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Gay bar opened up; Daluga shooting covered up; Jail shakedown trumped up

BLOOMINGTON-NORMAL

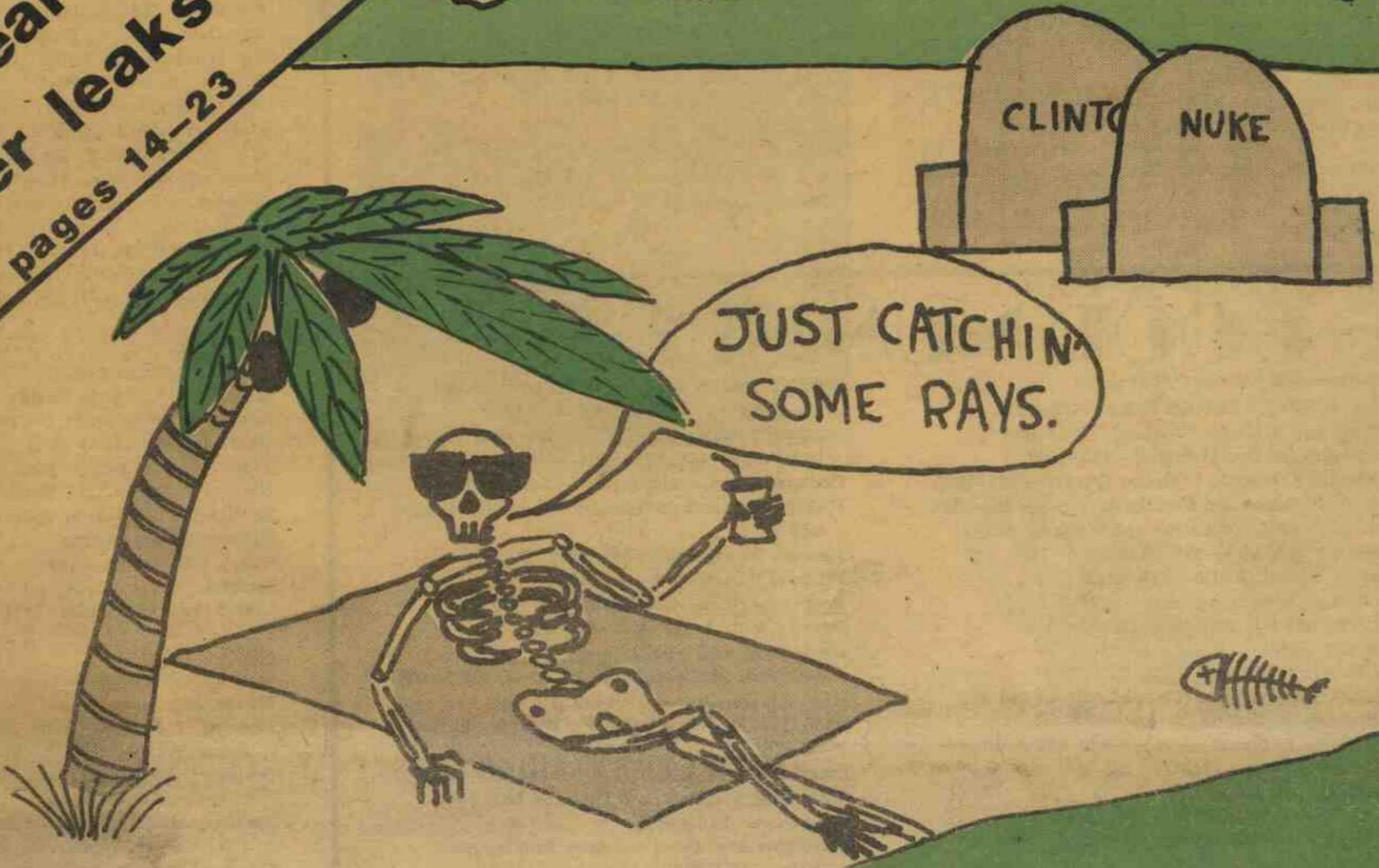
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POST AMERIKAN

May 1979

Vol. VIII No. 1

**Nuclear
power leaks**
see pages 14-23



VISIT
OUR BEAUTIFUL
CLINTON
BEACHES

ADDRESS CORRECTION
REQUESTED

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BLOOMINGTON, IL
61701

ABOUT US

Anyone can be a member of the Post staff except maybe Wendell Kelly. All you have to do is come to the meetings and do one of the many different and exciting tasks necessary for the smooth operation of a paper like this. You start work at nothing per hour, and stay there. Everyone else is paid the same. Ego gratification and good karma are the fringe benefits.

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

Anybody who reads this paper can tell the type of stuff we print. All worthwhile material is welcome. We try to choose articles that are timely, relevant, informative, and not available in other local media. We will not print anything racist, sexist, or ageist.

Most of our material and inspiration for material comes from the community.

We encourage you, the reader, to become more than a reader.

We welcome all stories and tips for stories, which you can mail to our office (the address is at the end of this rap).

If You'd like to work on the Post and/or come to meetings, call us. The number is 828-7232. You can also reach folks at 828-6885 or ask for Andrea at 829-6223 during the day.

You can make bread hawking the Post--15¢ a copy, except for the first 50 copies on which you make only 10¢ a copy. Call us at 828-7232.

Mail, which we more than welcome, should be sent to: The Post-American, P.O. Box 3452, Bloomington, IL 61701. (Be sure you tell us if you don't want your letter printed! Otherwise it's likely to end up in our letters column.)

GOOD NUMBERS

- Alcoholics Anonymous--828-5049
- American Civil Liberties Union--452-4831
- Clare House (Catholic Worker)--828-4035
- Community for Social Action--452-4867
- Countering Domestic Violence (PATH)--827-4005
- Dept. of Children and Family Services--829-5326
- Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare (Social Security Admin.)--829-9436
- Dept. of Mental Health--828-4311
- Gay Action/Awareness Union--828-6935
- Gay National Educational Switchboard--800-227-0888
- Gay People's Alliance (ISU) 829-7868
- HELP (Transportation for handicapped and sr. citizens)--828-8301
- Ill. Lawyer Referral Service--800-252-8916
- Kaleidoscope--828-7346
- Lighthouse--828-1371
- McLean County Health Dept.--829-3363
- McLean County Mental Health Center--827-5351
- Men's Rap Group--828-6935
- Mobile Meals (meals for shut-ins)--828-8301

- National Health Care Services (abortion assistance in Peoria)--691-9073
- National Runaway Switchboard--800-621-4000 in Illinois--800-972-6004 (all 800 #'s toll free)
- Occupational Development Center--828-7324
- PATH (Personal Assistance Telephone Help)--827-4005
- Parents Anonymous--827-4005 (PATH)
- Planned Parenthood--827-8025
- Post-American--828-7232
- Prairie State Legal Aid--827-5021
- Project OZ--827-0377
- Public Aid, McLean Cnty. Dept. of--827-4621
- Rape Crisis Line--827-4005 (PATH)
- SAW (Student Association for Women, ISU)--438-7619
- Small Changes Alternative Bookstore--829-6223
- Sunnyside Neighborhood Center--827-5428
- Tele Care--828-8301
- Unemployment Compensation/Employment Office--827-6237
- United Farmworkers Support Group--452-5046
- Women's Switchboard--800-927-5404

Post sellers

BLOOMINGTON

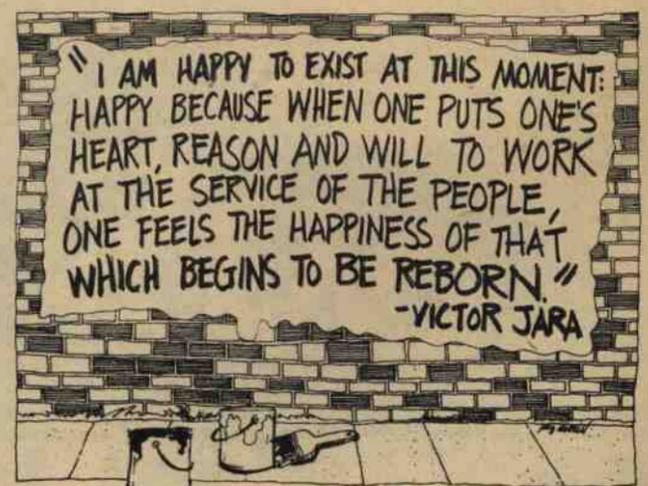
- Book Hive, 103 W. Front
- Eastgate IGA, at parking lot exit
- The Joint, 415 N. Main
- Medusa's Bookstore, 109 W. Front
- The Back Porch, 402 1/2 N. Main
- The Book Worm, 310 1/2 N. Main
- South West Corner--Front & Main
- Mr. Quick, Clinton at Washington
- Downtown Postal Substation, Bl. Post Office, E. Empire (at exit)
- Devary's Market, 1402 W. Market
- Harris' Market, 802 N. Morris
- Hickory Pit, 920 W. Washington
- Biasi's Drug Store, 217 N. Main
- Discount Den, 207 N. Main
- U-I Grocery, 918 W. Market
- Kroger's, 1110 E. Oakland
- Bus Depot, 523 N. East
- The Wash House, 609 N. Clinton
- Bi-Rite, 203 E. Locust
- Man-Ding-Go's, 312 S. Lee
- Mel-O-Cream Doughnuts, 901 N. Main
- Mr. Donut, 1310 E. Empire
- Doug's Motorcycle, 1105 W. Washington
- K-Mart, at parking lot exit
- Small Changes Bookstore, 409A N. Main
- Lay-Z-J Saloon, 1401 W. Market
- Pantagraph Building (in front)
- North East Corner--Main & Washington

NORMAL

- University Liquors, 706 W. Beaufort
- Redbird IGA, 301 S. Main
- Mother Murphy's 111 1/2 North St.
- Ram, 101 Broadway Mall
- Eisner's, E. College (near sign)
- Divinyl Madness, 115 North St.
- Bowling and Billiards Center, ISU
- Baker's Dozen Donuts, 602 Kingsley
- Cage, ISU Student Union
- Midstate Truck Plaza, Route 51 North
- Upper Cut, 1203 1/2 S. Main

OUTTA TOWN

- Galesburg: Under The Sun, E. Main St.
- Monmouth: Head's Up
- Peoria: That Other Place, NE Adams
- Sound Warehouse 3217 N. University
- Decatur: Coop Tapes and Records, 1470 Pershing
- Springfield: King Harvest Food Coop, 1131 S. Grant Ave. East
- Urbana: Horizon Bookstore, 517 S. Goodwin



CLASSIFIED ADS

Needed: Apt. or house in Bloomington/Normal to share. Leave message for Greg Stoewer at 662-5297.

JAIL EMPLOYEE HAD KNIFE

County jail shakedown a sham

Dear Post:

This is another letter in regards to the ever-present, miserable and unjustifiable conditions in McLean County's \$9 million model jail. If this letter is received and printed, maybe, just maybe, some of our truly concerned citizens will read it and learn some things that have been too long untold.

I am in the county jail at the time this letter is being written and have been in jail since December 19, 1978. That means I was also here at the time of the big shakedown over the missing butcher knife. In fact, I was working in the kitchen at the time, and I was the one who gave the knife out--to a supposedly responsible employee of McLean County.

While in the kitchen I was approached one evening by this employee and asked by her if she could borrow a sharp knife and six forks. Assuming she was an honest and responsible employee, I filled her request. That was the last time I saw the knife or the forks.

The way the county building is set up, with the kitchen on the first floor and the jail on the second, the kitchen is inaccessible to prisoners unless accompanied by a correctional officer. In fact, the knife went into the 1st floor offices of the sheriff's deputies and detectives, to be used to cut and serve some lasagna, which had been brought into the building by the earlier mentioned employee.

Being at least 12 inches in length plus handle, the knife would have been a challenge to hide--much less be put up someone's rectum.

All that is written here was also told the jail warden, Leo Plante, and I have also taken and passed a lie detector test to confirm these facts. The police, warden and correctional officers all know who really got the knife. They knew the day of the shakedown, which was led by the warden. It gave those involved a chance to ransack the few belongings we are allowed to have here--which have become even fewer since the shakedown.

This big blunder of a search for a missing knife was then covered up by stating to the public that a lot of other contraband was found and that since the shakedown was scheduled for later, the disappearance of the knife gave cause to shake the jail down earlier than scheduled. That was a bunch of hogwash.

The shakedown got completely out of hand and turned into a field day for the people searching.

There was no need for the treatment the inmates received: locked outside, handcuffed on the recreation yard which is surrounded by walls 20 or more feet high, in temperatures well below freezing. Some people were bare-foot. Nobody except authorities had coats. This went on for several hours. On top of all this, there were armed guards on top of the walls, and there were c.o.s walking around making threatening comments to the prisoners.

This all looked good in the wake of the massive shakedowns at Pontiac and Statesville prisons and certainly was good reading for subscribers of the Pantagraph. But was the public informed of the truth? I say, hell no. Besides, the truth doesn't sell as many copies of the Pantagraph.

Now almost 2 months later the conditions haven't improved; in fact, they have gotten worse for the inmates, who had no knowledge or anything to do with the missing knife.

I am no longer a trustee because of reasons still untold to me.

We have been stripped of every minor luxury of life, and existence is whittled to the most minute essen-

tials. These essentials acquire enormous proportions. Men will kill themselves, their cell mates, or a guard in a rage ignited by a piece of butter, a blanket, a bar of soap. Nobody has been killed as of yet, but who is to say someone won't be?

There is a library here, but when somebody in charge lets us go we can get only one book and one magazine.

Before the shakedown we were entitled 3 books and 3 magazines.

There is also a recreation yard which we get to use about like the library--whenever someone in charge feels ambitious.

Living in the county jail is limited to eating, sleeping and playing cards. And the meals are only enough to keep us alive--I have lost 22 pounds in 4 months. We are allowed a radio, which we have to buy from the jail. It sells everywhere else for \$10 or \$12, but they sell it here for \$16--along with 89¢ batteries which sell for \$2.

Between the meals and the medical attention here it's a wonder there aren't more health problems. There is nobody here to give medical attention during the week, except for a few minutes during the morning and evening--and never on weekends. The trick is don't get sick. If you do, make sure it's in the morning or

evening. The person who does come isn't even a doctor; he's an employee of lifeline ambulance service.

I realize we are in jail and not in our private homes, but we are only accused of something and if and when we are found guilty the courts will give us a suitable punishment--not the warden, not the police, or the correctional officers.

I also realize that the jail is understaffed and they are asking the county board for more money for additional help. Maybe if some of the hokey and expensive things that occur here stopped, such as shakedowns that require every employee working overtime, there would be enough money and no need to ask the taxpayer for more.

This is not a prison, it's a county jail, and it's about time it was operated as such.

Neither time nor space allows me to write everything that is not right in this supposedly modern jail. But I hope someone reads this letter and agrees with me that there is need for serious change--not only for us, but for the unfortunate ones who will be in here in the not-so-distant future. After all, how is the public going to know the truth unless someone tells them?

Mike Eversole
H. Block

Brienen wrong on strip search

McLean County Sheriff Steve Brienen was dead wrong when he told a Post reporter last issue that it "was no violation" to conduct a full scale bend-over-and-spread-'em strip search of male prisoners in front of TV cameras monitored by women correctional officers.

Each of the jail's 57 prisoners endured that degrading search March 2 when the sheriff's police--looking for a butcher knife stolen from the jail's kitchen--launched an all-out (and unsuccessful) search and shakedown.

The Illinois Unified Code of Corrections says strip searches shall be performed in a secluded area out of view of people of the opposite sex.

Sheriff's police searched each six-person cell block one at a time. If the strip searches had been done in the cell block area, the code would not have been violated. But the prisoners were required to strip and bend over in the jail's hallways, where the closed circuit TV cameras constantly operate.

The Unified Code of Corrections was mentioned in an April 15 story in the

Pantagraph about strip searches, a story which took some leads from the Post-Amerikan's cover story last issue.

In last month's Post, Sheriff Brienen admitted that women correctional officers working in the jail's control room easily could have watched the strip searches on the closed circuit television system.

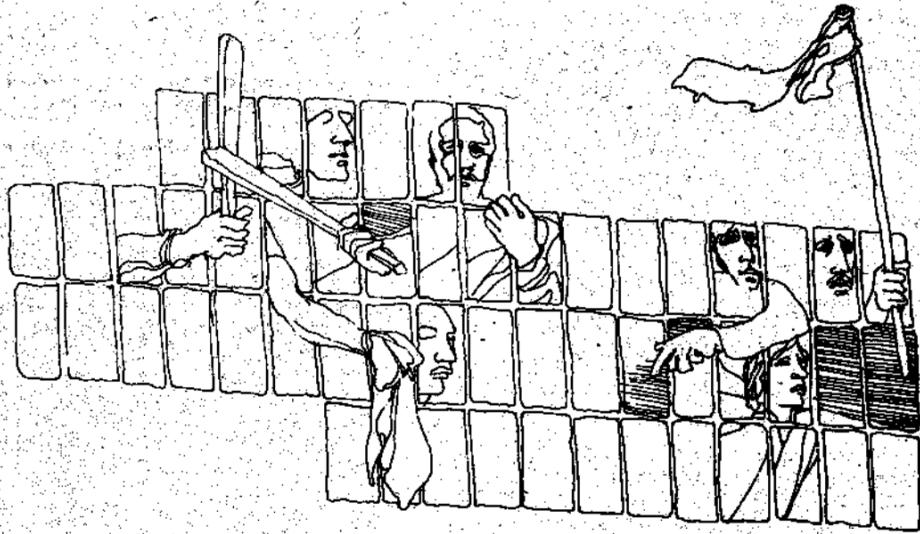
"But that's no violation," Brienen said then. "There's no civil rights violation in that."

Brienen also disagreed with prisoners' contentions that the anal searches were degrading.

In the Pantagraph story, Brienen dodged the question. He was quoted saying that no women were assigned to monitoring the cameras during the search.

The original version of the Pantagraph's strip-search story mentioned the Post-Amerikan's coverage of the issue. But the city editor deleted all reference to the Post.

--Mark Silverstein



'Normal' cop shoots student

Lots of strange things happen during coffee breaks--especially on Monday afternoons--but April 16th was definitely the strangest.

I was on the second floor in the lab at the northeast corner of Felmley Hall of Science when I heard the siren. I had just reached the window, coffee cup in hand, when the cop car squealed to a broadside halt in front of the dark green car. The cop hurtled out, gun in hand, as the young man burst from his car, looking mad as hell. They ran to confront each other, and the young man immediately sent the officer flying backwards. "The crazy kid must have hit him," I told my lab mates. "This is getting interesting." Indeed.



Numbly, I watched the officer fall to his knees beside his victim (to pin his hands behind his back), then race up to use his radio, open his trunk, and generally scurry hysterically. A man in a red leather jacket appeared and started rushing about to assist the cop. "Looks like a MEG agent," I thought. "Who is he?" (Who IS he?). A woman ran from a nearby car and knelt beside the stricken man. A stream of blood started across the pavement.

A general scuffle began, with the cop trying to catch the man's shirt and the man pushing and shoving the officer. Then the cop brought his right hand up in a roundhouse swing to the young man's head. Just as he connected, the shot rang out. "Dear God," I whispered, "the crazy bastard shot him."

I stood and stared as half a dozen more cops roared up. An ambulance loaded the man (still with arms behind his back) and raced away. The officer hopped into another squad car and left, no doubt told by his superiors to "get your ass down here." I finished my coffee and dialed the Normal police station. "I'd like to make a witness statement," I said. They told me to get right down.



Struggle/cpf

At the station, I was delegated to a chair in the front corridor, where I waited until a young man with a notepad appeared. "I'm from the Pantagraph," he said. "Would you answer some questions?" "Certainly," I said. A door sprang open. "Come this way," ordered the policeman. I gave the reporter my name and phone number and followed the cop to a back room, where four other people waited.

After about half an hour, an officer came and took our names, addresses, DOBs (Date of Birth), phone numbers, etc. "It'll be awhile," he said, and left. Meantime we witnesses were getting loosened up a bit. We compared accounts--some had details the others didn't, but the facts matched in all accounts. We vowed together that our main goal was to do what we could to help that kid. The cop must be feeling pretty low too, we decided. His ass was grass.

We were there almost three hours and were asked lots of questions, but never got an answer to a single one of our questions, including our first and foremost--"how's the kid?"

A week after this, I saw an ad in the ISU Vidette that Daluga's lawyer was having a bit of trouble wringing information from the police. I have called him and made an appointment to give him a statement. If a hearing should be held, I shall certainly testify on request.

Wait a minute! What's this IF a hearing business? Daluga's condition is still a pretty well-kept secret, but I'm a biology major, and shattering the first cervical vertebra sounds rough to me. Ellington's still on the streets, gun in hand, protecting the citizens of Normal. His statement has not been and reportedly will not be made public. Normal police department has suddenly turned deaf mute. I'm not judging anybody. WE DON'T HAVE THE INFORMATION TO JUDGE!!!!!! Where is that information?●



The sheriff is watching Eyes and ears have great potential

When Tazewell County Sheriff James Donahue announced that he was looking for people to serve as "eyes and ears" for his police, I immediately had some ideas for some other programs that he'd love. Not radical, untried ideas, mind you, but some that have been proven effective in actual use.

In case you haven't heard, the good sheriff is worried about a "rash of vandalism." So, he's setting up a new program with the help of the federal government's Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, the same crew that brought you MEG and gave SWAT teams all over the country their machine guns and armored cars.

The sheriff's program will concentrate on informers--selected county residents who are willing to maintain regular contact with the sheriff's department. Donahue will try, however, to help his informers out with communications equipment, including radios.

At the beginning, the main thrust of the Tazewell program will be to establish a network of informers in rural areas. The obvious next step, of course, is to move into town, and that's where my first idea comes in.

What the sheriff should do is find someone, preferably a gun owner, in every block of every neighborhood in Pekin to report regularly on anyone who might be likely to commit a crime.

The sheriff will have to take care to find people who are very watchful and very ingenious or else they won't be much good as informers. For instance, someone who didn't think that a person who made jokes about the sheriff's department was a potential criminal simply wouldn't do as an informer.



Nonetheless, once this system is fully operational marvelous results will be evident. The exact same system actually reduced crime by 40 percent--

at least crimes that were committed by people who were neither police nor informers--in Nazi Germany between 1933 and 1939.

Another good idea for the sheriff to consider concerns unions, which are well known to cause trouble and even vandalize property during strikes. Again, this is a system which produced marvelous results when used in Russia under Stalin.

Here's how that plan worked. Whenever there was any trouble at a workplace--the trouble could be grumbling about pay or working conditions or even a scrawled obscenity about the police--the secret police would come in. They'd simply pick two people at random and promote them, and they'd also pick two other people at random and send them to the labor camps.

The beauty of this plan is that you needn't know who the troublemakers really are. Everyone naturally assumes that the two people sent away did something wrong and that the two people promoted are informers. After a few years of this, nobody trusts anyone else enough even to talk to them, let alone to organize to cause trouble.

I'm sure the businessmen of Pekin will immediately comprehend the benefits they'd reap from a divided, fearful workforce. In fact, the larger businesses would probably be willing to put one or more secret police on their payrolls instantly. And the sheriff's department could coordinate a county-wide program.

As anyone can now readily see, the potential benefits from the establishment of networks of trained informers and the creation of a police-state mentality are enormous. With federal money behind him, Sheriff Donahue is obviously on the verge of great things.●

--D.L.

They shoot students, don't they?

On Tuesday, April 17, demonstrators on the ISU Quad protested the shooting of David Daluga and demanded the suspension of Officer Mike Ellington. The rally organizers called themselves the Coalition of Concerned Students and began the protest with a core group of 18 people.

The protesters carried signs reading, "Disarm Irresponsible Police," "Suspend Ellington," "Normal Police Shoot First," and "Don't Shoot Me, I'm only a Student." Their chant "Don't Shoot" quickly echoed throughout the Quad. As the protesters talked to students, their ranks grew to about 50.

The group expressed concern about the shooting and fear that Ellington was still on patrol in the city with his gun. Support was quickly gathered for a peaceful march to the Normal police station.

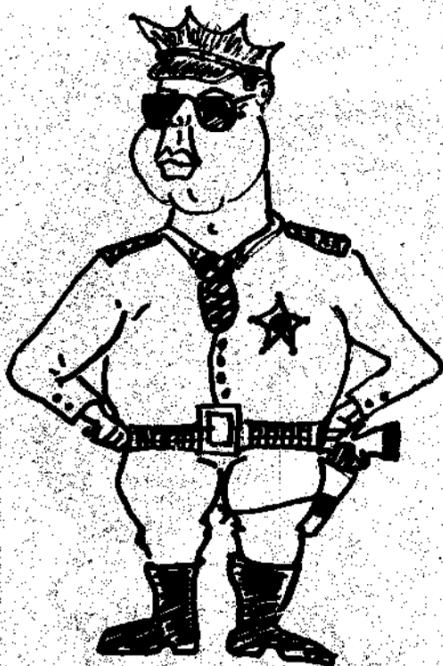
While they marched through downtown Normal, the group solicited support from shoppers and merchants. With the people who joined them there, the group swelled to about 70 members by the time they arrived at Normal City Hall.

Chanting "Justice" and "We Want Some Answers," the crowd was acknowledged when police officers stationed themselves on the roof of City Hall. With the long afternoon shadows of the officers between the crowd and the building, City Manager "crash" David Anderson confronted the marchers.

Although refusing to comment specifically on the Daluga shooting, Anderson "answered" some of the crowd's questions.

"There are no department rules violated up to this time," stated "crash" Anderson (though the investigation had not been completed). Anderson also said that Ellington had not been suspended and would be back on patrol after his normally scheduled days off. When a protester asked if Ellington still had legal possession of his weapon, "crash" Anderson retorted, "Well, I don't think that's any of your business."

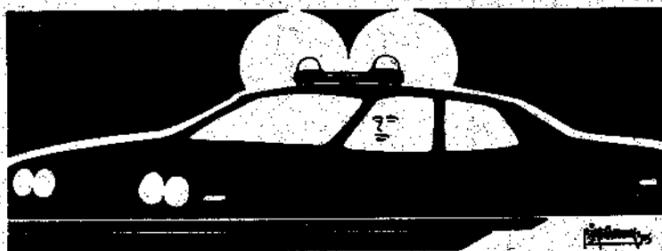
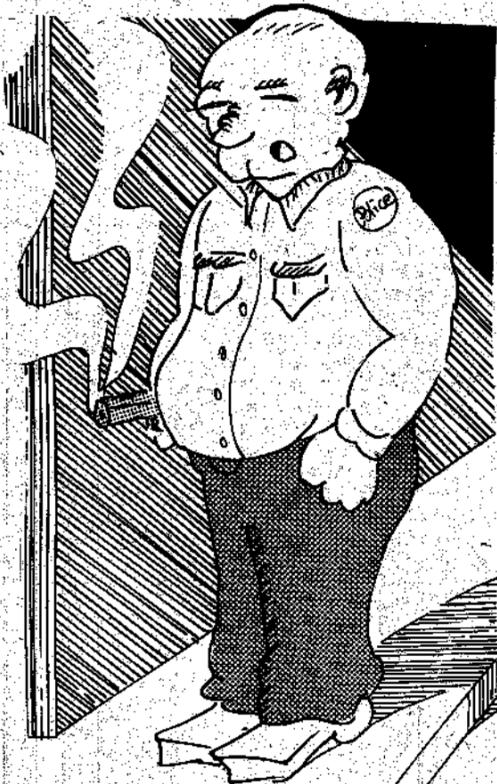
Protest organizers stated that they received no satisfaction as to protection of citizens from Ellington. The Coalition of Concerned Students stated they would "monitor the outcome of the investigation by the Illinois Department of Law Enforcement and see that justice is done." ●



Questions

I am a taxpayer and have always felt that the city employees of Normal worked for me. I have come to the conclusion that this is not true. The Normal Police Department, at least, feels under no obligations to its employers to answer questions concerning the April 16th shooting of David Daluga. Here are some questions I have:

1. Why was 24-year-old David Daluga being chased at a high speed through downtown Normal and the ISU campus at the busiest pedestrian time of the day?
2. Why, if Ellington was involved in a high-speed chase for some distance, did he not call upon back-up squad cars to assist him and/or cut off the speeding car?
3. Why did Officer Ellington draw a gun on an unarmed student?
4. Did Officer Ellington take into account the numerous (at least 75) bystanders close enough to witness the event and consider that one might have been hurt or killed by a stray bullet?
5. Why were the investigators from the Illinois Department of Law Enforcement conspicuously silent while the NPD and McLean County's favorite state's attorney build a case against a student who might not even live?
6. Have charges not been filed against Daluga because that would render the county responsible for his hospital bills?
7. Aren't the same guardians of the County funds concerned about paying Ellington's salary to send him back out on the streets with a gun?
8. Why hasn't Ellington made a public statement?
9. If statements to the NPD are supposed to be public record, why isn't Ellington's?
10. Why wasn't Ellington suspended from active duty until the investigation was completed?
11. Why do Normal police refuse to cooperate with Daluga's attorney?
12. What is being covered up???



Bribes & ratburgers

When Mayor Richard "No Social Gadfly" Godfrey can publicly admit that the Town of Normal is going to pay off a blackmailer with public money and nobody calls the FBI, I begin to wonder if even Ronald McDonald can hold the Amerikan way of life together much longer.

Don't misunderstand me. This is a matter of some importance.

You can grind up all the rats you want and fry 'em and stick 'em on buns and sell 'em. But you gotta call 'em hamburgers.

I ask you, dear god who fails to strike us socialists dead day after day, how could Leisure Suit Dick so completely forget his own trade?

Here's a white middle class man who's not only mayor of Normal, Illinois, but also the head of the propaganda bureau of a medium-sized mediocre, government-sponsored university. Yet this guy stands up front of a reporter and tells the truth.

The great department store Carson Pirie Scott says Normal's got to give it some tax-free bonds or it ain't gonna build that store it promised to build in Vern Prenzler mall.

Dick never thought department stores ought to get tax-free industrial bonds. He admits this.

He also admits that Carson's will likely save \$80,000 to \$100,000 a year by using the low-interest bonds. That's maybe a million bucks for Carson's over 10 years, and Ward's wants the same deal.

Dick stands up and says he's in favor of giving it to 'em--on top of the \$1.5 million he's already promised the developers in sales tax rebates.

And for icing he offers a bribe to the downtown businesspeople who are ticked off about all the breaks the big guys are getting. More sales taxes and some federal community development money to enclose the sidewalks, build second-story walkways, and give all the buildings facelifts.

He actually admits that it's a choice between giving in to Carson's demand or losing the mall, and he nonchalantly adds that he knew for five months that Carson's was going to ask for the bonds, which is how he had time to dream up the bribe for the little guys.

I thought I was losing my mind when I read all this in the Pantagraph. It was like hearing Don Stone invite people to come in and be cheated.

"Got a great Pinto here. The engine 'll go out in 12 miles--unless you get rear-ended and fried first! Heh, heh!"

I'm sorry. This is a serious matter. As Dick said, "It was a compromise of my principles." You gotta give him credit, he tried to save a scrap of his dignity. And he didn't own up to everything.

He didn't mention that the million or so apiece that Carson's and Ward's will save by getting tax-free bonds will in effect come straight out of the federal treasury. Nor did he mention that the bank or insurance

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Mayor Richard "No Social Gadfly" Godfrey

company that buys the bonds will get an extra profit from the same source because they won't have to pay any tax on the interest.

Best of all, he didn't admit that the Post-Amerikan predicted this blackmail last August.

Ronald baby, all is not lost. You aren't hawking ratburgers yet. ●

--D. LeSeure

Pizza World power parade

On April 7, Pizza World tastelessly displayed its strength by parading its brand-new fleet of shiny pizza cars through Bloomington, Normal, Champaign, Peoria, and Rantoul.

This entourage consisted of 35 AMC Spirits gathered from all of the aforementioned Pizza World outlets--not to mention their very own semi truck emblazoned with the all-too-familiar Pizza World logo.

The AMC Spirits, according to Environmental Protection Agency standards, should get 26 mpg on the highway and 21 mpg in town. One of the drivers who is employed by Pizza World said the parade took them over 250 miles. A little simple arithmetic shows that approximately 360 gallons of gasoline were consumed during this wonderful little jaunt.

Of course, the parade route just happened to careen by many of P.W.'s competitors in the various towns. Seems like quite a waste of fuel just to flex your muscles!

The Pizza World employee I interviewed had worked 11 hours the night before the parade, getting off at 3 a.m. This worker then returned to work at 8:30 a.m. for the 16-hour parade. The management had told this worker the parade would last approximately 10 hours. For \$3 an hour, without overtime pay, the parade could seem a little bleak.

Pizza World, being a locally run business, gets nothing but the finest endorsements. Before the parade, with the whole fleet in the background, photographs were taken with Tom Ahlers, Pizza World owner, shaking hands with our city fathers, Mayor Godfrey and Mayor Buchanan. What are they endorsing? The thoughtless waste of scarce fuel. Nothing more American than a parade.

It seems to me a truly good (American?) motive would be to save the 360 gallons of gas instead of wasting the fuel on some unnecessary show of power. So the next time you order a pizza from Pizza World and see the bill, think about who paid for that cute little parade. ●

--V. Laszlo

Miracle parkway comes to Bloomington-Normal

A glorious new parkway is coming to Bloomington-Normal. And the astonishing thing is that there'll be no huge construction costs, no torn-up roads, and no delay.

Brought to us by the Combined Veterans Organization (CVO) of McLean County in cooperation with the Bloomington and Normal city councils and the state of Illinois, this miracle of modern engineering will shortly transform an ordinary road, known as the Belt Line, into the scenic grandeur of Veterans Memorial Parkway.

Just by waving the magic wand of patriotism and saying it's so, these stalwart supporters of national pride and community beautification will have us forget, in one stroke, the plainness of the Belt Line and the ugliness of Vietnam. I guess they figure if we can go along with memorializing warriors, we'll be able to see the Belt Line as a parkway.

Of course there are always those skeptics who doubt the miraculous powers of visionaries such as the CVO. Normal council member Paul Harman revealed his hang-up with reality when he suggested that calling Belt Line Road a parkway is like comparing "a city dump to a garden."

Another nay-sayer, council person Paul Mattingly, said using the term parkway would be a "travesty," a word that was often used to describe U.S. military intervention in Southeast Asia.

Harman and Mattingly are probably in league with the Kingsley Communists, a notorious group of Normal subversives (see last month's Post). But for some strange reason, local Commie fighter Leslie Smith hasn't said anything about the anti-Amerikan statements of Mattingly and Harman. If Smith knows something, he hasn't leaked it to the Post.

Vernon Maulson, another Normal council member, seemed to be more in touch with the true spirit of the name-change. "I'm not going to rise up against the veterans," Maulson said. Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition!

The Normal Council approved the change to Veterans Memorial Parkway, 5-2, with you-know-who dissenting. The Bloomington City Council has to act on the request, but they'll undoubtedly approve it.



And why not? In a country where a war is called a "police action" and troops are "military advisers," changing the name of a crummy old highway is small potatoes. As Humpty Dumpty said to Alice: "When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean--neither more nor less." ●

--Ferdydurke

letters

Nuclear Power is unnecessary, but...



Dear Post:

As your readers know, Ralph Nader and a Con-ed representative recently debated nuclear power, and an electric rate hearing also included statements about nuclear power (all speaking were against the rate increase; all speaking were against nuclear power). The point was made both times that nuclear power, contrary to popular misconceptions, is demonstrably unnecessary.

The Illinois Power Co., in seeking to justify the construction of an expensive nuclear power plant in Clinton, says that it projects electricity use as increasing by 5.8% per year. Yet from 1977-78, use decreased by .6%, and peak demand was only 3/4 of total capacity.

As Nader pointed out, and citizens pointed out as well at the rate hearing, there are many ways to reduce energy use. They do not involve returning to the "dark ages" as some assert, but rather are mostly commonsense alternatives to waste. By conserving the amount of electricity we use, we can not only save on our electric bills, but we can also conserve precious resources and make nuclear power even more unnecessary than it is now.

Head in the sticks

Dear Post Amerikan,

Being from the sticks (Macomb) I just recently obtained a copy of your paper. I think your exposés are great. Keep up the good work. Having read the March issue, my comments on the other articles like the beaten women and legal highs are that they are both entertaining and informative.

I think you should expand both your marketing and investigative areas. There are plenty of heads on the west side of the state who would be interested in the identities of MEG agents.

Please send me a subscription to the Post right away. Also if you print my letter, please don't publish my name as it might affect my career.

sincerely yours,
a friend

Move ends in disaster

Dear Post Amerikan:

Hi, my name is mad Michael and I just moved here. I was wondering if I could get some help from the Post or your readers.

First of all, I moved from Gibson City, Ill. And the first Friday we were here, our old apartment was robbed-- by our best friends, we think. Two people said they saw our friends' truck there two nights in a row. And people were carrying things out. Our clothes, furniture, lamps, tables, and many other things were taken. To put it bluntly, the place was wiped out, except for the garbage.

And the Gibson cops say there's not enough proof. What the hell do they need? Signed papers from the thieves? They won't even get a search warrant. We thought the thieves were our friends. Is there a number I can call? I need help. It's all I got-- well, all I had.

Mad Michael
Olivero

There are a number of ways to do this. We can convert from the much more inefficient method of electric heating and cooking to gas and solar heating and cooking, saving substantially. We can convert from often overrated incandescent lights to lower wattage fluorescent lights. A 20-watt fluorescent light, suitable for reading if you are under it, puts out as much light as 80-100 watt incandescent light, and lasts about 20 times as long as the average 100 watt light. Considering their longer life, they are actually cheaper than incandescent lights (especially if they are purchased at a discount store; my cost comparison shows Farm and Fleet to be the least expensive source).

Another way to save during the summer is to become accustomed to warmer weather; 80-85 degrees can feel comfortable if you allow yourself to naturally adjust (it takes a little time) and shed extra clothes. During the summer, also, fluorescent lights have the advantage of being substantially cooler than incandescent lights

MEG set-up railroaded into jail

Dear Post Amerikan,

I just got my first issue of my subscription, but I am no stranger to your excellent service.

I was surprised to see my name in a letter written to you from a good friend of mine Dave Deford. I am the second party he spoke of in the early morning raid. What he said was true, that if we would have seen the MEG pictures sooner we could have easily avoided the bust. As it was, the bust came down only a couple days after we saw the pictures and at the time neither of us had the means or the funds to "get out of dodge."

I am writing to ask you several questions. I was involved doing a drug deal with agent Bill Muir. It was stupidity on my part for ever getting involved with him, but that's another story. In one particular deal, he brought along another guy and said he was "the one with the money." After much hesitation and verbal threats from the new guy (I questioned his identity and he said "aint no punk mother-fucker gonna call me a narc.") I reluctantly did the deal. Later I found out he was an I.B.I. agent named Joseph Hobbick AKA Joseph Costello who had fake business cards stating that he was an Indian Jewelry salesman.

What I wanted to know was, do M.E.G. agents often bring I.B.I. agents in on their deals? The deal was for a relatively small amount of coke (1/4 oz.) and only \$500 was involved. What gives? Did this amount merit calling in the "Big Boys" from Springfield?

I was treated as a "middle level dealer" (quote Peoria Journal Star) and was treated as such all the way to sentencing. This was my first offense, except for minor traffic tickets. I was also treated to 4 sentences, all concurrent, the largest being 4 1/2 years for the coke delivery.

Another way to reduce use is to buy lower-output amplifiers and tuners; a 15-20 watt output will provide all the sound you need for inside use.

One last alternative is home generation of electricity with solar cells (now less expensive, and becoming cheaper in the future) and windmills. This may be the ultimate alternative to large bills and reliance on utilities.

By conserving, you can decrease your bills, save resources, and make nuclear power, with all its hidden costs and dangers, even more unnecessary. You might also want to support lifeline legislation, making big business pay a fairer share of electric utilities so it has more incentive to conserve.

Sincerely,
Dave Burdette

Next question, what other kind of defense can a person get besides the public defender if he or she cannot afford a lawyer? Often times in court I felt like I was in a train station and my own P.D. was the conductor. Boy, did I get railroaded. Being ignorant of the laws and procedure of the courtroom really did the most damage. With only a few minutes the judge gives to make major decisions, and my own P.D. telling me, "That's the best I can do" and "It could be worse," what the hell did I know? Nothing.

The first plea agreement the state offered was 9 years. 9 years for a 20-year-old first offender. I was beaten before the game started. My P.D. insisted that if I went to trial I would get twice as much time than if I would cop out. Not even looking to see if I had a case for defense or if possibly the agents were in the wrong.

I was guilty and that's all there was to be said. To this day I don't know if I could have beat the case or not. I feel if I had employed a real lawyer and hadn't got stuck with a court flunkie I wouldn't be where I am today: Prison.

I hope that there is something or somebody out there who helps young people to inform them of what really could be done and what options are open to them besides prison. Please tell: Who are they, or what is it?

I think your paper is fantastically informative and hope you will continue to expose that sleazoid operation called MEG.

Happy Trails
A-90256 Robin Coonce

P.S. In Dave's letter he stated that the IBI agent's name was Joe Costello. His REAL name is Joseph Hobbick. He is about 5' 8"-5' 10", 160 lbs. Sort of a husky build and a flashy dresser. At the time of my sentencing (Jan. 23) he had not changed appearance (he also had shoulder length, straight dark hair). Bill Muir, at the time of sentencing, had cut his hair, was clean shaven and looked like he just graduated from the cadets. He also drove the dark green Camaro you spoke of in an earlier issue.

LETTERS

Post friend
in Texas

Is it worth living in Bloomington-Normal?

No. 56932

Dear Post Amerikan,

I am currently doing a 4 year sentence for burglary. I wrote to you some time ago requesting a subscription to the Post and BANG!--it was in my mail box! I couldn't believe it! I thought nobody wanted to help the convicts!

I guess the main point of the letter is to let everyone know that I am still alive and functioning like a human being even though I am incarcerated.

But, I think what really startles me is the way every one (esp. ex-cons) are being leaned on in Bloomington-Normal. I read with great interest your article on the Jail Shakedown (April-79) and I am just starting to see Bloomington-Normal as it really is! The bureaucracy that runs--and I repeat runs--the whole town thinks they got all the angles covered--well, that ain't so! They would have to brainwash me to make me believe any-thing any more!

Thank you for opening my eyes. They have been shut for 20 years, and they are beginning to see the light! I guess my real question is--Is it worth living in Bloomington-Normal? I will be paroled in 15 months and I want to know if it's worth coming back "home."

Joseph R. Schoenbrun
#82742
Box-100
Vienna, IL 62995

Dear Isis,

Concerning your use of the pseudonym, Isis Equinox, in the April '79 issue of the Post Amerikan, page 26 "Menstrual Sponges: Alternative to Tampons." I feel the article was quite readable and very informative.

It is for this reason that I question your motive for signing a pen name to this particular essay. Do you fear harassment or retaliation? If so, from whom? Tampon manufacturers? Your family and friends? Why jump from something clear, logical and informative to such esoteric horsepiss? Are you a womyn or a mouse?

If it's non-identity you're striving for, why not drop the nom de plume game and number the Post articles?

Humbly yours,

Shirly Prahupoda Sarasrati Gosrami
Bhaktisiddhanta

In behalf of a small handful of people society choose to frown upon here at the Coffield Unit, we say thanks to the staff of the Post Amerikan and to the freaks in the Bloomington, Edwardsville area. Your mag is by far the best I've read in my life. No, I've never lived in either place, but delivered a few dollars worth of good Colonado Speed to the Edwardsville area in the early 70's. I never was lucky enough to make the acquaintance of any of your MEG snitches on a dark street, but I did meet some righteous freaks who treated me with great respect & awe. I wish I could say the same for Texas but as you see, I can't.

Anyway, myself along with a few others would get more than a buzz receiving mail from other freaks who receive your mag. Keep up the great work. Again, thanks.

Mark Ward
Tenn. Colony, Tx.
75861
#272776 N-116

Post resorts to catty journalism

Dear Post Amerikan,

I applaud T.C.N.'s letter Post Should Grow Up (April '79). Your pictorial presentation of M.E.G. board members eating sweet rolls had all the strength and effectiveness of school children drawing a funny picture of a disliked teacher on the blackboard. This kind of catty journalism succeeds only in taking away your credibility as a responsible, action-oriented publication. If you don't like the drug laws, use your persuasive and investigative energies to

try to change them rather than making ineffective attacks on M.E.G. agents.

I have been an enthusiastic reader of the Post for three years and I greatly enjoy its boldness and informativeness. I appreciate your efforts at exposing injustice, but please stick to the issues and avoid descending to the kind of insulting pettiness that belongs in The Enquirer.

Paul Quinn Denney
Normal, Il.



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LETTERS

Less drugs, more politics

Dear Post,

I want to congratulate the staff of the Post-Amerikan on providing an alternative source of information and opinion to the people of the area.

It is unfortunate that so few communities in the United States have an alternative newspaper to compete with the establishment, capitalist press.

I would hope that progressive organizations and individuals in other areas of Illinois consider publication of similar newspapers. I definitely believe such newspapers could succeed in such cities as Springfield, Decatur, Champaign-Urbana and possibly in such areas as Carbondale, Danville and Mattoon-Charleston.

In all of these areas there is a sufficient circulation and advertising base, in my opinion.

What is missing in many cases is a dedicated staff to publish the paper on a permanent basis and provide continuity.

Alternative media in other communities have "gone under" primarily because

staff members moved elsewhere or for some reason lost interest.

As one of the few such papers publishing in Illinois, the Post Amerikan is important not only to the people of Bloomington-Normal, but also as a model for similar papers which could be founded in other areas.

I have a master's degree in journalism and about eight years experience in the newspaper field, and I know how the media (especially in one-newspaper towns) can distort the news or, even worse, totally ignore many important events which the people have a right to know about.

Although I don't agree with everything the Post-Amerikan has said, the paper has clearly revealed certain significant facts which the establishment newspaper in Bloomington-Normal failed to report.

I do have one criticism. I believe the Post-Amerikan ought to place a bit less emphasis on the area drug situation and place more emphasis on political and military matters.

For example, the paper should have articles on the case for democratic socialism in the United States and

more articles relating to foreign policy and opposing the almost unbelievable levels of military spending by the U.S.

Although I personally do not support the use of illegal drugs, I do believe your exposes of the activities of area narc agents serve one important purpose. They show that at the very least the whole operation is an incredible rip-off of the taxpayers. Huge amounts of taxpayers' money are used primarily to fuel a permanent narc bureaucracy, which serves little or no public purpose.

I do hope your readers will realize, though, that many of the abuses, rip-offs and injustices exposed by your newspaper will be redressed only after a democratic socialist society is established in the United States. Most of the problems cannot be solved through "liberal reform" measures.

I hope the Post-Amerikan continues to serve the interests of the people of this area and further improves that service.

Allan Keith Jr.
Box 822
Mattoon IL 61938

Community News

Small Changes

Music, books, & boycotts

The womyn of Small Changes would like to thank all the people involved in the Holly Near/JT Thomas concert--organizers, workers, supporters. It was a wonderful celebration of womyn.

Unfortunately, we did not make any \$ from the concert as we had hoped. What this means is that we are still in financial need. We would like to be able to increase our stock and pay ourselves salaries. So, keep your eyes open for our next exciting money-making scheme. It might be as rewarding for you as the H.N./J.T.T. concert.

We'd like to pass on to you word of an exciting dance concert happening in Chicago May 5. The Wallflower Order is a collective of 5 feminists from Eugene, Ore. The Chicago Reader had this to say about their performance: "The Concert concerned women as winners rather than losers. The victory comes in the dance pieces, in which positive, surging spirit transforms the movement into pure kinetic metaphor." Tickets are \$5.00. Call SC for more information, 829-6223.

A Reminder: The Nestle's boycott is ongoing. Through their aggressive sales programs of

infant formula in Asia, Africa and Latin America, Nestle's has introduced over 10 million babies to "bottle baby disease"--malnutrition, diarrhea, brain damage, death. Products to boycott are: Nestle's Crunch, Toll House Chips, Nestle's Quick, Hot Cocoa Mix, Choco' lite, Choco-Bake, \$100,000 Candy Bar, Taster's Choice, Nescafe, Nestea, Decaf, Sunrise, Pero, Swiss Knight cheese, Wispride cheese and Gerber cheeses, Libby's and Stouffer frozen foods, Souptime, Maggi Soups and any product with the name Nestle's.

Here are some recent additions to our lending library: Patience and Sarah by Isabel Miller, a "classic" in lesbian fiction; Unbecoming Men, by a men's consciousness raising group writing on oppression and themselves; Adrienne Rich's Poetry; No Bosses Here, a Manual on Working Collectively by Vocations for Social Change; The Lesbian Reader, a collection from the lesbian literary magazine Amazon Quarterly.

And we have some new exciting stock:

--I'm in Training to be Tall and Blonde by Nicole Hollander, St. Martin's Press, \$3.95. In this book feminist cartoonist Nicole Hollander comments on the lives of women in chapters

with titles like: Sex, Marriage and other Irreconcilable Differences, On the Job and Out of a Job, Unsung Women, On Equality.

--Nuclear Madness by Dr. Helen Caldicott Autumn Press, \$3.95. One nice thing about this book is that as well as presenting lots of clear information on nuclear power, it has a chapter titled, What You Can Do, with ideas on tactics for stopping nuclear power.

--For Neruda, For Chili ed. Walter Lowenfels, Beacon Press, \$4.95. The cover comments: "This book of prose and poetry pays tribute to the life of Pablo Neruda and to the legacy of the Popular Unity Government of Salvador Allende. This chorus of voices, which includes more than 140 poets from 27 countries, honors the determination of the Chilean people and affirms the struggle of all people to be free." ●

Harassment at Eureka

If you are a woman who has been sexually harassed, or fired for refusing to submit to sexual harassment on the job at Eureka-Williams Co., please contact Sandy at 452-7925. What you tell her will remain confidential if you want it to.

Fathering discussed

Planned Parenthood of McLean county is sponsoring a pre-natal series titled "Special Delivery." It consists of information sessions on the topics of pregnancy and childbirth and meets at 7:00 pm in the McBarnes Building, 201 E. Grove.

The May 2nd topic will be fathering. Local educators and physicians will speak. The program is free and open to the public. Arrangements for childcare and transportation may be made by calling Planned Parenthood, 827-8025.

Gayness aired on WRBA

Radio station WRBA, 1440 on your dial, will broadcast a program about gayness at 10:05 a.m., May 1.

Community people Luma Nichol and Jack Davis will talk with interviewer Mary Peterson. Listeners will be able to phone in to ask questions or make comments.

Women's potluck

This month's potluck for women in the community will be on May 27 (Sunday) at 3:00 p.m. at 616 W. Monroe in Bloomington.

Call Susie at 828-5107 for more details or directions.

men's, too

This month's potluck for men in the community will be held May 20, at 109 E. Locust in Normal. It will begin at 5:30 p.m.

These potlucks provide an opportunity for politically aware men to get together informally and enjoy each other's company. There is no official business--just good talk and good food, most of it vegetarian. The variety and quality of the food has been excellent!

For more information you can call Michael at 828-8988 or Jack or Chris at 828-6935.

Unity through food

At the
hospital

Ask about free care under

Secrecy, hostility and suspicion greeted me when I nosed around our three local hospitals asking about the Hill-Burton Act, the law that requires those hospitals to give free care to people who can't afford to pay.

All three hospitals received federal money at one time or another, and Hill-Burton requires them to repay their debt to the public by providing free or low-cost care under certain conditions.

Our hospitals may well be obeying the letter of the law (and the state Dept. of Health says they are), but they aren't exactly big-hearted about it.

Now, I have learned not to expect wine and kisses when I show up somewhere and say I'm from the Post-American. This unfriendly reaction wounds me deeply, but I suppose it's only what I deserve--I've never said a nice word about business people in the Post.

But I'm not as bad as VD.

I mean, at Brokaw Hospital, when I went in to check out the admitting room, I had about three seconds to look around before somebody asked me what I was doing.

Me, a person who's sat in an emergency room for three hours, several times, waiting for somebody to remember me.

I explained myself and set about my business of trying to find the required notice informing Brokaw's patients of the hospital's Hill-Burton obligation.

Quick as lightning, a woman came and started treating me like a snake. She wanted to know what I was doing, but she already knew because the first person had told her. Mainly, she wanted to let me know I had no business in this hospital.

Kindness and civility do not belong in a businessplace, I guess.

By the way, that notice of the hospital's obligation to give free care to people who can't pay was written on a regular-sized sheet of paper which had been framed and hung on the wall at the far end of the admitting room. I'd guess its placement had probably led three people to read it in the last 10 years.

Next I tried to find the financial director up on the fourth floor, and I promptly got lost. I wandered through a hall where there were lots of piled up beds and hospital things outside of empty rooms and then through a section that was being remodeled.

That reminded me of the hospital that was making so much money that it finally had to build a satellite hospital to get rid of it all. It was just too embarrassing to let the profits pile up that way.

Finally, I found two people in a store-room and asked the way to the financial director.

Back the way I came, was the answer. All the way to the end of the hall and left through a door. I'd know when I was getting close, the guy said, be-

cause "the hallway gets real snazzy looking."

Righto, I found the f.d.'s office amongst the predicted snaziness (and tackiness, too), but the dear fellow was not in. A nice woman next door said I could wait, and Melvin Kramer eventually returned to his office.

I must say he didn't greet me very warmly, but it couldn't have been my reputation because Melvin had never heard of the Post-American.

That did not matter much, however, because he still didn't want to tell me the value of the free and reduced-rate care that Brokaw had given out under Hill-Burton. He wanted to check with Brokaw Administrator Kenneth Huber first.

Usually checking with a higher authority is the first step toward refusing to tell me something.

"It's not secret," Melvin kept telling me the next day, while refusing to give me the dollar and cents number. Brokaw just thought I should get the information from the Dept. of Public Health in Springfield.

So I tried, and bureaucrat Bob Bishop told me he'd have to check with his boss first. I never did get the figure from Bob, but five days later Bob's boss apologized and told me what I wanted to know.

Brokaw had told the State that it gave out \$21,350 worth of free care under the Hill-Burton law during the year ending April 1, 1978.

You see, things are not always as you expect them to be, and even Melvin was right about one thing. That magic number wasn't secret, so long as you ask the right person.

At this point, you will no doubt be glad to hear that Brokaw was the worst of the three hospitals--at least in terms of stonewalling it.

At St. Joseph Hospital, I was sent to see Ray Clark, the director of personnel and public relations, and since he couldn't answer any of my questions, he took me to see Dan L. Wey, director of financial services.

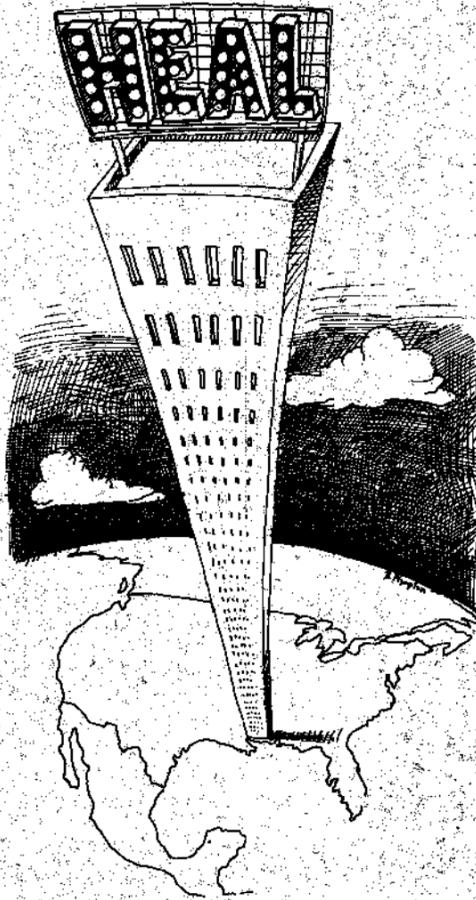
Dan told me that St. Joseph doesn't separate Hill-Burton cases from other charity and that the total of all charity for last full fiscal year was roughly \$250,000. (The Dept. of Health gave out a figure of \$49,501 for St. Joseph's Hill-Burton obligation for the year ending Sept. 30, 1978.) That's out of a 1978 budget of nearly \$10 million.

And Ray told me about the sisters' philosophy, which is to give care to anybody whether they can pay or not. That's an open door policy, which is the same as one of the options under the Hill-Burton law--an unlimited free or reduced-fee care.



St. Joseph had two notices of its Hill-Burton obligation posted in the admitting/cashier office, both on regular-sized pieces of paper. It also had the same notice on the glass window of the information-taking person's cubicle in the emergency room.

Of course, there's a sign three or four times as large on the same cubicle that says in two-inch letters: "ALL OUT-PATIENTS ARE CASH AT TIME OF SERVICE."



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Hill-Burton...we did

At Mennonite there's a framed notice of the standard size inside the business office, but none at the cashier's counter in the hallway. Director of Patient Accounts, Jim Massie, told me that people steal the notices.

Jim called up the director of communication, Anne Stradl, who came over to listen to our conversation, but they did decide to give the info I wanted.

In the year ending Oct. 31, 1977, Mennonite gave zero free care under Hill-Burton, but that increased to \$2153.35 in 1978. This year they expect it to be higher still. Mennonite also has an open door policy.

Jim explained that there are several problems with Hill-Burton. One is that it's hard for Mennonite to find people who qualify. Most of the hospital officials say that most poor people go to St. Joseph, and St. Joseph adds that it gets almost all the poor Catholics.

But the other two hospitals are not about to start advertising.

Jim also explained that the rules for Hill-Burton are tricky. For instance, a hospital cannot make an attempt to collect a bill and then later list the unpaid amount under Hill-Burton. That rule was designed to prevent a hospital from adding up all its unpaid bills and claiming it had thereby fulfilled its Hill-Burton obligation for free care.

Another problem, officials at St. Joseph and Mennonite agreed, is that the rules for Hill-Burton are complicated, unclear, and about to change. Indeed, the Dept. of Public Health says there will be new rules, in three years or so.



Bird/cpf

Government rules are always a pain in the ass, however, and the more specific they are, the greater the pain. But often the rules are specific precisely in order to prevent businesses from evading them.

Here's an example of how that game works--or doesn't work. The Hill-Burton law requires the state Dept.

of Public Health to publish a notice to the community that a hospital is going to fulfill its obligation. This "notice" consists of precisely one ad in the legal section of the Pantagraph classifieds for Mennonite and St. Joseph. Brokaw's ad is apparently published in the Normalite, an even less-read newspaper.

I think the key to the hospitals' attitude toward Hill-Burton is clearest in the way they find people who should be given free care or reduced fees.

First the hospital must find out that a person has no insurance, no money, and probably no job. Obviously, most people who go into the hospital have



never heard of Hill-Burton, and they are probably not thinking much about it even if they do know. So, unless the hospital tells them, they're not going to know they might be eligible.

Then, they've got to be turned down by the Ill. Dept. of Public Aid and the township's medical assistance program. Only then will a person be granted free care.



Obviously, the hospitals get paid if public aid or the township picks up the bill, and a business always prefers to be paid.

Cynically, I might suggest that that's why there aren't any signs notifying people of Hill-Burton in two-inch high letters.

And that is also one of the biggest contradictions of the whole U.S. health care system. It is supposed to provide medical care for people, and it presumes that virtually everybody will eventually need its services. Yet it's run like every other business.

For profits out of pain.

If the Post-American didn't go around printing things like that, I'd probably get a better reception from business people.

-- D. LeSeure

In the hospital business

Although there was vocal opposition from hospital staff and from some other board members, the Brokaw Hospital board of directors late last February hired a management firm to run the hospital at a 3-year cost of nearly \$670,000.

The reason for spending that money was that the hospital is losing money, about \$200,000 to \$300,000 this year, allegedly because of higher costs, fewer patients, and excessive government regulation.

Of course, the \$670,000 management fee will not include the \$70,000 a year that the hospital administrator and controller will continue to receive. (The administrator opposed hiring outside managers.)

About the same time, Brokaw shelled out another \$6000 for a promotional program to encourage its employees to come up with ways to save money.

All of these actions are supposed to help Brokaw reduce its deficit so it won't have to keep dipping into its \$3 million in reserve assets.

That's a hospital that's losing money, at least temporarily. On the other hand is the Mennonite Hospital Assn., which is still busily expanding its health-care empire.

Shortly after Brokaw hired outside management, Mennonite set up its own management corporation, known as Management Systems for Health Care, the fifth entity in the Mennonite association. The others are Mennonite Hospital, the hospital's school of nursing, the Health Center, and Eureka Hospital.

Mennonite was careful to point out, however, that its new corporation would never destroy local control of any hospital and that it would be organized to return the maximum savings to the patients of its clients.



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Rape victim jailed for contempt

A rape victim was sentenced to 30 days in jail for "contempt of court" because she said the not-guilty verdict handed the rapist wasn't fair. She was released after 46 hours in jail. Fifty demonstrators protested her treatment outside the Albemarle County Courthouse in Charlottesville, Va.

--Off our Backs

Rapist loses pants

Brooklyn, N. Y.--While a would-be rapist was undressing, his intended victim ran out of her apartment and alerted the building superintendent and neighbors, who streamed out of their apartments armed with baseball bats, rolling pins, and frying pans. The rapist was finally caught by police 7 blocks from the building, without his pants, without his shoes, and requiring hospitalization.

--OOB/Guardian

Motives of recruits

Think you've got problems? The Air Force conducted a study on the motivation of new recruits. What they found is that recruits, if given a choice to evacuate a base under attack or stay and fight, 23% said they would leave, 28% said they weren't sure. Half said they disagreed or weren't sure that the free enterprise system is the best economic system and six percent said the U.S. should not go to war under any circumstances.

--Free for All

Carter uses communist slogans

A CBS correspondent who conducted a diligent search for the source of the "New Foundation" slogan in President Carter's State of the Union message found it in the old communist anthem, "The Internationale."

--Progressive/Free for All

Another J. P. Stevens tragedy

Worker's arm severed

Richard Lee Lewis is a tall, sturdily built man with a soft voice, gentle, almost boyish features, and an easy smile which rarely gives any hint of the bitterness and anger he feels towards J. P. Stevens & Co.

Lewis has plenty of reason to feel bitter. Last Nov. 22, the Wednesday before Thanksgiving, the 43-year-old textile worker's arm was severed from his body just six inches below the shoulder in an accident at Stevens' West Boylston plant in Alabama.

Lewis may end up a miracle of modern medicine, rather than a life-long cripple. The medics immediately packed the severed portion of Lewis' arm in ice and brought it to the hospital, where doctors spent eight hours sewing together nerves, veins and arteries in order to re-attach the arm to his shoulder.

It will be two years before Lewis knows whether he will have the full use of his arm. Although he accepts his condition now almost cheerfully, his anger towards the company is nonetheless obvious.

"I don't feel good about them at all," Lewis said last month, "and I hope they know it. They never offered me one dime. They haven't offered me nothing."

"I can't go there and whip anybody," he continued. "But if I had a company that big and somebody got hurt in my company, I would have offered them a decent salary until they could get to where they could work again."

Lewis was just getting ready to come off his first shift job in the picking room, at about 1:15 p.m., when the accident happened. In the picking room, cotton which has just been taken out of bales is pressed into thick, clumpy sheets called laps which are later fed into carding machines.

Lewis had stopped his machine, as he had done hundreds of times before during the 13 years he worked in the picking room, to reach into the picker and pull out a "choke"--an impurity in the cotton which would result in the production of bad yarn.

"I pushed the stop button, like putting a car in park," Lewis explained. "It's just supposed to stay there. It shouldn't have started up. The whole 13 years I been there, the guy who trained me and the guy before him, that's how they got a choke out."

While Lewis was reaching down to pull out the choke, the machine did start up. "Not all the way at first, it just started to make a fuss and I knew it was going to start up all the way," Lewis recalled.

"The machine caught my T-shirt, and wrapped it around my arm in the form of a rope where I couldn't get it

loose. I tried to get my arm out but I couldn't. Then it started up for good and it kept going around and going more and more and wrapped around till that was it."

When the Occupational Safety and Health Administration came to investigate the incident, it found that picking machines were missing a crucial safety switch which would have prevented the accident. The next week, Stevens had the safety switches installed.

"It was Stevens' responsibility," said Lewis, quietly but emphatically. "They bought the machine. It's like if you buy a car, and your brakes are defective, it's your responsibility to get your brakes fixed. It's the same idea."

Thanks to the Stevens Campaign News Service

State militia abolished

The efficiency in government award goes to the Illinois State Legislature, which has proposed to abolish the state's naval militia. The militia was 85 years old and, according to an aide to the state Adjutant General, had "no ships, no boats, and no canoes. It doesn't even have a paddle." It did, according to the Committee for Conscientious Objectors, have a budget of \$31,000 a year and an armory with a swimming pool.

--Mother Jones / Borrowed Times

Young people have no experience with democracy

A nationwide study has found that only 42% of 13-year-olds and 74% of 17-year-olds can explain the basic concept of democracy--that the people elect their representatives.

Fewer than 50% of young people could name even one of their U. S. Senators or Representatives.

Ann Ochoak, President of the National Council for the Social Studies, attributed the poor showing (all figures represented a decline from previous years) to the fact that electives are being substituted for "hard-core government classes."

On the other hand, maybe young people who have never had any experience with democracy in their schools or families, just don't find Civics classes 'relevant.' Perhaps a few courses in dictatorship would spark their interest. We suspect that most could name their school principal.

--FPS

Principal gets caught

A Colorado grade school principal may have been planning to give his students some real life tips on how to get ahead in America--only he got caught.

The principal, whose annual salary is \$31,500, is accused of selling his car, reporting it stolen, and then filing an insurance claim. He allegedly received \$1,000 for the first sale and \$5,000 more from the insurance company.



Gay bar opens in Bloomington-Normal: city not destroyed

A gay bar in Bloomington??? You've got to be kidding!

Well, it's true--at 7:00 p.m. on April 6, 1979, a disco/bar expressly intended for gay people opened its doors on Main Street in downtown Bloomington. Both it and Main Street are still there.

Not only that, but the event was publicly announced. Both the Pantagraph and WJBC carried stories about the re-opening of My Place, and both duly reported that the bar had been remodeled to include a disco floor and would be serving the gay community of Bloomington-Normal. When did the Pantagraph discover that B-N had a gay community?

Opening night was a smashing success. Everyone I talked to, both gays and straights, expressed delight and astonishment that an openly gay bar had finally come to this town.

One gay man told me that he was sure that he was going to wake up and find himself on the way home from Champaign. His joke summed up what a lot of local gays were just beginning to realize: we aren't going to have to travel out of town any more to find a place where we can publicly meet and dance and drink and have fun with other gay people. What a timely boost for President Carter's energy conservation program!

A non-gay man that I spoke to on opening night said he'd been in only one gay bar before but that he really felt a special excitement and solidarity in the air. He described the feeling as "relieved exhilaration," and I think that catches the mood rather well.

What I especially noticed about the opening-night scene was the easy mixture and interaction of so many different kinds of people. Gay people and straight, young and old, women and men, blacks and whites, dancers and watchers, drinkers and

teetotalers. Long-hairs in jeans boogied with business types in coats and ties. Hikers boots and flannel shirts mingled with vests and polyester blouses. Singles, couples, and groups talked and laughed and danced together in all possible combinations. A non-gay friend of mine told me how much fun it was to dance with his male pals; he couldn't always feel free to do that at the Lay-Z-J.



"This idea of Anita Bryant's was fabulous!"

Energy was high on opening night and the atmosphere was electric. It was hard to ignore the feeling that something unique and historic was taking place.

Two weeks after the opening, I talked to the owners of My Place. They seemed very happy and a bit surprised that their bar is such a big hit. They hadn't been absolute-

ly sure that the gay people of this community would be able to overcome their fears and freely patronize a gay establishment. That we have is what makes the opening of My Place a historic event.

The proprietors of My Place have lived in this community for 8 months. They first thought of opening a gay bar here 6 months ago, when they made an offer to buy the Main Street site that then housed a country-western bar (also called My Place). But they had second thoughts, withdrew their offer, considered buying a gay disco in Peoria, and finally returned to their original idea to run a gay bar in Bloomington.

Although not totally certain about their potential success, the owners felt that this community was large and diverse enough to support a gay bar. The fact that the town has two universities influenced their decision a lot.

My Place's owners also told me that they've had little opposition to their enterprise. They had no trouble with licenses or inspections. After all the media coverage, they thought there might be some violence from uptight homophobes (people with an irrational fear of gays). But a broken window, a battered door, and a few taunts from passing cars have been the only responses from the "uptight fringe."

The threats voiced on WJBC's "Problems and Solutions" program--to complain to the mayor and the city council--have brought few results. Mayor Buchanan told me that he received about a dozen letters, all at about the same time, and they ranged in tone from moderate objections to the "how-dare-you-let-this-happen-here" variety. He's gotten no letters in the last week and a half.

The mayor said that he pointed out, in reply to the objectors, that while he wasn't unsympathetic to their concerns, we live in a country which is governed by laws and that he can see no legal reason to prevent such an establishment from operating. "And frankly," said the mayor, "we're not looking for any."

Buchanan also told me that his feeling was that he wouldn't want to live in a city where the mayor or the police chief or even a dozen citizens could decide that some people have rights that others do not. When I told him that I had heard of no trouble or problems at My Place, the mayor replied, "I think that's as it should be."

I've been to My Place six or seven times since it opened. The crowds have been good, even in the middle of the week, and the music's almost always great. On one Wednesday night there was free pizza and on another they were giving free disco lessons. I didn't think I could boogie till 2 a.m., but it's hard to resist that driving beat, those flashing lights, and, most of all, the fun and elation of being crowded on a dance floor with all those beautiful gay people.

The only negative comments I've heard about Bloomington's first openly gay bar are that there's a cover charge during the week and that the price of beer is too high (80¢ for drafts, \$1 for bottles). Women, students, and hippie types have trouble coping with these costs.

I hope the owners of My Place will reconsider their prices. Because I'd like to see this bar stay in Bloomington for a long, long time.

--Ferdydurke

PAIR-A-DICE

Records and tapes

-T-Shirts-

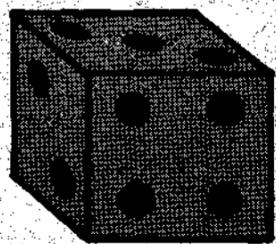
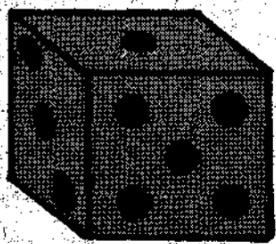
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Harrisburg

Human beings scrambled

You're not crazy. It really is hard to believe. Reasonable human beings are flabbergasted when it gets through to them that

--the Rasmussen Report, the bible of nuclear power supporters, because it seemed to prove statistically that the dangers of nukes were tiny, has been declared faulty by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. The study, the NRC says, was based on insufficient statistical information.

--in 17 months of commercial nuclear reactor operation, there were 850 accidents involving malfunctions or deficiencies of safety-related equipment. At the Brown's Ferry, Alabama, plant, electric wiring serving both the regular and the emergency cooling systems ran through the same conduit. A fire in the plant in March 1975 fried all the wiring, ruining the backup safety system and resulting in a 10-hour struggle to cool down the nuke.

--in October 1966, an accident caused a partial core melt at the Enrico Fermi plant in Detroit. For two months, there was danger of a complete meltdown. The public didn't know there had been an accident.

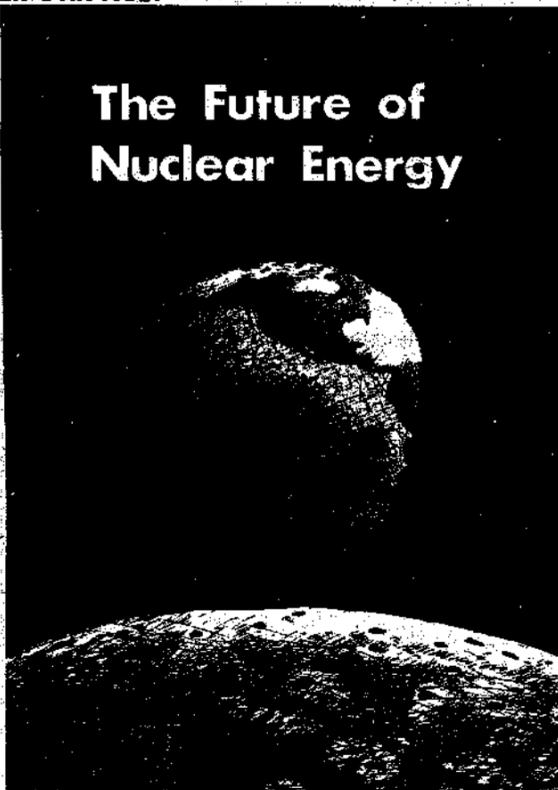
--on March 13, 1979, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission shut down five plants. The plants were unsafe, they discovered, because of a little flaw in the computer program designing them; it subtracted two crucial factors instead of adding them.

--in August 1978, Babcock and Wilcox (the firm that built the Three Mile Island nukes) admitted that 13 of their nukes have defective welds in the reactor domes. The reactor dome, in the Three Mile Island accident, is what we depended on to contain the buildup of pressure to 2,350 pounds per square inch. In April 1978, the NRC made all Babcock and Wilcox reactors cut down to operating at 75% of their capacity because the firm had made a mistake in the design of the main cooling systems.

--Three Mile Island Unit II, which started up on Dec. 30 gave ample evidence that it was faulty. In mid-January, two safety valves ruptured and the plant had to close down for two weeks. On Feb. 1, another valve developed a leak. On Feb. 2, a heater

pump blew a seal. On Feb. 6, a pump mysteriously tripped off, and although it was repaired, the cause of the shut-off was never understood.

--a nuclear fuel-rod plant worker was killed in 1974 for trying to give the New York Times information about the faulty rods that her company (Kerr-McGee) was passing off as safe to use in reactors.



The Future of Nuclear Energy

--the Diablo Canyon nuclear power plant, close to San Luis Obispo, Calif., is located just over two miles from an active earthquake fault.

And so on. It all sounds like a paranoid nut's nightmare. It sounds like something out of a Kurt Vonnegut novel. It sounds--yes, it sure does--like a disaster movie.

It doesn't sound plausible. In fact, the accident at Harrisburg and the related information we got because of the accident are so hard to believe that the media and the NRC try to persuade us, after the fact, that it didn't happen. Or at least, that it wasn't all that bad.

Most of us know that when nuke industry spokespeople say that all systems are fine, it's really pretty dangerous; when they say that an "event" happened, there was really an accident; and when they actually say there was an "accident," there was really a disaster. It's like the "small amount of radioactive water" that leaked onto the reactor building floor at Harrisburg; that water turned out to be 250,000 gallons, six feet deep.

And yet, no matter how cynical we think we are, when we hear of the Fermi melt, the Brown's Ferry fire, Karen Silkwood's murder, or the Harrisburg disaster, we're shocked.

Why?

--First, the corporations that profit from the nuke industry spend bunches of money to be sure that the public trusts and respects them. This includes "image advertising," which is advertising that doesn't try to sell you a product, but to make you feel and think positively about a corporation. Power companies advertise for image's sake, obviously, since you don't have a choice about which power company to buy your electricity from anyway.

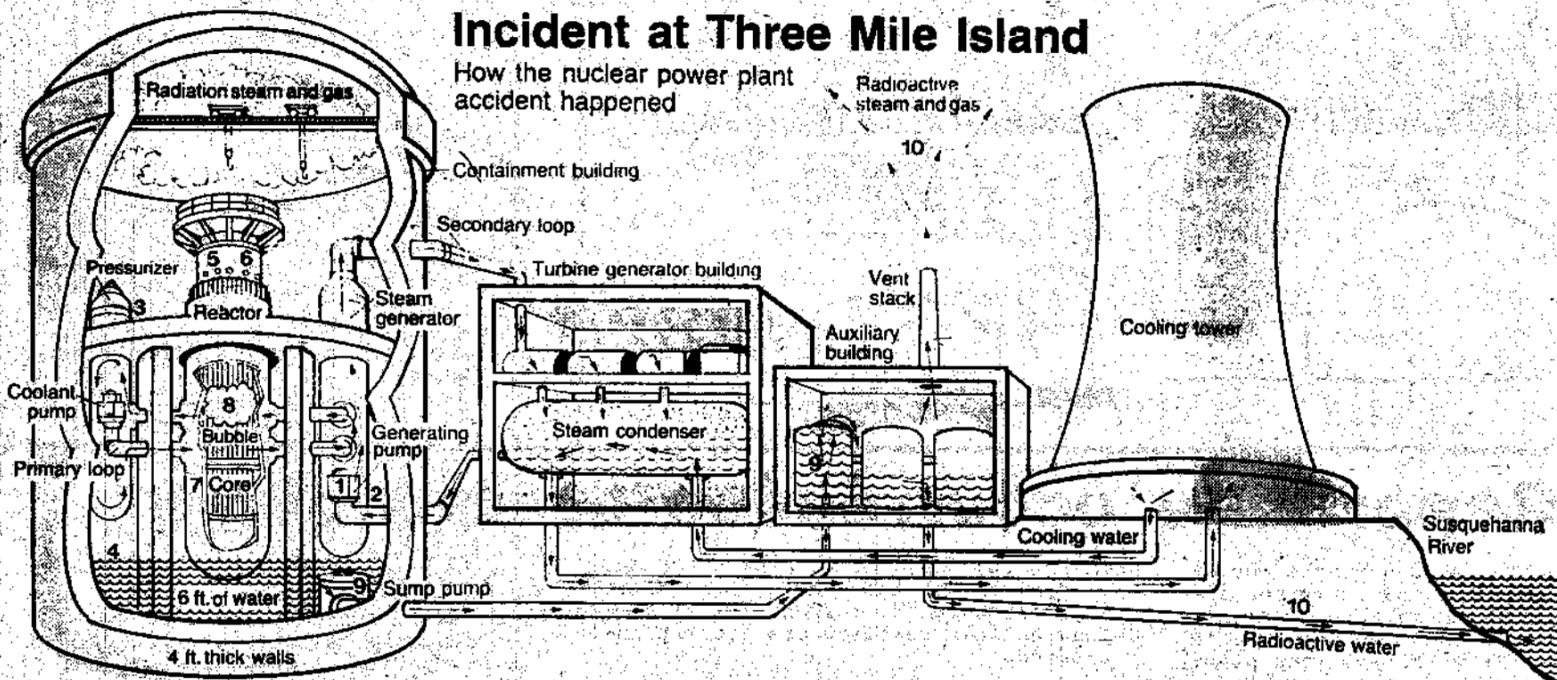
--This advertising, supported by ideas in our schoolbooks since we were kids, gives us a gut respect for Science and Scientists. We wouldn't dream that those guys in white coats would accidentally subtract something instead of add it, or mindlessly put wiring for alternate systems in the same conduit, or ignore the unsubtle shakiness of a site near an earthquake.

--Pro-nuke sources present critics of nuclear power as two types: first, the nuts in blue jeans who are probably against war and other forms of Progress too, and second, the absent-minded professors who, poor dears, can't cope with the hard realities of the modern world. Pro-nuke is presented as the sane, mature, and studied position in contrast to the nuts and dreamers. This tactic appeals to people who don't know much about the issue, but are deathly afraid of being thought crazy or childish.

--Finally, I think that at the heart of our shock is a seemingly indestructible belief in the inherent goodness and fairness of humankind.

Incident at Three Mile Island

How the nuclear power plant accident happened

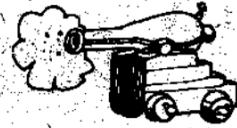


Reactor No. 2, 4 a.m. Wednesday, March 28, 1979

1. Plant running at 97 per cent of full power when a primary feed-water pump fails.
2. Backup feed-water pump fails to take over because two valves are shut after earlier tests.
3. Loss of secondary cooling water causes buildup of reactor heat; pressurizer relief valve automatically opens, pouring hot, radioactive water into holding tank in basement.
4. Relief valve sticks, fails to close; too much water is dumped in holding tank; tank safety device breaks, and radioactive water spills into containment building's sump.
5. As pressure increases in core of reactor, emergency cooling system begins to dump water over the nuclear fuel.
6. Emergency cooling system is turned off (for unknown reasons) for 12 minutes, exposing radioactive fuel rods; a secondary emergency cooling system is also turned off.
7. Cooling water is slammed into the reactor; reactor suffers thermal shock.
8. Bubble of steam and hydrogen gas begins forming at the top of the reactor.
9. Pumps in basement of containment building begin pumping radioactive water into auxiliary building; for unknown reasons the building is flooded.
10. Radioactive water, still very hot, begins to evaporate, and steam, also radioactive, escapes through a stack on auxiliary building and through building's venting system. (Later the radioactive water is pumped into the river.)

Graphic by Don Krohn of the Tribune

in corporate climax



And this is where we have a basic misunderstanding. Not about the goodness of people--I don't know about that one. But good or bad, when we're dealing with nuclear power, we aren't dealing with humankind. We're dealing with corporations.

The people involved are motivated by human desires, from noble to ugly: trying to follow up a scientific fascination, trying to keep their jobs, trying to pay off a mortgage, trying to retain their pride, trying to prove their worth through holding power over others. Any individual person, if directly confronted with the possibility of making \$10,000 for the company at the cost of giving even one other person a lifetime of illness, would spare the person and give up the company's profits.

But the possibility doesn't appear that directly to any person involved, even though it includes a lot more profit than \$10,000 and a lot more sick people than one. The corporation's workings are broken down into thousands of components, and thus each person's role in the annihilation of the earth and its population is so indirect as to seem laughable. Only a few of the top nuclear scientists have seen their parts as important enough and dangerous enough to quit their jobs in the nuclear power industry.

If you're sticking Tab A into Slot B a hundred times a day, it's hard to feel responsible for giving hundreds of children leukemia, especially when you know that someone else is ready and willing to stick Tab A into Slot B if you quit doing it. Individual human beings are so

swallowed up by the corporation that their individual ethical decisions are usually insignificant. It's the corporation as a whole that's responsible for nearly wiping out Pennsylvania this spring.

This spring, after a long cold winter, with this sky, with this grass, with these pleasant breezes, with blood leaping through our veins, it seems incredible that anyone would jeopardize it all for a single moment, for anything. But Metropolitan Edison Company, Illinois Power Company, and the other corporations aren't people, or even objects. They're entities, which will alter this beautiful world without ever looking at it. ●

--Phoebes Caulfield

Zion and Harrisburg

(This article is adapted from one in the Waukegan News-Sun on April 4. That article is by Adrienne Drell, the reporter who covered the trial of 20 defendants who were arrested during a demonstration at the Commonwealth Edison nuclear power plant in Zion, Illinois. That trial is described by one of the defendants in the Post-American, March 1979.)

Just eight weeks after a Lake County circuit court jury acquitted 20 defendants of criminal trespassing at the Zion nuclear power plant, the Harrisburg accident reinforced their decision.

The decision was controversial because the defendants' line of argument was a "necessity defense." This means that they convinced the jury that their crime (trespassing) was committed in order to prevent a far greater harm (the consequences of the nuclear power plant). Thus, the crime was justifiable.

The judge and jury were widely criticized at the time for allowing the anti-nukes to present this kind of case.

The judge and jury were astounded and frightened by the subsequent accident at Three Mile Island.

"It's strange what has happened," said jury foreman Howard Kanous of Waukegan. "Some of the testimony has come about."

Witt said the current crisis in Pennsylvania has convinced him it was proper to let the defense use the necessity argument.

"I suppose I was criticized," Witt admitted Monday. "But this unfortunate turn of events now makes me feel even more comfortable about the decisions I made during the trial--to put the issue before the people of Lake County. The issue is too important for one corporation or person to decide. The defendants told us it could happen and it has happened."

Juror Alice Kumm of Grayslake admitted "knowing nothing" about nuclear power when the trial began. Two days into the proceedings, however, "I was ready to picket with them," Kumm recalls.

"The trial kind of opened my eyes," juror James Pierce said. "The defendants made what I thought was a good point about low level radiation."

The defendants' testimony concentrated not on the potential dramatic catastrophic happenings like the meltdown of a nuclear core--but on the very real dangers posed by low level radiation.

One witness, Dr. Rosalie Bertell, said the NRC's radiation exposure limits are too high and that the Zion plant had been placed in an area already marked as a high risk area for cancer. Bertell linked radiation emissions with such diseases as leukemia.

"I feel there is a real danger in these plants," contended juror Ted Johnson, who said he admired the defendants for taking a stand.

"I ask myself what can I do? I didn't really do anything as a juror. I got my \$12.50 a day and did what I was supposed to do. I guess going to work and taking care of my family mean more to me than making statements, but I feel badly because I did nothing." ●

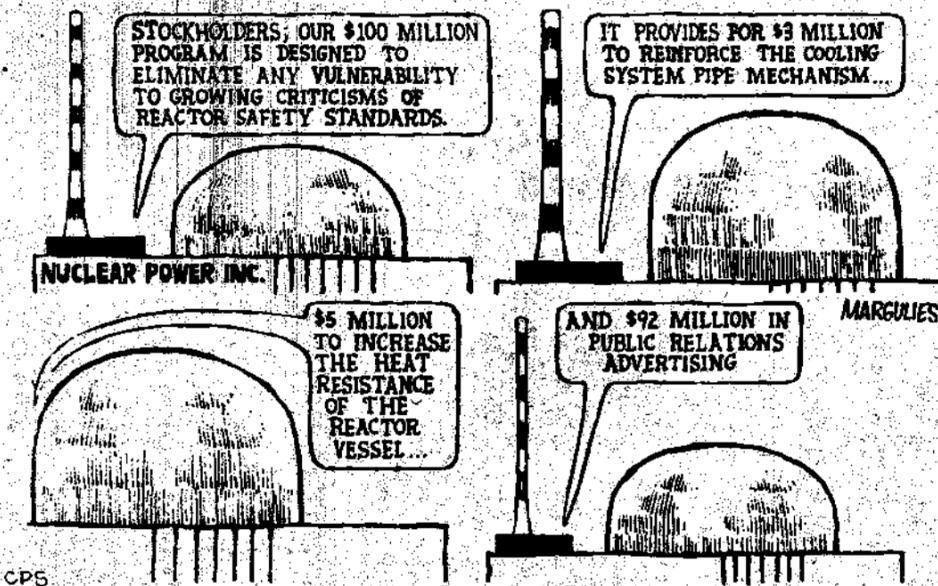
Nuclear reaction

The nuclear industry has over 800 small accidents a year. Most of these are not considered newsworthy, but many are potentially significant.

Control rods are put in backwards. Radioactive waste is left lying around the reactor yard.

A few years ago, one worker accidentally poured out pure radioactive waste liquid left lying around and was exposed to the largest dose of radiation yet recorded under measurable conditions. Over the next 15 hours, the worker literally disintegrated, as every cell in his body was blasted apart, into carbon and liquids. ●

--Thanks to Michio Kaku and Seven Days



Reportable occurrences at Harrisburg

Inspection of the "reportable occurrences" file contained in Metropolitan Edison's Licensee Report reveals that there were about 20 minor accidents at the Three Mile Island plant last year--higher than the average for other nuclear plants.

And just since January, the following accidents occurred, any one of which might have led to a major accident:

--On one occasion, plant engineers failed to perform required tests on the borated water which contains the by-products of fuel decay in the main cooling system. Like the control rods

in the reactor, the borated water acts to control the level of nuclear activity. Without it, the chances of a runaway nuclear reaction are greatly increased.

--As a result of another "routine oversight," two days passed before leakage from the reactor's cooling system was noticed and traced to its source.

--Cracks resulting from vibrations in a piping weld (shades of "The China Syndrome"!) had been reported. Though the pipes were rewelded, the additional piping mounts (suggested as means of reducing vibrations) were never added.

--In early February, control rods were accidentally lowered into the reactor, partially scrambling it, and resulting in a power loss of 42 percent.

Further reports document cases of bent valve stems, ruptures in relief valves, seizures of air pumps, inoperable containment valves, and clogged filters.

Mistakes are ever with us. The question is whether nuclear power needs to be. ●

--Thanks to Douglas Ryan and Seven Days.

Everything you always wanted to know about IP's rate hike ...but were afraid to ask

At the request of Bloomington-Normal residents, the Illinois Commerce Commission held a rate hike hearing in Bloomington on Friday, April 20. Other towns which have had or will have hearings include East St. Louis, Champaign-Urbana, Decatur and Danville.

The purpose of the rate hike hearing was to let local citizens express their views on Illinois Power's 14.7% proposed increase in rates. Right now the rate hike request is before the Illinois Commerce Commission. The ICC, after evidence from IP for the rate hike and from over twenty groups who oppose the hike, will make their decision in November, 1979.

With the exception of these local hearings, all the hearings on the rate case are in Springfield. In the Bloomington hearing, those who wished

Why are they asking us to pay for capital costs, not electricity, through the construction works in progress part of the rate hike? Why is CWIP legal in Illinois when other states outlawed it?

Why is Illinois Power trying to use our money on a nuclear plant when there may be no reactor fuel after 1990, when there may soon be nowhere to put the radioactive waste (used fuel rods and "low level" sludges, etc)?

Why are they building this nuclear plant when the uranium fuel and its fission products cannot be isolated from the environment and contain the most toxic substances known? Why is IP throwing good money after bad in their insistence to build this plant which is unwanted, unsafe, unnecessary, and too expensive? Why aren't there any evacuation plans in case of a disaster?

Why is IP spending billions of our rate money to build a reactor which emits "low level" radioactivity, and only has a thirty year lifespan before the structure is so radioactive as to become useless? Why is IP so totally unconcerned with people on fixed incomes?

Why does it not matter that most of IP's customers do not want a nuclear plant? Why does it take so little electricity to get burned by IPC?

These and many more questions were left unanswered by Illinois Power at the Bloomington rate hike hearing. They declined to comment on the testimony.

Will Illinois Power ever be so responsive to its customers as to answer their legitimate questions concerning their future?

Is Illinois Power "serving you better"?



"Hey, Endicotts, guess what! It now costs less to stay sauced on brandy than it does to heat the place."

to make their feelings known were put on a speakers' list and called by the Hearing Examiner. They then stated their name and address and told why they opposed the rate hike.

About twenty-six people spoke, and most addressed IP's plan to use more than half of the rate hike to pay interest costs on the money borrowed for the Clinton nuclear power plant. These people did not want IP using their money to build a nuclear plant which they do not want or need.

Testifiers asked why is IPC building the Clinton plant when electricity demand has come down; why was the first reactor, Clinton I, supposed to cost \$400 million and now costs \$1.3 billion; and why is IPC going nuclear when there are other safer and cheaper choices? Why did they collect \$39 million in taxes in 1977 and only pay the government \$8 million; why do they keep the rest and how do they get away with it?

Why do they ask for rate increases in the first place when higher fuel costs are automatically passed on to the consumer through the fuel adjustment clause? Why does IP ask for a rate hike when profits for the first half of 1978 were 25% higher than before?

Why do they need a rate hike when they get a guaranteed rate of return on their investments of 9.3%?



Clinton nuke : rip-off of the month

Bloomington-Normal airport had a tacky display this past month of Illinois Power Company's Clinton Nuclear Power Station. It appears that the local Association of Commerce and Industry (ACI) named Illinois Power Company as the "Firm of the Month."

The display emphasized the Clinton Nuke and noted, as its positive contributions, a 5,000 acre recreational lake and 2,600 jobs.

What kind of con is this? Who would want to take their kids swimming in a radioactive lake? The lake is being built as a cooling lake for the plant. Radioactive water will be coming into the lake at all times.

And jobs? Well, the Clinton nuclear power station may employ 2,600 construction workers now, but it's not going to take that many workers to run the plant when it opens. The nuclear power industry employs less people per dollar invested than any other industry. The development of alternative energy sources would employ far more people and at the same time would return the power to the people.

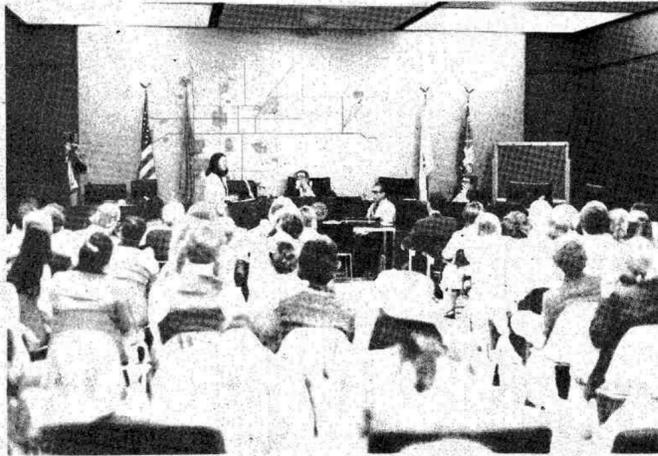
I don't know where the people of the ACI had their heads, but I could venture to guess.

No nukes, y'all. ●

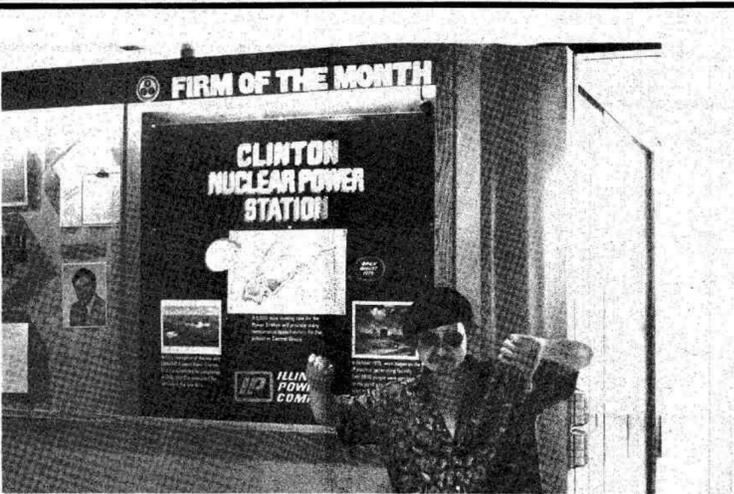
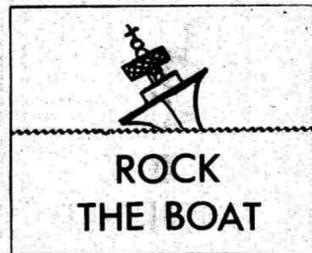
--Susan



One opponent of the rate hike presented his objection in a clear but colorful way.



Bloomington-Normal citizens gathered to object vigorously to Illinois Power Co.'s incredible request for more revenues.



IPC offended --- are you?

At the Illinois Power Company rate hike hearing April 20, the power company asked that part of one speaker's testimony be stricken from the record because it was "libelous and slanderous." We're reprinting the offending passage, with one name altered to avoid further irritation of the guilty party:

When the red lights first started blinking in the Three Mile Island control room in the early morning hours of Wednesday, March 28, only two men were on duty. One, ironically, was named Faust. Alvin Weinberg, one of the early scientific and administrative leaders of American reactor development, once said, "We nuclear people have made a 'Faustian Contract' with society: we offer an almost unique possibility for a technologically abundant world for the oncoming billions, through our miraculous, inexhaustible energy source; but this energy source at the same time is tainted with potential side effects that if uncontrolled, could spell disaster."

Like Goethe's Faust, we are offered tantalizing immediate benefits in return for staggeringly large long-term costs. And once we accept the bargain there is no way out.

Tonight we have heard many facts and figures describing the dilemma before us, but I would like to illustrate the nature of this choice we face through an allegory.

Atomic powered pistol

Recently presidents of power companies from around the country gathered in Pennsylvania for a public relations seminar on how to make the Three Mile Island accident look trivial. Faust's little boy was there, raising money for his Scout troop by selling power company officials Russian Roulette kits at bargain prices. He cornered one company president from Idaho and offered him a six-chamber midnight special with one bullet for a very reasonable donation of 25%.

"The price is right," said the company president, "but will it hurt me?"

"Only if you're fallible," said the boy.

"Oh, great!" said the president. "No risk!"

The man gave the boy a quarter, put the gun to his head, and pulled the trigger. It went "Click" and pinched his finger. President Fermi from a Lagoona Beach, Michigan, utility happened by.

"Hey," he said. "Let me try that! What'll you take for it?"

"Oh," came the reply, "it's too cheap to charge for. You can have it free."

"Thank you," said Fermi, putting the gun between his eyes and pulling the trigger for a second time. The gun jammed and badly scraped his forehead. President Brown from Decatur, Alabama, passed by.

"Hey," said Fermi, "want a Roulette gun for ten bucks?"

"Sure," replied Brown, who paid the ten dollars, put the gun behind his ear and yanked the rusty trigger for a third time. The gun clicked and snagged his hair. Startled, Brown dropped his lighted cigarette down his collar and spilled hot coffee down his front, which fortunately extinguished the cigarette before much damage had occurred.

An Iowa utility official named Duane Arnold spied the gun and offered Brown \$1000 for it. "Sure," said Brown, brushing soggy tobacco fragments from his tie. "You've got a deal."

Arnold twirled the gun nonchalantly, pointed it at a passing rate payer, and squeezed the trigger for a fourth time. The gun went "Click" again and spattered gun oil on Arnold's face.

"Say," remarked Arnold, examining the weapon more closely, "the barrel on this thing is cracked three-fourths of the way around! This could be dangerous if it had real bullets in it." Thinking he got a bum deal, Arnold set eyes on President Hershey from Pennsylvania and offered him the gun for only \$1 million.

"This is just what I always wanted," said Hershey, sticking the barrel in his mouth and pulling the trigger for a fifth time. The gun clicked and slipped, knocking out a tooth. Enraged, Hershey looked for someone to sell the gun to.

Just then President Kendell Welly from Illinois drove up in an air-conditioned electric-powered Cadillac limousine. Alighting from the car, Welly saw the gun and shouted, "I've got to have that weapon! What'll you take for it?"

"\$400 million," said Hershey.

"It would still be cheap at three times the price," replied Welly, taking out his wallet.

"Make that \$1.3 billion," said Hershey.

"Well, O.K.," replied Welly, "but I'll have to wire home for more money." Picking up the gun and placing it against his temple, Welly began to squeeze the trigger for the sixth time. "Wait a minute!" he cried. "Is this thing safe?"

A nuclear safety expert from the Nuclear Regulatory Commission had been watching the whole episode. Stepping up, he said, "Sir, based upon a sample of five, I solemnly swear that a meteorite will probably strike you on the head before this gun will hurt you."

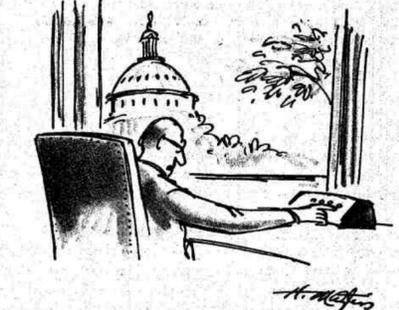
"Fine," said Welly. "That's all I need to know." He put the gun to his head, smiled broadly at his audience, carefully pulled the trigger, and blew his head off.

Nuclear power is like Russian Roulette. We pulled the trigger once on Jan. 3, 1961, in Idaho Falls, Idaho. We lost three men and almost lost Idaho.

We pulled the trigger a second time on Oct. 5, 1966, in Lagoona Beach, Mich., when a partial meltdown at the Fermi Number 1 breeder reactor almost took Detroit with it. We almost lost Michigan.

We pulled the trigger a third time on March 22, 1975, at Brown's Ferry, Alabama, when a candle flame burned through cables controlling both the primary and the emergency backup cooling systems. We almost lost Alabama.

We pulled the trigger a fourth time last June at the Duane Arnold atomic



"Oh, dear, I was trying to get you, Miss Kearney, but I think I pushed World War III by mistake."

plant in Palo, Iowa. A large cooling pipe split three-fourths of the way around. We almost lost Iowa.

We pulled the trigger a fifth time on Wednesday, March 28, at Three Mile Island. We almost lost Pennsylvania.

If we allow Illinois Power Company to start up the Clinton reactor, we will be pulling the trigger one more time. We must all sincerely hope that we do not lose Illinois.

This passage, from Brian Crissey's testimony, remains on the record along with IPC's objection. IPC also objected to statements in the testimony given by John Alft and George Warren.



Author's favorite graphic.

NECO sticks Illinois with Sheffield

Sheffield, Illinois, is the site of a 20 acre low-level radioactive waste dump, run by the Nuclear Engineering Corporation, a subsidiary of Teledyne Corporation.

NECO applied for a permit from the state of Illinois in order to enlarge the existing facility by providing more trenches to bury the waste. The request was denied, and on March 8, 1979, NECO abandoned the site.

Two days later, at a regular inspection of the site, officials found the waste storage dump abandoned, with only a padlock on the front gate. Astounded, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission filed suit against NECO, and ordered them to return to the site until the suit has been decided.

The Nuclear Engineering Company claimed that since the trenches were full of radioactive waste, and no more money was coming in, then they should not be expected to pay for keeping the place open. This statement came from a subsidiary of Teledyne Corporation.

NECO had been leasing the Sheffield site from the State of Illinois. They were paying the State a mere 5¢ for every cubic foot of radioactive waste buried there. It is difficult to determine how much money NECO took in for every cubic foot of waste they buried; they aren't saying. In any case, the 5¢ per cubic foot was to go into a perpetual care fund; however, a squabble in the state legislature precluded this.

By unilaterally cancelling their contract with the State of Illinois, NECO would be abandoning 3.2 million cubic feet of low level

waste, which is buried in steel drums. These steel drums rust quickly, due to the corrosive nature of their contents; already the 60 monitoring walls near the site have been recording higher than normal levels of radioactive tritium. Tritium is seeping into the land and the water tables of the area from drums which have not been identified. The director of the Illinois Department of Public Health says there is no way to detect which of the trenches are leaking. Nearly 30 pounds of plutonium is in and amongst the millions of cubic feet of low level waste; plutonium is the most toxic substance known to man.

The obligations and responsibilities under NECO's license to operate Sheffield include periodic guard patrols, maintenance of a perimeter fence, maintenance of the trenches in which the low level radioactive waste is buried, and environmental monitoring activities. According to a NRC release dated March 21, 1979, "If NECO fails to comply, it may be subjected to civil penalties and to further necessary and appropriate enforcement actions as the commission may seek in the federal courts."

At this writing, the NRC suit against NECO is still pending. Attorney General Scott has also filed charges against NECO.

Even if NECO is ordered to maintain the site for another few years, eventually it will be you and me as taxpayers who will foot the bill for "upkeep" of this radioactive waste.

And we have always assumed, though unwillingly, the cost to

our health of these radioactive products.

As food for thought, here are some questions nobody has been able to answer:

How will the leaking drums be repaired, since the escaping radioactivity is so intense that neither man nor machine can safely approach the drum, let alone fix it?

What condition will these steel drums, which contain the corrosive radioactive materials, be in ten years?

Why does the State of Illinois continue to accept radioactive waste from out of state, especially after 13 other states passed laws prohibiting burial or radioactive waste within their borders?

Why do the people of Illinois allow such insane policies to continue unchecked?

Will the people of Illinois continue to be passive about matters which affect them so greatly?

I doubt it....

--JT



operating nuclear plants
 nuke plants under construction
 nuclear waste dumps

Closing in on them

Closing in on them is what Prairie Alliance is doing to Illinois Power Company. We want to attack them on as many fronts as possible. This includes:

-- The rate hike intervention. Prairie Alliance is one of more than 20 groups which oppose IP's proposed 14.7% rate increase. More than half of this increase will go to fund the Clinton Nuclear Power Plant.

-- The Stock Sale intervention. Some Prairie Alliance members attempted to intervene in Illinois Power's attempt to put up 3 million shares of stock for sale, the \$79 million proceeds of which would pay back funds spent on Clinton. The intervention was denied.

-- Presentations to the co-ops. Champaign-Urbana Prairie Alliance members are on the agenda to make presentations before Soyland & Western Illinois Power Co-ops, both of which have bought nearly 10% interests each in the Clinton power plant from IP. After they see the economic facts of nuclear power, they would be wise to sell their interest now to prevent future losses.

-- NRC license intervention. Prairie Alliances of Bloomington-Normal, Champaign-Urbana, and Mattoon-Charleston decided to intervene in the Clinton operating license procedures before the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. Here we will prove that the Clinton plant is too poorly built and unsafe to operate.

-- Continuing education and actions. Prairie Alliance attempts to reach the largest number of people possible with the facts about Clinton and Illinois

Power. We do this through public education forums, showing movies and slide shows, leafletting the "China Syndrome" movie, leafletting the Ralph Nader debate, distributing literature, research papers, and the Prairie Alliance newsletter, going to radio shows, talking on channel 12 WILL-CALL TV programs, and more.

We have one problem, though. We exist on donations and we (the Bloomington-Normal Chapter) are down to \$25. We need money for the printing of literature, mailings, supplies and for people who go to the Springfield rate hike hearings. They need gas money and they miss work and their bills mount up.

When you think about it, stopping Clinton benefits you, economically and healthwise. So send \$12, more or less, whatever you can, to Prairie Alliance, CRC 210 W. Mulberry Street, Normal, 61761. Come to our meetings every 2nd and 4th Wednesday at the Campus Religious Center, 210 W. Mulberry St., at 7:00 p.m. The Prairie Alliance phone number is 452-8492.

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IPC Stock intervention

On April 3 Illinois Power Co. was suprised to find Jacqui Toppel of Normal and Brian Crissey of Bloomington filing petitions with the Illinois Commerce Commission (ICC) to be intervenors in Illinois Power's attempt to put 3,000,000 shares of stock up for sale.

These stocks, if sold at their present AA rating, would generate \$79 million in revenue for IPC, most of which would be used to reimburse IP for 1978 construction costs. Most of IP's \$79 million construction money in 1978 went into the building of the Clinton Nuclear Power Station; therefore it was logical to infer that the \$79 million from the stock sale would go to pay back funds spent for this project.

The outcome of the rate hike case now pending before the ICC (IPC's request for a 14.7% rate hike, the majority of which will be used for construction funds for Clinton, will be decided by the ICC in November of 1979) would have an effect on the sale of stock. In the rate case, Prairie Alliance and their intervenors will present evidence that the Clinton Nuclear Power Plant is unnecessary, a potential public hazard of catastrophic dimensions, being constructed in an unsafe and wasteful manner, and not cost-effective when compared to specific alternative energy options.

If the ICC decides against the IP rate hike, this would indicate some agreement with the anti-Clinton nuke arguments. This would lessen the need for the issue and sale of the stock, because if IP doesn't get the rate hike they may have to shelve the Clinton nuke until further funding is found.

Since the rate case and stock sale are related, Toppel & Crissey asked that the decision to sell the stock be put off until the rate case has been decided in November.

IPC was trying to rush this sale of stock through before the rate is decided. If IP doesn't get the

rate hike, their stock rating would go from an AA rating down to an A rating. Thus, stocks sold after the rate hike has been denied would bring in far less money for IP. A denial of their rate hike request also supports the contention that Clinton is unnecessary, unsafe, and too expensive, thus making the plant even harder to finance. And if IPC doesn't get the rate hike, who will pay the dividends in the stock? The ratepayers.

For these reasons, the two cases are related and the stock sale decision should've been deferred until the rate hike is decided. Illinois Power objected to Crissey and Toppel's petitions to intervene on the grounds that the two cases are not related, they would get behind on their financial calendar, nobody ever intervenes in these cases, and the proposed intervenors have no standing.

Hearing examiner Pfeiffer stated the case would have to be decided by the Illinois Commerce commissioners themselves. Time was needed



to have the hearing shorthand transcribed, copied, sent to each of the five commissioners, and decided upon.

However, twenty-four hours after filing the petitions, hearing examiner Pfeiffer told an ISU Vidette reporter that the commissioners had denied the request to intervene. Could the commission have met, seen the transcripts, reviewed the case, and decided the case all in one day from filing the petitions? Could the famed "corrupt Illinois political system" have been involved in this?

Whatever the outcome, we are watching Illinois Power. They can't tie their shoes any more without some of us observing. Although Prairie Alliance is attacking IPC from all sides (see adjoining article), so are other groups and individuals, even some city governments.

The days that power companies make policy with no consideration to their effect on customers are coming to an end. Since IP won't willingly listen to anything which challenges the continuous flow of profits to their coffers, we will confront them in ways they cannot ignore.

Two major anti-nuclear rallies, less than one week apart, took place here in Illinois to protest the state's nuclear plans. Illinois has more operating nuclear plants than any other state and has many more under construction. We can also be proud of two radioactive dumpsites, at Morris and Sheffield (see accompanying article).

Nuke protests spread in Illinois

The first of the two rallies was originally scheduled to be held at 1 p.m. Wednesday, April 11, on the State Capitol lawn. It was raining very hard that day so the rally was held inside the capitol building, despite the fears of one state employee that school children touring the capitol might get poked in the eye by the protestors' signs.

Approximately 250 concerned persons gathered at this lively, well-organized rally. Kristin Lems and friends kept the energy flowing by leading the crowd in some songs from the anti-nuclear movement. The speakers' main emphasis seemed to be on writing to local legislators and urging them to vote in favor of the proposed legislation questioning the nuclear industry (see accompanying article).

The second rally was held in Chicago on Saturday, April 14. A thousand protestors marched through the streets of downtown Chicago in a long procession. They carried colorful signs and banners. A shrouded figure with a horrible painted face wore a sign saying, "Do you want your children to look like me?"

The destination of the march was the headquarters of Commonwealth Edison (who owns all of the operating nukes in the state). A whole slew of speakers took the microphone on a makeshift stage. There was a much more militant tone to the speeches at this event. Sidney Lens of the Progressive magazine gave a fiery speech on the proliferation of nuclear weapons and nuclear plants. A woman named Joyce from the Socialist Workers Party reported that the movie "China Syndrome" was based on a true incident that happened at one of the Dresden units. The rally lasted over three hours. People started leaving after a couple of hours because it was so long.

These rallies, moderate or militant, show that the opponents of nuclear power will keep on gathering and speaking out until the public refuses to accept death plants in this state or any other.

--Susan

Upcoming nuke bills in Illinois

There are several bills in the state legislature right now that could affect the nuclear industry in Illinois. The following is a list of the bills by number and a brief description of each:

House Bill 1262/State Bill 548--This bill would impose a 5-year moratorium on construction of any future nuclear power plants. It would not stop plants currently under construction.

Senate Bill 660--This bill would establish certain requirements before dumping grounds for nuclear waste could be established: an environmental impact statement, local hearings, approval of the Director of Dept. of Public Health, and approval by the General Assembly and Governor.

Senate Bill 660--This bill would prohibit the importation of spent fuel into Illinois.

Senate Resolution 101--This would create a Senate Committee to investigate nuclear power in Ill.

House Bill 475--This bill would prohibit importation into Ill. of nuclear waste for disposal or storage.

House Bill 0812--This bill requires the Dept. of Public Health to provide by regulation that the minimum rate for fees charged by the State for the concentration, storage, and disposal of radioactive wastes shall be one dollar per cubic foot.

Our representatives here in McLean Co. are Gerald Bradley, Gordon Ropp, and Sam Vinson. Our senator's name is John Maitland. Write these folks, c/o the Statehouse, Springfield, IL 62706.

Tell 'em what you think of those nasty ole' nukes.

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Alternatives to

On Wednesday, March 28, The Three Mile Island atomic power plant nearly melted down catastrophically. The first electricity generated at the plant was produced March 28, 1978, exactly one year earlier. During that year, this plant sucked up energy, capital, and human resources while producing almost no usable electricity and exposing the population of Pennsylvania to potentially grave and involuntarily accepted risks of radiation-induced death, cancer, or genetic damage. In that same year, the Earth sucked up 25 times as much energy from the sun than exists in all the recoverable deposits of oil, gas and coal. Yet nuclear proponents still claim there is no alternative to more nuclear power.

Half of all of our present energy is already solar energy, if you count the food and fiber which everyone uses. Without solar energy, our homes would have to be heated from -460 degrees Fahrenheit (absolute zero) instead of from -20 degrees or so during a severe winter. Solar energy provides all of our fresh water by distilling sea water into clouds, and rain. Solar energy creates the oxygen in our air and creates the temperature differentials that drive the winds.

Solar energy is food, air, water, warmth and clothing. Solar energy is life. It is solar, not nuclear, that we cannot do without.

Many alternatives

There are many alternatives to nuclear power since nuclear power is not much good for anything. The "Energy crisis" is a shortage of cheap oil and gas. The oil is largely for our cars and comprises half of our energy demand. Nuclear electricity propels very few automobiles and no large trucks. Even if all of our electricity were in nuclear form, our oil imports would not drop by even 10% since so much of our oil demand is for non-electrical uses.

The gas crisis is a shortage

(ultimately) of cheap natural gas for home heating. Electric heating is three times as expensive as natural gas and is subject to periodic outages due to ice storms, wind, and lightning. Electric heat pumps are an improvement, but their initial costs rival those of solar systems, and their performance during the coldest weather is disappointing unless augmented by solar heat storage.

Electricity, whether nuclear or coal, is not the best response to our most pressing energy needs. So what is? The answer is that there is no panacea. Every energy need must be examined and the most appropriate energy source should be applied to it.



Solar collectors

Need hot water? Heating it with the sun is simple. About 35,000 American families do it, 200,000 families in Israel, and well over 2 million families in Japan. Solar collectors are essentially closed boxes, black inside and covered with glass or fiberglass. Solar heat is captured inside and transferred to water which carries the heat off to be stored in a water tank, usually in the basement.

Solar water heaters are now economically competitive with electric water heaters in almost every part of the U.S. and will become competitive with oil and gas heat, as the price of these fuels continues to rise. The National Energy Act provides large tax

credits for solar systems, making them even more attractive.

Solar heat

Need space heat? If you are building a new home, there is no more cost-effective strategy than to build in energy efficiency. Highly efficient homes can be built today for only several hundred dollars extra in construction costs, with the result that the energy demanded for space heating is reduced by at least 75%. With such a reduced demand for heat energy, solar systems become more feasible.

Two major types of solar space heating exist: active and passive. The active kind uses solar collectors, fans, and pumps to obtain, store, move around and release solar heat. Passive solar uses intelligent positioning of windows, overhangs, bushes, and vents to take best advantage of the free energy flows that already exist in our environment.



Active solar systems are expensive, but generally are the only kind that can be used in existing buildings. Most homes require 500 to 700 square feet of collectors on the south-facing roof, and these collectors sell for anywhere between \$4 and \$20 a square foot. Such systems usually provide about 65% of the home's heating needs, so a back-up system is still needed.

Passive systems are best built into new buildings, and if done properly, are some of the most cost-effective forms of solar energy now available. Homes built underground or nestled

Death trucks cruise through Bloomington



Welcome in Spring



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"One good thing about this new gunpowder—if both sides have it, it'll be a deterrent to war."

During these past few months, especially January and February, all of us who use Bloomington-Normal city streets have seen an extraordinary amount of accidents and have been strongly impressed with the hazards of driving on ice-covered and snow-covered streets. And subsequent to the thaw and melting of the terrible ice and snow, we have seen the emergence of countless potholes on all but the very best streets.

Yet, there is another dimension to the hazards of travel on city streets--one that we seldom, if ever, consider, at least not until it unavoidably confronts us. But it confronted me on Feb. 8 at 10:40 a.m. It is the problem of transporting nuclear waste.

There weren't many cars or trucks on Main St. at the time, but the streets were icy and the city was adding salt and sand to the streets to give some traction. Yet, there it was, a huge flatbed truck, owned by Tri-State Motor Transit Co. of Joplin, Mo., going north on Main St. The flatbed was empty except for a huge concrete block labeled **RADIOACTIVE MATERIALS** in big letters. The concrete block was in the center of the long truck and three axles carried the rear of the truck.

Heavy, very heavy. And the truck, slow and ponderous, like a funeral procession, moved over the Norfolk and Western bridge and into downtown Bloomington. On it drove, past City Hall, past State Farm and Corn Belt Bank and on past Holy Trinity Church in the direction of Normal. Was anyone praying in Holy Trinity Church that morning? The Main Street/Norfolk and Western bridge did not collapse.

About a year earlier, motorists on U.S. route 54 were surprised to find that they couldn't use a section of the road about two miles southwest of Gibson City for 14 hours. It seems

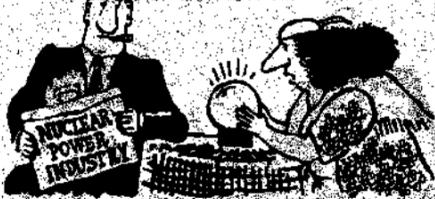
nuclear power

into the earth make use of the earth energy that keeps the ground at 50 degrees or more year-round. This type of passive "solar" architecture is cheaper to build than above-ground, and the heating bills for terrestrial homes are amazingly low.

Earth-sheltered homes never freeze, so the only heating source necessary could be as simple as a wood stove. Most passive solar homes use window overhangs so that the low winter sun shines in the big south windows, while the high summer sun is blocked out.

Bioconversion is another form of solar energy that can be used for home heating or transportation. Any organic material, when kept from freezing in the absence of air, spontaneously produces methane, the principal component of natural gas. The land fills and feedlots of this country could produce enormous amounts of "bio-gas" continuously, if properly used. A by-product of the decomposition is a very rich fertilizer.

STILL INCREASING... MULTIPLYING TO THE POINT WHERE FUTURE GENERATIONS...



Fermenting the same organic materials leads to methanol and ethanol, two simple alcohols which can be used to extend gasoline as in gasohol, or to replace oil fuels entirely. Current automobile technology can burn methanol directly, provided the engine is warmed up first. This warming can be accomplished by starting the engine on gasoline and switching to the alcohol tank by thermostatic control. Engines can burn up to 50% water with the methanol without harm. Engines run cooler and create less pollution. The 50-50 methanol/water mixture can be easily created from a solar still

which operates on fermented organic materials. Alcohol, not electricity, is the response to the oil shortage.

If there is a need for electricity beyond our current supply, or to replace shut-down nuclear plants, how can solar provide help? One answer is to run oil-fueled power plants on methanol created by American farmers growing energy crops instead of being paid not to produce anything. Another answer is to turn to small-scale hydroelectric power. Only 800 of the 50,000 U.S. dams over 25 feet tall produce power today. The Army Corps of Engineers estimates that by simply installing turbines in already existing dams 54 million kilowatts of power could be harnessed. This is more than nuclear now provides.

HOLD ON... I NEED A LARGER CRYSTAL BALL...



Other forms

The other two forms of solar electricity are photovoltaic cells, or solar cells, and wind power. Photovoltaic cells installed at the end of 1977 cost \$6 per peak watt, down from \$20 a peak watt in the 1950's, but still way above the 50¢ per peak watt of today's heavily subsidized commercial electricity rates. The Department of Energy projects the 50¢/watt barrier will be broken before 1986. RCA believes it will have solar cells for \$1/watt within a year. The disadvantage of this form of solar electricity is, of course, that it only works when the sun shines. Electricity is hard to store, whereas solar heat is easy to store. The advantage, of course, is decentralized control of electricity production.

Before we discuss wind power, it is advisable to mention power towers and solar satellites, two utility-supported forms of solar electricity, because they can be built and maintained only by big corporations. Solar power

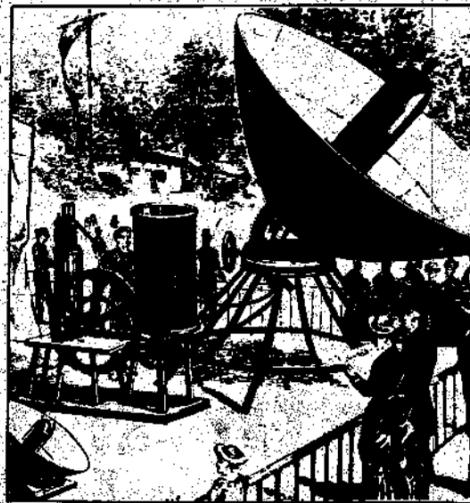
towers focus acres of mirrors on an elevated black boiler which creates steam to drive a generator turbine. Solar satellites, supported by the aerospace industry, would use acres of photovoltaic cells in the everlasting sunlight of outer space to create microwaves to beam back at Earth, which presumably would be collected without frying too many birds or airplanes, and reconverted into electricity. We would be best advised to proceed very cautiously on these options.

Wind power

The beauty of a hand-painted sailing cranking in the spring breeze has to be seen to be believed. Once there were 6 million wind machines operating in the U.S. before the Rural Electrification Act and the promise of centralized electricity too cheap to meter brought the first era of wind power to an untimely end. Today wind energy conversion systems (WECS) over 100 kilowatts in capacity can produce electricity at 1-3¢/kwh, while small scale WECS produce at 5-10¢/kwh. Current IPC electricity costs 3.6¢/kwh, while the electricity from the Clinton nuke is expected to run well over 7¢/kwh. Given a good wind site, wind-generated electricity is a good way to go.

With all these alternatives, we would be crazy to choose nuclear power. But IPC never asked our opinion and has no plans to. We'll just have to tell them. ●

--B.C.



CPD
Moucho's solar engine of 1866

that a flatbed truck owned by Tri-State Motor Transit Co. of Joplin, Mo., had broken an axle and dropped a 49,000-pound steel cask containing plutonium and uranium rods. Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago was sending its fuel rods to Virginia.

In January of this year a truck carrying 40 barrels of Cobalt 60 and Cesium 137 turned over on Interstate 24 southeast of Nashville, Tenn., and in February two boxes of Cesium 137 fell off a truck in Cedar Falls, Iowa. Two of the containers ruptured in the Tennessee accident, but there was "no apparent injury."

The radioactive materials mentioned above are very dangerous. Inhalation of more than even the tiniest amount could cause death for some and cancer if even smaller amounts are come into contact with. Radiation is a rather unique health hazard. You can't see it, feel it, touch it, smell it or taste it, and the cancer it produces takes years to show its face.

The U.S. Dept. of transportation reports that Tri-State Motor Transit Co. has had 152 mishaps with nuclear materials since 1974. Do you want these trucks coming through your community? Some cities have decided that they definitely do not. The New York Dept. of Health has enacted a ban of large shipments of radioactive materials in 1976. This ban was upheld by the U.S. Dept. of Transportation in April 1978. Chicago has banned transport of radioactive materials through O'Hare airport.

Right now state and local governments do have this right, but you can be sure that the nuclear industry is doing everything it can to take that power away. Seize control, before it's too late. ●

--March Hare



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The dangers and limitations of nuclear energy

Peter Faulkner. The Silent Bomb. A Guide to the Nuclear Power Controversy. New York, N.Y.: Vintage/Friends of the Earth International, 1977. 382 pp. \$3.95

Contains the important testimony of three General Electric engineers who resigned because of their belief that present nuclear plants are not safe. Their testimony, along with articles by engineers, scientists, economists, reveals the inner workings of the nuclear industry, and the financial and governmental interests behind it.

Dr. Helen Caldicott. Nuclear Madness: What YOU Can Do! Autumn Press, 1978. 120 pp. \$3.95.

In the author's own words, "As a physician, I contend that nuclear technology threatens life on our planet with extinction. If present trends continue, (the earth) will soon be contaminated with enough radioactive pollutants to pose a potential health hazard far greater than any plague humanity has ever experienced..."

John J. Berger. Nuclear Power: The Unviable Option. Palo Alto, Calif. Ramparts Press, 1976. 384 pp. \$4.50.

Presents an analysis of nuclear power and its backers, its economics, and its risks in an easy-to-understand style. The chapter on "The Cost Spiral and Uranium Shortage" reveals the crucial limits of low-cost uranium supplies which doom the hopes for long-term energy from that source.

John G. Fuller. We Almost Lost Detroit. New York, N.Y.: Readers' Digest Press, 1975. 272 pp. \$1.95.

The documented, true account of the near-disaster at the Liquid Metal Fast Breeder Reactor near Detroit in 1966.

Saunders Miller and Craig Severance. The Economics of Coal and Nuclear Power. New York, N.Y.: Praeger, 1976. 151 pp. \$17.50 (hardback).

Miller's research concludes that the uranium shortage will become severe, that coal-fired plant performance records are superior to those of nuclear plants, and that to rely upon nuclear fission as a primary source of energy would constitute economic lunacy.

Amory Loving and John Price. Non-Nuclear Futures: The Case for an Ethical Energy Strategy. World Energy, 1975. 223 pp. \$6.95.

The authors explore the economics and ethics of energy, and find that the amount of capital needed for the nuclear dream is ridiculously unattainable.

Richard E. Webb. The Accident Hazards of Nuclear Power Plants. Amherst, Mass.: University of Massachusetts Press, 1976. 228 pp. \$6.95.

Analyzes the possible types of reactor accidents and their probability, reviews the NRC's now discredited Reactor Safety Study, and describes 14 accidents or near-accidents. A bit technical, but very good.

Union of Concerned Scientists. The Nuclear Fuel Cycle: A Survey of the Public Health, Environmental, and National Security Effects of Nuclear Power. Boston, Mass.: Massachusetts Institute of Technology Press, 1975. 275 pp. \$5.00.

Explores the major technical problems and the potential dangers of each step in the nuclear fuel cycle, from uranium mining to the hoped-for disposal of radioactive waste.

Dr. Ernest Sternglass. Low-Level Radiation. San Francisco, Calif.: Friends of the Earth, 1973. 240 pp. \$5.95.

Finds troubling correlations between the fallout from nuclear tests and reactors, with increased incidence of leukemia and foetal damage, including a study of the effects of the U. of I. TRIGA reactor.

John McPhee. The Curve of Binding Energy. New York, N.Y.: Ballantine Books, 1973. 170 pp. \$1.95.

Discusses nuclear security, material unaccounted for by the AEC, the prospect of private nuclear proliferation, and the inevitability of a serious accident.

Ralph Nader and John Abbotts. The Menace of Atomic Energy. \$10.95.

A very complete book covering the entire nuclear fuel cycle. It explains nuclear power in a way that is easy to understand. You can get this book at the public library.

Anna Gyorgy. No Nukes. \$8.00.

Tells all. Includes a section on nukes on an international level.

Shutdown. The Book Publishing Company, Summertown, Tenn.

Actual testimony from a court case (Honicker vs. Hendrie) that has yet to be decided. Hendrie is the head of the NRC and Jeannine Honicker is a citizen. The outcome of this case could mean the shutdown of the whole nuclear system.

Alternative energy sources

E.F. Schumacher. Small Is Beautiful. New York, N.Y.: Harper and Row, 1973. \$2.95

Economics appropriate to new values and resource conditions. Presents a sensible approach to solving energy and manpower problems with little energy or capital.

Amory Lovins. Soft Energy Paths: Toward a Durable Peace. New York, N.Y.: Harper and Row, 1977. \$3.95.

Presents the consequences of choosing between soft and hard technology for our future energy.

J. Lecki and others. Other Homes and Garbage: Design for Self Sufficient Living. New York, N.Y.: Chas. Scribner. \$9.95.

Four engineers from Stanford discuss alternative architecture, small scale generation of electricity, and solar heating principles. Fairly technical but entirely understandable.

Eugene Eccli, ed. Low Cost Energy-Efficient Shelter. Emmaus, Pa.: Rodale Press, 1976. \$5.95.

Gives experienced advice on when and when not to do your building. Includes building options, codes, neighbors, and contractors.

Carol Stoner. Producing Your Own Power: How to Make Nature's Energy Sources Work For You. New York, N.Y.: Random House. \$3.95.

A "How to" book. Many diagrams and tables.

John Vivion. Wood Heat. Emmaus Pa. Rodale Press, 1976. \$7.95.

Practical information on all aspects of heating and cooking with wood.

Richard Stein. Architecture and Energy. Anchor Press/Doubleday. \$6.95.

Not only an indictment of our present practices, also outlines the choices we must make if we are to rediscover a rational path for architecture.

Bruce Anderson and Michael Riordan. The Solar Home Book. Chesire Books. \$8.50.

The best on the topic.

Malcolm Wells and Irwin Spetgang. How to Buy Solar Heating... Without Getting Burnt. Rodale Press. \$6.95.

Special thanks to the Prairie Alliance for the help with this bibliography. Most of these books can be purchased or ordered from Small Changes Bookstore, 409 1/2 N. Main, Bloomington, or Horizon Bookstore, 517 S. Goodwin, Urbana, Ill. ●

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Morris nuke dump an Illinois burden

Morris, Illinois, is the site of a used fuel rod dump. More than 310 metric tons of spent fuel rods are currently being stored in this General Electric facility.

Originally, GE's Morris plant was intended to be a spent nuclear fuel reprocessing plant, but after many attempts and failures, the reprocessing idea was permanently shelved in 1972. The unused plant was then converted to a concrete-encased water-cooled storage tank for used reactor fuel rods.

Spent fuel rods contain large amounts of the most highly toxic substance known—plutonium. (Dr. Helen Caldicott of the Union of Concerned Scientists found that .005 of a gram of plutonium will cause lung cancer.) These spent fuel rods are intensely radioactive and generate so much heat that they must be kept in specially constructed refrigerated storage pools. If these rods are not constantly bathed with water, deadly amounts of radioactive stuff will escape.

When nuclear reactors were first built and operated, it was on the assumption that used fuel rods would soon be reprocessed, which would salvage usable uranium and create new fuel out of old. However, "soon" never arrived. Separating the usable uranium from the radioactive waste products created from the fissioning of the fuel rods proved to be a more complicated task than anyone imagined. Consequently, no fuel reprocessing has ever been successfully accomplished.

Because the used fuel rods cannot be re-cycled as previously anticipated, they are piling up in temporary pools at reactors all over the country. The temporary storage pools in some nuclear plants are already full; other reactor pools are filling up quickly.

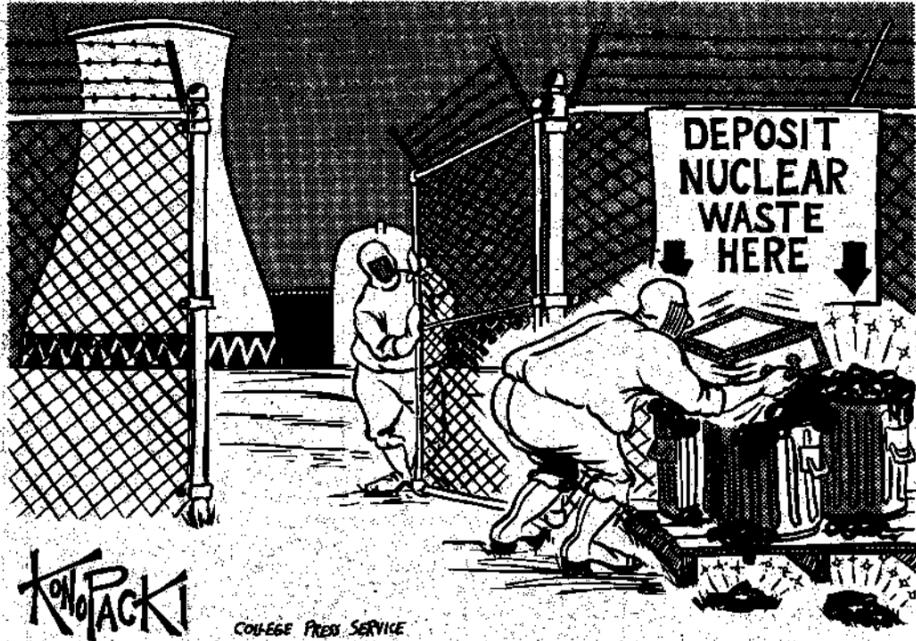
The Dept. of Energy estimates that by 1983 there will be nearly 3000 metric tons of spent fuel rods in the U.S. with no place to go. So, what the Dept. of Energy wants to do is make one of three sites a federally owned and operated dump. The three sites being considered are Barnwell, S.C., West Valley, N.Y., and our own Morris, Illinois.

The sites of the least political opposition (and therefore most likely to be chosen) are Morris and West Valley.

This could be disastrous for Illinois: spent fuel rods would be shipped to Morris from all over the country. Already the Morris plant takes fuel rods from other states; however, if Morris were taken over by the D.O.E., thousands of more tons would head for Illinois.

Currently, Illinois does not have clear legal authority to protect its citizens by vetoing a nuclear waste dump within its borders if the federal government wants one here. However, if the McGovern amendment to the 1979 D.O.E. Authorization Bill, 52692, passes, then Illinois could use it to prevent federal expansion of the Morris facility.

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BOOK REVIEW

*Some do,
some don't*



Her-self/cpf

Some Do tells a story whose plot is easy to outline but whose moral is hard to pin down.

The characters are bizarre, and I wondered through the whole first third of this long book whether Delynn's portrayal of them was basically satirical or sympathetic.

Holly is a rich hemophiliac. (Hemophilia is a disease that can prevent blood from clotting and makes it possible for the victim to bleed to death from a small injury. Except in cases of genetic mutation, only men are hemophiliacs.) Kirsh is rich, stop-em-on-the-street beautiful and, she believes, completely unfeeling. Cass is the ultimate stoned-out earth mother.

Samantha sleeps around and gets no satisfaction. Ursula will be anybody for her current man, and is either from an aristocratic Latin American family or a chronic liar or both. Maria is a militant black lesbian who sleeps only with feminine, fragile-seeming white women.

Bettina is a runaway wife and mother whose opinion of herself is surreally low. Timmy, Samantha's brother, is an anarchist who works on government bombs. Jed, Holly's husband, is a revolutionary who can't relate to people.

They all live in late 1960's Berkeley, California--capital of both activism and rape. They are all unbelievably screwed up--unhappy, unable to cope, out of touch with themselves.

Holly starts a woman's rap group and seven women all end up in it through one connection or another.

The beginning of the first rap group meeting is so absurd and the women are so ill-matched, and even hostile to one another, that I realized, reading it, that something was going to have to give--both with the characters and the novel, and, in fact, by the end of the meeting it is obvious that the women are going to struggle to get their acts together and that we are now definitely embarked on part two of the novel, wherein satire wanes and sympathy (for the characters) waxes.

Part two is exciting, moving, and hopeful. We learn more and more about why these strange women are the way they are, and we are involved with them as they try to seize some control of their own lives and make changes.

In part three everything falls apart.

The main question, I think, is *why* does everything fall apart? Some very dramatic, horrible, painful things happen. Is Delynn saying that the realities of oppression and tragedy are simply too overwhelming, and that we might as well paint-by-number as work for change? It could be.

Just the book to shore up a cynic's escaping faith.

Some Do could also be a plea for women to struggle just a little bit harder to understand and help each other get to a strong place. When the tragedy hits that marks the beginning of the end, the women in *Some Do* are clearly not as united and feeling ok about each other and themselves as they could be.

What is this woman trying to tell us? I can barely wait for Delynn's next novel.

--Alice Wonder

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15	16 PORK & THE HAVANA DUCKS	17 TO BE ANNOUNCED	18 MESA	19 TO BE ANNOUNCED
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Bloomington to assign new MEG agent



MEG agent Don Meyer, first pictured in last month's Post-Amerikan, has retired from the undercover narc force. After less than a year undercover, Meyer returned to regular patrol duties with the Bloomington police.

No replacement has yet been named, according to Bloomington's acting police chief, Louis DeVault.

As its contribution to the inter-governmental narc squad, Bloomington assigns one police officer to work full-time with MEG.

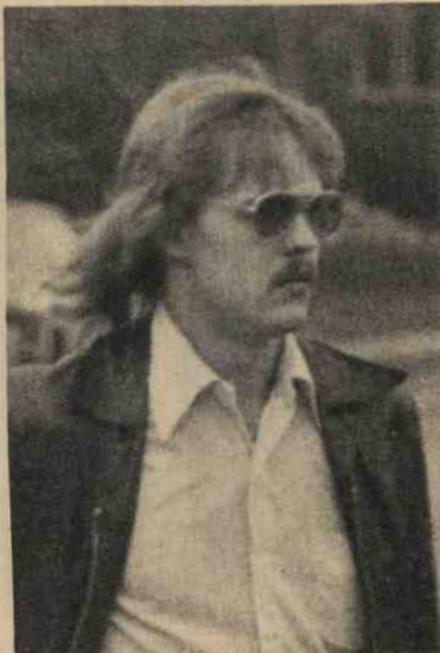
Officer Bobby Friga ended his two-year stint with MEG very shortly after his photo first appeared in the Post-Amerikan at the end of May 1978.

But Acting Chief DeVault said publication of agent Meyer's photo was not connected with his retirement from MEG.

Meyer had given notice of his intention to return to regular patrol duty before the Post photo was published, according to DeVault.

When Chief Harold Bosshardt returns from sick leave (around the beginning of May), he will appoint the new MEG agent from the Bloomington force, DeVault told the Post-Amerikan. ●

Another unidentified MEG agent



Help identify this man

Who is this guy? Whoever he is, you probably don't want him close to you. He was seen driving a known MEG vehicle, and has been seen entering and leaving the office building where MEG's secret headquarters is located. (That secret headquarters is room 204 of the Howard Building in Peoria, 600 Abingdon.)

If you have any more information on this fellow call the Post-Amerikan (309) 828-7232.

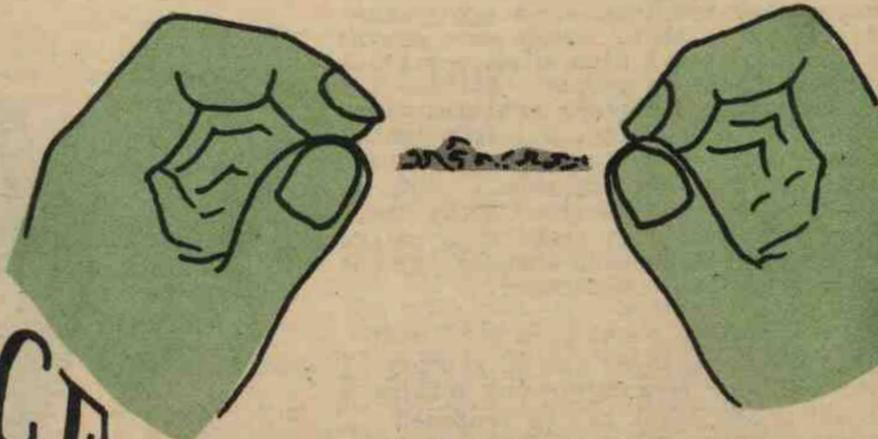
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Men's Festival: Sensitive? Exclusive? Inoperative?

Post Note: The following article gives one male observer's responses to and criticisms of the First Men's Festival held at the YMCA on the Urbana campus of the University of Illinois, April 6-8.

As a reasonable and calm journalist, I realize that I have a responsibility to report newsworthy events to the public. However, I know that I really shouldn't be writing this crap down. First, I'll probably be sued for a lot of money that I don't have by fifteen or so hip-liberal lawyer types for defamation of character. Second, and most important, I'll just get depressed. But I'm prepared with two six-packs of Black Label and some highly illegal and dangerous drugs if things get bad. So let's get this trip started. . . .

The conference, oops, I mean festival idea came about last fall with fifteen or so Bohos having the ridiculous notion that men could get together and talk about something other than sports and women. Well, they were half right. I must admit that throughout the planning sessions (I think that I made two meetings out of about thirty, but it may have been three) I heard little about sports. And a lot about women. I mean women in particular, not in general.

So the whole idea materialized into a spring "happening" of sorts. The program was loosely planned with everything beginning fashionably off-time. It was simply too male for anything to begin within an hour of the scheduled time, and only then if it seemed spontaneous. Scheduled spontaneity really downs me out.

Anyway, when things would begin to get off the ground, one of the leading "non-leaders" would make some asinine remark about how male it was to call the thing together, how he really didn't want to do it, and how he was now doing it. Late timing, disclaimers, then organization. Jesus, I'd just as soon skip the first two stages, but I was just a member of the press and accordingly only half-there even when I was there.

So the workshops did eventually happen with everyone getting excited about the personal "Me Decade" playshops and actively avoiding any political gatherings. I even remember one participant describing things like rape, reproductive freedom, and gay rights as "political rhetoric."

Of course "numbers don't lie" and I recall maybe four men showing up for the workshop on rape and almost as many attended the one on reproductive freedom. I overheard one excuse for this situation that explains it all: "But I am concerned about rape and reproductive freedom, I just had a scheduling conflict and just couldn't miss the afternoon playshop on 'Masturbation and Me'." (The above workshop was entirely fabricated by the author.)

And the women. Someone (one of the clown workshop people I believe, a good bunch) commented that he didn't understand how this was a men's festival. Me either. Women were around a lot and also I didn't see any blacks or working-class people. Still...I suppose that something entitled "The First Illinois White, Straight, Middle Class, Men's/Women's Festival" would not have much drawing power. And everyone was so concerned about "exclusivity." Mussolini could have walked in the joint and been embraced by one of the leading non-leaders.

Saturday was a bust. I'm sure that most people enjoyed the workshops. I was too busy running around writing a counter-statement to the proposed "Affirmation of Humane Manhood" to notice. After about 23 trips in and out of the building, and consultation with friends, I finally collapsed into a rumpled heap in the "no smoking" section with a cup of "MO's 24" and two packs of Kools.



Kristin Lems (and Tim Vear) did a gig in front of thirty or forty derelicts who were trying to understand the meaning of the words, but everybody was very polite and attentive. Bless her sweet soul. But when she started singing about the "Hammer of Justice," I started to hallucinate on a giant hammer coming through the ceiling. I almost lost control which would have been disastrous since one of my friends was stone-drunk on gin and tonic and god knows what else and needed to be kept under raps.

At 7:30 we were supposed to discuss the proposed statement and by 8:20 it became clear that nothing was going to come down. After Kristin finished, everyone sort of milled around the lounge looking sensitive and finally one of the leading non-leaders raised the question as to whether we should now discuss the statement. At the time I was pre-occupied with something I'd rather not talk about. However, the leading non-leader failed to realize the danger of the situation when he asked if everyone was ready. JB jumped up, pounded his fist, and shouted: "We're ready NOW!"

That outburst caused some freaked-out stares and seemed to scare everybody, so it was "decided" that maybe we should wait until tomorrow. Which was fine with me since my primary interest was to get back to the party at my house and forget the whole thing. Some of us strategized for awhile, and then I went home, enjoyed the set, and asked a friend (unsuccessfully) to bed. Not a good day.

Sunday was worse. I suppose that people found the workshops satisfying. The clown gathering was extremely successful and entertaining. However, "Is There Life After Divorce" seemed frustrating, and people weren't sure. I missed the gay-straight dialogue which is just as well since I probably would have run amok and bitten some poor homophobe on the leg.



But the highlight of the day was to come at 5:00 with an evaluation session. The meeting finally got underway right on time some fifty minutes late. About twenty of us sat around the lounge spilling coffee and searching for places to stomp out cigarettes in the "no smoking" section. One woman was present. I sat in the corner scribbling notes on napkins, looking as mean as possible. My hangover helped keep the edge off reality.

Of my friends, Scott looked disheveled as usual, Terry looked bored, and JB looked as if the Grim Reaper was just around the corner. Everyone else looked as if they had been doing downers non-stop for three weeks.

The first order of business was to decide whether we were going to evaluate first or deal with the proposed statement. After about twenty minutes of everybody saying how he/she "FELT," I was ready to start gnawing on the table. If I had heard one more super-sensitive use of that psychobabble, I would have gone over the edge. Fortunately, the conversation shifted to something about how everyone had enjoyed the workshops and appreciated the "men only" concept for some of them. The only idiocy came when someone coyly suggested that a few workshops, namely "Pornography," should be held only if women were also present. I ignored the remark and kept writing.

Then we got into the personal/political debate and a few people left. The consensus seemed to be that the weekend had been important, that political crazies would be tolerated, and that no one had enough energy to fart let alone coordinate a state-wide newsletter.

That's when the trouble began. A few of us had decided that the proposed statement was, well, lacking in substance. As one participant declared: "It's mushy." Most of it was devoted to the bogus notion of how men are "victims" of this society on par with women. Nothing about how women are victimized by men.

We drew up a response to the statement and added some specific declarations. My position was that if a statement was to come out of this whole dismal affair, at least it should have some punch so that people would at least think something important had happened. Our suggestions were nothing really radical--just positions on the ERA, gay rights, rights of lesbians mothers and so forth. But it seemed as if we had just asked the American Legion to adopt the Communist Manifesto. Nobody got overtly hostile or anything, but there were definite undertones of mass hysteria.

Again, "exclusivity" was the big point. The argument seemed to be that certain issues and phrases would cause certain male individuals to have certain bowel movements. Someone even suggested that if Bishop O'Rourke wanted to attend the festival, we should welcome him and not make any statements that might cause him to think. One confidential source whispered to me that if O'Rourke tried to attend, the good bishop would immediately be killed.

Then things really fell apart. Somehow everything was avoided and another meeting was scheduled to prepare a statement for the press. Someone picked up the coffee cups, and I wandered out into the street. Later, a few of us got together and discussed accountability, vigilance, and guns. I drank as much beer as possible and went home.

I was right; I'm depressed. ●

A person is a person

Fairchild Hall Lounge was the scene Wednesday night of the age-old battle between the good guys and the bad guys or so it seemed most of the time. In this case the good guys were represented by 30 members of the gay community, and the bad guys were represented by 6 professional therapists. The tension in the room started, for me at least, the minute the panel introduced themselves.

The panel consisted of Laurie Bergner, a Ph.D. in clinical psychology; Ray Bergner, a Ph.D. in clinical psychology; Mike Baum, a Ph.D. in clinical psychology; Tara Tockstein, an M.S. in counseling; and Luma Nichol, an M.S. in counseling. Not only have those 6 people been in school longer than I have been alive, but also, as one who almost has sort of a degree in English, I felt inhibited, inadequate, and very much out-classed from that point on.

In her opening statements, Laurie expressed what became the prevailing panel opinion. "I don't think of them as gay people or straight people. I just think of them as people." She does not think of gayness as something to be changed in a person. And while she did admit that there are some problems peculiar to gay people, for the most part friendships, love relationships, problems with parents, etc. are common to all people simply because they are people.

Ray added that only once in ten years had he had a gay client who wanted to change. His other gay clients had problems, but never was their gayness the issue. Tara felt much the same way. "I had a lot of problems to overcome at first," she admitted. She comes from rural Southern Illinois and had many prejudices and stereotypes about gay people at first, which she says she has struggled to overcome. She now treats gay clients regularly.

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Lynn feels that she is in the profession to help people know themselves and learn to enjoy themselves, regardless of their orientation. Mike commented that he had never seen anyone who wanted to change anything but the consequences of being gay, and added that those consequences are for the most part societal. Luma pointed out that the very therapy skills which are designed to help people are all too often used against people when the clients in question happen to be either women or gay or both.

The first question put to the panel was addressed to Ray: What did you do about the man who wanted not to be gay? Ray explained that the client was bisexual, married, and totally unaccepting of his gayness. The man's wife was pregnant, and he felt he could not be a proper father or a good model for his child unless he were straight. He refused Ray's attempts to try to understand and accept his gayness. The alternative offered to him, which he accepted,

was aversion therapy. Aversion therapy is a behaviorist technique in which a man is hurt (usually by electric shocks to his genitals) whenever he is aroused by a picture of a male. The result of 4 or 5 sessions was that the man lost his gay tendencies, although it is doubtful that it was more than a temporary loss.

The rest of the panel, and probably everyone else in the room, seemed to be rather shocked and appalled at the very idea of aversion therapy. Mike commented that it was like "trying to quit smoking by cutting off a finger every time you light up." Lynn, while admitting that aversion will work, at least temporarily, seemed to voice the opinion of the panel by saying that it is "a devastating price to pay for change."

Although never quite asked, the next question put to the panel seemed to be: "How do I find a good therapist, and once I've found her/him, how do I really know if she/he is good?" It was very refreshing to hear these professionals talk about shopping for a counselor. Some of the built-in mystique of the professional therapist seemed to vanish before my eyes.

Tara admitted that there were certain people in her agency who will not work with gay clients. It is bad that they feel this way, she said, but it is better that they are up-front about it than hiding it and running the possibility of becoming detrimental to a gay client's well-being. Lynn said that one good way to choose a counselor is to listen to other people who have sought out counseling. "You are your own best resource," she told the group. Although her agency has an informal method of matching client to counselor, she said that a client should always request a certain kind of person, and that if the client-

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counselor relationship doesn't work out the client should have no qualms about asking the counselor for a referral. You are buying a service, she said, and if you are not satisfied with the service you are getting, you have every right to shop around for another product.

Mike added that he felt the people most blatant in their dislike of gays were in some ways the easiest to deal with, because one immediately knows where they stand. The hard ones are the ones who will pay you lip service, and then in the course of your sessions together will try to steer you away from your gayness. The panel agreed. It's the ones who stand up and say that they are very happy that you are gay, that they envy your lifestyle, and that "they would be gay if they could" that are the most dangerous, said Tara.

What about confrontation within their agencies with anti-gay members? Mike said that there is feedback from clients sometime, and that there is occasional peer pressure. We try to police ourselves, said Lynn, but we can't know all that is going on unless you tell us. Luma maintained that self policing does not work. Because of the passive and isolated position of women and gays, and because sexist and heterosexist attitudes are prevalent and are considered the norm, that it is in the agency's own best interest to keep the attitudes from changing. Since men and heterosexuals have the power and the very act of policing undermines that power, the agencies are not going to look hard for ways to distribute that power to women and gays.

But why is this tolerated? the audience wanted to know. What could you people do about it? Very little, seemed to be the consensus. Tara summed up: "I have responsibilities in my agency, but I have no power. I can complain, both personally and professionally, and I have. But nothing gets done."

But isn't there some way to educate the anti-gays on your staff? Mike said that there were gay psychologists' organizations within the profession who took it on themselves to educate the counseling community. But as for learning about gay people in course work, he said he had to go out of his way in school, into the sociology department, to get training for any kind of sexuality. He mentioned that now there are some books on gayness, but the method of learning he found most beneficial was experience. Luma agreed that gays were not mentioned in courses. "And not once in my 6 years of school did an instructor ever assume that there were anything but heterosexuals in the class."

How easy is it for a counselor on your staff to be openly gay? The question

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was loaded, although the panel did not seem to realize that. Lynn felt that the question really was, does an agency tolerate diversity in general, and added that she felt that hers does. Mike agreed that an openly gay person would be accepted in their agency. The rest of the panel concurred. At that point the audience, which seemed at times like this to be stacked with past, present, and future counselors and social workers, pointed out that the heterosexist biases of community agencies were too great to provide a comfortable setting for an up-front gay. It seemed as though the two groups were talking about completely different agencies. The ranks began to close.

Can a heterosexual counselor deal with gay feelings? Mike was the first to respond. "I have yet to see an issue between a gay couple that is not emotionally the same as a straight couple," he said. He said he couldn't give gay advice or straight advice, both because he didn't know what that meant and because it was not his job as a counselor to give advice, period.



"And God Bless Uncle Harry and His Roommate Jack, Who We're Not Supposed to Talk About."

Issues of power, anger, abandonment, not getting what you want and not knowing how to ask for it are the same regardless of sexual orientation of the client.

Ray warned against going to a gay counselor simply because she/he is gay. You don't go to a therapist who is going through divorce proceedings for marriage counseling, he said. So if you are going to go to a gay therapist, make sure you choose one who has already worked through her/his gayness and feels comfortable about it.

But there are differences, Luma insisted, and you never know where those are going to be manifested. Lynn commented that the societal pressures are so much heavier on gay people. Laurie admitted having mixed feelings. "I really don't know if a gay person should go to a gay or a straight counselor, or if it makes any difference. I know that issues gain more relevance as I experience them, and I know that

some clients can describe their situation well enough for me to pick up. I know that I have counselled gay people, and I know that I have helped them. But whether or not I could have helped them more if I had been gay, I just don't know."

Some empathy is drawn from personal experience, said Mike, and it may be true that a gay counselor could get a gay client where she/he wanted to go more quickly than a straight counselor could. Lynn agreed, but with a measure of caution. It's true that we can hear quicker from someone who's had the same experience, but the danger lies in the therapist's jumping to conclusions. "Just because you have been down the path before, and you have passed signpost A and signpost B and you know the next step is signpost C, you cannot assume that the next step for your client is also signpost C." By doing that you run the risk of pushing a client in a direction she/he may not actually be heading.

But the basic issue is still a difference in personal power, came a voice from the audience, and you have an investment in maintaining the status quo. "I try very hard not to be racist but I know that I am still racist. And although you may try very hard not to be sexist or heterosexist, you still are, even if it has been internalized and is unconscious." But there is more to therapy than empathy, Ray countered. Help in problem solving does not depend on the sex or sexuality of the therapist. The battle lines were forming.

"Gay people are not like everyone else!" countered a male voice. "You do not have to be afraid of losing your job, your housing, your parents, your friends, or children. We do. There is no way you can understand that." The panel discussed that point, with virtually nothing new being said. One could almost see a wall building between the panel and the audience. For every volume of Jung or Piaget that they used to construct the wall on their side, the audience would counter with a Jill Johnston or a Rita Mae Brown on theirs.

Most of the problems that are presented to a therapist come out of humanness, Mike told the group. And, as a therapist, the best method we have to help a client with her/his problems is our humanness. But even life issues are different due to gayness, said a member of the audience. Another agreed. "And I hear all of you responding with it's all right, when it's not all right!"

Laurie took up the challenge. "I recognize the inter-relationship between the personal and the political," she said. "But I don't think that it is necessary, no, let me make that stronger. It is not necessary to have lived through it (a problem) in order to help a person out of it."



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is a person (cont.)

Luma entered the discussion. "It's not just the fact that we're oppressed," she said. "But the choice to be gay does show underlying dissimilarities." She gave the example that because the lesbian choice partly involves anger and dislike and distrust of men, a man cannot adequately counsel a lesbian. Mike tried to say that the anger he has felt from his female clients, he had to remember, was not directed at him as a person. Luma said that she felt that the anger was directed at him, and that as a man he was responsible for that anger.

The discussion that followed that issue was less than friendly at times, and occasionally bordered on hostility. "But wouldn't you agree," said a member of the audience, "all things being equal, that it would be best for a black client to see a black therapist, a woman to see a woman, and a gay person to see a gay counselor?" "All things being equal?" Ray answered. "Yes." The rest of the panel nodded in agreement. Immediately the tension in the room eased, and the wall started to crumble.

After this point the discussion was friendlier. People in the audience got in touch with their feelings and explained their anger and their complaints about straight therapists. The therapists acknowledged that they and their colleagues needed to know more about gay people and expressed some interest in increasing their knowledge. Nothing was decided, but both sides seemed to have a better understanding of their differences. ●

--Deborah Wiatt
with Phoebe
Caulifield

POETRY

Note: Last month we printed the wrong P.O. box number for poetry. We did get some poems, even though they had the incorrect address. The correct address is Post Amerikan, Box 3452, Bloomington IL 61701.

Poets, here is your chance. Keep the poems coming; all poetry is welcome--protest poems, revolutionary poems, gay poems, poem poems, poems of light and dark, birth and death, poems of sadness, poems of joy, poems of life and freedom, poems of everything in the world. Send your poems.

Whodunnit?

Who's to blame,
For the way things are,
For the hungry kids,
and the battles that scar?

And whose fault is it,
That we don't get along,
With countries WE say
are living all wrong?

And we spend billions,
But stay in the red.
And we go to the moon,
but our poor can't be fed.

And I want to know,
Who takes the blame,
for the guy who goes crazy
and can't play the game?

If there is someone,
Let him be known.
But I'm sure he finds comfort
that he's not alone.

Rob

The Shower

Water shoots out
and
down
and we begin to wash away
the effort of today.

The cleansing liquid
refuses to bead up.

As the suds caress us,
we move closer
toward being one.

As we wash long arms
long legs
(and between my thighs),

you lick my parts
with a thousand prickly tongues.

slippery wet hot
I swallow you.

We fuse
inside and out
.....we are now one.

The sudsy foam disappears
flowing off
and melting into the tile.

Turning off the faucet,
standing still
I feel our moistness.

I smile when I think
we shall merge again tomorrow.

As I wipe off the last remains
of your touch,

I watch you leave me....
slithering, lizardlike, down

the
clogged
drain.

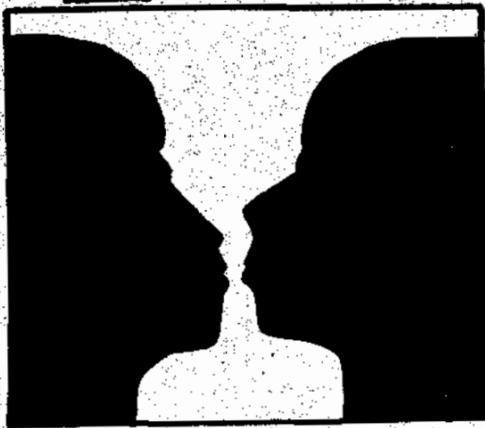
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A concert without Contradictions

At the Bloomington Consistory (of all places) on April 10, about 300 people were treated to a virtuoso performance by Holly Near--a premiere figure in women's music--and by J.T. Thomas--piano accompanist extraordinaire. The total unity of the concert in every aspect was awe-inspiring and provided me with a vision of post American culture I thought possible only in a dream. For once, a concert without contradictions....

As I passed through the Consistory doors I soon realized this was no ordinary concert. First of all, there was no claustrophobic box office to peer into. Instead I encountered the beflowered members of the all-women production crew, asking a very modest price for my ticket and then ushering me to the mezzanine, where, lo and behold, a child care facility and public information booths were surrounded with fellow workers. The sponsors of the concert--the members of the Small Changes Bookstore and Just Your Basic Vegetarian Restaurant collectives--were gadflying about, electric with anticipation along with the concert goers.

As the lights dimmed, I chuckled at the irony: the lights fading on the Consistory stage, where the Passion Play is annually presented, and then miraculously coming up on Near and Thomas, the real players of passion.

Near's opening number was "Mountain Song/Kentucky Woman," an a cappella heralding of defiant women who stand their ground against strip mining companies that would sooner strip people's rights, health, and dignity than mine coal.

This song also set the tone for the concert: uncompromising strength touched with sensitivity.

Before Near and Thomas continued, Near introduced the theme for the evening: her songs recounted her awakenings from the Vietnam debacle to her ultimate identification with lesbian/feminist politics. In the songs that followed, Near and Thomas animated similar awakenings in many a concert goer.

Part of the aura of Near's music is that the people and events she sings about are believable and have a

meaning beyond the concerns of the usual AM song, which, as Near put it, include boy meets girl, let's break up, let's dance.

Here's a sampling of the evenings songs:

In "Lady at the Piano," Near told a tale of a stifled piano maid playing in a sleazy cocktail lounge. Whenever she drifted according to her own artistic inclinations, the noisy bartender exhorted her to get back to the cliched songs. Then one proverbial night, a different audience showed up, listened, and actually identified with her artistic cravings. To the triumphant arpeggios of Thomas, Near sang this resolution:

Well, the lady is still at the piano
but the clientele has changed.
You don't see the noisy hustlers
coming after game.
The bartender's name is Sophie
and the bouncer's name is Jane
And the lady, the lady at the piano
will never be the same.

Another standout was "Hay Una Mujer Desparecida (There Is a Woman Missing in Chile)." For this number Near and Thomas were joined by Miss Saffman's Ladies' Choir from Champaign. The minor intonations implored justice for those fallen in the abyss of the Chilean fascists. The roll call of missing women was truly haunting.

On the domestic front, Near chanted "Fight Back," a rally song that confronts the fear and outrage of rape and domestic violence with a simple but effective countermeasure: fighting back.

THE MOUNTAIN-MOVING DAY IS COMING
I SAY SO, YET OTHERS DOUBT
ONLY A WHILE THE MOUNTAIN SLEEPS
IN THE PAST
ALL MOUNTAINS MOVED IN FIRE
YET YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE IT
OH MAN, THIS ALONE BELIEVE,
ALL SLEEPING WOMEN NOW AWAKE
AND MOVE.
-YOSANO AKIKO
1878-1942

Near also sang "Riverboat," an allegory of sorts for those like Near who are tempted with stardom ("glimmering water") but who also see the true nature of such temptations ("mud below the water"). In addition to her own compositions Near also performed songs of other prominent women songwriters, such as the Chris Williamson classic "Waterfall."

J.T. Thomas took the center stage on two occasions. Showing off her eclectic talents, she played an original ragtime tune and "Reba the Amoeba." "Reba" was a humorous "pseudopodious" walk with an infatuated Thomas and her woman biology teacher.



I don't think I can conjure up enough superlatives to describe Near's poise and musicianship throughout the show. She has mastered the art of relaxing and moving an audience. She used her vocal control and dynamic range very effectively. And, of course, as a lyricist, Near is very poignant.

Between songs Near related many personal anecdotes about the revelations that transformed her life, and she presented the stories in a way that made the audience feel like it was an equal partner in those revelations.

One of those anecdotes was really a portal on her life and it goes something like this: While touring in the Philippines with a counter USO group for Vietnam GIs against the war, a Filipino reporter asked Near how appearing with the likes of Jane Fonda will affect her career. What the reporter was referring to was Near's earlier appearances in American grade B movies, just then circulating in the Philippines. Near lamented such sordid cultural ripoffs at home and abroad, and now touts her new role--not a "singer" but rather a cultural worker operating in and building an alternative network.

As I left the concert hall the evening made so much sense. Here local women and the concert sponsors tapped local energies and resources of our local alternative network and connected with an at-large alternative. This network not only includes Near but also Roadwork (the road concert production crew), the Redwood recording collective (recorders of Near's albums), and all the people who have touched Holly and J.T.'s lives.

The Near/Thomas concert brought home that there is a culture in our land that cannot be coopted and that we can actively participate in. At last, a concert without contradictions.

-Gumas

WITESSE

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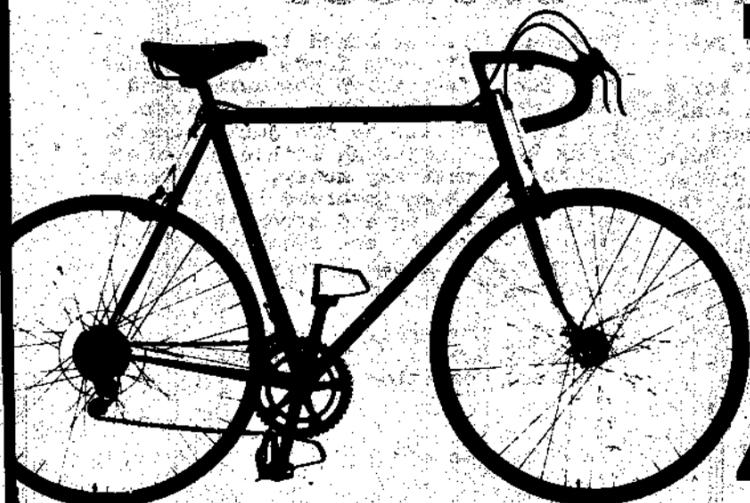
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Hang in there

Encouragement, inspiration, and appreciation were my main responses to the workshop, "An Informal Conversation with Holly Near," which ISU's Student Association for Women sponsored on April 10.

Holly Near opened the workshop with a short, personal rap explaining that during some tours she has a very specific idea about what she wants to talk about in her workshops. She told us that she tends to grow politically and personally in bursts of heightened awareness about and intense involvement in specific issues, like the war in Indochina. These are followed by plateaus where she integrates what she's learned with what she already knows.

Since Holly didn't have a topic she especially wanted to talk about, she asked all of us to write down how we were feeling. We put all the statements in a pile, picked out somebody else's and read it. From that, Holly got some ideas of what people wanted to talk about and started a discussion about feminist performers and audiences.

At first there were about fifteen of us, all women, arranged in an untidy circle, sitting mostly on the floor in one of the lounges at ISU's Union. By the end of the discussion almost two hours later, our number had grown to about forty, including at least one man.

I appreciated how expertly Holly set the tone for our conversation. By getting all of us to talk a little about our feelings in the very beginning, by arranging us in a circle on the floor, and by picking as a first topic something to get us all thinking about her role and our roles, she accomplished an immense amount in a short time toward making the interaction as equal and productive as possible.

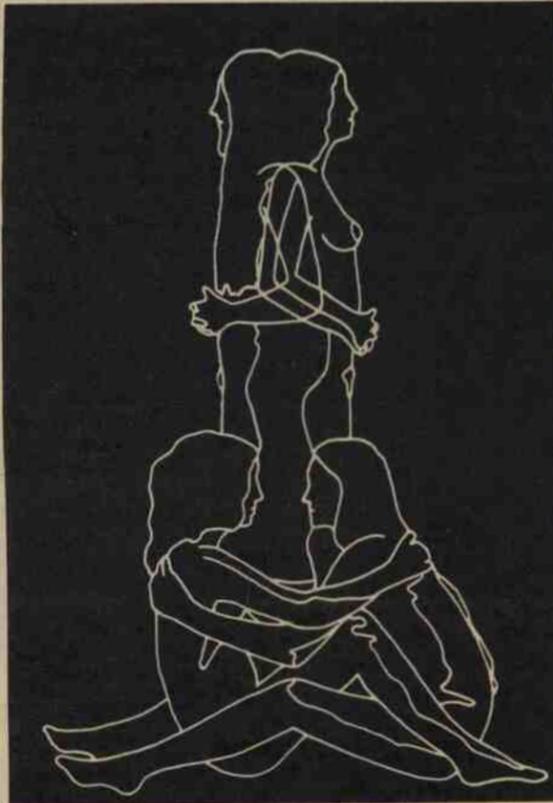
One of the first things Holly talked about was the problems and destructive dynamics of mainstream rock concerts, with all their barriers between "stars" and their audiences. One of these, Holly mentioned, is the protection that keeps people away from the stage before, during, and after the concert.

And the more distant a star is, the harder people will fight to get close to him or her (usually him). This contributes to the performer getting panicky about privacy and withdrawing even further, which makes him or her more inaccessible and therefore a bigger star.

(It's a perfect example of capitalist economics-- the rarer something is, the more valuable.)

So, Holly said, "to make somebody a really big star, you make them unavailable."

We moved into talking about the unique, new experiences and problems of feminist musicians who are working through alternative networks in order to create, among other things, new relationships between performers and audiences.



As a lesbian struggling for change, I felt incredibly good about talking with a woman who has a devastatingly realistic view about the way things are and yet is strong and happy in her commitment to her cultural work. I think we live in a very alienating and isolating society, and there are special pains for those of us working for change, just as there are special pains for housebound people, single people, etc.

One of the things Holly mentioned was how tricky it is to deal with "image." At the workshop and in concert, Holly comes across as relaxed, confident, poised, personal, "natural."

But, she says, "There's nothing natural about being out on stage being a performer." There are all kinds of control, artistic decision-making, and nervousness about people looking to her for "the answer" that consciously goes into how she presents herself on stage. "If I just went out there and really acted natural, I'd be boring," Holly said.

Another subject was women musicians' needs for role models and teachers. And part of the reason we have so few of them is that in this system anything that people want, business will eventually try to coopt. What I mean by this is that some corporation, once it's recognized something as marketable, will buy it, repackage it, and sell it for a profit.

We can only make deals with mainstream industries at a price. The price is agreeing to work within their structures, giving up control over things like whether or not and how much to keep people away from performers.

And this is where I felt especially encouraged and inspired, amazingly enough. From Holly's chilling statement that "It may be that everything we ever do will be made pretty and sold," she got onto the topic of how and why she hangs in there. One thing she said is that she recognizes that being a singer is political, in that it can affect people's lives. Holly is passionately committed to her art, and so she says that since she'll sing no matter what, she might as well be conscious about the messages she's delivering.

Holly's visit to Bloomington-Normal was, for me, both unsettling and uplifting. Holly and J.T.'s promo for release to the straight press says that a Near/Thomas concert is a full course meal, and that people should come hungry. Some of what I realized is that I did come hungry, looking for support and validation that are really hard to get in my day-to-day life.

The uplifting part is that I got them.

--Alice Wonder



P.S. Holly relies a lot on the women whose cities she visits for the support and feedback that many of us get by living in one community. I imagine she would appreciate getting reactions to the workshop from the people who were there. You can write her care of: Redwood Records
P.O. Box 40400
San Francisco
California 94140

P.P.S. Thanks much to the SAW women.

Near/Thomas concert a success

Well, the Holly Near/J. T. Thomas concert happened April 10th, to the joy of its sponsors, the folks from the Just Your Basic Vegetarian Restaurant and the womyn from Small Changes Bookstore.

In so many ways the concert was a great success. The performers were inspiring and moving (see accompanying article), as was the audience. It was great to see all you womyn, men, lesbians, gay men, and long-hairs, smiling and cheering, and crying and growing--all this in Bloomington-Normal no less!

Thanks all of you for coming and for being so supportive and appreciative.

One of the many miracles of the evening was that the concert ran so smoothly. This is quite a feat for a dozen or more people working in coalition for the first time to produce their first-ever major concert. Much of this success was due to the diligence and careful planning of all the co-ordinators. Good work and thanks! Rozanne, Jane, Maggie, Ruth, Debbie, Andrea, Luma, Susan, Cathy, Denny, Jack, and Tom. Much of the success was due also to all the people who so generously donated their energies to the concert. Special thanks go to Rich for doing childcare and Mary Jane for helping with the sound system, and all the numerous womyn who were on the ticket, security, and vending crews.

Originally we had hoped the concert would generate some funds for the Just Your Basic Vegetarian Restaurant and Small Changes Bookstore collectives. Now it looks like we are just going to break even. Although it's disappointing not to make any money, it's wonderful to have been involved in an event which is building and strengthening a base of womyn who are committed to struggle and change throughout the country.

In Joyful Struggle,
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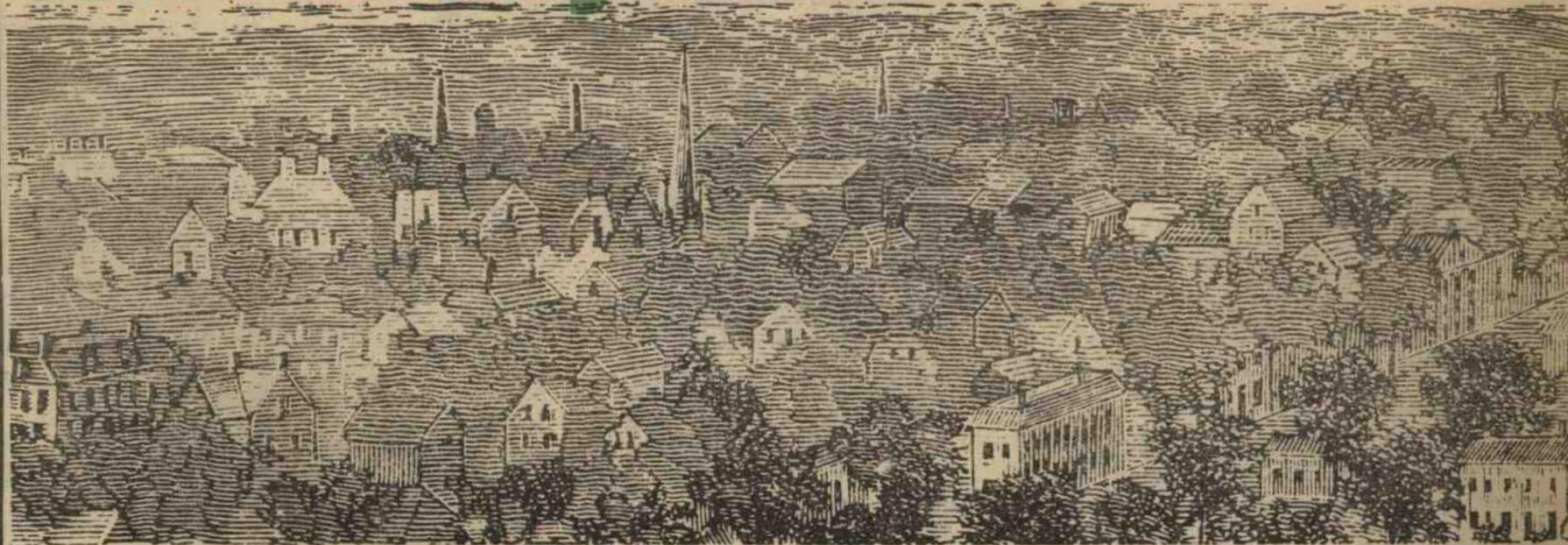
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