

Eastern Illinois University

The Keep

The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

8-1-2002

Volume 31, Number 4

Post Amerikan

Follow this and additional works at: https://thekeep.eiu.edu/post_amerikan



Part of the [Gender, Race, Sexuality, and Ethnicity in Communication Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), [Publishing Commons](#), and the [Social Influence and Political Communication Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Post Amerikan, "Volume 31, Number 4" (2002). *The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)*. 260.
https://thekeep.eiu.edu/post_amerikan/260

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the The Post Amerikan Project at The Keep. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Post Amerikan (1972-2004) by an authorized administrator of The Keep. For more information, please contact tabruns@eiu.edu.

The fat-unfriendly skies

Punk & protest

An ecopsychology of place



POST AMERIKAN



BLOOMINGTON/NORMAL VOLUME 31

FREE

NUMBER FOUR AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 2002

Will this be the solution to the Middle East conflict?



Sidewalk Bubblegum ©1995 Clay Butler

Change Service Requested
Post Amerikan
P.O. Box 3452
Bloomington, IL 61702

PRESORTED
STANDARD
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
BLOOMINGTON, IL
PERMIT NO. 168

Page 2--You know!
 Page 3--Community News
 Page 4--Comm. News cont'd; Life Savers
 Page 5--Animal Rights; Don't Shoot!
 Page 6--Labor News
 Page 7--Mental Illness Awareness
 Page 8--Anti Fat
 Page 9--Punk & protest

Page 10--Life in Jenin
 Page 11--What it is
 Page 12--You might be alien if...
 Page 14-15--An ecopsychology of place
 Page 16--Movie reviews; CD reviews; Audio ammo
 Page 17--Audio ammo cont'd
 18-20--Poetry

In this Issue:

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 printing 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, RALPH, SHERRIN

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 & Friends
 of Lesbians & Gays).....862-1844
- Planned Parenthood (medical).....827-4014
 (bus/couns/edu).....827-4368
- Post Amerikan*.....828-4473
- Prairie State Legal Services.....827-5021
- Project Oz.....827-0377
- 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
- Voice for Choice.....827-4005
- Western Avenue Comunity 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
 - Burwells, 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.
 - Lizards Lounge, 612 N. Main
 - 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, 14 E. Beaufort
 - Deadpan Alley Records, 107 W. North
 - Ecology Action Center, 208 W. College
 - Mother Murphy's, 111 W. North
 - Movie Fan, 202C W. North
 - Normal Public Library, 206 W. College
 - North Street Cafe, 205 W. North
 - Stevenson Hall, ISU
 - University Galleries, ISU

- Peoria**
- Bicycle Bus
 - Illinois Central College

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 **Sept 15**



Community News

University Galleries exhibition schedule

University Galleries is pleased to announce the opening of its summer-fall exhibition *Harold Boyd: Bodies of Work*. Born in Des Moines, Iowa in 1938, Harold Boyd's career as an artist and university professor spans over 30 years. From the late 1960s onward, Boyd's influence as a professor of painting and drawing can be seen in the work of many of his students—including Nicolas Africano, Wonsook Kim, Tony Wong, and Diego Cortez. He retired as a full professor at Illinois State university in June 2000.

A master of line and psychological nuance, Boyd's figures are engaged in dialogue, dance, and acts of physical endurance—all poignant yet comic commentaries on the human condition. Adlai Stevenson, Eleanor Roosevelt, William Carlos Williams, Gandhi, and other cultural heroes populate Boyd's fluid landscape. Since the mid-80s his work has consistently featured non-idealized aging male figures.

Biographically or autobiographically inspired (his father, himself, Adlai Stevenson), yet fictional in result, these figures "all share an awakening clumsiness, as if surprised by gravity, as if remembering a weightless childhood, the childhood of a soap-bubble. But in the gallery, this all changes. There is closure everywhere, and with it grace and a surprisingly idea sort of beauty." (Tim Porges, *Harold Boyd, Old Body: Beginner's Mind*, 1999)

Consisting of over 40 large and small-scale works on paper, prints, paintings, cut-metal sculpture and cast works from the 1970s to the present, our exhibition will offer a comprehensive view of Boyd's oeuvre.

A fully illustrated catalogue with an essay by Tim Porges will be available.

Summer Hours (June 12-August 18)
Mon: 12-4
Tues: 12-7
Wed-Sat: 12-4
Sun: closed

Fall Hours (starting Aug 20)
Tues: 9:30-9
Wed-Fri: 9:30-4:30
Sat-Mon: 12-4

University Galleries is located on the campus of Illinois State University, off Beaufort Street and between University and School streets. Parking is available in the parking garage off of University Street (located behind the tennis courts).

Other shows at University Galleries

Melanie Manchot—*Love is a Stranger*
September 24-November 3, 2002
Melanie Manchot's (U.K.) artwork challenges socially and culturally constructed ideas about beauty, aging, sexuality, and fantasy. This exhibition will include photography and video from three major bodies of work:

Liminal Portraits—nude portraits of the artist's mother set within dramatic landscapes and domestic spaces, *The L.A. Pictures*—a photo-and-text series of kissing couples which explores notions of intimacy and personal space, and *Gestures of Demarcation*—self portraits of Manchot in which figures, often turned away from the camera, pull and tug at the artist's skin.

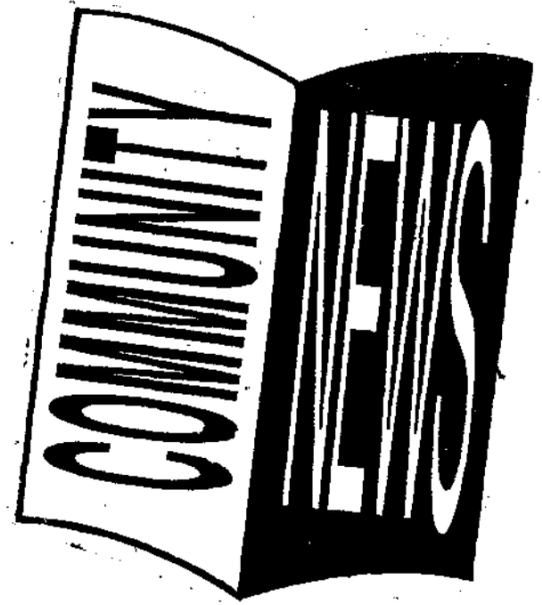
Organized by Stuart Horodner, Director of the Portland Institute of Contemporary Art, this travelling exhibition is the first survey of the artist's work to appear in the United States, and is accompanied by a monograph published by Prestel. Manchot will do a lecture, conduct a workshop with art students, and will engage in a billboard project to be placed locally during her exhibition.

Tony Tasset
January 14-February 23, 2003
Since the mid-1980s, Tony Tasset has created works that confront the confluence of art, contemporary culture, and the everyday. Increasingly, he has turned his investigations inward, using his personal life as a self-effacing foil to address social stereotypes and conflicts of the ego, as well as how we see ourselves through the media influenced perspectives.

Tasset's wry work is bound by an overarching sincerity and yearning for the ideal while perceptively examining layers of our culture and issues of self-identity. This exhibition will consist of various sculptures for the University Galleries venue. Co-curated by Barry Blinderman and Bill Conger. We will publish a full-color catalogue with an essay by Hamza Walker, an interview with Stuart Horodner, and a foreword by Barry Blinderman.

Slab
March 4-April 9, 2003
Referencing real and imagined environments, the artists in Slab present both natural and human-altered topographies as if they were cadavers awaiting dissection. These artists deal uniquely with contemporary landscape, positioning detailed environmental slices on horizontal sculpture supports. Embracing diorama and hobby miniaturist techniques, their fetishistic obsession with materials like gooey resins, finely milled plywood, and foam foliage humorously transforms natural vistas into stage-like environments that reconfigure the concept or the sublime landscape. Artists: Michael Ashkin (NY), Shimon Attie (NY), Dino Bruzzone (Argentina), Will Cotton (NY), Bill Davenport (NY), Jennifer Lapham and Paul Sacaridiz (IL), Stephen Pascher (CA), Yutaka Sone (NY).

--University Galleries newsletter



Proposed ordinance still a hot topic

The Bloomington City council continues to consider a proposal that would add sexual orientation to the city's human rights ordinance.

Council members will vote on the proposal at one of their meetings in August or September. A definite date will be published as the vote nears.

In the meantime, community members are encouraged to contact city council members to express their support for the proposed ordinance. here is a roster of council members and their contact information:

Richard Veitengruber, Ward One
309-828-7407
ward1@cityblm.org

Mike Matejka, Ward Two
309-829-4885
ward2@cityblm.org
(thank him for his strong support)

Jim Fruin, Ward Three
309-662-1197
ward3@cityblm.org

Skip Crawford, Ward Four
309-663-2902
ward4@cityblm.org

Jim Finnegan, Ward Five
309-662-1178
ward5@cityblm.org

Karen Schmidt, Ward Six
309-829-6318
ward6@cityblm.org
(thank her for her strong support)

Tom Whalen, Ward Seven
309-828-0892
ward7@cityblm.org

Michael Sprague, Ward Eight
309-663-1117
ward8@cityblm.org



Community news continued

GLBT supporters are also encouraged to contact Mayor Judy Markowitz to thank her for her strong support of the proposed ordinance. She can be contacted by phone at 309-434-2210 or by e-mail at mayor@cityblm.org.

Please keep in mind that you do not need to live in a specific ward to contact council members. In fact, people who are not residents of Bloomington but are gay-supportive are encouraged to contact council members because the proposed ordinance also would protect people who work, do business or who bank in Bloomington.

If you would like to get more involved in this effort please contact the Advocacy Council for Human Rights at 309-830-2521 or by e-mail atachr@mailcity.com.

--from Rainbow Connection

Transgendered person alleges discrimination in Normal

A transgendered person has filed a complaint with the town of Normal alleging discrimination in housing based on her sexual orientation and disability.

The woman says that she experienced harassment from her landlord and neighbors based on her gender identity. Attempts to settle the matter through reconciliation failed, so the Normal Human Relations Commission will hold a public hearing at which they will hear testimony from both sides.

As of press time the date for the hearing has not been set, although commission officials intend to schedule it for July or August.

--from Rainbow Connection

Letter

yo the 30th edition was really spectacular, congratulations, this town is so lucky. the last cover (your leaders....) was a display of giant balls! LOVED IT! here's a little poem.

SINGLE MALE, READY (is there anybody out there)

i want to see a woman taken by the wind
tossed into abounding aboutness
grasping my coatfeather cloud
with a cosmic smile we
spindle twindle turn & flurn
sea of visions that were unimaginable
becomeundonebecauseofourbe

matt 6'2" 155 lbs
broke, imaginative
452-7755

Life Savers

Honkin' down the gosh-darn highway recently (to quote Beach Boy Brian Wilson at his most addled), I was once more piqued by the sight of pro-gun poetry.

In Central Illinois, the country highways are dotted with firearm friendly doggerel modeled after the classic Burma Shave signs. Placed alongside corn and soy fields, these four-sign poems are meant to amuse and provoke. Some examples:

My mom sleeps safe
She has no fear
And that's because
Her gun is near.
And:
On unarmed folks
Thugs do prey
Illinois law
Keeps it that way.
And:
Tell your Senator
When he runs
Ban the criminals
Not the guns.

Cute idea, think I--though read too many of these gems, and you start to get the oppressive idea that every isolated farmhouse is being besieged by armies of marauding hooligans. Each poem is followed by a sign claiming organizational credit: "GUNS SAVE LIFE.COM." Tracked this web addy down and found it to be the work of the Champaign County Rifle Association, a very vehement group opposed to gun control in the state of Illinois.

Now, I personally have no base objections to gun ownership: I think responsible adults have as much right to possess guns as they do to drive a car. But I can get irrationally incensed over stoopid grammar: I keep looking at the dot-com title of this CCRA offshoot and I want to pull off the road to red-pencil every sign.

It's not as if I'm a model of perfection when it comes to writing. But the guys (I use "guys" deliberately, since they clearly think that all Senators are male) at Guns Save Life Dot Com

have been perpetrating this linguistic atrocity for over a year and haven't seen fit to correct it, so I've gotta ask:
What does "Guns Save Life" mean?

If the group claimed that "Guns Save Lives," I might've been willing to go along with 'em. But are we to believe that the presence of firearms on this planet is protecting Life Itself? Look, we know if all large animals were wiped out tomorrow by an atomic holocaust, that cockroaches would still survive ñ isn't that Life? I'm used to reading hyperbole in the political arena, but this has gotta be the first cosmic claim I've ever seen from pro-gun advocates.

Me, I'm still pondering how life on this planet managed to eke by before the existence of firearms...

--Bill Sherman



The Bistro

Monday \$1.00 Jagermeister
 Tuesday \$1.25 Domestic Beer
 Wednesday ... \$2.00 Well Drinks
 Thursday \$3.50 Red Bull & Vodka

Hours: Monday - Thursday 8 pm - 1 am
 Friday & Saturday 8 pm - 2 am • Sunday 6 pm - 1 am

316 N. Main Street • Bloomington • 309.829.2278



Animal rights news

Don't shoot!

We all know it's not nice to shoot exotic animals with guns—but is there a problem with cameras? Tigers, leopards, lions, monkeys and other exotic animals do not shop, but they are often dragged to mall after mall to have their pictures taken with children and well-meaning "animal lovers."

Suffering behind the scenes

Many substandard zoos, phony "sanctuaries," and backyard menageries cart baby animals around like toys to pose for photographs at shopping centers, fairs, conventions and roadside exhibits. These exhibits target people who claim to love animals and don't realize the harm in having their picture taken with an exotic animal. But what may be just a few moments of entertainment for them can be a lifetime of misery for the animals.

Captive exotic animals are often kept in small, dilapidated cages and go insane from the lack of freedom, companionship and exercise. They are deprived of their natural instincts to roam and socialize with other members of their own kind. Many pace neurotically or frantically claw at cage bars. Sadder still are those who have succumbed to relentless boredom and mental illness and show little interest in anything.

When cute, easy-to-handle baby animals grow too old to draw crowds, they are often sold at auction, where they are bought for use in roadside zoos, circuses, breeding mills or canned hunts (to be shot at blank range) or even by the slaughterhouses for the "exotic" meat market.

Cruelty behind the camera

Charlotte Metro Zoo in Rockwell, North Carolina, is typical of hundreds of privately owned backyard menageries across the country that masquerade as rescue or conservation centers. No legitimate sanctuary breeds animals, yet Charlotte Metro Zoo has produced more than 100 baby animals, selling some to area residents. They also prematurely remove



infant animals from their mothers for commercial purposes. (Protective mothers often must be tranquilized to prevent them from fighting the theft of their babies.) A 4-week-old patas monkey was taken away from her mother so that the zoo could charge \$5 to pose for photos with the infant, although baby monkeys can easily contract illnesses from humans and vice versa.

While the name may imply that Charlotte Metro Zoo is a municipal Zoo, it is nothing more than a personal "collection" of exotic "pets." Owner Steve Macaluso has failed to meet even the minimal federal standard of the U.S. Animal Welfare Act (AWA) for the care of exhibited animals. The United States Department of Agriculture (USDA) has cited his "zoo" numerous times for failure to provide big cats with a proper diet, failure to maintain and clean enclosures, and failure to provide animals with shelter from the elements. In December 2000, the USDA questioned Macaluso about drugging the animals used in the shoots.

A dangerous affair

Often, frustrated captive animals lash out at their "jailers" and attempt to escape when they get a chance. A chimpanzee at Charlotte Metro Zoo pried back a steel bar on his cage and roamed freely for a week before he was captured and returned to his tiny cell. Two lions, who had been used as entertainment at Renaissance festivals, mauled a man cleaning their cage. In October 2000, a 4-month-old leopard and a 5-month-old tiger got away when Macaluso lost control of his car and crashed on his back from a photo shoot.

Since 1990, big cats, bears and primates have killed at least 13 people and injured more than 220 individuals in numerous attacks at photo shoots, circuses, zoos, roadside exhibits and breeding facilities around the country. A 4-year-old boy in Channelview, Texas, recently had part of his arm torn off by a tiger his aunt and uncle kept as a "pet."

—from PETA



Karen Schmidt
Alderman ~ Ward 6

409 E. Grove St., Bloomington

home: 829-6318

work: 217-244-2070

e-mail: kdschm@ufoc.edu

Representing citizens' ideas, interests, issues & concerns to Bloomington city government.

Ward 6 is roughly downtown Bloomington and all parts of its surrounding neighborhoods. You can reach me in my ward to call me



Labor news

Illinois fire fighter history lives in new book

Illinois fire fighters winning their rights lives in a new book, written by *Union News* editor Mike Matejka, *Fiery Struggle*.

Fiery Struggle: Illinois Fire Fighters Build a Union, 1901-1985, published by the Illinois Labor History Society, tells about 13 illegal Illinois fire fighter strikes in the 1970s, including Bloomington's 1976 strike and the famous 1978 Normal Fire Fighters strike, when the whole fire department was thrown in jail.

Through their strike actions, fire fighters built momentum to eventually win collective bargaining rights in Illinois. They also formulated a moral strike strategy, fighting fires while on strike, to protect the public.

Besides the 13 strike stories, the book also documents professional fire fighting's evolution in Illinois and how workers struggled to improve conditions before winning legal rights.

At one time 84-hour workweeks were common, as was political appointment, dependent on city hall favoritism. The book also includes interviews with older fire fighters. "A must read" is what Dr. Robert Bruno of the University of Illinois said about the book, "a wonderful historical account of how unionization and collective bargaining rights were won on the picket lines."

Copies can be ordered from the Illinois Labor History Society, 28 E Jackson St., Room 1012, Chicago, IL 60604. The book is \$20 plus \$3 for shipping and handling and \$2 state tax for Illinois residents.

New report: Working mothers work longer hours

Two in three working mothers—66 percent—work 40 or more hours every week, compared with 60 percent of women without children, according to the AFL-CIO's *Ask a Working Woman Survey 2002*.

The survey, released May 7, shows that 28 percent of working mothers work nights or weekends and 40 percent work different schedules than their spouse or partner. Women of color are more likely than white women to work a schedule that is different from their spouse.

Among all women, 63 percent work more than 40 hours per week.

The survey also shows that working women strongly support a working families legislative agenda that emphasizes affordable health care, equal pay and retirement benefits.

Concern about health care has surged since the last survey in 2000, with 91 percent of women rating affordable health care an "important" legislative priority, including 69 percent who say it is "very important" 12 percentage points higher than in 2000.

Working women and men are strongly committed to the goal of equal pay. Some 92 percent of women say better pay is an important legislative priority, as do 86 percent of men.

Pension benefits and Social Security are on their minds as well, with 90 percent of women and 92 percent of men calling the issue important.

The report is based on a telephone survey by Lake Snell Perry & Associates. This is the third in a series of surveys and, for the first time, this survey includes a look at the priorities of working men. The survey was part of a yearlong national effort that included a field survey of 20,000 working women. (AFL-CIO)

Book review New Yorker honors fallen Mexican worker

The Short Sweet Dream of Eduardo Gutierrez by Jimmy Breslin
Crown Books, New York, \$22
ISBN 0-609-60827-4

An undocumented Mexican worker falls to his death from a New York City scaffold. Does anyone care or notice?

Jimmy Breslin noticed. Breslin, famous for his street-wise New York tales that probe America's under-side, tells that Mexican worker's bittersweet tale in his latest book, *The Short Sweet Dream of Eduardo Gutierrez*.

In November 1999 Gutierrez fell from a rickety scaffold in a construction collapse. The builder was a connected friend of Mayor Rudolph Guiliani. The resulting scandal exposed favoritism in city hall, but who cared about the fallen worker?

Breslin follows Eduardo Gutierrez from his San Matias, Mexico, childhood, where he learns from his brick-making father how to stack and carry bricks. Impoverished and with little future beyond the family brickyard, Eduardo looks toward El Norte. He endures the desert crossing, ferried by "coyotes" who charge high fees, to a USA job.

He joins fellow villagers in New York. Like many migrants, Eduardo comes in search of a job, not a home. He lines up under the el tracks in Brooklyn, hoping for day labor. He does not want to settle in the USA. He has a home already, a tight-knit family in Mexico, a girlfriend, Silvia, working at the Olive Garden in College Station, Texas, both hoping to translate \$5 an hour American jobs into financial security at home.

Meanwhile developer Eugene Ostreicher, a Hasidic Jew, is working city hall to evade inspections. The Fire Department and building inspectors find him in violation, yet his projects continue. After the fatal accident, caught lying

to federal OSHA officers, Ostreicher pleads bargains a million-dollar settlement to the victims and agrees never to build again. Eduardo's family in Mexico received \$100,000.

The big city corruption is a familiar tale and one that Breslin has told multiple times, in other neighborhoods and amongst varied ethnic groups. Where this compact volume shines is in the shimmering Mexican desert heat. With words that dash like a startled lizard from a warm rock, Breslin effectively captures not only the New York city streets he knows so well, but also the isolated, impoverished Mexican village. Most effectively, we retrace the migrant's heavy steps into the U.S., evading the border patrol, risking death in the sandy scrub waste, all for that precious job.

NAFTA, WTO and other initials are big words for globalization and other economic changes. Eduardo Gutierrez's story is the reality—a new economic foundation built on cheap labor, workers who serve the restaurant food, harvest the crops and increasingly construct buildings, the fragile, too often discarded underpinnings of the new economic order.

—Mike Matejka
Livingston & McLean Counties Labor News



**DIESEL
DICK'S**

we specialize in
GM diesel repair

complete automotive
and truck service

foreign and domestic

508 N. Madison 9 am - 5:30 pm
828-1714



Mental illness awareness

Budget cuts fail both cops and mentally ill

In one way, of course, it was a surprise when a babbling mentally ill man wandered into the Town Hall District police station on the morning of May 6 holding up his pants with one hand and holding a knife aloft with the other.

Tim Crotty, 49, ignored repeated commands to drop his weapon as he advanced on a police officer. The officer fired his gun into Crotty's abdomen, killing him. Whether that officer responded appropriately to the surprise attack and whether he had the equipment and training he needed to handle such a circumstance are important questions, even though it angers police when civilians bring them up, as I did in Saturday's column.

But why law enforcement agencies are increasingly being asked to administer mental-health treatment--often, tragically, on the spot and without warning--is an even more important question raised by this incident. For in another way, the menacing presentation of someone like Crotty was no surprise at all. It's the predictable and too frequent result of inadequate services for the mentally ill, many of whom advocates say don't have access to the programs, medications or housing they need to live safely in society.

"Over the last 30 years, we have reduced the population of state psychiatric hospitals by 90 percent," said Mark Heyrman, a University of Chicago Law School professor and chair of the public policy committee for the Mental Health Association of Illinois. "This would have been a perfectly sensible thing to do if we'd put enough money into community mental-health services and other programs."

We didn't, Heyrman said. Instead we let services slide and out commitment lag. In a recent ranking of per-capita spending on mental-health care, Illinois placed 39th, and our place may fall farther if lawmakers approve a proposed state budget cut of \$22.9 million (3.8 percent) in such spending.

The safety net is already porous for people with real and sometimes dangerous problems, such as those that apparently afflicted Tim Crotty. "The Cook County Jail is now, in effect, the largest mental hospital in Illinois," said Heyrman. "There are more people with mental illness in our state prisons than in all our public and private psychiatric institutions combined."

"It's very alarming," said Randy Wells, executive director of the Illinois chapter of the National Association for the Mentally Ill. "The state has apparently decided that the criminal justice system is where people are going to get psychiatric care. But that means we're going to see more and more situations where a law-enforcement officer has to make a split-second decision about defending his own life."

The mentally ill are nearly four times more likely to be killed by police than members of the general population, according to the Treatment Advocacy Center in Arlington, Va,

which lists 178 such killings on its Web site, psychlaws.org, under the heading "Preventable Tragedies." But under that same rubric, the TAC tracks a related serious problem, the killing of police officers by the mentally ill. The site contains accounts of 92 such tragedies.

More and better training for police officers in dealing with the mentally ill will save lives on both sides.

But in light of the proposed budget cuts in mental-health care, such programs will amount to the state handing out extra buckets of water while laying off firefighters.

Heyrman and others say we need aggressive case management programs to ensure that the mentally ill don't fall through the cracks. We need extra funding for the most effective psychotropic medications to keep symptoms under control and some 35,000 assisted-living apartment units to meet demand, they argue. And we need to more broadly interpret the law that allows for involuntary treatment or commitment to a mental-health center when a person appears "unable to provide for his basic needs so as to guard himself or herself from serious harm."

This all will require more public funds, not less. But in the end, advocates say, such spending will more than pay for itself in cost reductions in jails, prisons and emergency rooms.

We will never be able to prevent all such altercations as the one in which Tim Crotty lost his life. But we have to try to make them more surprising.

--Eric Zorn of the *Chicago Tribune*

Imagining Robert: My Brother, Madness & Survival

In 1997, the book, a true story about two brothers and their family's experience with schizophrenia, struck a nerve with hundreds of thousands of Americans and led to Robert Neuborgen's deinstitutionalization. Five years later, as President Bush launches a Commission

on Mental Health to recommend changes in the nation's treatment system for mental illness, *Imagining Robert: My Brother, Madness & Survival* is making rounds again as a one hour documentary.

For almost 40 years, Robert lived in a mental health system in which his treatment changed with every new doctor or potential cure. He has been in state hospitals, city hospitals, halfway houses, group homes, treatment centers, jail cells, and briefly, independent apartments.

A turning point came when he was doing well enough to be moved from a locked ward at South Beach Psychiatric Center on Staten Island, but his psychiatrist refused. The doctor dismissed his brother Jay's complaints, saying sarcastically: "Talk to the Governor."

As a professional writer, Jay was a formidable advocate. Like many NAMI family members, he wrote the Governor, insisting that there had to be a better way to treat his brother. The Governor responded, just as many NAMI families today are hoping President Bush's commission will respond by opening doors to better treatment and recovery.

"*Imagining Robert* will make an important contribution to public education and dialogue about mental illness in the months ahead," said NAMI Executive Director Richard C. Birkel, Ph.D. "It provides a very human look at the harshness of the past and present promise of recovery. It should remind all of us, as a society, that no one--not any individual, nor any family member--should ever be abandoned."

The film is available through Films for the Humanities & Sciences at www.films.com or 1-800-257-5126.

Today, Robert lives at Project Renewal, a sunny residence in New York for people with mental illness, some whom were once homeless.

--NAMI of Livingston/McLean

McLEAN COUNTY AIDS TASK FORCE

Serving McLean and Livingston Counties

Services Provided

Buddy System • Independent Living Support • Hospital Visitation • Transportation • Pastoral Care • Peer Support • Non-Therapeutic Support Groups • Emergency Financial Assistance

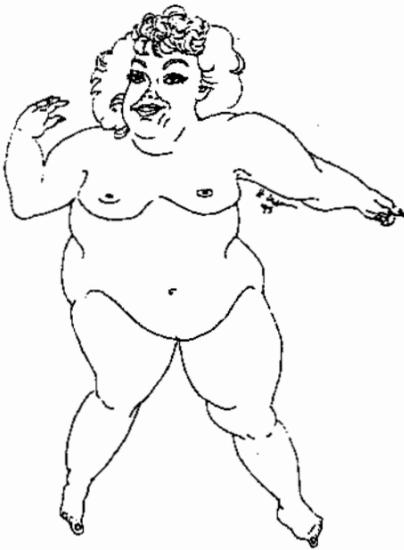
PHONELINE: MON-FRI 7-10pm

(309) 827-AIDS



Notes from the Land of Anti-fat

The Fat-unfriendly Skies

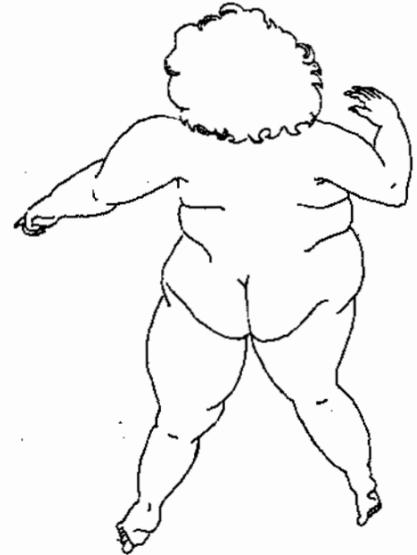


By now, most news knowledgeable Americans know about Southwest Airlines and its recently reinforced policy for plus-sized travelers—but for those of you who've been maybe vacationing over the last month, the story's this: at the start of the summer travel season, Southwest Airlines released a statement to its customers pertaining to its seating policy for plus-sized travelers. To wit: effective as of June 26, the airline will begin

requiring all passengers who can't get the armrest down or require a seatbelt extender to purchase two seats regardless of whether the flight is full.

This policy's one that's long been held by the airline—though only sporadically enforced—but with a new and more efficient check-in system being implemented by the airline, it is now being imposed more consistently. Once word of the strengthened procedure hit the news, members of the size acceptance movement were quick to voice their displeasure.

How different commentators and comedians have chosen to react to this story probably sez a lot about the speed with which many Americans cruise into fat-bash mode. All three of the nation's major talk shows (Leno, Letterman & Conan), for instance, included a variation on this joke in their opening current events monologue: "Word that Southwest Airlines was gonna charge fat Americans for two seats drew an avalanche of criticism from the overweight today—until they realized that two seats meant two meals!" (The fact that Southwest doesn't even serve meals on its flights was apparently deemed irrelevant.) Nuthin' goes over better than a topical fat joke.



Since the story broke, Southwest has been spinning furiously to downplay it. "As long as the flight does not oversell," the airline notes on its website, "we will refund the additional seat purchase." This assumes, of course, that plus-sized passengers have the extra bucks to shell out - and the patience to go through a protracted refund process. And though the policy is plainly discriminatory, the airlines vehemently

denies discrimination: "Southwest Airlines does not condone discrimination in any form. We have Employees and Customers of all races, ethnicity, religions, shapes, and sizes." Yeah, but do their super-sized employees receive two salaries?

Those who've supported Southwestern's new policy generally fall into three camps. Take away the Big-Business-Has-A-Right-To-Do-Anything-It-Damn-Well-Wants crowd, and you've got two general groups:

- the I-Sure-Don't-Want-A-Fatty-Spilling-Into-My-Seat guy; and
- the Hey-It's-The-Passenger's-Fault-If-They're-Fat type.

The first complaint could be easily addressed with some judicious seat reassignment (asking a smaller passenger if they mind having a larger 'un sit next to 'em, for one thing); the second is judgmental & stereotypical bullshit. As we've noted in this column, fatness has more than one underlying cause: not all people become super-sized the same way, even if they are all equally being overpriced for their size.

It remains particularly telling that in a year where the airline industry's reputation for safe travel has been severely compromised, when people across the country have been re-evaluating the wisdom of personal air travel—that a major airline still feels it can get away with socking it to its fat customers. No matter how much we've all been told the world has changed since last September, some things, unfortunately, remain the same...

Bill Sherman

Sex

...okay, now that we've got your attention...

The **Movie Fan** can deliver...

No, we do not carry sex films

BUT we DO carry movies that ARE sexy

and interesting or if you prefer just plain

strange in an off-the-beaten-path

kind of way. Hmmm?

Think Movie Fan
think... DVDs | foreign titles
movie sales | knowledgeable staff

easily the best mix of titles in the Twin Cities
close to both campuses

Every Mon & Wed
Rent 1 new release
Get 1 FREE
(of equal/lesser value)

Every Day
Rent 1 catalog title
Get 1 FREE
(of equal/lesser value)

Every 12th movie is free! (with punch card)
Must have Driver's License & Major Credit Card



DOWNTOWN NORMAL
451.4443

Sun-Thur 10:30 a.m. - 10:30 p.m.
Fri-Sat 10:30 a.m. - 11:30 p.m.



Punk and protest

From a talk Sam Smith, editor of *Progressive Review* gave at a rock concert during the April 20 protests in Washington.

What does punk have to do with this weekend's protests? Among other things, this weekend's protests—like those in Seattle and the ones that followed—began in part in the garages and basements of America.

Once again music ran ahead of politics—just as it did when Billy Holiday sang "Strange Fruit" a decade before the civil rights movement. Just as it did when we gathered at the Mount Auburn 47 Club to hear a young singer named Joan Baez well before something called the Sixties. Just as we listened to Thelonus and Miles when there were hardly any verbal pretexts at all.

In 1993, in a protest against censorship, Rage Against the Machine stood naked on stage for 15 minutes without singing or playing a note. In 1997, well before most college students were paying any attention to the issue, Tom Morello was arrested during a protest against sweatshop labor.

Rage Against the Machine sold more than seven million records before much of the rest of the country even got around to one little protest against the machine.

As a musician with more than 40 years of gigs behind me I know that among the many services of music is to say things we can't find the words for—perhaps not yet or perhaps ever. As a writer with over 40 years of gigs behind me I am still often humbled by what a better job music sometimes does of it.

I was a part of something they call the beat generation. Many of you are part of a beat, busted, bullied and bamboozled generation.

With the sole important exception of black Americans in the post-reconstruction era, no other generation has been so deprived of its constitutional rights and civil liberties. No other generation of young males has been sent to prison in such numbers for such minor offenses. And few generations of the young have been so consistently treated as a social problem rather than as a cause of joy and hope. And again—except for blacks in the post-reconstruction era—no other generation has been so deliberately cheated of so much.

If you think I exaggerate, consider these figures from the department of Labor, figures you won't see on the evening news, or read in the *Washington Post*. The earnings of everyone under 25—black, white, latino, male and female—have actually declined over the past 20 years, about 5 percent for the most part. But get this: the earnings of black and white males under 25 are down 17 to 21 percent. A typical young white male is earning \$97 less a week in real dollars than 20 years ago.

And if you think I exaggerate consider some of the losses of freedom that have occurred since many of you were born and well before September 11:

- Roadblocks as part of random searches for drivers who have been drinking or using drugs.
- The extensive use of military in civilian law enforcement, particularly in the war on drugs.
- The use of handcuffs on persons accused of minor offenses and moving violations.
- Jump-out squads that leap from police vehicles and search nearby citizens.
- Much greater use of wiretaps and other forms of electronic surveillance.
- Punishment before trial such as pre-trial detention and civil forfeiture of property.
- Punishment of those not directly involved in offenses, such as parents being held responsible for the actions of their children and bartenders being made to enforce drinking laws.
- Warrantless searches of persons and property before entering buildings, boarding planes or using various public facilities.



- Closing of public buildings or parts of building to the public on security grounds.
- Increased restrictions on student speech, behavior and clothing.
- Increased mandatory use of IDs.
- Increasing restrictions on attorney-client privacy.
- Greatly increased government access to personal financial records.
- Loss of a once widely presumed guarantee of confidentiality in dealings with businesses, doctors, accountants and banks.
- The greatest incarceration rate of any industrialized country in the world.

--Mandatory sentencing for minor offenses, particularly marijuana possession.

--Increased surveillance of employees in the workplace.

--Increased use of charges involving offenses allegedly committed after a person has been halted by a police officer, such as failure to obey a lawful order.

--Widespread youth curfews.

--Loss of control over how personal information is used by business companies.

--Use of stereotypical profiles (including racial characteristics) to justify police searches.

--Warrantless searched and questioning of bus, train and airline passengers.

--Random searches of school lockers.

--Random searches of cars on school parking lots.

--Lack of privacy in transactions such as video rental or computer use.

--Video surveillance of sidewalks, parks and other public spaces.

--Involuntary drug testing increasingly used as a prerequisite for routine activities such as earning a livelihood or playing on a sports team.

--Steady erosion by the courts of protection against search and seizure.

--And, finally, citizens 18 to 21 are routinely denied their constitutional rights by being banned from buying alcohol. As late as 1975, virtually every state had a drinking age of 18; now none does.

But then we all have moved into a post-constitutional, post-democratic era. We all live in a culture that offers us not liberty but demands subservience that does not foster the pursuit of happiness but rather relentlessly pursues citizens seeking only a decent job and a little happiness.

Remember this weekend the words of another musician—Woody Guthrie—who sang that this land is your land and this land is my land. Don't let a bunch of cynical, corrupt and cruel bullies do any more damage to it than they already have.

--*Progressive Review*—May 2002



Life in Jenin

FYI, I visited Israel and the occupied territories (Palestine) in 1990 as part of a secret delegation. I represented the Maine United Methodist Church and was responsible for preparing a report. One of my traveling companions was Rebecca Murray, a 19 year old from Boston. This is a message from her. -- Roger Leisner

Jenin, June 27th, 2002

Dear friends,

I have been in Jenin for over a week now and it has taken me this time to find Internet connection, and also to absorb the devastation around me so I may write.

In Jenin we are under a total curfew, which gets lifted every day for a few hours like now - though shortly the Israeli tanks and jeeps will come rolling through the city center.

During curfew the streets are completely deserted, houses and storefronts are shuttered. Nobody goes outside for fear of being shot. This is the reality here.

In April of this year, Jenin suffered two weeks of bombing by Israeli F16 and Apache Attack helicopters. The devastation of the camp from this bombing stretches about the length of three football fields. Where there used to be streets and houses, there is now only rubble that stretches about 30 feet high -resembling New York's ground zero before the clean up. But unlike New York there will be no clean up here and instead the Israeli soldiers with their

tanks and jeeps have moved back in to reoccupy the town.

The Israeli military has systematically ripped up all water pipes and sewage mains and have shot down water tanks. There is a shortage of water, and there are pools of sewage everywhere. During the few hours that curfew is lifted, children desperate just to play after having been locked inside for so long, play here amongst the rubble and the sewage. We

don't know how many bodies may be underneath the huge pile of rubble, nor do we know if there are any un-exploded devices.

When I first arrived in Jenin, the Israeli soldiers had already rounded up and taken away all of Jenin's men between the ages of 15 and 55 that they could find. There are only women, children, and old men left, but still the Israeli soldiers insist on continuing their house-to-house searches, with dogs. They are in the habit of entering the houses, harassing residents and wrecking and vandalizing their homes. As an example of the constant harassment to residents, in one case, a family I know was left with no water after soldiers had taken the last of their water supply and given it to their dogs.

Last night I walked by as soldiers were just leaving a house that they had succeeded in basically gutting. With them they were taking the 70-year-old father who has a heart problem. By arresting the old father, they hope that the son that they are looking for will come out of hiding and turn himself in.

I am staying in the house of a wonderful woman (whose name I shall not mention) and her family in the Jenin Camp. In April, Israeli soldiers shot her brother in the back and killed him. Her mother was also shot by soldiers and died two days later in her house because all ambulances were refused entry into the camp. Missiles then demolished her house. Now she is staying at her brother's house. The very morning that I arrived, her husband and her two brothers were taken away by the Israeli soldiers and the house was subsequently surrounded by tanks. Her husband and one of her brothers have since been returned. The other brother still remains "disappeared." People in the camp are terrified.

This story is not special. It is a typical experience in almost every household throughout the camp.

My second day in Jenin at about ten in the morning, all the tanks withdrew to the periphery of the town. Thinking this as a sign that curfew had temporarily been lifted,

people ran out of their homes to the market to get badly needed food and water. The tanks automatically moved in and opened fire into the civilian crowd at the market, wounding many and killing three children and one old man. Remember, all men had previously been arrested and taken out of Jenin.

I am here with a group of members of the International Solidarity Movement, helping to get food and medicine to people where needed under curfew and following the Israeli soldiers as they go from house to house trying our best to make them at least moderate their behavior and not vandalize people's homes. In one such case, the soldiers decided to put on a show for us and told us that they were in fact very kind to people. As we were standing outside being told this, other soldiers went into the house and vandalized it. The soldier then told us the Palestinian family who lived in the house had vandalized it themselves before the soldiers had arrived.

Ambulances here are being stopped at checkpoints and often are refused to proceed further even though they may be carrying wounded or women giving birth. During the two-week missile attacks in April, all ambulances were grounded for the two weeks.

Yesterday I was outside the hospital when an ambulance arrived carrying the body of a seven year old child shot in the back with live ammunition and killed for having thrown a stone at a tank. Fifteen minutes later another ambulance sped up being chased by two tanks. While one tank had its guns trained on the ambulance and the hospital (and me), the other tank managed to rip up the electricity lines to the hospital causing black outs at all three of Jenin's hospitals. They are now running off generators.

Last Wednesday the Israeli soldiers blew up the offices of the Al-Razi hospital, claiming that guns were being hidden in the hospital office safe. After they blew it up there was



reads Post Amerikan

Subscribe to the Post Amerikan
6 issues / \$6 bucks
Send check payable to Post Amerikan
P.O. Box 3452 - Bloomington, IL 61702



money everywhere but no guns. The Aman-Cairo bank suffered the same fate. After its safes were blown up, no guns were found there either.

Today I spent my morning at the boys school where they are taking the end of year exams. Although the schools have been closed, the Israeli military allowed the exams to take place. In Bethlehem and in Ramallah, the Israeli soldiers rounded up all the teenage boys sitting for exams and arrested them. We were afraid the same would be true in Jenin, but the students completed the exams and went home.

What is most disturbing to me about the past few weeks being here is the scarcity of journalists and relief organizations. There are virtually no outside witness to the horrible destruction of Jenin and its residents. Everything lies untold and untouched. This fills me with so much sadness, especially when

the people of Jenin have welcomed me here so warmly. They take great pains to make sure that I understand that they do not harbor resentment against the American people but rather the American government for financing what is a war of terror against them. And truly I have witnessed nothing but a brutal war that is being waged by the Israeli military against an unarmed civilian population whose spirit the soldiers are systematically trying to break.

As one man said to me: "The tanks have broken the roads, they have broken the fields, they have broken the buildings, and now the tanks are trying to break me."

To all of my friends in the United States, please help do something to wake up the American people to the terrible war crimes that are being played out here as I am writing to you. We must take responsibility and not sit quietly while it is our tax dollars that are making this dirty war possible.

Israel must be made to withdraw its military immediately from Gaza and the West Bank. Israel must dismantle all its illegal settlements and implement a two state solution where a Palestinian State will exist alongside an Israeli state.

Palestinians must be allowed to live as a people as we do. They must be given the opportunity for hope, rights, freedom, dignity, water, and a future worth living!

Here are two cell phone numbers where I can be reached. Calling from the United States you dial

011 972 53 869 307

or

011 972 55 558 954.

Rebecca Murray

Seeing Red

What It Is

by Steve Eckardt

What with "late-breaking news" bombarding from the propaganda engines' many pipelines -- TV, internet, radio, newspaper, and all-- sometimes things seem hard to follow.

But there's an easy way to see your way clear -- just remember *everything's exactly what it looks like*.

That's it.

So when the government starts disappearing its citizens into military prisons --no lawyers, no charges, no contact with the outside world-- you needn't concern yourself with "dirty bombs" or even the later, buried news that there was neither bomb or attempts to make one.

Just remember "it's exactly what it looks like" --an innocent civilian being snatched off the street and handed over to the military with no prospect of release. That's it.

Or take the recent major address at West Point by the U.S. president. You hear "If we wait for threats to fully materialize, we will have waited too long. [...] Our security will require ... a military ... to strike at a moment's notice in any dark corner of the world ... preemptive action when necessary to defend our liberty and to defend our lives."

Well, it's exactly what it looks like --the hyperpower claiming the right to rule the world like a military dictatorship.

What about Israeli actions in the West Bank? The entire population put under house arrest backed by shot-on-sight orders, while troops bomb and machine-gun their way through houses and hospitals, bulldoze powerlines and orchards, rip up water and sewer lines, and leave behind hundreds of dead children, thousands of men in camps with numbers printed on their forearms, and a land incapable of supporting human life.

You hear it's "self-defense" aimed at "destroying the terrorist infrastructure," but isn't it a merciless drive to expel the native population off even more land? Easy to see --it's exactly what it looks like.

And how about the CEO of the WorldCom corporation declaring himself "shocked ... *shocked*" to "discover" that the company's balance sheet didn't report nearly four billion dollars of expenses?

Yep, it's exactly what it looks like. A huge, brazen, jawdropping, breathtaking, letter l--i--e, LIE.

Of course things aren't *quite* this simple. You still have to get information that doesn't even get misrepresented --things you're just not supposed to know about.

Like the economic collapse of Argentina, a staggering calamity for people there, now threatening to engulf Brazil and the rest of the

babbitt's bookstore

Books Bought and Sold
Book Exchange
Permanent Want List
Book Search Service

OPEN SUNDAYS
FROM 12-5

104 North St. • Normal
Mon. - Sat. 10-6 • 454-7393



What it is continued

continent. That's news that gets buried somewhere in Saturday's business section.

Or the beginning emergence of real union battles in the U.S. --sometimes over contracts, sometimes over the right to organize-- led by rank and file workers, often immigrants.

But the most important buried story is in Cuba. Not much chance you heard they recently held the largest demonstrations in world history (if not in sheer numbers, certainly in participation --nearly nine million of an 11 million population). They were protesting Washington's latest threats and reaffirming support for their revolution.

Major news, but there's more. Over eight million Cubans petitioned parliament

for a constitutional amendment to make socialism "irrevocable." And the whole country took three days off work for discussions and the final vote to pass it. (Looks like a complete and final answer to the oft-asked question, "What's going to happen when Fidel dies?")

But, the biggest part of the story is why all this happened. It's simply that the Cuban people --more conscious, educated and literate than any country's-- understand what's going on.

And they know what to do about it.

After all, the trajectory of world events is, well, exactly what it looks like. The Third World faces ruination by economic collapse and unchecked epidemics --and virtual extermination isn't sitting well with the natives. The Empire is driven to declare "world war ... lasting longer than our lifetimes," erecting garrison states around the world, while its economic bubble begins to burst.

"An unprecedented confrontation that is taking place," explains Cuba's president, "in a new historical stage between the force of just ideas and the murderous ideas of brutal force."

The concept is to clarify what's going on as widely as possible, and to rely on the power of the peoples.

So while protests, clashes and general strikes sweep across Mexico, Bolivia, Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay and Argentina, Fidel publicly calls the presidents of most Latin American nations "garbage," diplomatic consequences be damned.

No surprise that the biggest of all the actions against the Empire are in Cuba. They're the only ones who run their own government. They have no homelessness, illiteracy, or charges for health care or education --and absolutely no fear of the world hyperpower.

And that's why their president confidently declares that Bush "is in no position to respond to the political challenges that Cuba could throw at him. It is like sailing on a big paper boat --full of lies and demagogy-- that cannot endure the wind or the waves.

Meanwhile. "in the face of [threats], many peoples of the world will look hopefully to the American people as the only one capable of putting a straightjacket on, or stopping, the bigots in their lust for power, abuse and conflict."

And so Cuba again extends another hand towards the people of North America as well as South, holding a big July Fourth celebration with its top artists doing Gershwin, Kern, Chuck Berry, Langston Hughes, Edna St. Vincent, Pound, Whitman, Sandburg, William Carlos Williams, Ginsberg, and Alice Walker.

The evening ends with Cuban and U.S. children singing John Lennon's "Imagine," its opening words going "You might say that I'm a dreamer / But I'm not the only one....."

Put it all together and the picture's clear --the rulers of the world driving it towards a wall at a hundred-miles-an-hour, while Cuba rouses the passengers to seize the wheel. Yes, it's "an unprecedented confrontation ... in a new historical stage between the force of just ideas and the murderous ideas of brutal force."

Exactly what it looks like.

--Steve Eckardt [seckardt@aol.com] produces the website SeeingRed.com

Come Visit Bloomington-Normal's Fastest Growing Pawn Shop!

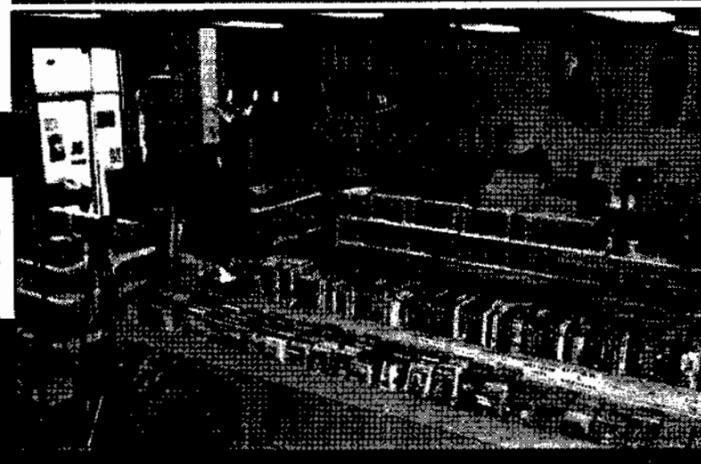
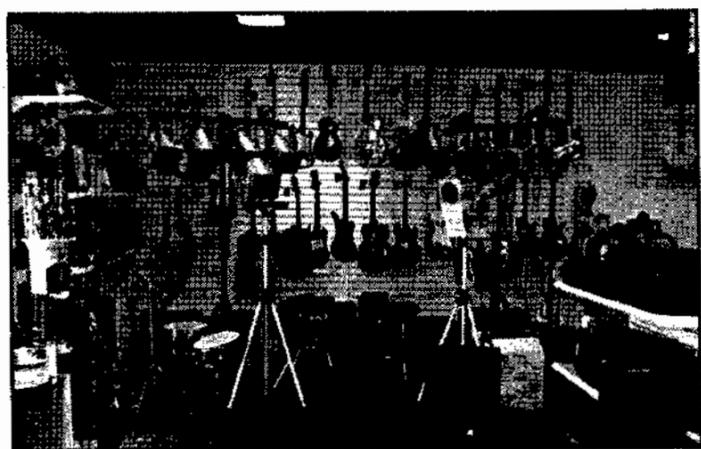


Looking to Buy or Loan You Cash on Cool Stuff Like...

- All Musical Gear & Pro Audio • Stereo Hi-Fi • DVD Players & Movies • TVs • Camcorders • Sterling Flatware • Jewelry •
- Hand Tools • Power Tools • Jam Boxes • Stereos • Coins •
- Bullion and Much Much More!

1610 RT DUNN DR
BLOOMINGTON • 823-9115

(South Main/ Veteran's Pkwy, turn in at Dairy Queen,
Just north of Tom's Pkwy Foods)





You might already be an alien if . . .



When I was real little and my mother would see me doing something out of the ordinary, she'd often remark "I don't know what planet you came from!" No wonder I was so inspired by a test published in a national magazine, intended to determine if some of us are alien hybrids without knowing it!

Not to discount the possibility, I'm even more concerned about what I call the trend towards being "self made aliens," grown separate and disconnected from the Spirit, the Earth, and our own vital creature selves. As a species we are losing our capacity to be social and political activists, for the simple reason that we are barely even here... and increasingly unwilling to feel.

- You may be an alien if you prefer the smell of perfume or cologne to the smell of your own clean body.
- If you're okay with plastics, but disgusted by blood.
- Or if when it starts to rain, you run indoors to stay dry instead of rushing outdoors to play.
- You could be a bit of an alien, if flying through the air in those hollow metal tubes they call "airliners" seems natural to you.
- If you obey rules made by people you've never met, live in structures you didn't build on land you don't own, or drive in vehicles you don't comprehend or know how to fix.
- If you spend more time in those vehicles, than you do walking.
- If you feel safer in freeway traffic than you do in the wilderness.
- If the words "mobile" home make any sense to you at all.

- You're in the process of becoming extraterrestrial, if it seems reasonable to watch people doing interesting things in the movies, rather than to do such things yourself.
- Or if you find Tupperware and artificial food coloring acceptable.
- If you're uncomfortable being alone. If being somewhere quiet enough to hear your own heart beat makes you afraid that something's wrong.
- If you see illness as a humiliation, and death as a defeat.
- There's a chance you're alien if evolution seems like an unnecessarily random process that humans dang sure ought to be able to improve on.
- If increasing the intelligence of our children through genetic engineering seems like a reasonable idea.
- If this country's "nuclear deterrent" makes you feel any safer at night.
- Or if you feel totally okay about radiating your food in a microwave oven.

- You could be an alien, if how you feel matters less than how others feel about you.
- If the idea of getting cut into strips by a cosmetic surgeon seems like a sensible strategy for self improvement.
- If you're able to sleep through the sound of distant sirens, dogs barking on the next block over, and the repeated clicking on and off of an electric fridge.
- If the wind agitates instead of invigorates you.
- If you're able to tolerate the feel of synthetic clothes on your back.

- There is something undeniably alien about humans being able to walk past the homeless without notice or compassion.
- To support the bombing of third world countries to ease our collective fears.
- To witness the last old growth trees being felled, and not do anything to intercede.

- To be able to watch the victims of the latest atrocity on TV and not feel called to act.
- You're pretty out there if you managed to ignore, or somehow failed to notice the dozens of planes that pass overhead each and every hour.
- If you're unaware of which way is South, which plant and animal species are indigenous to your area, or which native peoples lived there before you did.
- And you might be an alien, if you tend to look to a power outside of and separate from your sacred self and this sacred Earth for direction in your life....

--Jesse Wolf Hardin

Jesse Wolf Hardin is an acclaimed presenter, and author of *Kindred Spirits: Sacred Earth Wisdom* (800-366-0264). He and Loba offer personal counsel, retreats, women's

empowerment quests, and resident wildlands internships. Contact The Earthen Spirituality Project, Box 516, Reserve, NM 87830, or check out their web site: <www.concentric.net/~earthway>



McLean County Voice for Choice

"No woman can call herself free who does not own and control her own body."
Margaret Sanger

McLean County Voice for Choice advocates for reproductive choice and provides assistance, when needed, to women making reproductive choices whatever the choices may be. All contributions made to the address below go to the assistance fund.

Visit our table at:
Cultural Fest - August 24th & 25th
"Not In Our Town" Date TBA

McLean County Voice for Choice
PO Box 905
Bloomington, IL 62702-0905



An ecopsychology

"...it is in the hearts and minds of human beings that the causes and cures of the ecocatastrophe are to be found."

-Ralph Metzner, *Green Psychology* (Park St. Press, 1999)

We are together entering a trying new age, and an epoch of unimaginable possibility. Now is a pivotal moment in life's three and a half billion year evolutionary history, calling for a dramatic expansion of our awareness and compassion, the revelation and implementation of a great healing wisdom. The knowledge that can deliver us from destruction and strife will result not from the whims of technofuturists, distant gods or stars as the needs and intentions of a living, inspired Earth.

The ills of our day, from social injustices to the extinguishing of our fellow species, can all be traced to our imagined, perceptual separation from the natural world we both rise from and return to. And to a great imbalance that manifests itself not only globally but personally. Not only in our damaged environments but our fractured psyches. Ecopsychologists such as Metzner are some of the first moderns to recognize that any lasting return to balance for our societies and this Earth will require a new ecology of the mind, heart and soul. The most useful therapies will treat our personal, perceptual, emotional and physical beings at the same time they inspire restorative treatment of an imperiled planet.

Metzner prefers the term "Green Psychology," describing not a new clinical approach or discipline so much as a "fundamental re-envisioning of what psychology is, and what it should have been in the first place," a profound world view not for the professional so much as for everybody. Ecology has been called the "subversive science" because of its emphasis on diversity and interdependence rather than fragmentation and objectification. Green psychology demands we learn to not only see the world in a more holistic, compassionate manner.... but that we also realign our

priorities, literally change our lives and lifestyles and the ways in which we act upon the world. Accordingly, it may be the most subversive science of all.

We share with other life forms a common destiny, and are bound to this magic planet through blood and vision. We evolved not as the managers and regulators of a "chaotic nature," but as coparticipants in the unfolding dance of life. Our evolutionary role is one of Gaian "feelers," informing the whole through conscious reflection and response--through our honest pain and unbridled joy, sensuality and sacrament, deepest empathy, unconquerable love and joy. Now more than ever, the health of the planet hinges on the emotional, spiritual well being of our kind. More and more, the continued existence of countless other species, and even a survivable environment depend on how we perceive and value the world we're each an inextricable part of. It will depend on our developing a sacred reciprocal relationship with a particular place.

For the past twenty-one years, anytime I haven't been teaching here in the Gila

wilderness I've been on the road giving talks at campuses from the Univ. of Oregon to Bar Harbor, Maine. In the process I've become intimate with the beaches of Orcas Island, the silver birch of Vermont, and the sinuous mountains of Southern Appalachia. All offer a similar opportunity to get in touch with our authentic beings, to experience life in a more vigorous and realized way, to remember our place and fulfill our purpose, and yet each has a different inflection and style, a unique gift to give, and a special need that we are called on to meet. And it was only in Southwest New Mexico that I feel a pull greater than gravity, calling on me to "Stay, Wolf, stay."

This is without a doubt the force that inspires a traveler to slow down and notice more, the seed to send its root in the direction of the core, the weary migrant to finally settle down in one place. It puts the brakes on spinning wagon wheels, soothes the beat of restless rambling hearts, and seduces folks on their way to somewhere else to stop and run their hands into its warm, giving earth. And for all the stimulation our traveling provides, we may find we're unable to give wholly of ourselves to so many different suitors for our attention.

We have been taught to see the world at a distance, often from a moving vehicle, framing giant vistas in our minds-eye the way we would with a camera. This approach fails us, however, for we can neither see nor recall more than a single twist of an oft-visited river, and never the watercourse in its entirety. No dream can capture the view of an entire mountain range, but we wake up drenched in sweat from the visceral experience of a single cliff we could fall from. We're small creatures on a scale that includes not only grizzly bears but glacial summits, and our psyches/souls require a more limited view, a favorite saguaro covered draw rather than some vision of the entire desert, the details of a swimming hole over an abstract hydrological mapping. We need easier realized pictures, settings small enough to include a visible image of ourselves within them, environments in closer scale to our human experience of them.

Much has been made about the phenomenal photographs of the Earth taken from outer

FEEL GOOD FLOWERS

404 E. WASHINGTON ST
DOWNTOWN BLOOMINGTON
PHONE 820-8100 Fax 309/820-8100



ROSES WRAPPED--FIRST QUALITY
\$19.99 PER DOZEN

of place

space. One shot or another decorates the cover of the largest "alternative" consumer catalog, is featured on decals sent out with environmental fund-raisers, once topped the letterhead of a space-warfare agency, and brightens the nylon flags sold through magazines to promote world unity. The intended message is that the Earth is not so immense as we thought, unscarred by anything as tentative as national borders, and a veritable lifeboat in a hostile, airless sea of stars. We are "fellow passengers," it's said, on a revolving life-support platform, on what some call "Spaceship Earth." The blue and green planet with its wispy beard of clouds is shown suspended against a background of infinite black, an independent entity, an almost cartoonish image of an interstellar vehicle lacking only a visible steering wheel.

There is some value to such pictures, to the extent that they help us in recognizing the finite nature of this drifting globe, perchance encouraging us to pull together with the forests and rivers and our fellow creatures for a common good. But in another way this kind of a photo is a lie, leading us to feel that the parts are subsumed by the whole, as if each part were indistinguishable and interchangeable, as if one continent or watershed could serve us, fill us, define us in the same way as the next. As if even the planet were interchangeable with other suitable candidates, or could be replaced by a floating space station of our own making once we've depleted its "resources." This notion was echoed by the previous Speaker of The House, as he hopes to lead us towards a future where we'll "flow out to the Hiltons and Marriotts of the solar system, and mankind will have permanently broken free of the planet." If there is a seeding, I contend, it is the Earth itself, even now blossoming in the void.

The NASA photographs are quite simply taken from too far away, so that the colors of meadow and tundra are washed out to a solid brown, the songs of each distinct part blending into a muffled roar. To know the Earth, to know life, we need to focus in on just one of those brown masses until the myriad hues of the mountains and swamps, the wildflowers and hummingbirds stand out one against the other. We need to zoom in on a particular section, a certain watershed: on the Cascades, the Siuslaw or Calapooya, the Willamette River, Mt. Pisgah or Cougar Hot Springs. On a select grove, a specific meadow, an exact section of grass beneath a solitary majestic tree. We must then get down on our hands and knees in the clover or down in river water, gaze into the detailed jungle of clover and vetch, gaze into the universe of stars sparkling in a single inch of river sand. On the bush, the flower, the sparrow nested in the street sign. On the person we're with, on the feeling in our hearts, and on the exact place where our bodies touch the giving body of the Earth...

Recovering our sense of place necessitates our unstudied reentry into always familiar childscapes. Such landscapes not only contain but embody us, merging, blending the lines between bush and boy, grass and girl. They are always "small," with openings easier entered once we've learned to be "little" again. Once inside these micro-worlds, we may find its boundaries near enough to touch. We are comforted by the encircling branches of weeping willows, protected by the close-in wooden walls of a playhouse, cradled in miniature caves, touched on all sides by the circumference of hideouts and nests, drawn to those down-scaled environments that evoke a sense of intimacy and safety.

Take a child to any "scenic vista" and they'll quickly turn their attention from the distant sunset to the ground at their feet, following scurrying stink-bugs on their hands and knees, collecting pieces of quartz-studded gravel or chalky animal bone, uncovering any nearby places of concealment and hence, the potential for magic. Take your eyes off them for more than a minute, and they'll likely have uncovered the head of a deer trail or hobbit run winding away from the vista and down into the bowels of a more intimately realized reality. As adults we are likely to seek out those postcard-perfect views of great heights and wide expanses, but a child will look instead to those things up close, those things that can be experienced with more than the eyes, those that can be handled, arranged, tossed, rolled... or rolled about in!

Place may be best understood up close, in microcosms nestled between hillocks, inside the hollows of lightning struck trees, in the overgrown corner of the school playground or between waving rows of sky-clad corn. What we call "place" is made up of little worlds inviting us to be little again within them, enlisting our patience and attention, enticing our sensual exploration, insisting that if we're truly to experience it, we must first slow down. Slow down and "smell the flowers." Behold the blooming present. Experience the sacred presence. Sample the unfolding miracle of life.

A part of me still feels like a "gypsy," an animal driven by a maddening wanderlust, and a product of a society of discontent. But I have grown to mistrust such predilection, to resent dissatisfaction, and to prize the equilibrium and intimacy of a green, ecopsychology that contributes to Gaian balance and human contentment.

It seems we are forever under the influence of two opposing instincts: the urge to keep on moving, and the call to remain. In the first case, we'd be wise to connect deeply to the spirit of every diverse place we come into contact with, finding home in each. In the latter, we agree to a special relationship with but a single place, demonstrating our love by our care for it. By staying. When we're truly healthy again, home again, we'll do both. Then and only then will our search be at an end.... and will our real healing begin.

--Jesse Wolf Hardin

JESSE WOLF HARDIN is an acclaimed presenter, teacher of Earth-centered spirituality, and author of *Kindred Spirits: Sacred Earth Wisdom* (Swan•Raven, 800-366-0264). Wolf and Loba share a riverside sanctuary where Wolf offers men's quests and intuitive counsel, while Loba hosts women for quests, wildfoods gathering and preparation, and special resident internships. Contact: The Earthen Spirituality Project, Box 516, Reserve, NM 87830 <www.concentric.net/~earthway>.

GILA WILDLANDS
LIFE QUESTS & ENCHANTED RETREATS
in a true place of power

Women's Quests, Wildcrafting & Apprenticeships with
LOBA
Gaian Teachings & Personal Counsel with
JESSE WOLF HARDIN



Experiencing Earth and Spirit in a deeper way... reclaiming authentic self... fulfilling our most meaningful purpose
THE EARTHEN SPIRITUALITY PROJECT
Scot Deily, Box 516, Reserve, New Mexico 87830
<www.concentric.net/~earthway>
"...helps us see the world whole, even holy!"
-Terry Tempest Williams



Off the beaten path

Hello! I'm Jane from the independently owned video store, The Movie Fan located in downtown Normal. Do you like artsy films that make you think as much as I do? Are you tire of the same old mainstream, mass produced, commercial movies crammed down your throat by the powers that be? At The Movie Fan, we prefer to support the films that aren't seen at your local cineplex. Come into the coolest video store in the Bloomington/Normal area to check out our selection of first-rate films. The films I've chosen to highlight are some I love and hope you do too.

Kissing Jessica Stein

Meet Jessica Stein, a New York copy editor tired of dating losers. She almost gives up until she reads a personal ad quoting Rilke, her favorite poet. Never mind that the ad is under "women seeking women." Jessica arranges to meet the Rilke fan, Helen. The neuroses of Jessica meeting a woman for a date rival any scene from a Woody Allen film. What ensues is a humorous exploration of sexual identity. I won't give away what ultimately happens between the two beautiful women, but let's say there's something for everyone in this charmer.

The Business of Strangers

In this movie Julie Styron (Stockard Channing) is a corporate businesswoman who gets stuck in an airport hotel along with her young assistant, Paula Murphy (Julia Stiles). The dangerous mix of alcohol, power, manipulation, and an unsuspecting male pawn turn this film into a psychological thriller sure to hold your interest. Beautifully acted by Channing whose talents are far too unused and Stiles who has never been given such a fitting role.

In the Bedroom

Tragedy rocks the boat of the Fowlers who live in a small fishing community in Maine. The Fowlers are Matt (Tom Wilkinson), Ruth (Sissy Spacek), and son Frank (Nick Stahl). Frank, home from college, falls in love with Natalie (Marisa Tomei), a young mother is separated from her volatile husband. The husband, played convincingly by William Mapother, doesn't like the idea of his wife with another man. Soon a horrific act reveals secrets kept in the bedroom.

Amelie

This French feel-good film follows the life of Amelie, an introvert working as a waitress. An unexpected event turns her life around, and the lives of others. Amelie is dead-set on helping others find true happiness, while ignoring her own. This magical comedy comes to you from the creator of *Delicatessen* and *The City of Lost Children*. Will Amelie find love and happiness? What fun adventures can this young French girl create? Rent it to find out!

Big Eden

Henry (Arye Gross), a New York artist, must travel home to Montana to care for his elderly grandfather. Forced to confront a still brewing passion for his high school best friend, Henry must also confront being gay in a small town. It turns out to be not such a confrontation after all, as these small towners find ways to help Henry in his search for love. Love isn't always where you look for it, as Henry soon finds out.

Here are some other fun pictures you might enjoy.

1. *The Devil's Backbone*
2. *The Royal Tenenbaums*
3. *Metrosexuality*
4. *Storytelling*
5. *Pauline & Paulette*
6. *Iris*
7. *Paragraph 175*
8. *Tape*
9. *Vagina Monologues*
10. *The Deep End*
11. *L.I.E.*
12. *Sidewalks of New York*
13. *Short Shorts*
14. *Songcatcher*
15. *Sexy Beast*
16. *Monsoon Wedding*
17. *Bread & Tulips*
18. *Orange County*
19. *CQ*
20. *Gosford Park*

Audio Ammo

TIGERARMY(Hellcat Records) II: Power Of Moonlite

If you were to ask Nick 13, lead singer and guitarist to describe his band's music he might called it psychobilly.....I on the other hand call it rock n roll which reminds me of Gene Vincent fronting a punk rock band from 1966.

Most of the tracks on this release revolve around the similar subject matter. Things like vampires, summer loves, and basically anything that involves the night, hence the title track "power of moonlite" which is one of the better cuts with a simple snippet "riding alone through the night, things couldn't be farther from right, who made this world of misery?" sang with a very melodic almost lilting type style which is the true magic behind most of the better tracks on the album. Tiger Army in my humble opinion are one of the more original styled bands recording

today simple because they combine the traditional stand up bass rockabilly sound with a more aggressive drumming and an almost beautiful singing voice very similar to Morrissey or even Josh Carterer ex-Smoking Popes. Support Tiger Army.....besides my 3 yr. old son Sean digs em.'

HOT SNAKES (Swami Records) Suicide Invoice

This is the 2nd release from The Hot Snakes and happens to be from members of Rocket from the Crypt & Drive Like Jehu. Let's just say this record is about what it's like to make a real rock n roll album.....a lot of bands have forgot what it's all about. It's a raucous non-stop rock record that sweats, moves and is generally a beat-up brilliant mess.

Rebellion can come in many forms, especially from musicians. This particular band wears its rebel pose right on their chest with songs like "I hate the kids," "Paid in Cigarettes" & "Who died."

Please do not deny this band their due - support them and give in to the dirty guitars and heavy bass lines before you regret not giving a good honest rock n roll band a chance. It's up to you to change the record industry.....OK let's move out !! HAIL HAIL THE MIGHTY HOT SNAKES !!



Audio Ammo continued

OASIS (Epic)
Heathen Chemistry

Oasis were once one of the mightiest bands on the planet. For now they are just another band. Here is what they need to do : bring back Quigley & Bonehead and start drinking heavily ala Guided By Voices who by the way are brilliant.

Any way the latest release from the boys of Manchester is far less sub-par to their first 2 releases. However, they do have their moments "Songbird," "stop crying your heart out" & "Little by Little." They have perfected the art of anthem rockmuch better than Boston or Journey I might add.

Oasis still have a bit of a brash attitude if not a contrived one at that....as sorry as that may sound it may be the only thing they have got to hold onto . You know what - I really do not care what people think or say about Oasis because the fact of the matter is, I fuckin' still dig em' ! Hey who wants to fight about it ?

HANK WILLIAMS III (Curb Records)
Lovesick Broke & Driftin"

I remember driving in my Grandpa's old Galaxy 900 listening to the country station playing guys like Porter Wagner , Johnny Cash, Tennessee Ernie Ford, Waylon Jennings and thinking to myself : "I hate this music." It was through rock n roll that I realized that this music was

part of me and ran deep in my veinsas deep as good ol' punk rock. I thank God I was exposed to that music and relish the fact of how honest and true those artists were.

Hank Williams III, just like his Grandpa, is a true rebel spirit that has made one of my favorite records and is in heavy rotation on my CD player. All that is wrong with country music is made right on this record . No fake bullshit here. Thank You Hank III for a brilliant collection of songs that bring me right back to that Galaxy 900 . "cause a like to get real drunk in the Mississippi Mud."

--Mark Neace

Who loves ya like your mother do?

established 1968

MIDTHER MURPHY

NEW/ USED GUITARS
AMPS STRINGS
& THINGS

111 1/2 NORTH ST
452-6712

SHOP BOTH STORES!!

SHOCKWAVES

415 N MAIN 828-4521
Bloomington

IMPORT CDS
POSTERS T-SHIRTS
JEWELRY TAPESTRIES
CANDLES INCENSE
TOBACCO ACCESORIES

WE BUY SELL TRADE
CDS TAPES RECORDS

SKATEBOARDS
SKATE CLOTHES
BODY JEWELRY
DOC MARTENS
HAIR DYES- SHOES



The Poetry Page

WELL SHOOK NOGGIN

Crossed paths
 a second time
 Saw a sign
 In your eyes
 and wished to know
 How the light in your heart did grow

And the conversations
 were not of the usual
 Can't say a moment was dull
 Though at times
 we traveled to another galaxy
 But never a thought to flee

Crossed my mind
 As the sun disappears
 I find
 Myself reflecting on our conversations
 This strange sensation

Starts to creep
 out of my pen
 Start to wonder
 then
 Is what we spoke more real
 Than the "usual" thoughts most reveal

Then I shake my head
 and discover
 A well shook brain
 will uncover
 More than one left to see
 Life, through a noggin settled
 in conformity

--Lin Frog Simmons

Not Quite

Is it really enough
 to know what's what?
 to keep informed?
 to stay on top?

Is it quite sufficient
 to follow the score?
 and trace the muck? and ask for more of
 scandalslop?

Will it do, you comfy boob,
 to watch the news
 and nod and snooze?

If so, then I am far behind,
 backstepping in the march of time.
 Instead of gawking, I dare to do,
 Though ignorant of who is who and such and
 What did he say?

Ah, yes! "I much suspect this means
 more fun for me, more fat for you."

--Robert D. Day

STARRY NIGHT 4

(for Vincent Van Gogh)

I know you gave a
 woman a piece of your
 ear in an envelope, oh
 the mad passion you had,
 it's over uh hundred years
 later, and I can almost feel
 your lips brush my ears, like
 darkness licking the stars, that's
 the way you touch me still on
 canvas, Starry Night is uh
 picture of uh black transmission, underground
 vision of the heavens breaking through,
 cutting through the static of my living,
 cutting through the static of your death Vincent,
 letting us know the black whale of night will befall
 us all, a Black Madonna Mother who will
 suckle the world, like the heavy eyelids
 of God, falling down upon uh starry night.

--John Firefly

Rose in the Rock

There's a stray dog scavenging for food
 another on a rooftop howling at the moon
 endless piles of trash just lying there to burn
 and a poisoned river just waiting its turn. . .

In the day the sun scorches the earth dry
 the cactus grows crooked but refuses to die
 endless green mountains cut deep into the blue
 at their feet is a flower next to a dirty shoe. . .

But I can see the stars shining bright and stark
 and I see the children playing long after dark
 some day soon the water will fall
 and this blood red rose will soon grow tall. . .

--Ciudad Victoria, Mexico

To Poets Everywhere:

We at the Post Amerikan are always getting a fairly good supply of poems for the Poetry Page, but we could always do with more and we would like to hear from you. Even if you think your stuff sucks give it a shot! What do you have to lose? To submit poetry send it to pamerikanusa@netscape.net re: poetry submission, or mail to P.O. Box 3452 Bloomington, IL 61702. Looking forward to reading some good poetry!

--Post Amerikan staff

Humane to InHumane

Its not the life he planned on
such a turn of events
It's the life I planned on
he doesn't deserve this

A mother's fault, less than divided tome
An age of reason--needing to Be.
An assault on a beautiful mind.
A concept unable to conceive

Labeled a weed
A 1/2 a century grown
compared to a younger
seed only 1/2 his own

As an adult he can't see
that a child he is
broken by authority
His soul to be sold "As is"

She built a mountain he couldn't climb
Figment of imagination, an insult on Time
He was left to stand there & stare
and watch it go by

So another lesson learned or
a plot to rot the brain
Our greaters are merely human or
are they inhumane?

--Tiffany Connelly

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.

Living Synthesizers

The insects of night
Like living synthesizers
Singing with a single voice

Cicadas hum and crickets chirp
Others click and buzz and burp

Each bug makes a noise to signify its existence
each voice in the chorus magnifies its insistence

Their pulsing song becomes a roar
They reach a crescendo like an orchestra
and then stop. . . .

Silence is the sound of fear
Hold your breath. . . .
Something is near

--Peter Elvidge

I Feel The Planet Does Not Have To Die Yet

I feel the planet does not yet have to die
because I an human as you. . .
This feeling I proclaim as love is neither alien or unique to just one. . .
it can be carried on, ignited and sent one-by-one
until the whole world, the human people, may fall to their knees as me. . .
OUTSIDE of trading and business circles, homes and bars
and upon the bare land with those who suffer alike and different!

Maybe just then the look of those I see,
here in the remnants of a community,
may not be so weary and heavy
but of sweet releases, counted on a billion fingers,
when my ache of a deep love is not thought of as extraordinary
thereby restoring a community!

--Matthew Dobrowski



True Love is Tammy & me
 in her arms is where I should be,
 Laying under a sky so blue
 I thought our love would always be true
 But then I let whiskey and drugs into my life
 And that's when I lost my wife

Because I was drunk on sweet red wine
 I crossed the yellow line,
 I told the cop I was doing just fine
 Then he called me a drunken swine
 After being sprayed with mace
 I punched him in his face

I woke up in the county jail
 My poor ol' ma couldn't come up with my bail
 No money for a real attorney
 I knew I was going on a long hard journey

My life in the hands of a public defender
 He said he knew the law, but he was just a
 pretender

5 to 10 is the deal I should've took
 But 7 1/2 to 15 is what I got, when the judge
 threw the book
 Now I live in a tiny cell
 And my life is nothing but pure hell!

--John F. Lipscomb, ET1686
 SCI Graterford, Box 246, Graterford, PA 19426-
 0246

The Town of "Within"

Taking a left
 instead of a right
 I crashed into sin
 and fell into flight

A course in damnation
 A transient in temptation
 Paradise stagnating in my mind
 The fault--my own--distance alone
 created another kind

Desolate streets with signs
 I can't read
 Directions from strangers
 I choose not to heed

I'm stayin'--no leavin'
 my engine it's stallin' it started
 I'm drivin' I'm weavin'
 I'm flyin' I'm seein' the road up ahead
 the lights they're beamin'
 Strength of the dark
 weakness of my eyes
 don't slow don't park
 to conceive the thought is mental demise

The wind in my face
 a consensual scare
 Smoking the weed I now lack
 Takes longer getting there
 Than it does coming back

Fulfilled, it is, where I'm at
 Empty, I was, where I'd been
 Driving away on a road less traveled
 from the Fucking town of Within

--Tiffany Connelly

Always

Always you were in my body
 Always near my soul.
 Too wrapped up within you to feel my truth at all.
 Always knew I never loved you. . .
 Always you were on my mind, perching on my heart.
 Confining me to a cage, without your body warmth.
 Always you were around the corner, and somewhere near the bend
 But
 Always you would leave that place and I was left alone again.
 Always felt a little sad because you came and went.
 Always knew I was better off, without your soul of lead.
 Always knew this day would come,
 Always knew I'd survive.
 Always knew the sun will shine and I will be alive.
 Always breathing out and in,
 Always keeping pace.
 Always leave a little hole from when you left this place.
 Always I will miss the morning the smile upon your face. The
 moment that we had that joy it ebbed and went away.
 Always will I miss your kiss, your tongue inside my mouth.
 Always will I never forget the passion lay within.
 Always moving forward, but always looking back.
 Always miss what might have been but always no regrets. . .

--Maren Elizabeth