into the tenant's room with a hammer. Of course, Sylvester remained "neutral" in all this. He simply lent Mullins the hammer.



## Pig rationale

One of Bloomington/Normal's most popular bands, The Something Brothers, also rented space in the Eddy Building. The Something Brothers were quite punctual about paying rent and keeping their space controlled, but they were still asked to leave. After more than a year of dealing with broken windows, inadequate electricity, and nonexistent building maintenance, they must be leaving with a sour taste in their mouths.

Another building tenant who was instrumental in the actual physical remodeling of the Eddy (thus picking up the slack for the shiftless Sylvester) had decided to move his residence from the building, but to keep a music studio there. In the third week of his tenancy in that studio, Mullins basically turned his back on him and told him that he had to be out. Some sense of gratitude. Mullins claims he didn't expect this tenant to have a band in his music studio. Right.

What has happened at the Eddy building seems to be the same old story of artists and unconventional individuals being kicked out of a space to make room for business. Mullins' rationale for evicting these tenants is flawed throughout. At most, late rent payments had always seemed a fair exchange for Mullins' lack of attention and response to tenant concerns. Even this was exaggerated, as when Mullins misrepresented to the press that Electric Coffee was four months behind in rent, when in fact his one notice to them claimed that they were merely a month and a half behind. Some of the musicians who were kicked out of the building had never received a noise complaint, and others had quite willingly made concessions on rehearsal time to soothe the few complaints that were made. As far as people living in the building against zoning ordinances, Mullins has always known this to be true.

Building tenants feel betrayed by Sylvester, who holds himself out as a patron of the arts, but whose main motivation seems to lie in keeping his penthouse apartment and position of pseudo-prestige in the Eddy building intact. It irks them that Sylvester now plans to run bands on Sunday nights in his place, for which he wishes to charge a ten-dollar-a-head admission. Considering Sylvester's Janus-faced treatment of the artists/tenants in the Eddy, it's hard to imagine any self-respecting musician partaking of such a scheme. And so current tenants and others have called for a community boycott of any such productions.

Personally, I can say that I've attended a number of events at the Eddy over the past few years, and will be sad to see it go by the wayside. One can only hope that the positive energy generated in the Eddy carries forth to other venues in the community. Indeed, it may already be happening: Electric Coffee has plans to move into another space, and a number of musicians are now uniting to find themselves a joint rehearsal space. Let's look to the future.

-No D. K.





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