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The Keep

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The Post Amerikan Project

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Post Amerikan

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Local Judge makes racist comments Bicycling News from the Bicycle Bus Live War against Cuba Middle East Peace Process



POST AMERIKAN



BLOOMINGTON/NORMAL VOLUME 30

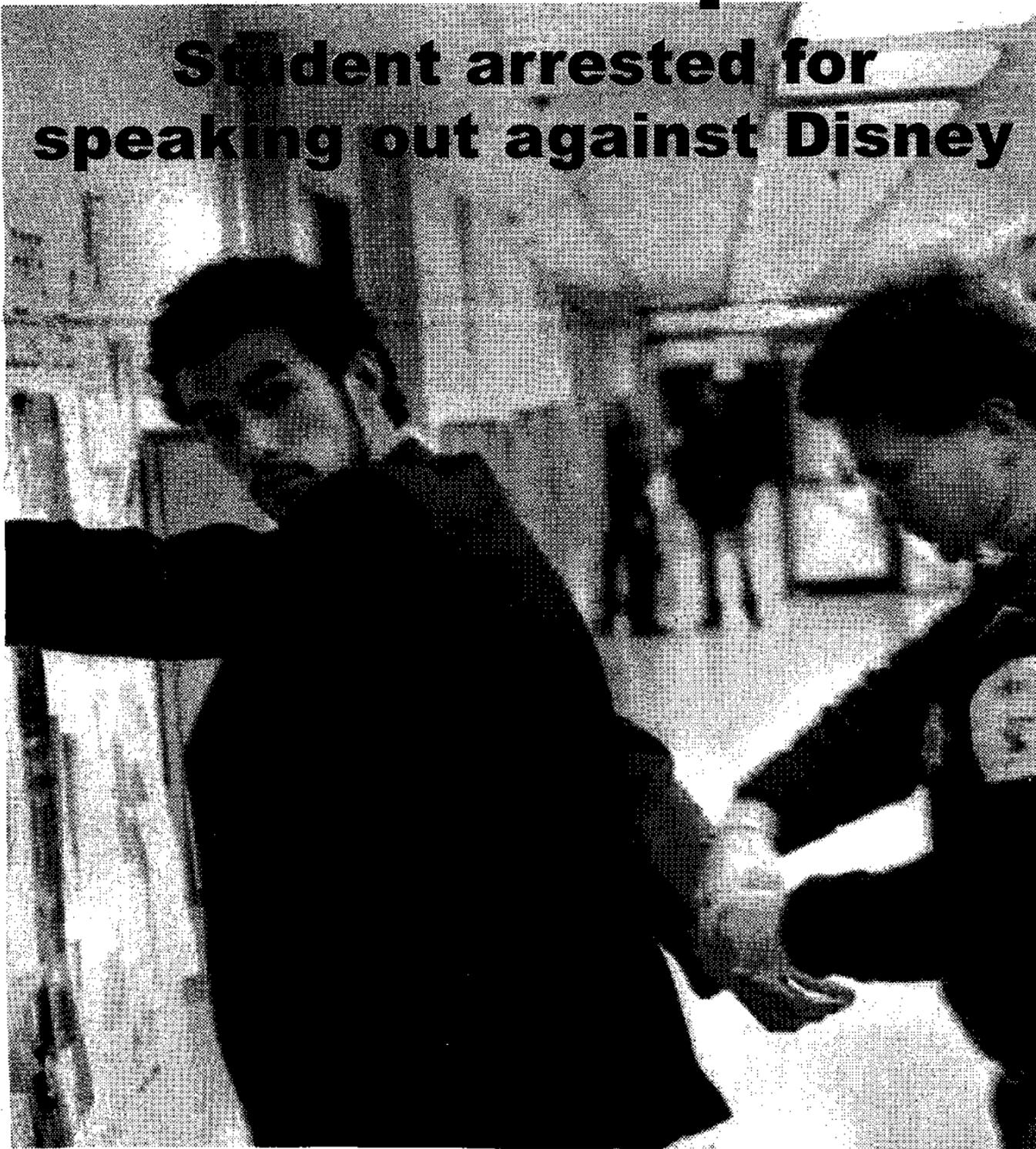
FREE

NUMBER TWO

APRIL/MAY 2001

Yes! we have no sweatshops.

Student arrested for speaking out against Disney



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Bloomington, IL 61702

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BLOOMINGTON/NORMAL VOLUME 30

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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 new tips from our readers. If you'd like to join us, call 828-4473 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 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 printer of the paper, and telling our advertisers you saw their ad in *Post Amerikan*.

Subscriptions

Subscriptions to the *Post Amerikan* are available for the low price of \$6.00 per year for six complete issues. Please send a check (made payable to the *Post Amerikan*) to: Post Amerikan, P.O. Box 3452 Bloomington, IL 61702.

This issue of *Post Amerikan* is brought to you by...

David, Linda, Ralph, and Sherin

Good numbers

- Advocacy Council for Human Rights. 830-2521
- AIDS Hotlines
 - National.....1-800-AID-AIDS
 - Illinois.....1-800-243-2437
 - Local.....827-AIDS
- Alcoholics Anonymous.....828-7092
- Amnesty International-ISU ...Miomi@ilstu.edu
- Animal Protection League.....828-5371
- Better Business Bureau.....1-800-500-3780
- Big Brothers/ Big Sisters828-1870
- Boys & Girls Clubs of B/N.....829-3034
- Clare House (Catholic workers).....828-4035
- Countering Domestic Violence.....827-7070
- Dept. of Children/Family Services....828-0022
- Gay, Lesbian & Bi teen drop in center.828-3998
- Gay & Lesbian Resource Phonenumber...438-2429
- Habitat for Humanity.....827-3931
- Headstart.....662-4880
- Home Sweet Home Mission.....828-7356
- IL Dept. of Public Aid.....827-4621
- IL Lawyer Referral.....1-217-525-5297
- Incest Survivors Support Group.....827-0790
- LIFE-CIL.....663-5433
- Lighthouse (substance abuse treatment)....827-6026
- McLean Co. Center for Human Services...827-5351
- McLean Co. Health Dept.....888-5450
- McLean Co. Housing Authority.....829-3360
- McLean Co. Humane Society.....664-7387
- McLean Co. Peace Coalition.....828-7070
- Mid Central Community Action.....829-0691
- Mobile Meals.....828-8301
- Narcotics Anonymous.....827-4005
- National Health Care Services/abortion assistance.....1-800-322-1622
- Occupational Development Center...452-7324
- Parents Anonymous.....827-4005
- PATH (Personal Assistance Telephone Help).827-4005
- Phone Friends.....827-4005
- PFLAG(Parents, Families and Friends of Lesbians and Gays).....663-0831
- Planned Parenthood (medical).....827-4014 (bus/couns/edu).....827-4368
- Post Amerikan*.....828-4473
- Prairie State Legal Services.....827-5021
- Project Oz.....827-0377
- Rape Crisis Center.....827-4005
- Runaway Switchboard.....1-800-621-4000
- Salvation Army.....829-9476
- Safe Harbor Mission.....829-7399
- TeleCare (senior citizens).....828-8301
- Unemployment comp/job service.....827-6237
- Western Ave. Community Center.....829-4807
- Youth Build.....827-7507

Pick up a copy

Copies of the *Post Amerikan* are now available for free at the following locations:

- Bloomington**
- AIDS Task Force, 313 N. Main
 - About Books, 221 E. Front
 - Barnes & Noble, Veterans & Rt. 9
 - Bloomington Public Library, 205 E. Olive
 - Burwell's, 908 N. Main
 - Common Ground, 516 N. Main
 - Crazy Planet Kitchen, 414 N. Main
 - Gaston's Upper Cut, 409 N. Main
 - Heartland Community College, Raab Rd.
 - Lizard's Lounge, 612 N. Main St.
 - Shockwaves, 415 N. Main
 - To Your Health, 1214 N. Towanda, #2
 - Twin City Exchange, 411 N. Main

- Normal**
- Acme Comics, 115 W. North
 - Babbitt's Books, 104 W. North
 - Campus Town, 121 W. North
 - Centennial Hall, ISU
 - Coffeehouse, 114 E. Beaufort
 - Deadpan Alley Records, 107 W. North
 - Koffee Kup, 205 W. North
 - Mother Murphy's, 111 W. North
 - Movie Fan, 202C. W. North
 - Normal Public Library, 206 W. College Ave.
 - Stevenson Hall, ISU

University Galleries, ISU

Peoria
Bicycle Bus

What's your new address?

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 _____

Due Date:

The due date for submitting articles to the *Post Amerikan* is: (please laser print your articles in columns of 3" using Palatino 10pt. type if possible.); or submit via e-mail at: pamerikanusa@netscape.net **May 15**



Community News

***There's a Wideness in God's Mercy* free video available**

The Advocacy Council for Human Rights recently acquired a number of video tapes of *There's a Wideness in God's Mercy*, an interview with Dr. Lewis B. Smedes produced by Soulforce. Soulforce is part of the Soulforce Justice Ministry, founded by Rev. Mel White and Gary Nixon. Rev. White states, "For too long, the Bible has been misused to condemn God's gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgendered children." The interview provides a whole new look at the Bible and homosexuality.

The author of a number of popular books, Dr. Smedes is a retired ethics professor, pastor/preacher. He has spent his life studying, translating, preaching, and teaching the Bible. Smedes, an esteemed authority on the Bible and ethics, calls this biblical misuse "one of the greatest heresies in the history of the church. . . it is a living heresy because it's treating God's children as if they were not God's children . . . it is biblically all wrong." The argument he makes for religious inclusion is quite strong, given with great emotion and is backed with years of both service to the church and contemplation of the Bible and the soul.

Whatever you feel about the Bible, remember that our adversaries misuse it daily to caricature and condemn us. Those who commit hate crimes against us often state that they "were only doing what the Bible says." We at the ACHR hope to use this tape as a catalyst to get religious and community leaders thinking about what the Bible really says. Many church members, and ministers alike have never heard the Bible interpreted as it's meant to be.

The ACHR is now distributing the video tapes to any community member who would like to give a copy to their clergy (or what other title your church leader may go by), and to other gay-related organizations. If you are uncomfortable giving the video to your church leader yourself, let us know and we'll deliver one for you. In fact, we don't even need to know your name (you can remain completely anonymous), just follow the instructions later in this article.

To get a free tape or to have one sent, please contact the ACHR in writing at:

ACHR
P.O. Box 5048
Bloomington, IL 61602-5048
or phone: 830-2521

Any written requests must contain at least the clergy's name, church name and address in order to be delivered. However, if you wish to deliver the tape yourself, please give your name, phone number, church, and clergy names. We will return your call.

The ACHR is able to distribute these tapes free due to Dr. Smedes donating the interview and the Itaglio Film crew donating their their time to shoot and edit the film.

--The Rainbow Connection

Need home repairs?

If you are living in rural McLean County on a low-income, you may qualify for a 1% loan or grant to repair your home through the USDA Rural Developmental Association.

Qualifications:

- income for two persons, not to exceed \$21,450;
- own own home;
- live in your home.

Terms of loan:

- borrow maximum of \$7,500 unsecured or \$15,000 secured;
- interest rate of 1% for 20 years;
- limited hardship grants for individuals 62 or older.

For application or more information, call: 815.844.0127.

--*Life-Lines* (newsletter of the Life Center for Independent Living).

Open Door Youth Center February events:

The Open Door Youth Center is a safe meeting place for GLBT youth under 21. All activities take place at the Connections Community Center, 313 N. Main St. in downtown Bloomington, and are sponsored in part by Bloomington/Normal PGLAG and the McLean County AIDS Task Force.

April 6
Movie *World and Time Enough*

April 13
Game night

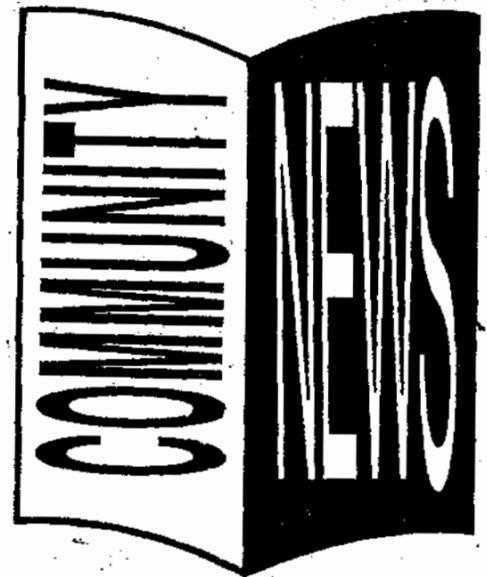
April 20
Earth Day activities

--from The Rainbow Connection

Russians & Americans: Differences and Similarities

The Vladimir/Canterbury Sister Association of Bloomington-Normal is hosting the 2001 Illinois State Sister Cities Convention at Jumer's Chateau. The convention runs from Friday, April 20 through Saturday, April 21 from 12 noon to 2:00 p.m. Dr. Sergei Khrushchev, son of Nikita Khrushchev will be the special luncheon speaker.

For more information, contact 662-3320.



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Seeing Red: Live war

Here's a grand tale worth a fire, a bottle of cognac and maybe fireworks off the porch when it's done.

It's a foul tale of war, murder, betrayal, deceit, and vast conspiracy --conspiracy involving the very elite of America ... the highest levels of the government, leading universities and institutions like the New York Times.

And it's an inspiring tale of heroism, sacrifice, eloquence and implacability--from common people like you and me, no less ... a vast humanity ever faceless in learned texts, and thought not worth entering into the calculations of the powerful.

But that's not the best part. For this story is just a chapter in a far grander tale that sweeps across time and continents. More: a tale that is still unfolding ... and that you can help write.

It could start with the European discovery of the Americas. Or with the horrific genocide and plunder by the Spanish Crown (organized and shipped through Cuba, by the way). Or with the continent-wide revolt led by Simon Bolivar (which won independence but not Latin American unification). Or with the 1896 revolution led by the Cuban Jose Marti which overthrew the only remaining Spanish dominion ... only to be crushed by U.S. military occupation under the pretext of the "Spanish-American" war.

Slavery, genocide, gold, pestilence and glory ... all part of the tale. But best to start with pre-Revolutionary Cuba, say ten years before the heart of the story, the conspiracy that ended in defeat at the Bay of Pigs.

Open veins

There lay a land of torture, mass murder, and utter destitution. And racism so profound that the country's top social club --white only of course --turned out the lights when the mixed-race dictator himself came to call. Meanwhile Havana was a sewer of decadence --rich white tourists filled the gaudy casinos, and satisfied their sexual fantasies with the natives and their children in a city openly ruled by the Mafia.

But it was the Big Mafia --the U.S. ruling class--that reigned over the island, feeding on its open veins, draining Cuba's natural bounty and squeezing every cent with usurious loans --all backed by the points of U.S. bayonets.

Sugar and tobacco workers toiled on plantations under conditions little changed from slave days --save there was now no food or housing during the eight idle months of the year. Unemployment regularly exceeded 80%. Education, literacy, health care, electricity and plumbing were unknown to the vast majority.

Monster

Add to this the dictatorship of erstwhile Sgt. Fulgencia Batista, imposed to by the United States in 1952 to crush popular unrest ... in the name of "fighting communism," of course. Assassinations, murders and troops on the streets, mass arrests of workers and peasants, tortures in the barracks and police stations rolled across the land.

A treatment Batista particularly favored was gouging out the eyes of his opponents.

And Cuba was filled with opponents. For one thing, U.S. military occupation and later interventions had never broken the memory of the hard-won independence that was snatched away at its triumph. It stuck like a bone in throat of Cuba's immense majority.

They had never acquiesced, filling the following decades with demonstrations, strikes, general strikes and uprisings.

And so the land that in the 1950's lay ravaged by murderous repression, decimating poverty, and cruel foreign rule was a land crying out in anger.

Resolved

The people had had enough. Out of the blood and ferment strode several score fearless men and women, calling the people to arms. They began with only 12 rifles ... against 80,000 armed men.

But they had just ideas. They pledged to turn military barracks into schools for children. They pledged to return stolen land to the peasants who worked it.

But most of all, they called on the people to free themselves: "To the people whose desperate roads through life have been paved with the bricks of betrayals and false promises, we were not going to say 'We will eventually give you what you need,' but rather--'Here you have it, fight for it with all your might so that liberty and happiness may be yours!'" (History Will Absolve Me, Fidel Castro's famous 1953 testimony while on trial for trying to spark the overthrow of Batista; passed hand-to-hand by nearly everyone in Cuba.)

Only two short years after the 1956 outbreak of open warfare --though at the cost of 20,000 rebel lives-- the dictator is driven out by a sea of angry humanity, fleeing to Florida with the national Treasury on January 1st, 1959.

And the people organize themselves into militias, and block clubs and unions; women's groups, students groups, and organizations of small farmers. They take back the land, slash all the rents, teach themselves to read with the help of teenagers, put the utilities under their own control ... and then the mills, mines and factories. They build medical schools and trained themselves as doctors, and make medical care a human right.

And they turn the military barracks into playgrounds and schools for their children.

Reaction

But in the Northern Empire, there is bitter fury ... and great contempt. The rabble could never run the country --imagine! --Negroes and peasants and women ... the cows and chickens taking over the farm.

Yet neither time nor the first countermoves --lies, bribery, division, and economic strangulation-- end the Imperial nightmare. War is launched on every front.

But call it Conspiracy, for neither the world nor its own citizens is told. Millions and millions of dollars --the Yankees' inexhaustible resource-- are devoted to counter-revolution, no expenses spared. The best and the brightest are gathered from every corner of government and university to plan the operation to return things to the way the should be.

More than 50% of the CIA's budget is devoted to unseating Cuba's uppity natives. U.S. embassy in every nation in the world is assigned at least one person whose full-time job was severing any contacts there with Cuba ... and helping overturn the revolution.

Thousands upon thousands of mercenaries are recruited and trained in secret Everglades camps for invasion. U.S. warplanes are repainted with markings of the Cuban airforce. Cuban airstrips are bombed, while other planes set fire to cane fields across the island with incendiary devices. A mercenary force is established in the Escambray mountains.

And when the moment for invasion comes, further moves: the New York Times pulls its front-page scoop on impending military action after a call from the White House; those tapped to lead a new Cuban government are locked in a room in Florida; tens of thousands of U.S. soldiers mass on the Puerto Rican island of Vieques, as well as Haiti and Central America; an invasion is feinted at the easternmost province of Santiago; and --this released just days ago-- CIA operatives take over Associated Press and other news-wires to dictate what the world would read.

"What is most astounding," testified the commander of the main column which attacked the mercenaries landing at the Bay of Pigs in a 1999 lawsuit for damages, "is the magnitude of the CIA plan, with not a single detail overlooked, whether military, economic, or political."

The Northern Colossus believes its own propaganda (and the tall tales of its fattening mercenaries) that Cuba is waiting for liberation from the "communist yoke," that a single spark will start a prairie fire.

Human steel

But the people of Cuba are ready and waiting. A call to arms immediately follows the 15 April bombing of the airfields. Cubans in their millions report to stations --factories, cane fields, neighborhoods, and strategic locations-- weapons in hand, while others devote themselves to maintaining production. Che Guevara is assigned to head defense in the west, Rebel Armed Forces leader Raul Castro in the east, and Juan Almieda in Santa Clara to head the Central Army.

Fidel Castro flags down the commander of the small tank battalion for a ride to the front and is told he's too important to get killed, and is left by the side of the road. He roars by in another vehicle ten minutes later, rifle in hand, straight to where the bullets are flying.

And the single spark does light a prairie fire -- but it's the blazing Cuban people, ready to die rather than go back to degradation, murder, and eyeballs tossed on the floor.

Miscalculation

Washington's plan is to establish a beachhead, declare a provisional "anti-communist" government that appeals to the "democratic" forces for assistance --with all the world's news entirely crafted and spoon-fed by the CIA. A full-scale military invasion by U.S. forces will follow ... and the figureheads will finally be released from lockup.



against Cuba

But the mercenaries meet steel instead of warm arms. A beach-head is never established, two key U.S. warships are sunk, the bare dozen planes of the Cuban air force cripple U.S. air support ... and Washington throws up its hands, leaving its hired help alone on the beaches. They tell world they had nothing to do with it.

Worse

And so ends the tale of the first military defeat of the Northern Colossus in the Americas. But the story goes on. "This is not the last attempt," says Fidel, warning that a far bigger attack is coming. And indeed --forcibly convinced of the folly of using mercenaries instead of the U.S. military-- Washington initiates plans for flat-out war against Cuba. Ultimately (the "Cuban Missile Crisis") the U.S. takes the world to the brink of atomic war over Cuba's right to live and defend itself.

And it hasn't given up to this day. Yet after four decades of diplomatic, bacteriological, economic, and ideological warfare and blockade (not to mention over 600 documented attempts to assassinate Fidel Castro), the Cuban people still rule their own land. They have more doctors and teachers per capita than any country

in the world --and the old military barracks still belong to the children.

And where once the world could only read news dispatches written by the CIA, today it votes in the United Nations 167 to 3 to condemn Washington's eternal effort to crush Cuba.

But the war goes on. The Helms-Burton Act which outlawed all world trade with Cuba (passed under Democratic president William Clinton) spells out the conditions for it to end: "government and property relations must be returned to their pre-January 1, 1959 conditions."

Irrepressible

What is the moral? The Second Declaration of Havana, signed by more than one million Cubans and issued 4 February 1962 puts it like this: "What does the Cuban revolution teach? That revolution is possible."

These are words more attractive today than ever, in a world of savage inequality that leaves some 3,000 people dead every hour in the Third World for lack of clean drinking water, ten-cent vaccinations, and a quarter's

worth of food. A world where the possibility of mere recession in the Northern Colossus threatens economic devastation for the billions that it dominates.

Ecuadorian peasants topple their IMF-handmaiden government, Argentines rock their country with general strikes against the imposition of austerity, the East stirs as police-state "Communists" fall, Palestinians disdain gunfire and bombing in the fight for justice, the entire population of Cuba rises to demand the return of a child, and thousands of young people in the U.S. itself protest imperial "globalization."

"A chain of hands stretches out ... across the centuries. Over the Andean peaks and slopes, along great rivers and in the shadowy forests, this chain of hands stretches to unite their miseries with those of others who are slowly perishing...." said the Cubans in the Second Declaration of Havana.

To those today without even a crust of bread, without a chance for a future, this tale offers the hope and guarantee of the words of Che Guevara: "Let's be realistic," he said, "and do the impossible."

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Members of the Sterile Feral Foundation care for numerous feral cat colonies in McLean County. Colony caretakers provide shelter and daily food and water. In addition, they set traps to catch cats that need to be spayed or neutered. This takes a considerable amount of money.

The Sterile Feral Foundation has a program where you can help.

Just fill out the form at the bottom of this page and pledge a monthly gift to support a colony.

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You can help Sterile Feral and the feral cats by making a donation.

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- Sustaining \$50 Other \$ _____

Any amount is appreciated!
Send \$15 or more and you will receive issues of *The Feral Fixation*.
Please make checks payable to the Sterile Feral Foundation
and mail to the address listed on the right.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ email _____

Please indicate how you are interested in helping the feral cats of the McLean County area. Please include your name, address, and phone number.

Thanks for your support

- I am interested in volunteering to help care for feral cat colonies.
- I am interested in the monthly Support-A-Colony program.
- I am interested in donating wish list items such as dry & canned cat food, litter, humane traps, carriers, & old towels.
- I am interested in helping foster feral kittens and friendly strays.

The Sterile Feral Foundation

P.O. Box 3413
Bloomington, IL
61702-3413

Phone: 309-663-4406
www.sterileferal.org

Sterile Feral Foundation is a 501c3 nonprofit organization



Seeing Red: No justice, no peace

"The Middle East peace process" – snore. We've been hearing that for over ten years. Is there an emptier phrase?

There hasn't been peace in the Middle East ever since the Zionists (backed by Western imperialism and its pal Stalin) ran the native population out of Palestine, took their lands and set up a Chosen-People-only state they called Israel. A country lovingly portrayed by Western propaganda as a courageous and democratic David making the desert bloom ... while holding off an Arab Goliath whose forces breed like flies in filthy encampments murderously sharpening their blades and plotting a new Holocaust.

As ever, the truth is exactly the opposite –in fact, the ones closer to Hitler are the Zionists. Not just that brown-shirted followers of Zionist leader Jabotinsky marched in Palestine in the 30's chanting "Germany for Hitler, Palestine for the Jews!" Not just that Zionists shared Hitler's vision of a *Judenrein* (Jew-free) Germany.

More that they created a permanently-militarized Master Race nation, complete with the world's fourth-largest army. After all, Israel offers any Jew in the world the right to move there, own land, and enjoy all the other benefits of citizenship. Meanwhile it forces some five million natives to live outside Israel as exiles, barring them from returning to their property.

Palestinians left inside Israel are denied equal rights. They have to carry passes and contend with frequent stops by Israeli authorities.

And Palestinians in the Israeli-occupied territories of the West Bank and Gaza live under harsh military rule, enduring round-the-clock curfews and prevention of any travel in or out of villages. Tanks and helicopter gun ships attack those who dare protest, while assassination squads target individual leaders.

But if things are so bad, how come we've been hearing "the Middle Peace process" for so long? Because in the late 80's / early 90's the Palestinian people couldn't stand it any more and launched a series of mass public protests ... which brought out the Israeli gunmen ... which brought out a whole lot more Palestinians,

Meet the first *Intifada* (uprising). Think the U.S. South in the 60's, Northern Ireland in the early 70's, South Africa in the 80's. A vast civil rights movement up against a deeply-entrenched racist way of life. The Zionist state was forced to retreat.

Meet the first "Middle East peace process." The resulting Oslo Peace Accords were supposed to ease crushing Israeli pressure on Palestinians and pave a way for normalized relations and the emergence of an independent Palestinian state.

Except when the uprising subsided Israel violated the accords in every possible way, implanting some 200,000 new settlers on Palestinian land, cutting it into isolated and unlivable remnants.

At the same time, Israel and the U.S. tried to corrupt the Palestinian leadership, even to draw them into repressing Palestinian nationalists.

So "the Middle East peace process" turned into putting Palestinians on reservations –with shiny uniforms for 'their own' corrupt police as their only reward.

"The Middle East peace process" became the name for escalating the Palestinians' dispossession.

Of course the phrase disappeared this past October when mounting frustration finally exploded again. Blame ultra-right Israeli general Ariel Sharon –infamous for the extermination of two Palestinian refugee camps– for marching into IslamG's holiest site in Jerusalem with 2000 soldiers.

This flagrant attempt to deliver the final humiliation –to rub Palestinian faces in what "the Middle East peace process" had actually become– ignited a new Intifada. Palestinians surged into the streets in massive demonstrations ... and were quickly met with brutal Israeli military force. But the ensuing repression –and the mounting death toll– has only hardened Palestinian resistance to the hopeless prospect of living on reservations.

Meet the current Intifada.

And now meet the current "Middle East peace process" – the latest attempt to get Palestinians to give up, announced in Washington this January. Just agree that no Palestinian be allowed to return to Israel (not even to buy land), and get a weaponless statelet controlled by Israel, stripped of most of Jerusalem and riddled with Israeli settlements.

Of course Western propaganda machines quickly trumpeted this U.S./Israeli offer as "95%" of what Palestinians want, portraying them as hopeless fanatics for not signing on.

And so the empty "Middle East peace process" drones on.

But don't blame the phrase for meaning nothing, blame Israel and its sponsor, Washington. They've only to recognize Palestinians as human beings with rights, and a real Middle East peace process can begin.

--Steve Eckardt

Visit <www.SeeingRed.com> for international news and analysis. Leave comments or questions there, or send to <seckardt@aol.com>.



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POTLUCK DINNER AT 3:30 PM

SPIRIT FEST 2001

MAY 5 . NOON TO 5 PM

MEDIUMS WILL BE: Rev. Nadine Culver-Orcutt, Rev. Dolores Ponzetti, Rev. Sandy Kulper, Debra Gerheart, Rev. Ruth Swan, Rev. Barb Picha, and Barbara Sebesta.

ALSO: Author Cyndi Herman will be signing her book, "Sound, Movement and Tears." Debra Gerheart will be doing readings, and she'll have jewelry, meditation packets, books and stones.

ALSO: Dawn Marie Buchanan will be taking aura pictures with an aura camera

ALSO: Scott Guariglia will be providing Resonant Frequency Imaging.(Aura Analysis and Brain Imaging.)

- We believe in Infinite Intelligence.
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- We affirm that a correct understanding of such expression and living in accordance therewith, constitute true religion.
- We affirm that the existence and personal identity of the individual continue after the change called death.
- We affirm that communication with the so-called dead is a fact, scientifically proven by the phenomena of Spiritualism.
- We believe that the highest morality is contained in the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye also unto them."
- We affirm the moral responsibility of individuals, and that we make our own happiness or unhappiness as we obey or disobey Nature's physical and spiritual laws.
- We affirm that the doorway to reformation is never closed against any human soul here or hereafter.
- We affirm that the Precepts of Prophecy and Healing are divine attributes proven through Mediumship.

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Bicycle Bus offers Film Fest

2 Seconds

For professional athletes, all aspects of life are viewed through the concentrated lens of their sport. Director Manon Briand brilliantly offers a glance through such lens in "2 Seconds" as she captures what it means for a champion mountain-biker racer to embrace life after she is forced to end her career.

After discovering a gray hair, Laurence pauses at the start gate before hurtling down a mountain in an otherwise flawless run. The hesitation costs her the championship by two seconds, and she is forced into retirement. Without a race to train for, she is disoriented and confused and moves to the city with her nerdy brother, Steffan. Unable to do anything but repair and ride her bike, she is thrilled to discover the career of courier. However, her fellow messengers provide uneasy camaraderie, and her obsession with speed and distance are not compatible with delivering numerous packages in the financial district. By chance, she meets Lorenzo, a cantankerous Italian bike shopkeeper and retired speed cyclist. They clash at first, but their mutual love and appreciation of cycling draw them together. They share stories and reveal scars, both physical and emotional. Lorenzo helps ripen Laurence's heart for romance.

Briand's delightfully entertaining script and direction couple irresistibly with Charlotte Laurier's performance as Laurence. Her single-minded pursuit of her passion for cycling creates an innocence in the story that is both charming and inspirational. "2 Seconds" is a well-crafted film about the redeeming virtue of staying true to what you love most. (French w/English subtitles)

--Shari Frilot, Sundance Film Festival review

Return of the Scorcher

"Return of the Scorcher" is a spirited celebration of the bicycle that asks why this cheap, clean, quiet, and healthy method of transportation isn't more widely used in America. In the 1890s, when the speed of a bike was considered amazing, "Scorcher" was a euphemism for bicyclist. Today, most of the world relies on the bicycle for basic transportation, while in America it's now used primarily for recreation. "Return of the Scorcher," filmed in Europe, China and the United States, explores some of the reasons for this and looks at how the bicycle is used worldwide. This creative film raises fundamental questions about the nature of "progress" and seeks to inspire us to consider the bicycle as a pollution free- and fun - way to solve some of our transportation problems.

--Marina McDougal, Exploratorium Film Program.

Pedalphiles

This documentary follows the adventures of S.C.A.B. (Skids Creating Apocalyptic Bicycles), a roving gang of bicyclist-artist-philosophers hell bent on ridding the world of automobiles. Using trash nabbed from the Madison streets, S.C.A.B. recycles junked ten-speeds and kids' scooters into nightmarish vehicles of urban terrorism. Between infiltrating events sponsored by tamer bicycle enthusiasts and wedging ill-fitting Huffies together with hacksaws and butterknives, S.C.A.B. members find time to muse on anarchy, consumer culture, proper bunny-hopping technique, the failure of the media and the purpose of art. "It's an experiment in phenomenology," says S.C.A.B. co-founder Michael Spelman, "but it's also nice to piss off cars."

--Review from <http://www.prolefeedstudios.com>

Velorution

One city's solution to the automobile is a dynamic half-hour portrait of Havana, Cuba in the period just following the collapse of the Soviet Union when, for lack of oil, the city adopted the bicycle as one of the dominant forms of transportation.

While the battle against pollution, traffic mortality, and urban gridlock falters in most cities, Havana has proved that the bicycle can move a large number of commuters. Taking the lead from some industrialized, bicycle-friendly cities in Europe, Cuba ordered 1.2 million bicycles from China, and thus began their trek toward a human-powered "Velorution."

Drawing in part from an earlier production, this tape was originally intended for urban planners and bicycle enthusiasts. Now, however, the filmmakers have found that others who've never seen nor heard from Cubans outside of the dominant political debates are interested in this off-the-beaten-path view of Cuba's cityscape.

The Apollo Theater is located at 311 Main Street, Peoria, IL. (309) 673-4343.

Call Tim at The Bicycle Bus (309) 685-9818 for more information on the Bicycle Month Film Fest. Doors open at 6:30 p.m. and the shows start at 7:00 p.m. Suggested donation is \$5 per person.

Refreshments will be served. However, no food or drinks are allowed in the theater.

National Bicycle Month

May 5

• Opening reception for the Art of Bicycle at The side View Gallery inside The Contemporary Arts Center. Located on Water St. in Peoria.*

May 12

Swap Meet and Local Club Information Day at The Bicycle Bus, 2022 N. Wisconsin Ave., Peoria.*

May 18

• Bike to Work Day. Leave your car at home.*
• Fundraiser for Peoria Area Mountainbiking Association (PAMBA) at The Rhythm Kitchen. 6:30 p.m. Take a chance to win a Santa Cruz Superlight!!!*

May 19

• Bike Film Fest at The Apollo Theater, 311 Main St., Peoria. 7:00 p.m.*

May 25

• Critical Mass Peoria meet at 5:30 p.m. at City Hall, downtown Peoria.

May 26

Memorial Day Vacation by Bike remembering the Army Bicycle Corps.

Note: Events marked with an asterick (*), are organized events. Call Tim at (309) 685-9818 for more info or to volunteer. E-mail bikebus@bigplanet.com



Call for Entries!!!

The Bicycle Bus is seeking artistic entries for "The Art of Bicycle" to open during National Bicycle Month in May 2001. Pro-Bicycle or Anti-Car work of any form (painting, drawing, sculpture, multi-media, etc...) will be accepted provided it relates to the above themes or communicates some idea about alternative transportation. Radical, political art is encouraged.

The Bicycle Bus is also seeking sculptors and sculptures for inclusion in a sculpture garden. Pro-bike, anti-car and alternative transportation themes will be explored. The use of recycled bicycles/parts will be highly encouraged. However, works of any media that cover the above themes will be considered. On-site construction is encouraged (at least one torch will be available).

Contact Tim Beene, curator, at (309) 685-9818; bikebus@bigplanet.com for more information, to submit work or volunteer.

Karen Schmidt
Alderman ~ Ward 6

409 E. Grove St., Bloomington

home: 829-6318

work: 217-244-2070

e-mail: karens@uiuc.edu

(202) 476-1234

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The Poetry Page

Blues to the Moon

I see the moon rise in the midnight blue
and I could touch it if I tried
The light strikes me so cool and sweet
The moon beam is my guide

I sing my blues to the moon when it's full and bright
Nothin' else like it in the dark of night
I sing my blues to the moon when it's full and bright
it's still far away but that's alright

I've seen the moon blood red angry at the sun
I've watched it disappear for days
I've felt it fight its way through the gloomy clouds
Come glowing through the haze

I sing my blues to the moon when it's hard to see
behind the clouds I know it's got be
I sing my blues to the moon when it's hard to see
I can feel it moving closer to me

The black and silver moon travels all alone
and I can feel it change my tides
awash within the soft pale rays
it touches me deep inside

I sing my blues to the moon, to the moon up above
I do what I can but it's never enough
I sing my blues to the moon to the moon up above
I sing it my song of sadness and love

I'd take the moon into my loving embrace
and I would crush it to my lips
I haven't felt this crazy way
since the last lunar eclipse

I sing my blues to the moon when there's nothin' to do
am I gettin' through well I wish I knew
I sing my blues to the moon when there's nothin' to do
I sing of my loneliness and I sing of you

--Peter Elvidge

STEP AFTER STEP

I live on the trail,
I got hound dogs at
my feet, and it's getting
mighty steep, can't
turn aroun' now,
cause Om too high,
an though my heart
is low, Om shakin'
on the ground, I got
the blues of the tip-
toe heartbreak, you
try ta ease out,
but when you
whisper it sounds
like uh shout,
you say hello
an you mean
good-bye,
an you wish
she was the one,
an time is uh
weight on your back,
that you carry with evree
breath, an you find out
bein' uh man is jus'
step after step, it's
like drowning with
dreams of mermaid.

--John Firefly

:in the end:

How can two perfect desires and
love be meant for each other when fate
has different plans for both of them?
Easy . . . Passions drive the heart
to love . . . Desire guides our spirit to
search. Faith opens the door to satisfac-
tion . . . then fate brings us together in
the end.

--Israel Jimenez

Untitled

longing to be hidden away
deep lush forests
long ridden with nature
to keep my sanity
and pour out thoughts
compose words to wisdom
changing interpretations
to common knowledge
a heart that can sing
produces music even beasts can't hear
clearing out insecurities and fears
crystal clear melody of the soul

--Stacza Andruczyk

EIGHTY DAYS TO STARVATION [eighty days is the sum of world-wide stored food]

I've turned into someone like the Unibomber
as I hermit in my shack in the wilderness
(my shack with books about farming and survival),

where flowers glow in the dark,
trees throw down prickly pears,
sneakers fill up with sticks and gnats,

a shack covered with barbed wire,
brambles, box knives and blackberries.
A goat eats my mail.

I've tried consulting candles and gods,
worshiping rifles and woodchucks,
as incense sends up prayers and patchouli.

It's impossible, the things that need to be done.
I take medication for my sins but not lightly.
I make a monk's practice of it.

Like a mountain woman, over-exposed to the sun,
my face has shriveled up, my mouth is pursed.
My brows curl over my eyes like a visor, my brows

are caterpillars crawling off my face into my ears.
I can't admit the "I'm sorry" part.
I might not be getting away with anything.

--Eileen Murphy

If

If
The current world (seeming to reek)
Continues on to the effect of straightening itself out
Or if
Thoughts that I supposed unique
Really were and I contained not one reasonable doubt
If
I deemed these ideas true, worthy of rally
For even just a moment or as a rule
Then
Would I be claimed to have unconditionally
The silly mind of an optimistic fool?

If

If
All the world in tomorrow it dies
And a great relief befall the human reality
Or if
The pain received from thought without lies
Came to an end and ignorance became a quality
If
I deemed these ideas true, worthy of rally
Thrive on them, and devour them as a feast
Then
Would I be claimed to have unconditionally
The cruel mind of a pessimistic beast?

--Leslie Jean

Desperate Desire

The burning fire
Of desperate desire
Longs for the sight of her.
This lake of desperation drowning me
Has begun a new life to see.
And I am blinded by beauty.
Decrepit self-destruction distances
Itself with repeated instances
Of what I believe to be love.
Ah! At one time I longed for
The love I knew before.
The love of a muse.
Passionately I searched for the compassion
Of an inspiration that had gone.
Faded in glory
Is the desperate story
Of a poisonous love.
Life the same
Now renewed by flame
All for her side by mine.
Night begins the feelings again
And every desperate fall I fall for her.
Brought to life, the blood of a stain,
In each embodiment life will occur.
Death is no longer death,
Nor is it anymore considered a gift.

-- Rick Reliford



A trio of visually impaired rodents

A trio of visually impaired rodents
 A trio of visually impaired rodents
 Observe the manner in which they travel in considerable haste
 Observe the manner in which they travel in considerable haste
 They all pursued the spouse of the individual that grows the vegetables
 She surgically removed portions of their spines with kitchen cutlery
 Have you ever witnessed such an occurrence in your existence
 as a trio of visually impaired rodents
 A trio of visually impaired rodents

--Peter Elvidge

For President

If I was queer
 I mean queen
 For a day
 Probably nothing
 Would go my way
 There isn't much
 I could do
 I could say
 Except that maybe
 There's lots of stuff wrong
 With the world today
 And why can't we all
 Just get along

--Megan Volpert

Untitled

Pale afternoon
 watching silently
 as the snow
 falling around us
 drifted into nothingness
 and finally the
 darkened moon
 showed us the wisdom
 of antiquity at its best

--Stacza Andruczyk

Mexican Cigarette

south of the border on a dusty street some angel will wake up
 one day discover herself a girl
 see the whales in the lagoon of the sea of cortez, gentle warm sea for baby gray whales
 birthed out in a ring of nurse whales,
 nudging to the surface the 1st breath of sweet air
 slow fishermen pad by paddling surely to the reef to cast nets
 for pescado tacos con salsa verde cilantro el tomato---she might stroll streets
 singing to birds disguised by leaves
 for her eardrum, there is the translation
 birdsong into words, "we are angels, good morning, we are angels, good morning, we
 are angels, good morning"
 there in clean sky with clean clouds
 of clean water falling to clean land running into clean rivers
 emptying themselves into clean ocean
 jumping gray whales
 songs of humpbacks all over the amazing
 echolocation of the porpoise
 riding the crest of a wooden sailboat
 the front of the bow sprite spitting masthead
 throwing mad vapor rainbows across
 the course of wind driven laughter
 somehow wise kind humans full of love
 wishing like lighthouses---emanating prayers in wild balloons
 gentle breeze glitter frolics the spastic expression
 light bouncing off reflective surface
 catching the light of your love, wishing for love
 catching the light your love wishing for love catching the life of love,
 wishing for love

--Stephen Christian Zimmerly

FALL

fall
 in
 trusting
 perception
 will
 create
 reality ...
 your
 creation ...
 creating
 need ...

a
 reality
 of
 denial... i want... love
 i need...
 you
 i deny myself - yet i taste
 buried in your
 smile
 broken - love lost
 hunger
 unsatisfied
 hurtling through moonlight
 your breath the breeze that flames my desire
 i fall

--Jeff Warren

Untitled

There's something about fog
 that sets it apart from
 nature's other infractions
 it rolls in like an old ache
 slowing the pace to
 a deafening silence
 and then as quietly
 as it crept in
 it disappears
 leaving behind it the
 souls touched
 and hearts love reminded

--Stacza Andruczyk

**YOUR POEM
 HERE.**

The Post Amerikan is seeking poetry
 submissions for the Poetry Page.

If interested, please mail your poem to:
 Post Amerikan, P.O. Box 3452,
 Bloomington, IL 61702 or e-mail to:
 pamerikanusa@netscape.net

We have the right to reject any poem.

Dancing Fairies

This morn the bleakness of my gray dungeon
 was transformed into a festive ballroom;
 filled with petite winged fairies of silver shimmering light.

Around and around they went,
 jumping with graceful bounce,
 joyous and gleeful each movement seemed.

Though they were merely reflections of the sun
 upon the points of razorwire outside my dungeon window,
 they brought with them life and hope,
 if only for just a brief moment.

God bless the dancing fairies in life;
 those we lose sight of when times are full of plenty
 and we grow up.

--Nikolai A. Zarick

cont'd



Yes, I Say To You

Oh! Blood red days and scarlet skies,
 I live in a daze under naked eyes.
 I try. Oh! How I try
 To live my life,
 To live under a trepid sky,
 To live with such strife.
 Be no the sky of the final days!
 Be not the smell of blood-shade haze!
 Every man stakes to claim
 His life was lived not in vain.
 Every head hangs in shame
 Knowing his life was of brother Cain.
 These peering, vile naked eyes.
 That glaring, vile scarlet sky.
 Man is not man in the blood-red haze.
 Man is animal, animal brought to craze.
 The forgiveness deserved, inexistent.
 The forgiveness pleading, still persistent.
 The animal hath
 Brought the wrath.
 Fear becomes hate.
 Fate becomes fate.
 Life becomes awaited death.
 That which is stolen, breadth.

--Rick Reliford

DANCER (hands behind her back) (for Nicolas Africano)

She was glass,
 but she was not
 see through, she
 was the casting
 of uh moment,
 with uh bit
 of luck unbroken,
 her hair an dress
 painted, she was
 uh moment just
 after uh sigh,
 her eyes are shut,
 hands behind her back,
 the submission
 of a dream, yet,
 she is fluid still,
 of evree dance she
 was dancing, uh
 sleeping twinkle
 like uh dim star,
 hands behind her back.

--John Firefly

Human

Our light starts in the flow of the river
 Conception catches the spark
 It is an original

Yet not until first contact
 with life
 will it change

The spark grows in a strictly formatted way.
 The spark adapts to heredity and environmental influences.
 We must relate to these adaptations
 They are the reaction
 of spark to situation.

All actions are not, therefore acceptable,
 Only that they deserve a manner of understanding

We are lit
 We are changed,
 Yet form always the similar spark
 We are derived.

Our light fades in the flow of the river.

--Leslie Jean

The American Dream

Give me a windmill of steel and white
 Slicing the air with its sharpened knives.
 Give me a building of brick and concrete
 Meeting corners of freshly paved streets.
 If there must be a tree, plant it in grates
 Underneath neon window plates.
 If there must be a bird, nest it in vents
 Above a shop just cleaned for rent.
 Construct a bridge and contract me a sale,
 Over the city's river, so pale.
 Tractors plows growing small amidst the grass
 And amber waves of grain, my ass!

--Megan Volpert

Werewolves on Wheels

Werewolves on wheels
 Snapping at your heels
 Snarling on their Harleys
 Howling down the highway

Monsters roaming the night
 Gnashing their gleaming teeth
 A sight beyond belief
 Werewolves on wheels

Werewolves on wheels
 Lycanthropic chopper riders
 Reflections of Hades
 In their mirrored shades

Greasy fur and weathered leather
 Riding in a pack together
 You'll never know how good it feels
 Werewolves on Wheels

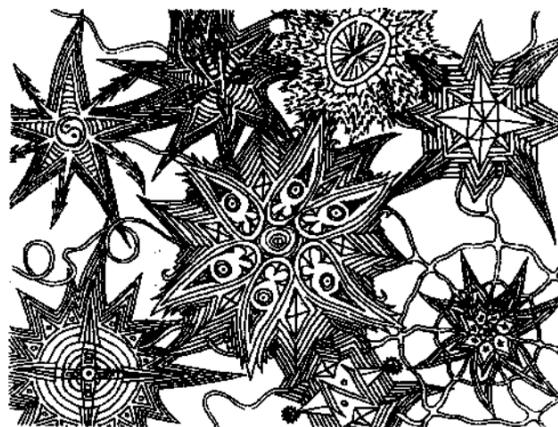
Werewolves on wheels

--Peter Elvidge

Untitled

During winter months
 when ice and snow
 cover over everything
 live or dead
 held motionless
 by the deep biting
 of weather and wind
 even the trees
 feel its heavy weight
 no longer heading
 towards the heat
 of the sun
 warming their core
 instead they grab downward
 gnarled by nature
 evil at will so
 beware their shadows
 in early morning light
 the image will creep
 into your dreams
 until the heart can
 handle no more
 gray in the landscape
 and begins to bleed
 the lush green of spring

--Stacza Andruczyk



--Peter Elvidge

Evil G's B-Day Poem 1999

out on the edge of the horizon weird clouds shift up
 drifting up like hammerhead sharks rising on their paddles
 against schooling mackerel smashing cutting apart with their hammers
 bludgeoning them stunned consuming them like teeth mouthfuls
 the knives grow long on the blood, cut thru upper lower laws
 giving the sharks explosion head, a lobotomy
 the lobotomy of electricity, gone parts dead floating away connection
 like the moon cut in half by a comet
 when the comets in the sky, what catches your eye
 angels? or some alien guy?
 do ya think the killers ought to fry?
 digesting more atomic quick electricity flipping thru the night
 near thunder laugh, delite crows invisible dark, yet the spread
 the wings out, you hear tiny rustles as fleas, bits of sand
 strum the quill like a comb falling to the ground, hear the short
 click of the beak, turn, pecks once more—all turn completely
 with eruption of sound, the air moving away from the triggering
 understand the dark electric blue wings,
 twisting the moments of candle flame are but breathing
 transcendental souls burning pure flame, fire beings all spread
 out towards you kaleidoscopes translating the sweetness and light
 existing love, fire licking

--Stephen Christian Zimmerly



Video tape of Julia Butterfly Hill speech available at Ecology Action Center & from Radio Free Maine

Julia "Butterfly" Hill is the young woman who lived 180 feet up in a tree for over two years to protest the destruction of old growth forests in California and to save a specific tree- Luna. Last year I read the story of her experiences in her book *The Legacy of Luna* and I was thrilled at the chance of seeing a video of her speech recorded by Radio Free Maine last October.

Not only is Julia Butterfly Hill a dedicated environmental activist, she is an entertaining and engaging speaker. She is an excellent storyteller, but beyond sharing her story she motivates her audience to take action. She describes how her upbringing did not directly lead her to political action and that she spent several years of her young adulthood in pursuit of money. After a near fatal car accident, during a long recovery, she reflected on her life. She found that she felt empty and decided to search for something she could believe in. She found it in the ancient redwood forests of California. Julia found a spiritual connection with the trees and the people who had lived in houses buried in mudslides due to clear cutting. Even though she didn't initially feel welcome with the other activists because she didn't have experience, she persevered and joined their efforts.

Julia's personal experiences are fascinating, but her message is even more moving. Before she started her tree-sit in Luna, she struggled with her decision to get involved. She thought, "Julia, your inactions are just as much a part of shaping the world as the actions of others." Even though she had no experience and was new to the issues, she knew she had to act. Luna helped her to find her voice to speak out and to change the world. Julia credits the alternative press for her first opportunities to speak about the destruction of ancient forests. Her most practical message is that each of us makes a difference- by action or inaction. She urges us to vote, educate ourselves and get involved in environmental issues. Her message also has a strong spiritual component. She believes that the power of love has the ability to transform the world. When she was frustrated or angry during her experience she drew on the power of love.

Julia "Butterfly" Hill believes in many of the same ideals that we try to implement at the Ecology Action Center. We believe that everyone can make a difference. Many small actions that each of us take every day such as reducing waste by taking a cloth bag to the grocery store, using a coffee mug instead of styrofoam, or recycling everything we can helps in little ways to make a difference. We can use fewer trees by using 100% recycled paper, processed chlorine free- if you can't find it ask us.

If you would like to borrow the videotape of Julia "Butterfly" Hill's talk or her book, *The Legacy of Luna*, stop by the Ecology Action Center next to the Normal Public Library or call 454-3169. We are open 1-6 pm Monday-Thursday and 1-5 pm Friday and Saturday. We have information about environmental issues, local environmental groups and how you can get involved making a positive difference to help our planet.

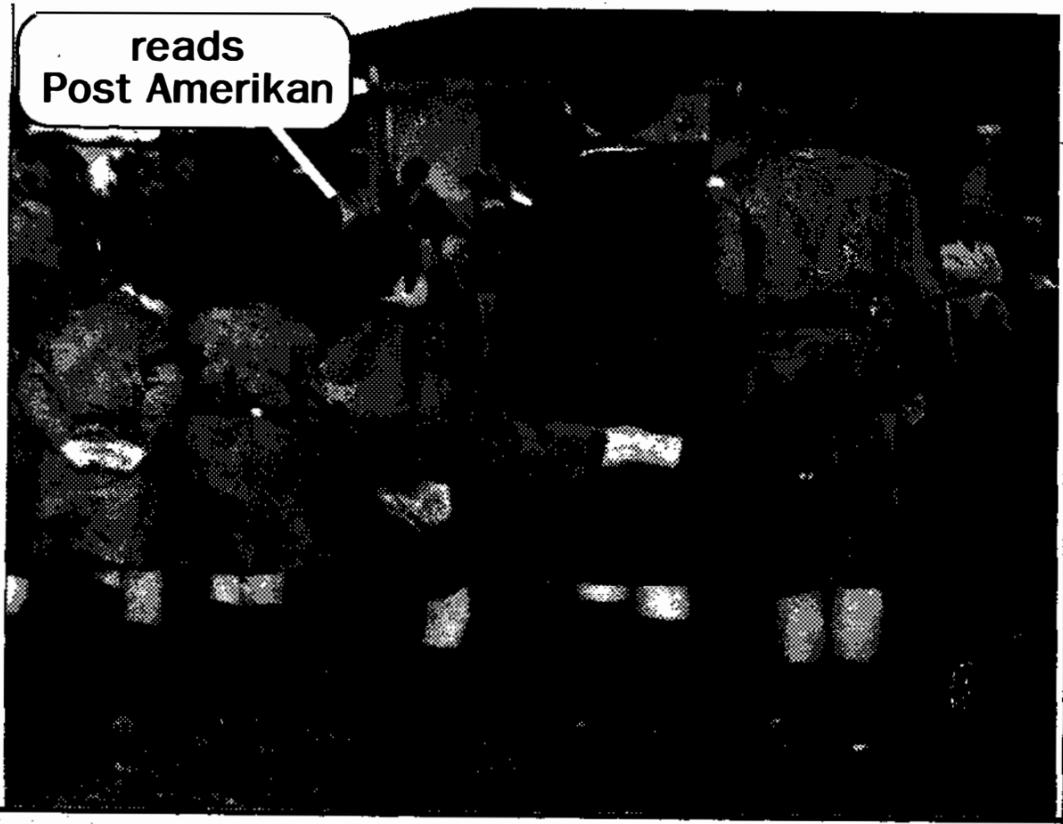
Michelle Covi
Director



(((Radio Free Maine))) presents Author of "Legacy of Luna" Julia Butterfly Hill

Environmental activist who spent two years living in an ancient California redwood tree to protect it from loggers.

Available on audiotape (speech only) for \$11.00 and VHS video (speech plus Q&A) for \$20
Please make check payable to Roger Leisner and mail to Radio Free Maine, P.O. Box 2705
Augusta, Maine 04338 (209)622-6629. www.radiofreemaine.com



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Students protest Disney sweatshops

Recently United Students Against Sweatshops held a protest at a Disney recruitment program at Illinois State University. Before we get into the specifics of the protest, we would like to take a moment to explain what the United Students Against Sweatshops (USAS) organization is and the objectives we hope to obtain. USAS is a student movement that has over 250 chapters throughout college campuses across the United States. One of the main objectives of the movement is to hold corporations accountable for the treatment of workers who produce their goods. A specific objective of the ISU chapter of USAS is to ensure that our university does not lend its support to corporations and organizations that are documented human rights violators. Realizing this may not be completely feasible, USAS would like at the very least to have equal access and support in presenting our alternative viewpoints to ISU students, faculty, and staff. Lastly and most importantly, USAS would like the administration to commit to an official policy of ensuring that all ISU products will be manufactured with the greatest respect for human rights.

Now that USAS has been sufficiently introduced, we will now get into the specifics of the recent Disney protest. To begin, the reasons for such a protest must be stated. It has been well documented by respectable human rights groups that Disney has used sweatshop labor to produce their products. In 1999, two human rights organizations based in Hong Kong (Christian Industrial Committee and Asia Monitor Resource Center) cited labor abuses in a Chinese factory. These include: 16 hour workdays, forced overtime, 7 day workweeks, wages of 13 cents an hour (not a living wage in China), no benefits, over-crowded dorms, complete denial of the right to organize unions, and physical and mental abuse of workers. Due to their current lack of cooperation with human rights groups, we have no reason to believe that Disney has ceased exploiting sweatshop labor. This non-cooperation includes not allowing independent monitors to inspect factories and not disclosing factory locations.

After the ISU campus was inundated with Disney promotional fliers concerning their recruitments efforts, USAS decided to hold a protest in order to provide an alternative view to the Wonderful World of Disney. At the Disney recruiting meeting, over thirty protestors handed out fliers to students attending the meeting. Guerilla theater was also employed, as one protestor dressed as Sweaty Mouse, who bore an uncanny resemblance to Mickey Mouse. The climax of the protest occurred before the Disney meeting began. As Sweaty Mouse entered the building, after initial confusion, one Disney representative called the police. At this point, Nino Selvaggio, a founding USAS member, stepped in front of the audience dressed in a dapper suit with a Mickey Mouse tie. Nino proceeded to gain the students attention by beginning the meeting with a mental exercise. Students, unaware that Nino was not a Disney representative, intently listened as he proceeded with the mental exercise. Not wanting to draw any attention to the situation and in effect ignoring Nino and his message, Disney did not act in any way to interrupt Nino's presentation and simply awaited the police to arrive and remove Nino from a public building at a public university. While awaiting the arrival of the police, Nino detailed to the students the working conditions under which Disney goods are produced. Despite being heckled by a few audience members, Nino persisted in his portrayal of Disney sweatshops. When the police arrived, Disney simply wanted the police to remove Nino without arrest. Nino refused to leave the building without being arrested, forfeiting his rights. Nino's arrest was followed by cheers and applause, not because of what he had said, but because this intrusion on their happy little world was over.

While the received media coverage was plentiful, we felt that the full context of the protest and our group objectives were not wholly represented. We thank the Post Amerikan for providing this forum, which enables us to present our side of the recent events. Although the immediate reaction from students at the lecture hall was not favorable, the support we

received in the following days from students, faculty, staff and administration was overwhelming. We deeply appreciate their work and words of encouragement.

We would also like to transform the perception that many community members may have of protestors and the ISU student population. We hope that our actions have diminished the view that college students today are apathetic. While we understand that past relations between ISU students and the greater Bloomington/Normal community have been strained, we aspire to work *together* in order to improve and promote social justice and human rights both locally and globally. We hope we have encouraged sustainable human rights dialogue on our campus and in the community at large.

United Students Against Sweatshops meets every Monday evening at 9pm in Stevenson 211. Community members and friends are always welcome to attend. If you have any further questions, please contact the advisor, Dale Fitzgibbons at 438-5093.

--USAS

The Students of Human Rights at Illinois State University will be hosting a Human Rights Day on the ISU quad. The intention is to promote human rights and human rights violations at the local, national and global levels. This event also looks to uniting with Bloomington/Normal and the community groups that work towards promoting human rights and preventing abuses. The date of this event will be May 2, 2001. If your local organization is interested in having a table at the event, please contact Carlos Parodi or Nino Selvaggio at 438-5467 or at alselva@hotmail.com.

Salvadoran earthquake relief

El Salvador, home to many sweatshops, was recently devastated by three earthquakes. Bearing the catastrophe's burden were poor and working families, many employed in the sweatshops.

The National Labor Committee has an earthquake relief effort going, specifically to aid workers in the Salvadoran sweatshops.

The NLC has found that many maquiladora factories are docking workers wages and are threatening to fire them for missing work because of the earthquake.

For a direct, worker-to-worker way to aid the earthquake victims in El Salvador, a donation can be sent to the National Labor Committee /Earthquake Emergency Fund. c/o NLC, 275 Seventh Ave., 15th Floor, New York, NY 10001.

For more information on this or on sweatshop issues, visit the NLC's website at www.nlcnet.org.

-- Livingston & McLean Counties Union News

Every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday

DJ

The **Bistro**

Monday...\$1 Jagermeister
 Tuesday...\$1²⁵ Domestic Beer
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Judge claims biracial child has a "tremendous disadvantage in life"

In response to "Racism fuels most hate crime," an article that appeared February 16, 2001 in the *Pantagraph*: When I first moved back to Bloomington-Normal I was pleased that race relations were very much on the public agenda with the signs, *Racism--not in our town*. What I experienced--well I'll let the readers be the judge.

Recently, when my son appeared in court, I was made to listen to what I now label racist, biased, and negative language from the Eleventh Judicial Court of McLean County. The comments that follow were made by the Honorable W. Charles Witte: (and are contained in the transcript) "I frankly believe this young man wouldn't be here if Mom and Dad had done their job. You gave him a tremendous disadvantage in life that he is biracial and that in the history of this stage of our life in this country was a terrible burden to put on him."

Until recently, I was uncertain of speaking out in such a public arena, thinking I was overreacting to what I heard in the courtroom that awful day. I have come to feel that his statement was not only cruel and disconcerting but also, in my opinion, very racist and inappropriate to be coming from the courts. For the good of my family, and the community in which I choose to live, I can't afford to remain silent and encourage such thinking.

If Bloomington-Normal is to keep hate crimes as stated in the article "rare," we surely cannot remain silent. Racial prejudice or discrimination in the United States is a bewildering problem with little hope of ever eradicating it completely. People need to speak out and renew Bloomington-Normal's commitment to *Racism--not in our town*. How many interracial families in this community would agree with the honorable judge that in this country biracial children have a "tremendous disadvantage and terrible burden" placed on them?

D.L. Baker-Doyle

When I received the above letter in the mail I couldn't believe what I was reading. Did a judge in Bloomington-Normal really make this comment in an official proceeding? In his official capacity? In his robes, in front of god and everyone? To be written down in the transcripts? Was it really as appalling a comment as it appeared at first reading? To be fair racism is still far too prevalent in our society and don't biracial children perhaps suffer because of it? I thought I better have some other people read the letter to get a variety of opinions. I could tell whenever a reader got to the part of the letter containing Judge Witte's comment because without fail there would be a gasp or a dropped jaw. OK, I guess it is as appalling as I first thought.

I decided to meet with the author of the letter to get some more information. What I found out was that this letter was also sent to the *Pantagraph* but was not published because Bill Wills, managing editor, felt that Witte's comments were taken out of context.

So let's put them in context and reexamine them. D.L. Baker-Doyle gave me a complete copy of the court transcripts. Wills felt that Judge Witte was responding to a specific report submitted to the court by Dennis Patterson, LCSW. Patterson's report noted that the teenager "is a biracial child and is continuing to struggle with his racial identity." Does this then justify Witte's admonition to the parents? No, I don't believe so. As John Elliot from the NAACP noted in his letter to Witte "Parents do not cause a burden to children, but environment, friends, peers etc." It is comments like the one by Judge Witte that reinforce the racism in our society which is what places a burden on biracial children.

What do researchers find when looking at biracial children? Do they have "a tremendous disadvantage in life," as Witte asserts? Not according to Clayton Majete, a teacher in the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at Baruch College of CUNY, who says: "Biracial children have historically been perceived as having significant problems, such as ambiguous racial identity, rejection of one race, social marginality, and managing sexual impulses. There is no empirical evidence, however, to support these assumptions. No significant differences in adjustment have been found between children raised by same-race parents and those raised by mixed parents."

Majete reinforces the theory that it is not the parents who have placed this burden on biracial children, but society: "Indeed, the real hardship appears to be the labels imposed from outside the family and not from parents or extended family. The need to label these children was viewed [by parents] as an imposition by society that had to be dealt with."

Baker-Doyle ends her letter with a question--asking if "inter-racial families in this community would agree with " Witte's comment. A mother of two biracial daughters I spoke with called Witte's comments "crap." She felt that it is not his place as a judge to make this type of comment--he is there to do the sentencing or whatever the business is before him. She also noted that it is not fair to blame someone for falling in love with a person of another race. Comments like Witte's place more emphasis on the race issue and there would be fewer problems for children if this wasn't dwelt on. Biracial persons being accepted is what needs to happen for racism to cease.

And according to the 2000 Census results (the first time people were allowed to choose from more than one category of ethnic group) the number of biracial families in the United States is growing--yes even here in Bloomington-Normal. The Census Bureau estimates that there are more than 1.3 million interracial marriages and in nearly 2 million families, the race of the children is different from that of at least one parent. Between 1970 and 1995, the number of black-white couples quintupled, from 65,000 to 328,000.

Census results for Bloomington-Normal reflect this national trend with minority populations increasing and more than 2,000 people identifying themselves as biracial (see chart).

While the *Pantagraph* would not print Baker-Doyle's letter, the *African American Voice* did. The local NAACP also sent a letter to Judge Witte registering their disapproval of his comments. John H. Elliott, legal redress chairman, called Witte's remarks "irresponsible." He went on to say that "the NAACP was shocked and appalled at [Witte's] behavior" and concluded the letter by saying "in this day and time, such behavior is not acceptable from the bench. We encourage you to refrain from any other derogatory and unfounded statements which would divide our community."

Baker-Doyle filed a complaint with the Judicial Inquiry Board, however we do not know the results of the complaint because according to a letter from the Board "the Board is prohibited from disclosing specifics regarding its decision, findings, or information about its deliberation of any matter."

In our increasingly biracial society it is imperative that we challenge inappropriate racial comments when we encounter them. It is only by speaking out that we can fight racism and begin to celebrate our diversity.

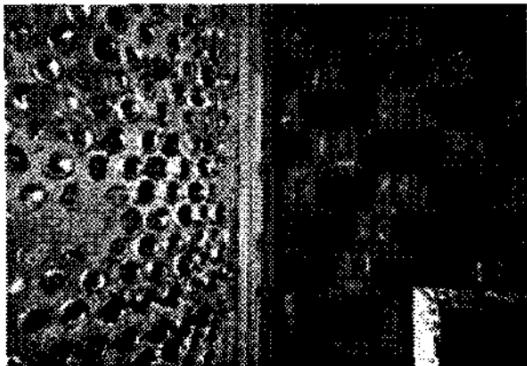
--Sherrin Fitzer

McLean County Census 2000

Population of 1 race	148,380
Population of 2 races	1,926
Population of 3 races	119
Population of 4 races	7
White	134,170
Black/ African-American	9,305
Hispanic or Latino	3,833
Asian	3,087
American Indian/ Alaska Native	245
Native Hawaiian/	
Other Pacific Islander	49
Other race	1,524
White & Black or African-American	738
White & some other race	368
White & Asian	327
White & American Indian &	
Alaska Native	308



The steel belted



Tires, tires, tires, the world is filled with billions of tires. The United States of America has three billion already and adds another 250 million each year. Where do they go? Mostly in dumps and brodingnagian tire piles where the ultra violet from the sun slowly breaks them down. Mostly these exposed mountains of tires just stink like Pepe LePew on a hot date.

A few honorable projects throughout the world have been converting a fraction of the tires into a paving substance and various useful products, but this is quite expensive, and the majority just gets thrown away. There are also bunches of people who make playground "stuff," planters, walls, erosion control retainers, mini islands in waterways for aquatic fowl and much more. Yet again, this only accounts for a fraction of the overwhelming total amount. But there is a viable solution that has the potential to consume the majority of the world's tires and that serves everybody's interests from the manufacturers to the tire dealerships, the junk yards, my fellow environmentalists, and the home owner, yes, the home owner.

When tires, in particular tires that cannot be recapped or retreaded, are used to build houses, we get structures that will virtually last forever (when the rubber is protected from the sun). The cost for an owner-builder can be as little as ten dollars (U.S.) per square foot, if the owner builds their own home. Yet even with an experienced paid tire-builder the costs are still well below those of a conventional house. So what's the catch? Why don't we see tire houses everywhere?

Well, who knew? Most people just don't equate tires with a house because we're accustomed to think "wood equals house, house equals wood." That's one big reason. For many humyns just the mention of a house built with metatecture (alternative architecture), especially a metatecture design that primarily uses "reuse" materials (post-consumer materials that are reused for construction, such as old telephone poles, railroad ties, parts of a structure that has been demolished, or in this case tires) will make them flinch if not shriek.

Another major reason is building with metatecture methods. Whilst usually much less expensive and mentally easier, it is quite labor intensive and slower than the quick slapped-up architecture that we're used to these days. Tire houses are amongst the most labor intensive, but if you invest the time (about one or two months with two people for a small house) what you'll end up with is a house made of 300 to 2,700 tires, with an average of about 1,660 tires. The tires are packed tight with earth (that's the hard part) with each tire weighing approximately three hundred pound. Essentially they are meter wide, steel belted bricks. In fact, they are laid in the wall just like bricks in the way they overlap in a staggered manner.

The two gurus of tire building are Ed Paschich, who invented the T.R.E.E. (Timber Reduced Energy Efficient) building method and Michael Reynolds, who invented the earthship and the solar survival methods. (All three methods fall within the term "metatecture" and use tires extensively.) Both of these men have wonderful "must have" how-to books involving not just tire construction, but also how to build simply and pragmatically.

It doesn't take a rocket scientist to build one of these homes that will last a millennium. First, you have to learn how to proficiently scrounge. Of course the main thing on your scavenger-hunt list is obviously tires. You want freshly disposed of tires, not ones that have been sitting outside breeding mosquitoes and deteriorating, to build your wall, although old, decrepit tires can be used for infill material. Oft times tire dealerships and assorted sources will be tickled pink to give you all the tires that you want. There have even been cases where the tire builders were paid to haul them away. Some places will charge a minor fee, and some junk yards will deliver them for a modest fee. Next, you'll need scraps of wood. If you have a wood mill, cabinet shop, pre-fab house factory, lumberyard or construction company nearby, you may be able to get these scraps for free as well. Next up, you'll need rebar (the reinforcing bars used in concrete works). A metal salvage yard is a good place to get old ones that will just need a little wire brushing and painting. The only things most people end up buying new are chicken fence wire and whatever other materials you will need for architectural options (windows, doors, plasters, etc.). But who knows? You may get lucky there, too!

The more conventional you want your structure to look, the more it will cost. The least expensive designs are earthbermed structures that look somewhat like a hill with a little hunk of building sticking out of it. The northern and part of the eastern and western walls are back filled. The advantages to this method are that the tires are protected from the sun, and the structure maintains a 55 to 60 degree Fahrenheit temperature, so cooling is basically free, and heating is cheap. Many of the earthbermed designs incorporate a sunspace (a solarium, greenhouse or sunroom), which

contributes passive solar energy. When a trombe wall (a water filled wall, or masonry wall) is installed, the day's solar energy is absorbed in the trombe wall and is slowly released through the night, somewhat like a battery. The earthship designs, which kinda-sorta look like something out of a "Mad Max" movie, do not require a septic system, nor a utility water source because they catch rainwater and snowmelt, and they recycle graywater (the waste that comes from all

sources except the toilet). Blackwater (the effluent from the toilet) is handled in a system that composts everything, and as a result the earthships have whole gardens in them. The earthship systems are quite remarkable and nearly reach an autonomous status.

When tire houses emulate southwestern adobe houses, the construction can be close to that of a conventional house. But the tire house still has many advantages over the standard house. The main advantage is that most of the construction can be done by an inexperienced owner. Also, not a lot of tools are needed. The various tire builders have created a whole myriad of homemade tools and adapted others to speed the laborious process along. One ingenious tool spreads the tires so that the soil compaction is easier to accomplish. One homemade tool, which looks like an upside-down conifer, or a child's top with an exaggerated handle, is used to pound the earth into the tires, as a sledge hammer is used for the same purpose. One of the most time consuming stages is getting the earth up under the upper side wall. A lot of success has been found by cutting off the upper side wall, which is laid inside the bottom of the tire. This speeds up the soil compaction process and does not alter the wall's strength too much. Some people use mechanical tamping devices, much like jackhammers, to compact the soil. Ed Paschich, however, says that hand compaction is 50% faster and there is less chance of over-compacting the soil past the 100% mark, which could result in a breakdown of the soils molecular structure.

Basically, what is achieved is "rammed earth." The same method that was used to build the Great Wall of China. The rammed earth method compacts earth within foundation-like forms to such a degree that the soil becomes like sedimentary rock. The forms are removed revealing a beautiful wall which is reminiscent of a Tibetan sand painting. In tire house construction the tires remain, of course, but the same techniques are applied, and the same results are enjoyed.

Most tire housed designs do not require a foundation, although the ground below the intended wall is cleared, screened, and compacted. Sometimes recycled asphalt, concrete, or furnace slag, etc. can be used as a base foundation. Some areas will require a foundation anyway. The main rule of thumb is to place the largest tires on the bottom, which creates a self-buttressing wall. Rebar is laced through the wall to interconnect and to



house

...ngthen it. Once the wall has been constructed, the gaps between the tires and the corners are filled in with chunks of tires, scrapwood, old bricks, and/or adobes or whatever you have on hand that will last a long span of time. When the wall is fairly uniform, chicken fence wire is hailed, screwed, or stapled to it. The stucco, cob (earth and straw, also known as course adobe), or another finishing substance is applied until the wall's surface is smooth, at which point it can be plastered or painted.

Doors, windows, and other structural options are a bit tricky, but nothing a carpenter can't help you with. Structural options usually incorporate a strong "lifel" which distributes the above weight and keeps the wall stable. A running bond goes on top of the tire wall to connect what ever type of roof that you choose. The walls are generally over 30 inches thick, so each window can become a garden bay window,

or a window seat. Needless to say, with 30 inch-plus walls few sounds will penetrate the thick mass. Compare this to a conventional house that has an average 4 inch wall, which is relatively flimsy, once you've been inside metatecture walls. One minor drawback is that the walls should be no taller than 20 feet high, which is plenty for two stories, or a single level and a loft system. Chances are you're never going to see a tire skyscraper.

Some people have raised questions about the tires offgassing. The University of Wisconsin-Madison stated that the tires do not pose an internal environmental problem due to offgassing. Tires do not generally leach out, so the aquifer is also safe. The big enemy to tires is the sun, but when a tire house is built properly, the tires are encapsulated in either stucco, plaster, or earth. Thusly, with no ultraviolet rays to break them down, the tires will theoretically last forever. Ed Paschich

estimates that tire houses have the potential to last three to four millennia. The beauty of these houses is that they take an environmental menace (tires) and use it in a way that will reduce the need to use virgin natural resources (i.e. trees), and nearly eliminate the need for the use of cement and other materials that embody a lot of energy.

The tire house is just another way of turning the lemons we are given in life into lemonade. Metatecture is finding ways to convert out output into homes. Hopefully one day we'll over a hundred million tire homes built annually. or communities each built with a few million tires. Potentially we could solve the homelessness conundrum and provide low cost housing for millions of people. We just need to go from "Who knew?" to "We know!"

--Nikolai Alexanderovich Zarick,
Architectonic Conceptualist



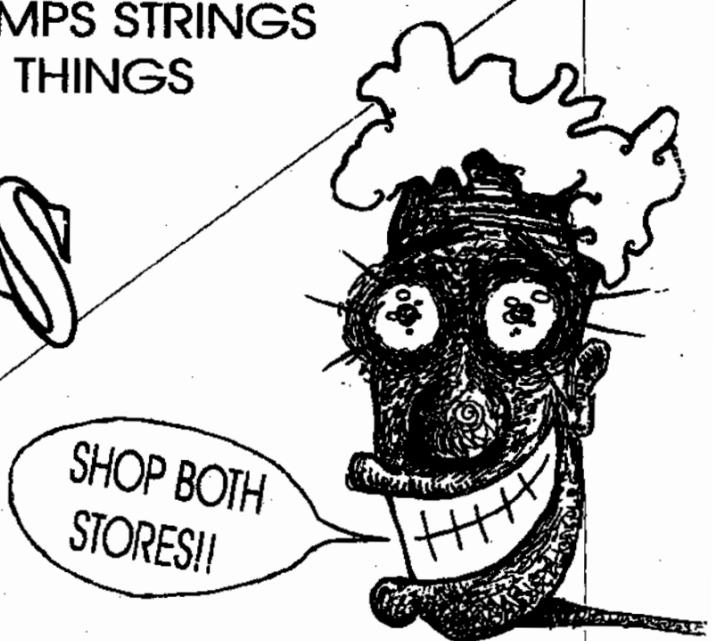
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Earth & Spirit



Jesse Wolf Hardin joined us in our February/March issue as a regular contributor. Parts one and two of *Earth & Spirit* can be found in that issue. What follows are parts three and four of the series. For more information about Hardin see the interview by Scott Deily on pages 20-21 in this issue.

Part 3: Caretakers

"showing concern and affection for life around us, proof we exist not because we know, as the decaying world view has it, but because we care."

-David Watson

I used to leave the source of my inspiration, and the land I felt called to protect for much of every year: leave the colorful lands that stretch as far as I can see from the center where I write, from the sacred crimson cliffs in the West to the high pines of the East where the Rio Frisco first snakes into view like a mirror. Or like a miracle.

These are the canyonlands of the northern Gila, the southernmost high mountain wilderness in this blessed and blighted country. New Mexico, "land of enchantment." Land of the "old ones," misnamed the Anasazi, trivialized as the "basket makers," once calling themselves the people of the Sweet Medicine.

Over and over again I left my home, the place where I am most myself, and crossed the river seven times to the place where I parked my car. Leaving the valley of Elfege Baca's shootout, then the town famous for the demonstrations by out-of-work loggers and disgruntled ranchers, the mountains with more elk than people, the Gila, the bioregion, the state... On to "Deep Ecology Medicine Shows" in Burlington and Takilma, Oregon where we'd forget it's a concert and all dance and cry together until the janitor begged for the building back. To songwriting sessions with ecotroubador Dana Lyons and front-line actions to save the threatened wolves, rivers, old-growth forests and vanishing dreams. Tours to raise awareness, instill responsibility, organize resistance, and open the hearts of our kind to the plight of our kindred spirits. Good work. Work to make one worthy.

The only problem was that I found myself saying the word "wilderness" more and more, while experiencing this essential grounding, this reservoir of information and inspiration less and less as the seasons folded one into the other. Many were the times that I carried the

microphone cords out to the van with tears in my eyes. The underlying emotion that made my presentations so palpable was the pain of my separation from the land I need, and the land that needs me. I'd pace beneath the stars of Boulder or New York, long after the last of the lingering hopeful activists filed out into the night, feeling like a motivational speaker on the issues of fidelity and devotion might, spending most of his time hundreds of miles away from his understandably anxious spouse. Like art, like career, activism is an important exercise that can nonetheless contribute to our failing to fully inhabit our bodies, our souls, the fleeting mortal moment, and our actual, physical place.

The land. And like our mates, the land needs hands-on tending, needs intimate demonstrations of love, care and prayer. Needs, if I may say so, our intimate and steadfast presence.

"Caretakers Wanted." Residency a requirement. Caretaking: taking care, taking ever so carefully, and never taking for granted. After twenty years of "owning" this special inholding, the idea still seems ludicrous. How can we own something which precedes, contains, and ultimately outlasts us? As a result of debilitating arthritis I still host a series of caretakers, but now I seldom leave. Not a single new bird arrives without me here to greet it, and no threat goes unanswered.

Wanted: assistants as caretakers. Owners as caretakers. To this work, this purpose, I've come home.

The responsibilities of a care-taker are many, including deciding what non-native species are destroying the ecosystem, and which native varieties need our help and reintroduction. Once mankind has altered a region, it requires difficult decisions and additional human interference to bring things back into balance

again. One example of this is the tamarask clogging the lower Rio Grande. Also called European salt cedar, it poses no great threat to their home turf in Spain and elsewhere, but once released into North America they develop a biological hegemony in the canyons, until in time it becomes one of the only trees on the rivers of the Southwest. Fast growing and herbicide resistant, they produce a shower of

mineral salts that make the soil inhospitable to any competing shoots. Unchecked they soon smother the willows and immature cottonwoods, filling the ravines and river bottoms with their billowing pink blossoms. Beautiful blossoms, we've got to admit.

There were none at all in this rivershed when I first moved there, but now they're beginning to crop up among the beeweed. Gorgeous blossoms, in fact. But we're easily jerked back to reality when we recall the Rio Grande River system clogged by a single-species forest, a vast monoculture, a jungle of nothing but tamarask. Too many of the same kind of flower, too much of the same uniform color-- a veritable holocaust of beauty.

Just as bad is the incursion of horehound, its seeds hitchhiking up onto the mesas stuck to our socks, moving through the rest of the county in the tails of horses and the alfalfa hay they eat. It looks so lovely at first, in patches of short ground-cover that smell sweetly when walked upon, pungent leaves perfect for brewing up a batch of old-fashioned horehound cough drops. It isn't long however, before they form a solid crusty plane of yard-high vegetation too thick to walk through. Where the ground around our cabin and below the cliffs were once graced by desert mariposa and soap tree yucca, soon there was only horehound. Prickle-poppy and evening primrose, nettle and mallow, fish-hook cactus and fleabane were being pushed out of their own neighborhoods, denied access to soil and sun in a hostile takeover bid. We felt we had no choice but to strike back in defense of biological diversity, accepting the hands-on responsibility of removing them one plant at a time, sharing their pain at being ripped up by the roots.

I arrived here thinking this dry, usually hard ground was particularly durable, and never considered limiting our pedestrian traffic to trails. Only in time, as paths to certain places took shape on their own, did I come to realize how much greener, how much more alive it was wherever we didn't walk. For many of us, writers, painters, architects and such, it's hard to accept that Nature, unlike a canvas or sheet of writing paper, might be better off, retain more of its intrinsic beauty and integrity if left just exactly the way it is. Hard to accept that no



other lines are needed to complete the drawing, that one more note would clutter the composition, that adding anything more would somehow make it less. A good caretaker must resist the urge to embellish in ways that permanently alter the face and character of the land, protecting it from even the best of our intentions.

As a kid I was known to duck under the railings at parks and exhibitions in search of my own direction, and for most of my life I've balked at guided tours and marked trails, so it was with some trepidation that I arranged the first of hundreds of surface rocks into borders channeling our footfall. I took them from a wide area so as not to disrupt the appearance of the land. Carrying them they became more personal for me, each with a uniquely different shape, color, and combination of distinct minerals. Some were relatively light and porous, while others were dense and heavy. Crystal glinted in some of the chunks of lava like a star nursery. Round black rock was found nestling inside a matrix of white sandstone, and ruddy aggregate hosted the greatest colonies of lichen.

Actually miniature forests made up of millions of microscopic individuals, it takes them centuries to reduce a rock to soil, gumming the minerals, surviving only on those surfaces that get direct light. Lime green lichen, burnt orange lichen, rock eatin' lichen. And here was yet another lesson in sensitivity: take care to set the stones down lichen-side up. Now we see the results of arranging the rocks "just so," and while there is little growth inside their meandering forms, in between them and to either side there's a constant progression of wild blossoms, one native species after the next, each taking its seasonal turn at the light. With their success comes a lesson applying to the whole of our kind: in voluntarily setting aside some places from development, we guarantee the context for a wilder humanity.

As individuals, families and neighborhoods, we can take an active interest in the health of the area where we live, becoming partially culpable for its problems and taking credit for its improvement by virtue of an unblinking awareness.

We begin to take care of the land we live on whether we own it or not, whether its an acre of breathing soil or the patches of green surrounding apartments. We learn to co-caretake any forested areas nearby, and the regional watercourse, no matter how far away. The community park becomes just that, and its well-being falls into our hands, the subjective, feeling public.

Caretaking, after all, is about taking things personally.... as it is about caring. Caring for that which holds us. Loves us. And owns us.

Part 4: Reclaiming the Sacred Now

In H.G. Wells' classic, "The Time Machine," an adventurous researcher departs from his basement workshop in a futuristic vehicle of his own making, leaving nothing behind but a circular impression in the dust where it once

stood. In the same way we "civilized" people are often out of touch, absent, unreachable by a world of unfolding presence. Our bodies linger in place much like that impression in the dust, while our minds orbit backwards and forwards through the years and the centuries, inhabiting every place but here.... and every period of time but now.

All the while, the rest of contiguous creation are reaching out to us, seeking to regain contact and redevelop relationship, offering to inspire, nourish and inform their estranged hominid brethren. These exchanges are at once energetic, physical and spiritual, and only as deep as our presence. Whether revering, consuming or celebrating another all exchanges, all relationships benefit to the degree that we are wholly in body, in place, in momentous present time.

This is just as true whether we live in suburban, rural or urban environments, and no matter where on this Earth we call home. Indeed, the loss of presence results not only in a decrease in the intensity of our lived experience, but in the loss of clean air and open space. What appears to be good natured toleration of bright lights and loud sirens, social inequality and a

degrading environment is often a lack of presence on our part instead. It fosters neglect of our crucial connection to self, Earth and Spirit, bolsters the preoccupation and intellection that makes both mass extinctions and disappearing forests possible. Social, psychological and ecological imbalance grow out of our imagined separation from the natural world. And such imaginings can only occur in the abstract, beyond the influence of place, outside of present time.

Nuclear war, acid rain, the abuse of children, occur in part because of our tendency to "dwell on" our hopes and worries, rather than dwelling in the moment, in place. It is in the present, that injustice is most intolerable, and beauty most sweet.

When folks make the long trip to our enchanted wildlands sanctuary, one of the first things we do is have them take off their watches. Everything in nature is rhythmic and timely, and yet nothing is "on time." No hawk sightings, epiphanies or orgasms happen exactly on the hour, and the most significant and meaningful events are never marked on the day-planner they surprise us, arriving just in time but never on schedule. On more than one occasion, in fact, visitors watches have simply and inexplicably stopped. It's a mystery that we attribute to the power of this ancient ceremonial site.... and to the absolute necessity of escaping from the paradigm of months and seconds, back into real time, real world, before any hopeful change can take place.

The now can never fit onto a schedule, for it is both too big and too fleeting for that. Mark the now on your mental list, and it is already gone. The calendar we focus on describes a world that isn't here, which as any child would tell us, pales in comparison to that which is!

The experiencing of present time is, indeed, a present ó a-gift from life, from Spirit, to us. A gift we pay a high price for ignoring. Both usages of the word originate in the Latin adjective "praesens": -at hand, now, here." The gift at hand, close enough to touch.

If it's disrespectful to turn down a gift- to turn one's back on a speaker or preacher in the midst of making their point, then surely it is all the

more so to ignore the miracle of the moment, to turn away from the present experience and face inward towards some mind-bound movie. To ignore the communications of the world around us and focus in on our own internal dialogue. Or to pass by the awakening dandelion, absorbed by a mental picture of a wrapped rose at some distant florist's. We get literally "caught up" with abstract thought, caught and held fast like fish in a trawler's net, surrounded on all sides by wide-eyed images and flailing priorities. Caught up in our heads, while the vital world our minds hope to describe passes below us as we walk, and sits up and watches us while we dream at night. All the while reality waves its arms and wings and cloud forms like flags trying to win back our attention.

Every moment is a decisive moment, a choice between fixating on our mental storehouse of images, or looking out the window at the birds looping through the sky. A choice repeated over and over again every minute of the day, with both attendant benefits and a high price to pay either way. With increased awareness, one may no longer be able to turn away from the fateful play of the moment, no matter how agonizing the scene might be. If we are to truly inhabit present time, we'll hear the cries of the helpless as we walk the streets, unable to drown them out with thoughts about the job we're walking home from, a litany of schedule and finance, a repeat of the last song we heard on the workplace radio. The sounds of the traffic may not be pleasant, but we will acknowledge each whirl and grind that go to make it up, like any awakened animal would. We'll find no way to ignore the odors from the alleyway, nor block out the cold feel of a winter wind on our cheeks with pictures of the warm room awaiting us.

No perfume is lost to the unguarded nose, and that which bravely acknowledged the smells of the gutter surely feasts on a walk through the garden, truly delights in the olfactory playground of a lover's heated neck. Before the word "dwell" came to mean "to inhabit," it meant "to linger." Thus when eating we may find our consciousness dwells within a world of taste, as our being lingers inside the flavor of each special moment. For a circle of drummers the reward for being on time" is an experiential rhythmic bonding, an entraining that ushers in a heightened condition of awakeness. The same

for us. Sensing and reacting to the unfolding world "on time," in present time, we're rewarded with the passion and awe common to our fellow creatures, engorged in a state of arousal and response.

Too often though, we find ourselves reading or listening to the news while we eat, the rich combinations of food stimulating the receptors in are mouth experienced only peripherally while the hungry body goes on "automatic pilot." Our conscious mind travels into other times, missing those flavors that entertain the present. Except for the first bite, we may consume an entire meal barely paying attention to its banquet of sensation, the fine distinctions between spoonfuls of the same entree, the slow sensuous melt of butter fats, the interplay of heady spices. What could be more of a loss,

Cont'd



Cont'd from p. 17

It's even worse than you thought

more disrespectful of the giver, then failing to fully taste what's in our mouths, to give less than our complete attention to the fingers of the masseuse kneading our backs, or to picture past affairs while being tended by our lover today? To pine away at the loss of the sunset, while even now the glory of a new dawn stretches out before us?

Of course, even if we fight to avoid the vivid awareness and troubling responsibilities of the present, we're likely thrust back into the moment with the first clap of thunder, the nearby strike of lightning, a violent threat, or screeching tires approaching in the direction of the sidewalk we're moving along! And for those of us willing to make this reclamation conscious and purposeful, there are aids as well.

Recess may be the key. We need to recess class, recess logos, recess our obsession with what has yet to come as well as what happened before. No matter what its title, the last course one attended is always "history." The historical epoch that stretches all the way back through time, begins in that very microsecond that just past! In recess the present takes over, the child in us pulled out of intellection by the challenge and physicality of the monkey bars, the teasing climbable branches of trees in the yard, the random stimulation of so many other glad spinning youths. Screams and laughter vanquish the ghost-like echoes of contemplation and the furies of future and worry. Here are grass smells and primal needs that reclaim them, an orgy of truly living color that grabs their attention back from the black and white movies projected in the theaters of their minds. Abstraction is defeated by children, by activists and dreamers.... in the experiential, sensual swirl of recess!

Recess is a return, not to our nostalgic past, but to the swinging, playing, hurting, loving now. We're returned with the first tart bite of an orange, a morning's splash of cold water on our face, a sudden starting or stopping of the evening wind, the first glimpse of a falcon dropping through the air in pursuit of downtown pigeons. We're returned by the whiff of home-made bread fresh out of the oven, the demanding ministrations of massage, and the magic of a sparrow feeding its babies in a hollow street sign. In reentering the present, in reentering the flesh of the realized moment, we are then ourselves penetrated: by every real thing around us, by the weather and the ground, by the people that are with us, by the totality of life.

Only in the now can we hope to be sufficiently conscious of place to sense our belonging to it, or to heed its will. In reinhabiting the present, all time becomes "home-time," and we're welcomed back no matter how often we try to leave it..

Welcomed here, in place. Welcomed in the now.... and in this way, welcomed home.

—Jesse Wolf Hardin is an acclaimed presenter, counsel, and author of *Kindred Spirits: Sacred Earth Wisdom* (SwanRaven Press, 2000). For information on wilderness retreats and resident internships at their Gila wildlife sanctuary, contact The Earthen Spirituality Project, Box 516, Reserve, NM 87830 <earthway@concentric.net> <www.concentric.net/~earthway>.

"American news organizations are retreating from coverage of foreign news, retreating from the kinds of stories my colleagues and I risk our lives for...when we don't even know whether the stories we tell will ever make it onto your television screens or into your newspapers."
—Christiane Amanpour

"This past year (1999) has been, I think, the worst year for American journalism since I entered the profession forty-four years ago."
—David Halberstam

"One of the networks (ABC, CBS, NBC) news divisions will likely go away. Of the other two, one will take the high road, one will take the low road."—Ted Koppel, lamenting the "tabloidization" of TV news

I left the news media in 1980, having worked for the *Amarillo Globe-News*. Since then, the once great *Philadelphia Inquirer* fired the editor who won them more than a dozen Pulitzer Prizes in one decade. David Halberstam, who won a Pulitzer Prize for his Vietnam coverage with the *New York Times*, and Richard Ben Cramer, who won a Pulitzer for his coverage of the war in Afghanistan for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, have both given up and turned to writing baseball nostalgia books—Halberstam about baseball pennant races and Cramer about Joe Dimaggio.

People died after taking the drug Rezulin because the *Los Angeles Times* kept David Willman, its reporter, from working on his expose of the drug. The paper yanked him off the story to cover the Monica Lewinsky scandal for six months. As one woman's husband told Willman, "I wish you had written your article sooner. My wife would not have taken this drug." He told Willman this at a rosary for the dead wife.

As John Nichols and Robert W. McChesney noted in their book, *It's the Media, Stupid*, "Reporters and editors connected to the media giants are almost never the ones who show up as the arrested and murdered reporters on the annual list published by The Committee to Protect Journalists."

When Carl Jensen wrote his 2000 book, *Stories That Changed America: Muckrakers of the Twentieth Century*, he found no example worth mentioning since Watergate.

Finding their investigative efforts restricted, the two-time Pulitzer Prize winning team of Donald L. Barlett and James B. Steele, of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, jumped to *Time Magazine* after 26 years in newspapers.

The media won't even cover journalists murdered in the continental U.S. while covering investigative stories—believe it or not. There have been 10 murdered in this country the past 20 years, mostly foreign language journalists. The murders occurred in such cities as Houston, San Francisco, New York, and Miami, but did you read or hear anything about them?

The retreat from gusty reporting got so bad that even Sydney Schanberg, who won a Pulitzer for his Vietnam reporting, and Charles E. Shepard, who won a Pulitzer for blowing open the PTL-Jim Baker scandal, gave up on newspapers and joined on-line news services.

—Steve LaPrade

Stigma busters: Send a protest to XFL Maniax

The name, the logo image with the twisted face and the Asylum cheerleaders promoting the new XFL Memphis football team are most offensive. NAMI Tennessee has sent letters to the General Manager of the Memphis Maniax, the Memphis Newspaper and the Mayor of Memphis but has not received a response. The Chair of the Tennessee Mental Health Planning Council received a negative response from the Team VP and Manager. Since the Memphis Maniax are one of the new XFL teams which will be playing in other cities, perhaps yours, NAMI is circulating this national alert.

Message points:

—We understand your new football league is attempting to be fun and entertaining, however, the logo face with the spiked hair and swirls for eyes represents a stereotype that mental health advocates work hard to overcome. Mental illness is neither fun nor entertaining,
—Mentally ill people are not wild maniacs as implied by the Maniax name, logo and language.

Cheerleaders "Asylum" community

—This use of antiquated language like Maniax and asylum and the ugly logo is most offensive, hurtful, demeaning and humiliating for

millions of men, women and children struggling with mental illness.

—We hope the co-owners of the XFL, NBC and World Wrestling Federation will recognize their responsibility and change the Maniax name and logo to one that will not offend any race, ethnic background, or person with mental or physical disability,

—To continue use of the name and logo of Maniax will perpetuate the pervasive stigma that is a barrier to recovery for our one in five persons struggling with severe mental illness. Mental illness is neither fun nor entertaining.

Send messages to:

Bob Wright, President & CEO NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10112 email: nbc-nbctv.custhelp.com
Basil V. DeVito, Jr. President, XFL www.wwfecorpbiz.com
Steve Erhart, VP & General Manager; Memphis Maniax : email: www.xflmemphismaniax.com

—from NAMI of Livingston/McLean Counties



Off-the beaten path: Movie reviews

Hello Film Fans! My name is David McBride and I operate the local video store called the Movie Fan. I'm lucky enough to view hundreds of movies a year. If you enjoy films with cleverly fleshed out characters, interesting ideas, beautiful cinematography, crisp writing, or an involving plot, you might want to take a chance on some of the movies that I'd like to recommend. Keeping in mind that my taste runs a tad offbeat, please take a chance on some of the following films.



Lovers of the Arctic Circle

This thoroughly unforgettable Spanish language drama involves timing and fate and how they both play a part in a person's perception of reality. The movie opens with a chance meeting between a pair of eight-year-olds. Time passes and the two are drawn to each other, but destiny steps up and their paths part. A string of coincidences place the pair on a crash course to be reunited. Highly recommended watching this hauntingly seductive film with an ending that will stick with you. ★★★★★



Urbania

Powerfully moving drama follows a young man (Dan Futterman of Shooting Fish) who has recently lost control over his life. He moves in and out of reality and through a series of encounters with strangers. Having recently lost his lover to thugs who bashed him to death, he searches New York City for a mysterious stranger who hold the key to his recovery. Urbania succeeds on several levels, and it keeps you guessing along the way. Check it out. ★★★1/2

Other movies that are of high priority:

- Before Night Falls
- Best in Show
- Shower
- Butterfly
- Clair Dolan
- The Lifestyle
- That's the Way I Like It



Flushed

Very funny mockumentary set in the restrooms of a downtown New York City bar. We follow 100 patrons and eavesdrop on their conversations. We watch as they fall in love, discuss intimate situations and find relief in the most private of public places. Flushed runs a little on the raunchy side, so be warned. The characters represented are universal and oddly appealing. ★★★1/2



Last Night

Interesting and highly original this Canadian film is a must-see for those who love soulful, offbeat comedies. When midnight strikes the world will come to an end. Time is running out and a group of big-city dwellers is determined to go out with a bang. It makes you think about what you would do if the world were ending. Would you be with your family, be alone, go party? Who knows? Don McKeller (Existenz) and Sandra Oh (Double Happiness) are superb leads in a talented cast that makes Last Night both enjoyable and disturbing. ★★★1/2

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Kindred Spirits: An Interview with



Jesse Wolf Hardin is a presenter, wordsmith, artist and backwoodsman.... teaching mindfulness, ecological awareness, and Earth-centered spirituality. A quarter century of activism and wilderness restoration have helped hone his message of personal and environmental healing. His most recent book is entitled *Kindred Spirits: Sacred Earth Wisdom* (SwanRaven Press, 2000). I interviewed him at the wildlife sanctuary we share, seven river crossings from the nearest road.

SD): To what call does your book *Kindred Spirits* respond?

JWH): *Kindred Spirits* helps answer a deep need of our contemporary kind. Whether we are young or old, male or female, rural or urban dwellers, we long to reclaim a sense of authentic being, mindful presence, and right relationship with the living Earth we're a part of. No matter how successful or busy we are, we increasingly desire a more honest embrace of our fears and hopes, a deepening of emotional and spiritual engagement, a heightening of sentience and awareness, a rekindling of native sense-of-place, a return to meaning and purpose....

Secondly, *Kindred* tells the stories of the instructive plant and animal guides that can assist us on our spiritual and practical journey. Stories of personal reawakening and re-becoming, informed by the expressive wisdom of our endangered creature brethren, the oft ignored pleas and poems of the

mountains, the canyons, the rivers and seas. Stories meant to remind us of the ways in which all aspects of the natural world speak to us, and through us.

The "call" you asked about is closely related to recall. The process of healing ourselves and this planet is largely one of remembering—becoming plain, responsive members of the Earthen whole once again. Re-inhabiting, our bodies, our place, and precious present time. Rewilding, meaning to reclaim our native emotions and desires, our sensitivity and passion, awareness and responsibilities.

Reenchanting, the ascension of wonder and delight. And resolving, which is the act of solving the problems and imbalances through decisive action and lasting personal commitments. It is in this place of decisive presence, that the lush forests of personal wildness and wild Nature overlap.... that the inspired wilderness and the wilderness of our subconscious are one.

SD): You first came to the public attention giving hundreds of talks across the country, helping regional activists organize campaigns to save old growth forests, protect endangered watersheds and so forth. But even then you were called "the spiritual heart of the environmental movement," with presentations that brought together information and ritual, hardcore ecology and personal transformation.

JWH): In the end any effective spiritual,

communal or environmental "cure" must begin with the healing reclamation of the natural self. *Kindred* inspires a sensibility in us distracted adults that was our birthright—a natural way of being that our ancestors all knew and enjoyed, no matter what our racial or cultural roots. A way that we once knew too, in our giggling barefoot youth. We had to learn to look away, and to forget, in order to fit into society once we became adults. *Kindred Spirits* helps illuminate the tree-lined path back. Back to goofy laughter and unguarded tears, to porch swings and secret swim holes, to really tasting our food and fully celebrating our existence! Back to feeling the pain of the natural world, and being moved to ease it, heal it, and bless it with our love! Back into the enlivened presence of vanquished childhood, the unbridled sensations of an uncompromised here and now.

SD): The chapters in your book seem to alternate between plant and animal stories, and practices for personal reconnection and rewilding. You describe exercises like mindful "walking quests," how to employ a personal medicine wheel, the symbology of the "burden basket," and life as a proactive "dance."

JWH): These are all important tools, perspectives, skills—on our individual quest for meaning and a mission. And most respectfully, not according to the traditions of Celt, or Sioux or Wiccan.... but as revealed by the spirit of the land itself. In this crucial time. In this hallowed place.

SD): It's these things, and more, that you offer at your sanctuary, in the context of wilderness retreats, solo quests, and resident internships. While in between, you're writing on your solar powered Apple laptop, above one of the seven bends in the river guests cross on their way in.

JWH): My assignment is to listen, intently, with an open mind and heart, and then to pass on those insights in every way I'm able. But even if I gave no worthwhile counsel, and never wrote any of this down, guests and seekers would still be affected by this place-of-power. All natural places are points of contact between us and the inspired universe, but some function as special portals where the truths are the most clear.... and inescapable.

My primary role here is protect, restore and resacrament this enchanted canyon I've been called to. And secondarily, to make this shrine and these lessons available to those with heartfelt intent and a readiness to engage.

SD): You put a lot of emphasis on the wilderness experience. Why wilderness? Aren't there other places, other practices that offer the same benefits and results? Just what is "nature?"

JWH): We need the empowerment, instruction and mirroring—of a world not of our own making. You can find that in the song of the sparrow nesting in a hollow street sign, under a tent of untrimmed vines in your own backyard, and in the proliferation of outlaw dandelions on those strips of grass between the sidewalk and the street. But we also need true wildness, apart from zoos and parks and wildlife shows. Wilderness combines an unequalled opportunity for both soulful solitude and communion with



Jesse Wolf Hardin

the All. Wilderness is the optimum classroom for reconnection with natural self, natural Earth. By conserving endangered species, habitats and ecosystems, we simultaneously protect the raw material of continuing evolution, the role models for a more noble and enlivened existence, and the context and opportunities for spiritual fulfillment.

As for defining nature.... for environmentalists it's a cause. For artists, subject matter for their paintings and music. For "outdoor people," the opportunity for recreation. For sentimentalists, a source of beauty, nostalgia and hope. We may see nature as something dirty and hostile, ready to itch and bite and threaten our life... or as some bloodless, clawless ideal. We're destroying and demeaning a large part of the natural world, at the same time that we adore the Panda bears on the World Wildlife Fund decals, the idyllic scenery and dimpled dolphins of calendar art, our domestic pets and potted flowers.

In truth, nature is so much more than a scenic backdrop for the stage of human activity. It's our biological context, the primary defining influence throughout our long evolution as two-leggeds. It's an extension of our beings, a concert of beautiful, vital Gaian organs. For all our distraction and denial, nature remains our spiritual and corporeal source, as well as our ultimate destination. Nature is who we really are. Nature is home.

SD): Even those who profess to love Nature usually consider it their charge, claiming we have an obligation as stewards, as the highest evolved conscious forms on the planet to shepherd, to direct the Earth's "resources" for their betterment as well as our own.

JWH): We clearly have a responsibility to change our lives and our societies in ways that ease our burden on the rest of the planet. We've so drastically altered the landscape, that the land can use our help to restore it back to its original state of vitality and balance. But we are not the directors of this living Earth. We're the "feelers:" receptors funneling back sensation and insight to the the Gaian whole. Communicants, respondents, and celebrants! At our worst we civilized humans are distracted, deluded purveyors of a global calamity more destructive in power than the combined Ice Ages. But at our best, we are equal, feeling, participants. We join our fellow kindred species, the undulating lizard and shimmying river, with our own dance of integrity and gratitude. At our best we are not so much engineers and overlords as flute players and soothsayers.... the attentive bards, the dancers, the counsels, the priestesses.... the gardeners and guardians, the makers of oaths and odes.

SD): I'm impressed with the personal anecdotes in the various animal tales. You didn't just research historical and tribal lore, you entered into deep relationship with these instructive life forms. To explain about what wolves have to teach us, you tell the story of taking on the name and totem when you were very young, and the drama surrounding the reintroduction of Mexican gray wolves a few miles from the wildlife refuge where you live. You might have read a lot about hummingbird biology and

mythology, but it was your experience of holding one of the little birds as it awoke from torpor, that impressed you with the idea of restoration and rebirth.

JWH): I feel it's important to combine good science with good instinct, insight and communion. Kindred is a book about rewilding both self and Earth, and such things as history and conservation biology are essential to our preservation of threatened species and their habitat.

At the same time, labeling can definitely compartmentalize, confine and reduce the being and wonder of that which we're studying. I want to know which native plants we can eat here in the canyon, but I don't want to limit them to the description found in our field guides. In Kindred I tell the story of the first time I ever went back east, away from my beloved Southwestern mountains. I arrived at night at the Vermont rendezvous site, and set up my tent at the edge of a young forest.

Come first light I was astounded by the glint of the sun on the nearly metallic sheaths of the trees around me. I had a virtual epiphany—which is to say, one those wonderful moments when the rational mind gives up on applying logic or language to a marvelous event. Later on in the day I asked one of the other conference participants exactly what kinds of trees those were. "Oh, those are just silver birch." By using the adjective "just" he meant only that there were a lot of them, that they're not endangered species, and that he gets to see them all the time. He then relayed to me how many gallons of water they require in a day, their various environmental requirements, their geographical spread, and how tall they'll grow. I quickly realized the degree to which my original impression had suffered as well as benefited from the increase in knowledge. Prior to talking to him these trees were a mysterious part of the miracle of my life. In this nameless state they required no set amount of water, and could be found on no actuary table. For all I knew these were arboreal gods that never die, magical beings that might any minute sprout wings and fly!

SD): Our emphasis here is on your writing, yet you're a talented artist as well. You had a mythical wilderness gallery in Taos as a young man, and contributed art to various magazines over the years. There are twenty-something frameable drawings and collages in Kindred Spirits, evoking a certain magic....

JWH): They're essentially medicine wheels or mandalas, representing creatures and seekers, being and environment, and life and death—in perfect reciprocal balance. Art is wordless, and thus the viewer is brought one step closer to an actual experience.... in submission, before the altar of beauty. The drawings in Kindred remind us of the nonverbal, nonlinear world waiting just outside the walls of our minds, calling on us each, to come out and play!

SD): Do you see modernist society making a turn around, valuing life over making a living, free time over spending money? With our ever expanding human population, we couldn't go back to being hunter gatherers even if we wanted to.

JWH): This is a pivotal and trying age, and the odds are everywhere against the paramours of Earth and truth. We're surrounded by illusion and distraction, and the last wild places are under increasing siege. But I say: all the more reason for our efforts, our commitments, sacrifices, services and love!

We're living in a time when simply to embody our real sentient selves, to really inhabit the present moment, to feel and deal... distinguishes us. When deliberately cutting back on our material lifestyle, protesting the logging of the last redwoods, or hand-restoring a small section of neighborhood stream makes us heroes. We each have a chance to rebecome intimate with spirited self and inspired place, and an opportunity to do the right things. In that moment—regardless of results, and no matter what the consequences—we're resonant with the rest of the purposeful living world. We are successful, and complete. We belong. And because we belong, nothing is denied us. Everything is possible. If Kindred teaches anything, it is the necessity and responsibilities of membership, the importance of gifting and gratitude, the certainty of miracles and and the necessity of hope.

--Scot Deily

Kindred Spirits is the haunting cry of a wild-voiced wilderness seer and the ecstatic song of an Earth lover, a person intoxicated with the beauty and diversity of life. —From the Foreword

Kindred Spirits

Sacred Earth Wisdom
Jesse Wolf Hardin

Foreword by Ralph Metzner



A profound book for those who long to strengthen their deep kinship to Earth and her creatures. Wolf's rich and sensuous writing style will stir and awaken ancient memories in your soul.

...fresh, future, wild, refined, all at once, which should be no surprise—that's how the real world is—my respects to Jesse Wolf Hardin. —Gary Snyder, Pulitzer Prize-winning author

Wolf powerfully brings us into the presence of our animal elders, reawakening us to the lessons they have to teach us in the recovery of our own instincts and aliveness. This is a fiery, passionate and important book. —Paul Winter, Paul Winer Consort

For information on Wolf's public presentations, counsel or wilderness retreats, contact:

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Various atrocities against animals

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The new restaurant Le petit Bistro at 1704 Eastland Drive, BL is serving Foie Gras simmered in Madaira Wine.

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How are *your* charitable donations spent? The Council on Humane Giving wants you to know. With the Council's recent launch of the *Humane Charity Seal of Approval*, you'll easily spot which charities are committed to using state-of-the-art, nonanimal research methods. These organizations focus on clinical research, human population studies, and an ever-expanding array of high-tech strategies: in short, techniques that bring real results. So have a heart, Give your next generous donation to a charity that honors life in allshapes and sizes. For more information or to add your organization to the list, contact the Council on Humane Giving at the Physicians Committee for Responsible Medicine, 202-686-2210, ext. 329, or humane Seal@pop.net.

--from The Council on Humane Giving

Tobacco Torture: Animals don't smoke. Or do they ?



Everyone old enough to strike a match knows that cigarettes cause respiratory problems, emphysema, heart disease and cancer. Even cigarette manufacturers have been forced to admit they are selling tiny addictive packets of death.

So why would anyone still use animals in smoking experiments?

As you read these words, pregnant monkeys at the Oregon Regional Primate Research Center (ORPRC) are being caged, and their fetuses are being exposed to nicotine. Funded by the U.S. government, ORPRC experimenter Eliot Spindel acknowledges that "the deleterious effects of maternal smoking during pregnancy are all too well established." Yet his five-year study, during which he will kill and examine the lungs of the baby monkeys, is funded (with tax money) through 2004.

This is just one of dozens of example of cruel and unnecessary research. Experimenters have taken large grants from cigarette manufacturer Philip Morris and R.J. Reynolds, from government agencies, including the the National Institutes of Health, and even from the March of Dimes to inject animals with nicotine, force them to inhale smoke and addict them to tobacco--a substance that they would never normally encounter.

Executive Stress

James D. Valentine, an experimenter at the Minneapolis Medical Research Foundation subjected rats to "unavoidable stress"--often a euphemism for pain. The purpose? To see if they would take more nicotine.

Other experimenters have designed miniature injection pumps that are then implanted into animals to supply a steady stream of nicotine.

Smoking experiments on rabbits, lambs, dogs and other animals waste millions of dollars that could be used for a good purpose--to encourage young people to stay away from cigarettes and to help smokers who are already addicted

PETA is asking the government to keep grant money from lining these experimenters' pockets, and we are demanding that Philip Morris and R.J. Reynolds stop sponsoring animal studies.

Please join us in protesting these painful and unnecessary experiments.

--Ask your legislators to stop funding smoking experiments on animals. For contact info: www.senate.com and www.house.gov or call 202.224.3121

--Write to Andrew J. Schindler, Chair and President, R.J. Reynolds, 401 N. Main St., Winston-Salem, NC 27101 and to

Geoffrey C. Bible, Chair, Philip Morris, 120 Park Ave., New York, NY 10017

--PETA's *Animal Times*



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HB 219: Criminalization of marijuana related info on Internet

Over 250 letters have been sent to state legislators opposing HB 219, the bill to criminalize the transmission or marijuana-related information over the Internet.

Despite this tremendous amount of public pressure, HB 219 has gathered 15 co-sponsors in the House and received a majority of votes in the House Rules Committee.

Please do not be discouraged by this turn of events, but instead use the opportunity to increase lobbying efforts. If you have not already sent a letter to your state legislators, please do so at <http://www.mpp.org/IL> today. If you have already done this, please consider calling your state representative as well.

You may want to mention that increased penalties for marijuana offenses do not reduce marijuana usage, but instead bog down the judicial system with nonviolent offenders. Further, incarcerating nonviolent individuals for a year simply for transmitting marijuana-related information over the Internet is inefficient, expensive and wrong.

While it would have been ideal to kill HB 219 in committee, it still has a long way to go before it becomes a law. HB 219 must now win a majority of votes in the House of Representatives, pass a committee in the Senate, win a majority of votes in the senate, and then be signed by the governor. Please continue to be active all along the way.



How to support The Marijuana Policy Project

MPP's state legislative monitoring system is funded entirely by the donations of MPP allies and members nationwide. In order to continue with this service in your state in 2002, MPP needs to raise \$1,000 of more from your state this year.

If you find MPP's legislative monitoring service helpful, please consider making a donation at: <http://www.mpp.org/MoneyFor States>

Because MPP devotes 100% of its efforts toward influencing public policy, contributions are not tax-deductible. However, the above link also provides a way to make a tax-deductible donation.

--Normal Students for a Sane Drug Policy

The Clinton legacy

Records set

- The only president ever impeached on grounds of personal malfeasance.
- Most number of convictions and guilty pleas by friends and associates.
- Most number of cabinet officials to come under criminal investigation.
- Most number of witnesses to flee country or refuse to testify.
- Most number of witnesses to die suddenly.
- First president sued for sexual harassment.
- First president accused of rape.
- Only first lady to come under criminal investigation.
- Largest criminal plea agreement in an illegal campaign contribution case.
- First president to establish a legal defense fund.
- Greatest amount of illegal campaign contributions.
- Greatest number of illegal campaign contributions from abroad.
- First president to pardon a fugitive on the most wanted list.

The hidden election

- GOP seats gained in House since Clinton became president: 48.
- GOP seats gained in Senate since Clinton became president: 8
- GOP governorships gained since Clinton became president: 11
- State legislatures gained by GOP since Clinton became president: 9
- GOP state legislative seats gained since Clinton became president: 1,254.
- State legislatures taken over by GOP since Clinton became president: 9.
- Democrat officeholders who have become Republicans since Clinton became president: 469.
- Republican officeholders who have become Democrat since Clinton became president: 3.

Crime stats

- Number of individuals and businesses associated with the Clinton machine who have been convicted or pleaded guilty to crimes: 47.
- Number of these convictions during Clinton's presidency: 33.
- Number of indictments/misdemeanor charges: 61.
- Number of congressional witnesses who have pleaded the Fifth Amendment, fled the country to avoid testifying, or (in the case of foreign witnesses) refused to be interviewed: 122.

--The Progressive Review

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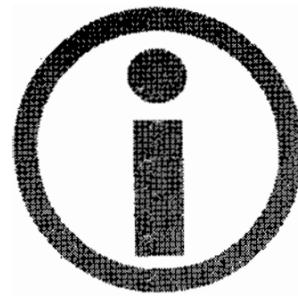
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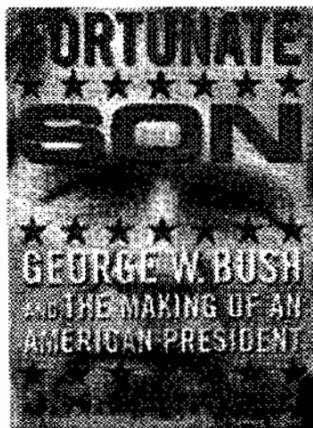


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