

Eastern Illinois University

## The Keep

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The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

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11-1979

### Volume 8, Number 6

Post Amerikan

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BLOOMINGTON—NORMAL

25¢

# POST AMERIKAN

Nov. 1979  
Vol. 8 no. 6



# WANTED

**Violations:** Conspiracy to commit fun; criminal perversion of bourgeois standards of taste; intent to subvert Puritan Law 7312 see pages 4-6

## William Charles Paper

**aliases:** TP, Wall St. Confetti, "The Wipe"

**age:** 203

**ht.:** 4in.

**wt.:** 6.5oz.

**build:** variable

**hair:** seldom

**eyes:** two

**complexion:** squeezably soft

**race:** Montezuma Marathon

CAUTION: W. C. Paper is armed and legged, and should be handled with extreme care. Known to associate with dastardly, fun-seeking teenagers, johns, and other low lifes.

ADDRESS CORRECTION  
REQUESTED  
BULK RATE  
U.S. POSTAGE PAID  
PERMIT NO. 168  
BLOOMINGTON, IL  
61701

# ABOUT US

The Post-American is a worker-controlled collective that puts out this paper. If you'd like to help, give us a call and leave your name with our wonderful answering machine. Then we'll call you back and give you the rap about the Post. You start work at nothing per hour and stay there. Everyone is paid the same. Ego gratification and good karma are the fringe benefits.

Decisions are made collectively by staff members at our regular meetings. All workers have an equal voice. The Post has no editor or hierarchical structure, so quit calling up and asking who's in charge. Ain't nobody 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 deadline this issue is Dec. 3.

If you'd like to work on the Post and/or come to meetings, call us at

828-7232. You can also reach folks at 828-6885.

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 PO 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 on our letters page.

## GOOD NUMBERS

Alcoholics Anonymous--828-5049  
American Civil Liberties Union--452-3634  
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) 452-5852  
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  
Prairie Alliance--452-8492  
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

Eastgate IGA, at parking lot exit  
Medusa's Adult World, 420 N. Madison  
The Back Porch, 402 1/2 N. Main SW corner, Front & Main  
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  
Wash House, 609 N. Clinton  
Pat's Billiard Supply, 801 W. Market  
Common Ground, 516 N. Main  
Man-Ding-Go's, 312 S. Lee  
Mel-O-Cream Doughnuts, 901 N. Main  
Mr. Donut, 1310 E. Empire  
Doug's Motorcycle, 809 S. Morris  
K-Mart, at parking lot exit  
Small Changes Bookstore, 409A N. Main  
Lay-Z-J Saloon, 1401 W. Market  
Pantagraph Building (in front)  
NE corner, Main & Washington

### NORMAL

Triple Treat, 1528 E. College  
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  
W.W. Bakeshop, 602 Kingsley  
Cage, ISU University Union  
Midstate Truck Plaza, Route 51 north  
Upper Cut, 318 Kingsley  
Old Main Book Store, 207 S. Main

### OUTTA TOWN

Galesburg: Under the Sun, 427 E. Main  
Monmouth: Head's Up 123 W. First  
Peoria: Sound Warehouse, 3217 N. Univ.  
Springfield: King Harvest Food Co-op  
1131 S. Grand Ave East  
Urbana: Horizon Bkstre, 517 S. Goodwin

## Will Post become invisible?

Help Wanted: True revolutionaries to financially support your local alternative newspaper. Purpose being continued publication of alternative news in our community.

How can you answer this irresistible ad? By supporting your alternative newspaper--the Post-American!--and by attending the 2nd Post-American Benefit.

Yes, we're appealing again to you, the reader, to become involved in the operation of your community newspaper.

Our first benefit was very successful, but as we know, money lasts about as long as the clean air we breathe. Also, the high cost of printing and dealing with our debtors who won't pay for their ads, sure puts a crunch on the cash flow. Winter is also opposed to us, and we all know what the price of oil to heat our office is going to be.

So here's our second appeal: Help! Help!

Tuesday, November 27, will be the date for the P-A benefit. Our benefit will take place at the Lay-Z-J Saloon, 1401 W. Market. There will be a \$1.50 cover (donation) for the benefit.

We are excited to present an enjoyable band: "Lazy Lightning." Lazy Lightning was formed in Bloomington/Normal in June 1979. The band consists of five musicians: James Via, guitar and vocals, Jon Weger, lead guitar and vocals,

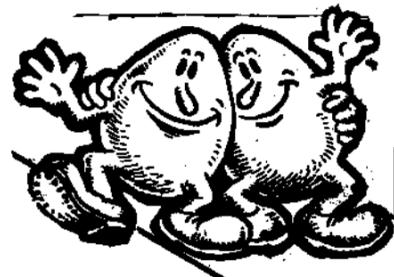
Janet Crebo, bass and vocals, Dave Crebo, keyboards and vocals, and Ron Flack, drums. The band's music is a combination of influences from the 60's, The Grateful Dead, and new material by The Cars, Blondie, Talking Heads and others.

This benefit will be a special preview of the band in our area. I believe you will be in for an enjoyable surprise. Preceding "Lazy Lightning," the P-A staff and supporters have decided to expose our own talents and provide a little entertainment of our own. So for the first set we have organized our own program. We as a group and individually will present a wide variety of talent. As the paper goes to press, we are still in the process of organizing our program. Right now we have: four acoustic folksingers, a saxophone player, a trombone player, a trumpet player, some harmonica players and maybe some spoons and knives and forks players. Who knows, by the time of the benefit, we might have an original boa constrictor washer and waxer. Pretty slick, huh?

So, needless to say, this will be another exciting evening of entertainment, and you will also be financially helping our local alternative newspaper, the Post-American. Become involved: we do need your help.

Now, there's our answer how to respond to this interesting revolutionary ad! It gives you a chance to participate in the Post-American. Everyone's welcome, so see ya there.●

--Michael



## Womyn's potluck

Sunday, November 18, at 4 p.m. For location, call Small Changes 829-6223.

# Cop punches pregnant woman

## --causes miscarriage

Tazewell County resident Mary Brown was three months pregnant July 16 when a Pekin cop named Cominsky spun her around, punched her in the stomach, and knocked her to the ground.

She had been doing nothing more criminal than walking down the street with her husband Ed when police began grabbing him without warning or explanation, she told the Post-Amerikan. Mary got knocked down when she began moving toward Ed. When Ed saw Mary knocked to the ground, police choked him and kept him from going to her aid. "He didn't start fighting them until then," Mary said.

The police were so busy beating up Ed Brown that they forgot about Mary, who started walking to the hospital on her own. Officer Cominsky arrived at the hospital later, to give Mary Brown a summons for resisting arrest.

The next day, after Mary's doctor warned that her bruises might mean the loss of her child, she filed a complaint against officer Cominsky.

Mary lost the baby six days later.

\*\*\*\*\*

As the Post-Amerikan goes to press, Mary still faces a charge of resisting arrest, even though a polygraph test backed up her contention that she never resisted. She doesn't know if anything ever happened to the cop who killed her baby. And her husband, who had served two years of his probation without any trouble, is now in the penitentiary, his probation revoked for fighting back against the police that night.

\*\*\*\*\*

The police have been lying all along, Mary said. They lied in their reports, and lied in the hearing which revoked her husband's probation.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mary said she and Ed were driving to the Pekin hospital to see his sister, who was in labor. They ran out of gas between 1 and 2 a.m. and began

walking. A cop car stopped and offered a ride, which Mary and Ed declined. Ed was on probation, and technically violating the curfew, and didn't want to get close to cops anyway, because--as this incident proved--the cops are out to give him trouble. The first cop apparently called more, as there were soon three cop cars in the area following them.

Suddenly, Mary says, the cops stopped, got out, and just began grabbing Ed. They never said he was under arrest--they just started taking him away physically.

When the cops had Ed on the ground and were handcuffing him, Mary said she started hollering and going over to him. Cominsky grabbed her, told her she couldn't go over there, punched her and knocked her down.

"When Ed saw what had happened to me, knowing I was pregnant, he went nuts," Mary told the Post-Amerikan.

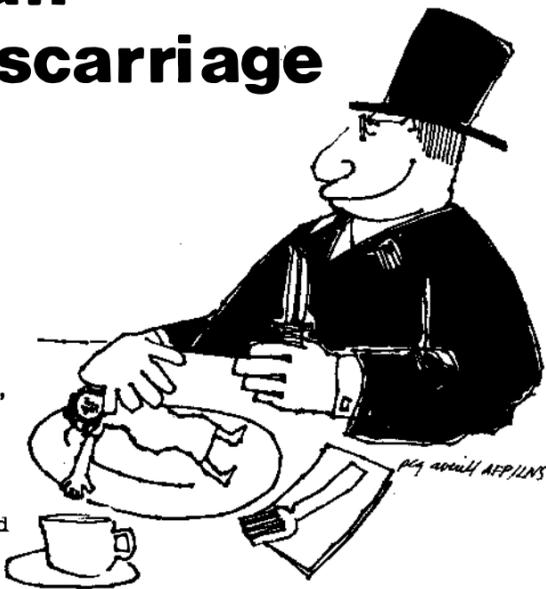
Ed tried to go over to Mary, but a cop holding him said, "You ain't going nowhere." The cop choked Ed, who yelled that he couldn't breathe. According to Mary, Ed yelled that he couldn't breathe three times, without the cop letting up. That's when Ed kicked the cop, Mary said.

After that, all three cops were on Ed, beating him and getting him into the squad car. Mary started walking to the hospital, until she got a ride from some friendly passers-by.

According to Mary, police claim to have originally stopped Ed for drunken walking. Mary says Ed hadn't had a drink in 12 hours.

\*\*\*\*\*

When Mary signed her complaint against officer Cominsky, police asked if she would agree to take a polygraph test. Mary agreed but was a little freaked out when they finally scheduled the



examination.

The Browns weren't married yet when Cominsky punched Mary's stomach. The police called Mary in for her polygraph on the day of her wedding, scheduling the examination a half hour before the hitch. Anyone taking a polygraph just before their wedding would be nervous enough, but the polygraph operator seemed to be having problems--the test kept dragging out. Mary wound up an hour late for her wedding. The polygraph operator told Mary she flunked the lie test.

Knowing that her mental state was in no shape for a reliable polygraph while fretting about being late for her wedding, Mary's lawyer scheduled another test with an independent operator.

According to this examiner, Mary was telling the truth when she said she never resisted arrest, never fought with the officers, was struck by a fist and knocked to the ground. (The operator did not ask about the circumstances of Ed's arrest and beating.)

--Mark Silverstein

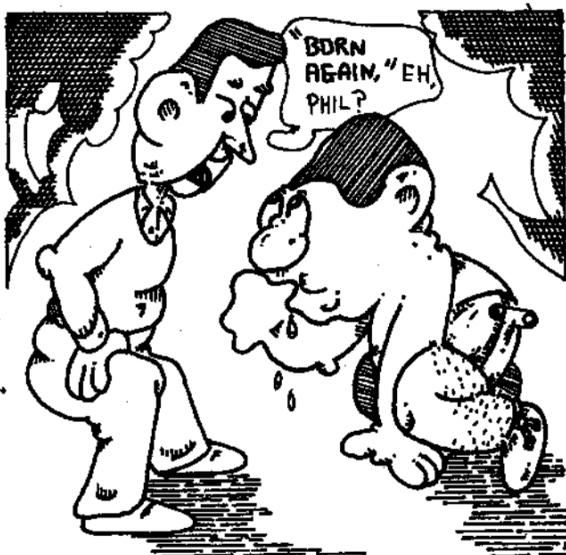
# Calvary Baptist recruiters on wrong tract

Hangin' with the godless heathens as I do, I still have to confess to moments of charity when it comes to my religious brethren. Sure, their way of life may be mentally bankrupt, think I, but at least it's sincere. That counts for something surely, especially these days when sincerity is about as hard to find as streets without broken beer bottles. Besides (my thoughts continue), what have you been doing lately that's so hot?

Well, booshwah. Whatever I (or you) have been up to can't be as smarmy as the activity of our prissily pious friends. The hell with tolerance. Some of these so-called religious people are genuine moral deficits! I don't care how much their little paper tracts may quote from scripture or whatever, it's practice that counts and certain practices are reprehensible no matter what deity you choose to worship or ignore.

I've got a specific example in mind, don't worry. I'm referring to Normal's Calvary Baptist Church and its present method of recruiting young children into the flock. The stalwart soldiers of Jesus have come up with a winning technique for bringing new young'uns into the church. It's a simple technique: it's called bribery.

The approach goes like this: throughout the Twin Cities Calvary loyalists go, their families in tow, to houses



with new families. The children are invited to come to Sunday School, an all-morning event that they get bussed to and from. (The church, with its own "academy," has school busses to spare on Sundays.) At the Sunday sessions, the kids are given a simple lesson in basic acquisitiveness.

Each attendee is given play money for coming, as well as for other approved Christian deeds. There's a fake cash reward for attending, for bringing one's

own Bible and for bringing in someone new. Each week an attending child is sure to get some play dough which he or she brings home to squirrel away until the end of October. Then, the church holds a children's style auction where the kids get to bid on all sorts of items. Top of the line is a 10-speed bike.

I talked to a couple of Bloomington kids whose house had been recently approached by a Calvaryan, and they were quite impressed. What they were impressed by was that 10-speed bike. The church's rep, when speaking to the kids, gave that bike as much play as he could. Most kids have a streak of materialism in 'em, and Calvary's funny money program is designed to hit that streak. Jesus Christ?!? Naw, we're talkin' 10 speed bikes!

Obviously, the folks at Calvary think differently than I, but I wonder on what level. Do they see religion as sugary junk cereal that they have to hype with freebie gifts? Or do they really think that pandering to child greed is a part of Christianity? Or perhaps they just believe the end justifies the means? That doesn't sound very Christian, but then Christians have been finding loop-holes in their creed for centuries.

Makes me feel glad I'm a godless heathen, though.

--BS

# OK, VANDALS, SHAPE UP!

It seems like some of you out there get your kicks by hearing the breaking of glass or by the firing of a pressurized can of spray paint. I can well understand that. What I can't understand is why you who like to vandalize (excuse the word vandalize, but I don't know a more positive word to describe the action) insist on breaking the glass of car windows or spray painting squiggly lines on mail boxes.

I know you have more imagination than that. I am not taking issue with your action, but I think your talents could be much better put to use. With a simple change of victim, you can not only vandalize, but you can make broad political statements at the same time.

Instead of breaking the windows of

strange cars, why not shoot for something bigger, like Don Stone Ford, say. There are many more cars out there, and while you were enjoying the sound of pieces of glass tinkling to the ground, you could also be telling Don Stone just what you think of his questionable business ethics and what he could do with all those new death traps he pushes off onto an unsuspecting public.

And if you have no problems with Don Stone (like maybe he's your dad or something), how about attacking all those pig cars while they sleep for the night, readying themselves for yet another day of harassment?

And there's really no need to stop at cars. You could paper mache your old

phone books and throw them through the windows of all the Gen Tel buildings. Or throw burned out light bulbs at IPC. Or bricks wrapped up like first class packages at the P.O. The possibilities are endless.

As for spray painting, the list is even longer. Just think up some good messages and paint them on the appropriate places. Buildings, sidewalks, city buses, street signs, official vehicles, phone booths. As you can see, you should have no trouble finding places.

Perhaps little messages on sidewalks in Miller Park informing the pigs that vandals do strike before 10 pm. Or something on that big fancy courthouse to remind people that in this country law and justice are contradictions in terms.

You could find out the home phones, or office phones for that matter, of all public officials who forget that their job is to serve the public (read: all public officials, period) and spread those numbers around all the public phones in town. "For a good time, call \_\_\_\_\_ and ask for ...."

So keep on breaking glass and spray painting, just do it with a little more class. Let's bring vandalism back into its own.

--Marshall Law

Historical editor's note: The original vandals, you know, took their frustrations out on the Roman Empire. Teamed with the Christians, they brought the government down.

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page 4

## Have you been hassled by sheriff's police?

From the time he took office, Sheriff Brienens has built his blustery "get tough" talk on a bullying disregard for the integrity, the lives, and the rights of young people.

It's time to fight back.

According to the American Civil Liberties Union, police cannot legally pull your car over for a "spot check." They cannot pull you over just to find out what you are doing, or just to find out your name. They cannot pull you over just to poke a flashlight around to see if you are drinking beer.

The sheriff is enforcing his arrogant belief that young people need a "legitimate" reason to be in a public park or in a car after dark. He either doesn't realize or doesn't

care that young people who still live with their parents usually have nowhere at all to go where they can be themselves. A car on the road or in a park is the closest approximation to a private space that young people have, but not for long if Sheriff Brienens gets away with his harassment.

As a Post-Amerikan reporter, I am into collecting people's stories to put together the pattern of Sheriff Brienens's campaign against young people.

If you feel you have been unjustly hassled by McLean County sheriff's police, and want to talk about it, call 828-6885 and ask for Mark. If you get no answer, leave a message on the answering machine at 828-7232.

--Mark Silverstein



**Anyway You Like It.**

**GARCIA'S PIZZA PAN**

ALL DAY AT WATERS ON AND FROM 11 AM TO 5 PM ON DALE.

FROM 5 PM TO CLOSING EVERY DAY ON DALE.

**Pizza by the slice.**  
Try a thick, juicy slab of Garcia's Pizza in a Pan for lunch. Choose from 5 different slices: cheese, mushroom, pepperoni, sausage, and the Gut-Buster. All of them are hot. All of them are delicious. And all of them are perfect for lunchtime, snacktime, anytime. Stop by and pick one out soon.

**Pizza by the pan.**  
For dinner, have Garcia's Pizza in a Pan. Whole pies come with your choice of goodies: onions, mushrooms, green olives, sausage, black olives, pepperoni, and green peppers. Each pizza is made from thick dough, covered with 2 kinds of cheese, and topped with your favorite goodies. What a meal!

**GARCIA'S PAN PIZZA BY THE SLICE**  
at 207 Broadway, in Watterson Place & at 603 Dale near Main, in Normal

# Desperate teenagers plead, 'Stop me before I egg again!'

Post-Amerikan page 5

Sheriff Brienan finally took bold action to deter the vicious outbreaks of crime in the county which habitually take place on Halloween night.

Brienan's campaign, "Operation Spook," was described in October 24's Pantagraph.

The targets of the campaign were identified as "teenagers who are not accompanied by an adult and are seen driving after sundown on Halloween."

Brienan advised his officers to stop these suspicious characters and search their cars for their muderous weapons: eggs and toilet paper. He ordered the weapons to be seized, names taken, and letters written to the parents of the culprits. Then, he assumed, the parents would act as ad hoc deputies and slap appropriate sentences on the criminals.

For some reason, Brienan was certain that some people will view the campaign as "illegal harassment."

But what kind of person would squeal about legal technicalities, civil rights and such, when the goal of the campaign is so righteous and the need for it is so pressing? The anguish caused by festoons of toilet paper (sometimes pink or blue) on a citizen's home must certainly be considered before matters of

legality. If a police state is the only way to crack down on such grave crimes, well, by all means let's have a police state. In fact, the principles of "operation Spook" could be applied in other anti-crime campaigns. For instance, longish-haired men driving after dark could be stopped and searched. If a large sum of money was found in the culprit's wallet, the police could assume that the person was on the way to make a large illegal drug purchase. The money could be confiscated, the crime prevented, and the criminal's name could be turned over to MEG as a known drug pusher.

Everday citizens could also use "Operation Spook" tactics. When they sighted a squad car with uniformed police driving in it, they could stop the car and search it. If they found destructive items like guns or nightsticks, they could assume that police brutality was about to occur. The weapons could be confiscated, police brutality prevented, and the names of the officers could be sent to the Post-Amerikan staff for follow-up and appropriate sentencing.

"The majority of police brutality in McLean County is done by police," the Post staff says. "It just will not be tolerated." •

--Phoebe Caulfield



## Cops defend 'Operation Spook'

"Absolutely effective, without a doubt," said Chief Deputy Ed O'Farrell when asked to evaluate Sheriff Brienan's probably illegal get-tough anti-vandalism patrol.

A Pantagraph story had announced the sheriff's intention to stop any car driving after sundown on Halloween if it contained two or more young people. Any potential tools of vandalism would be confiscated, the kids' names taken, and a letter sent to the parents, the article said.

O'Farrell admitted that there is no specific statute empowering police to seize materials on the grounds that they might be used for vandalism.

"But I think case law would support us," the chief deputy claimed. "If you find a 16-year-old at 9 pm on Halloween night with half a dozen eggs in the car, there's no doubt anyone would doubt the reasonableness of our action of seizing the eggs."

"Even if you are convinced that it might be reasonable to seize the eggs," countered ACLU's Tom Eimermann when I asked him, "it certainly isn't legal for police to take them."

O'Farrell claimed no one was actually stopped just for being young. He claims that the Pantagraph story was inaccurate or incomplete if it implied that. But Pantagraph reporter Dave McClelland told me that his article was accurate.

Although O'Farrell claimed that just being young wasn't suspicious enough to get you stopped, he also said, "If there's a carload in a small town, there's reason to believe there's more than an evening drive going on." I asked if some completely innocent kids may have been stopped. O'Farrell said probably there were, but directed me to Lt. Beyer, Halloween evening shift commander, for information on how many stops and how many seizures were made.

Beyer said he remembered only one seizure of toilet paper and soap,

and he said those items were snatched from kids actually caught in the act.

"We know what people's rights are and we are not violating them," Lt. Beyer told me.

I asked Beyer if it was a violation of rights for officers to pull over a car simply on the grounds that it contained two or more young people driving after sundown on Halloween.

Beyer refused to answer that question. He refused to answer it about five times, in fact, though he did assert several times that his officers were good cops and knew what people's rights were and didn't violate them.

Beyer did not know how many cars of kids were stopped without police finding potential tools of vandalism.

"I don't think I'm being uncooperative," Beyer told me.

Sherif Brienan was not available for comment. •

--Mark Silverstein

## Operation spook unconstitutional, ACLU member says

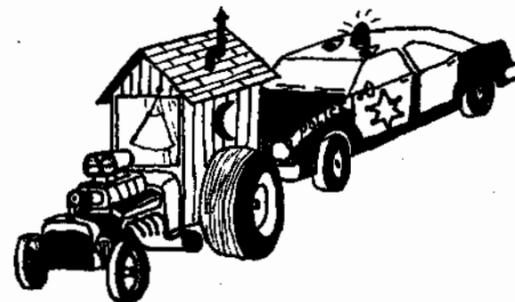
When Sheriff Brienan announced his plans for an intense campaign against potential Halloween vandals, the Pantagraph said the sheriff was certain some people would regard "Operation Spook" as illegal harassment.

He was right.

"Blatantly unconstitutional," American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) chairperson Tom Eimermann replied when I asked his opinion of the sheriff's publicized plans.

According to the Oct. 24 Pantagraph, Sheriff Brienan planned to have his men stop any car driving after sundown on Halloween if it contained two or more young people. The occupants would be asked what they were doing, and any toilet paper, eggs or other potential vandalism tools

would be confiscated, the sheriff said.



"Police don't have the right to pull young people over just because they are young people," the ACLU head told the Post-Amerikan.

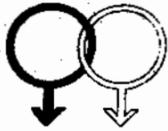
The police have no legal right to seize eggs and toilet paper unless they catch people using them in

committing a crime. Police cannot seize the items simply because police think they might be used for vandalism.

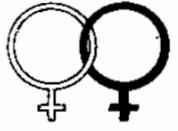
Eimermann said that young people whose property was illegally seized could sue police for violation of constitutional rights. Even without property seizure, Eimermann told the Post, young people who were stopped for no good reason could theoretically sue the police.

"We would be into talking with anyone affected by the police's action," Eimermann said. •

--M.S.



# Gay pride and politics



We are everywhere! We are everywhere! We are everywhere! Over 100,000 lesbians and gay men arms raised, fists clenched--shouted this slogan again and again. For five minutes the chant swelled from the crowd, a deafening sound of proud angry gay voices telling the nation that we are indeed everywhere.

Standing closely packed in the mud, the largest gathering of gay men and lesbians in our country's history cheered and clapped and sang as four hours' worth of speakers and entertainers conducted the political rally that followed the first national gay march on Washington. The crowd stretched all the way from 17th Street up the sloping hill to the Washington Monument. A hell of a lot of people, having fun and carrying on in the best tradition of gay pride!

The rally was an inspiration. Comic Robin Tyler and transportation coordinator for the March, Ray Hill, emceed the program. It included a host of speakers, everybody from the president of NOW, Eleanor Smeal, to poets Allen Ginsberg and his lover Peter Orlovsky.

Some of the comments were expressions of joy and celebration. Others addressed the issue of gay oppression. But the main emphasis was placed on the political force that the more than 100,000 lesbians and gay men represented. Our presence in Washington that weekend told the world that "we are everywhere" and that we have power to be reckoned with.

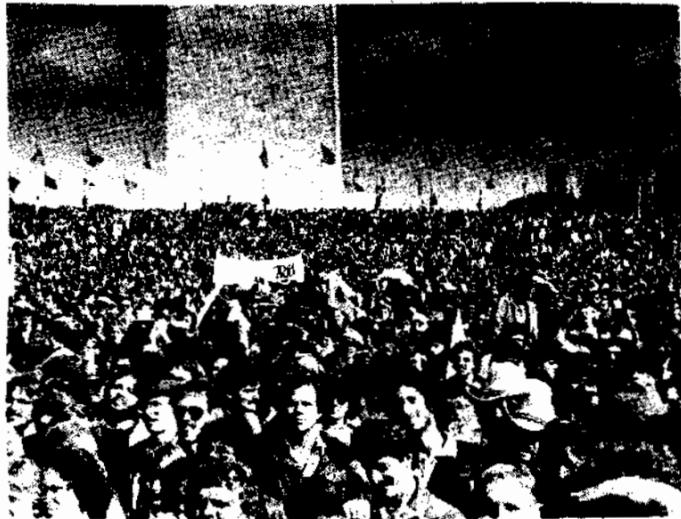
Alice Scott, vice-president of NOW, set the tone for the rally: "Look at us!" she exclaimed. "250,000 in the daylight, in Washington, D.C. No pestilence, no famine, no flood. Eat your heart out, Anita Bryant!"

Other speakers echoed her remarks. Adele Starr of Los Angeles Parents and Friends of Gays pointed out that "in the U.S., one out of every four families has a gay family member... Together we challenge the attitudes that have caused suicides, bloodshed, and even murder. And we say 'No more!' Dick Ashworth, of the New York chapter of Parents

and Friends, made a similar appeal: "We call upon the silent millions of parents and friends of lesbians and gay men to come out of the closet with us."

Sky Rose, one of the founders of Gay Youth, spoke about the need to encourage young gay people to organize. She pointed to the painful truth that gay youth have almost nowhere to turn for support and understanding, not even to the community of adult gays. "Older gay people need to start integrating us into their community," she urged.

One of the other major themes of the rally was the diversity of the gay community. Several speakers emphasized that our differences need not divide us, but can give us strength and power. We are truly everywhere, and this fact was underscored by the numerous groups represented on the list of speakers: gay youth, deaf gays, Latin American gays, Asian gays, Native American gays, religious gays, gay atheists, black gays, parents of gays.



So many exciting moments occurred during the four-hour rally that it was almost too much to absorb. The following list of highlights, not given in any particular order, will indicate how the afternoon just kept on being an inspiring, stimulating time:

--Holly Near led us in singing "Somewhere over the Rainbow," asking us all to join hands and put our arms around one another.

--Two people signed the entire program, speakers and songs, for the deaf and hard of hearing. One of the signers kept right on signing even when a speaker broke into Spanish.

--Robin Tyler's humor and enthusiasm were continually energizing. She led us in cheers and quipped about Anita Bryant ("Anita Bryant is to Christianity what paint-by-numbers is to art"), and generally lifted the spirits of the crowd throughout the afternoon.

--Tom Robinson sang "Glad to be Gay."

--A gay man from the Rainbow Gathering for the Deaf spoke to the crowd and ended his presentation by saying, "I love you; I love you." In response many in the crowd held up their hands in the universal sign of love.

--Flo Kennedy was her usual up-pity, irreverent self. She urged us to seize our power and remind us that as voters, consumers, citizens, we should demand that our government serve us and give us our rights.

--A gay father from up-state New York told of his successful battle to win custody of his teenage son.

--Allen Ginsberg recited a poem that he had written just for the occasion. He intoned in his usual scratchy sing-song, telling the people of Washington that we had come to tell them what to do.

--Meg Christian sang "Leaping Lesbians," and when she started the song ("Here come the Lesbians") the women in the crowd began to whoop and applaud and jump around, just like leaping lesbians.

--Joan Baez sent a telegram of support, which reminded us to keep alive the spirit of love.

--Kate Millett spoke eloquently of gay oppression. "We're here because we're criminals," she pointed out.

--Gotham, a group of three gay men, sang their recent disco release, "AC/DC Man"--and the crowd once again began to jump and dance.

--Maxine Feldman belted out "Give Me That Old Lesbianism." What better song for a Sunday gathering? "It was good for Alice and Gertrude, And it's good enough for me."

The rally was broadcast live to member stations of the National Public Radio and Pacifica networks, and one speaker reminded all of us at the rally that there were many more gays at home in cities, towns and villages across the country. Our demonstration in Washington would perhaps give them the strength and courage to overcome their fear and isolation.

Most of the people who attended the rally expressed feelings of pride and exuberance. We had been part of an important event, one that sent a message to our nation that lesbians and gay men have become a powerful force in America, that politicians and business people and everyone else are going to have to deal with us.

--Ferdydurke



# 100,000 lesbians

# and gay men march

# in Washington



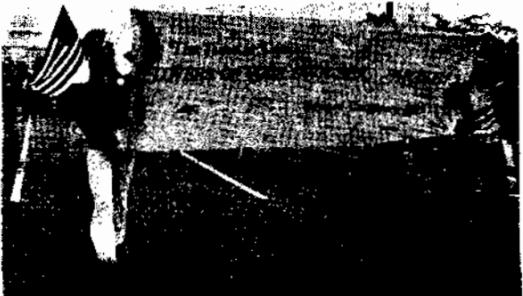
Gay people have made history again. On Oct. 14, more than 100,000 lesbians and gay men, friends, and supporters gathered before the nation's Capitol for a mass march and rally. Half a dozen gays from Bloomington-Normal attended this first national gay rights demonstration.

Starting at the Mall opposite the Smithsonian, the marchers stepped off at noon and proceeded down Pennsylvania Avenue, past the White House, and back 17th Street to the rally grounds in front of the Washington Monument. Two hours later the rally began, even though half of the marchers had not yet entered the rally site.

More than a year's planning led up to this first national gay march on Washington. The specific political purpose of the demonstration of gay solidarity was to demand "an end to all social, economic, judicial, and legal oppression of Lesbian and Gay people."

People came from all over--from cities, towns, and villages other than Greenwich; from Hawaii, Maine, and all states in between; from Madison and Cleveland and Houston, as well as Clarksville N.Y. and Lansing Mich. and Pawtucket R.I. Forty busloads came from Baltimore, 30 more from New York City.

Estimates of attendance figures varied greatly. The Washington D.C. police estimated 75,000, but the U.S. Park Service police came up with a guess of only 25,000. Predictably, most of the straight media took the lower figure or compromised at 50,000.



The media committee for the March gave its final estimate of the number at 120,000. The committee used two watchers stationed at 17th and Constitution, counting marchers as they neared the rally site, and one watcher atop the Washington Monument. No one but the gay press has reported the 100,000 figure.

The Los Angeles Great American Yankee (GAY) Freedom Band led the parade. The L.A. Gay Men's Chorus also participated, along with a host of other organizations and special groups: everything from Gay Dentists to Gay Mormons. Some other contingents were Gay Farm Workers, Gay Dads, Gertrude Stein Democratic Club, Lesbian Herstory Archives, and the National Lawyers Guild.

The march was filled with people carrying signs of all kinds--outrageous, humorous, political. One man's placard read "Country Faggot" on one side and "Homophobia and nuclear power--two things we can do without" on the other. A lot of anti-nuke sentiments were displayed: one of the largest banners read "Dykes Opposed to Nuclear Technology" (DONT).

The sign that said "Sex is Fun" expressed the combination of joy and political defiance that marked the demonstration. Another example was the t-shirt which appeared in a UPI photo; it said "I don't molest children and I don't do windows." My favorite was the hand-lettered, cardboard sign carried by a short woman in the Parents of Gays contingent--it was simple but eloquent: "Piss on Anita."

Other handsigns and banners identified people as Gay Environmental Chemists, Lesbianas de Color, Young Gay and Proud, and We're Asians Gay and Proud. Others proclaimed "I Know You Know" and "I am not a closet mother" and "Lovers of your own sex, arise!"

The spectators along the parade route were mostly gay and friendly. They often joined the chants and cheered us along by calling out the names of groups ("Hey, Illinois--All right") and encouraged us with smiles and applause.

When we walked behind the White House, the number of police tripled--cops on foot, cops on horses, cops in cars and on motorcycles. That's where we encountered the only instance of dissent--two men holding up gross banners which said "Repent or Perish" and "Jesus Saves From Hell." One of the radical "Normal Gays" in our group countered this nonsense by starting the chants "2-4-6-8, Smash the family, church, and state" and "2-4-6-8, How do'ya know Amy's straight?"

There was also a report that as a group was standing on the Mall, waiting for the last of the marchers to move onto Pennsylvania Avenue, two men threw something toward them. At first it was thought that it was a smoke bomb, but it turned out to be tear gas. No one was hurt.

The large turn-out was exciting and encouraging for two reasons. First, because the march idea originated at the grass roots level and was pressed forward by grass roots activists. The "official" national groups, such as the National Gay Rights Task Force, the

Gay Rights National Lobby, and the Metropolitan Community Church, all opposed the march initially. Only when it became clear that a gay demonstration in Washington was a popular idea did these organizations reverse their opposition and join in the planning.



Second, the success of the march was due primarily to the effort of gay people themselves. Support from nongay groups was limited. The National Organization for Women, for instance, had a very small contingent--one week after it finally decided at its convention to work for lesbian and gay rights. The "Supporters" section of the march was smaller than it was at New York's Gay Pride March earlier this year. Gay politics don't easily win active support from straights, but this first March on Washington demonstrated that gay men and lesbians can do it themselves, thank you. •

--Ferdydurke

Supplementary information for this article was taken from Gay Community News.

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## Where to shop until the revolution

We're once again fast approaching that dismal season of consumer madness called Christmas/Chanukkah. This time of year always puts the Small Changes collective in a rather uncomfortable position. The holiday season is based on a lot of things we don't support: organized patriarchal religion, rampant consumerism, glorification of the nuclear family, white sugar, dead turkeys, and so forth.

On the other hand, this is the time of year when book stores make the major part of their annual income. Since one of our greatest, potentially realizable dreams is for the book store to be financially stable, it behooves us to capitalize on the free-flowing spending that happens every December, whether we approve of it or not.

Basically, the way we look at it is: folks are going to buy each other presents anyway, so we should encourage them to give hip, radical, unoppressive gifts (not to mention supporting a hip, radical, unoppressive business). And so, in this rather

ambivalent but nonetheless enthusiastic spirit, we're busily stocking our shelves with wonderful goodies for the gift-giving season. We're in the process of increasing our book selection, with particular attention to our gay books and our non-sexist children's books. We've also ordered a good assortment of womyn's albums and songbooks. We're especially looking forward to the arrival of the first album by Alive!, a hot new jazz group from the Bay Area.

We now carry an assortment of anti-nuke, feminist, and general movement buttons and bumper stickers. We also have lesbian and feminist greeting and note cards. We have five different attractive t-shirts, the sales of which benefit five different worthy causes. We'll soon be adding jewelry, feminist holiday greeting cards, and new magazine titles to our ever-expanding inventory.

Paying for all this new stuff is going to be a real challenge. Your support is crucial. If you're going to shop for the holidays, please remember us. Come in and look around: you'll be

surprised at the variety you'll find.

Another way you can support our efforts is to take a little gamble. To ease some of our immediate money crunch, Small Changes is having a raffle. The prizes include a big, beautiful house plant, a non-electric coffee brewer, two albums, a Small Changes t-shirt, a \$5.00 gift certificate, and some bumper stickers. Tickets are \$1.00 each and are available at the book store and from various people in the community. Take a chance--the Amerikan dollar may be worthless tomorrow!

Peace on Earth, Joy to the World, and Eat the Rich!•

--Julie, for the Small Changes Collective

Post-Amerikan p.8

## Public park - private park!

Let's say you and your friends want to go to Miller Park sometime, maybe to play frisbee or football or maybe just take it easy and talk. Well, be careful 'cause the friendly neighborhood police and their good buddies, the Rent-a-Cops, have decided that three people in a group constitute a mob.

Let me start at the best place I can think of, the beginning. The police decided to put an end to young people having a good time at the park, so this spring they roped off the parking lot on the east side of

Miller Park. Then just so our porcine friends could have more fun, they decided to start searching cars at the entrances to the park just for general purposes of harassment.

So the kids started going off by the monument to play frisbee and talk. The police decided to start a new tactic. Under Illinois law three people or more in the same place can be considered a mob. So the police are telling these people to leave or they will be arrested for unlawful assembly.

Now, this is going a little too far. I mean, these people aren't harming anything or disturbing anyone. All they are doing is having a good time. I'll leave you to think about this article and I'll narrow it down to one question for you. Is it illegal for young people to have fun? More later.●

--Butterfly

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**Wouldn't you want your hair to look like this?**

**Barber shop best deal**

Women: A good, cheap place to get your hair trimmed is your neighborhood barber shop. You know that the so called "beauty salons" are charging \$14.00 these days to take off those split ends: you are paying for the atmosphere, I'm afraid. You are paying for the piped in F.M. sounds, the hip decorative hanging plants, the high fashion of the workers.

Last week, when I could wait no longer, I took my hair to the barbershop on Lee and Mulberry (I don't know if you want to put this "plug" in or not, P.A. , but the people were so nice and the atmosphere homey, I included it ) and for \$2.75 I got a nice trim job. No feeling weird or uncomfortable in blue jeans and tennis shoes either.

Wanda Wymming  
Oct. 30-1979

**Look-alike justice**

Post-American p. 9

"We have a saying in court," says Manhattan Criminal Court Judge Bruce Wright, "The more you look like the judge, the more likely you are to get justice."

Wright says most lawyers and judges are "middle class, white and conservative; they're completely out of touch with the defendants, 85% of whom are black, Hispanic, and poor."

Wright observes that most blacks and Puerto Ricans believe that "the criminal justice system is more criminal than it is just." He says that, on the whole, "ignorance rules and the courts are a theater of the absurd. I have met lawyers who did not know what the Thirteenth Amendment is."

Wright suggests that the justice system could be improved if judges were trained specifically to be judges, as is done in many other countries. He also thinks that "they should be taught black and Hispanic history and culture as they are being taught textbook law."

Responding to what he perceives as a "hue and cry for law and order," Wright says, "for those who attribute

violent crime to blacks and Hispanics I have the perfect solution: All you have to do is provide jobs in insurance companies, corporations and banks, and then they commit a nice quota--a minority quota, of course--of nonviolent, white-collar crimes, which nobody seems to disapprove of in America."

--High Times

**Stevens workers vote for union**

Despite a massive campaign of firings, coercion and intimidation by the J. P. Stevens Company, supporters of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union in High Point, N.C., voted for union representation in an election conducted by the National Labor Relations Board. By a 68-48 vote, the workers countered the illegal labor practices that the company unleashed in the last weeks prior to the election.

A spokesperson for the union called the victory "an encouraging forward step in the 16-year struggle by Stevens workers to win union

representation through ACTWU. But the High Point election represents only one of many battles yet to be won. This was made graphically clear by the fact that the company--far from being the repentant good corporate citizen it would have the public believe it to be--sought to gag workers' freedom of choice in this election with unlawful tactics as bad as any it has employed in the past."

In its campaign prior to the election, Stevens fired and issued warnings to ACTWU adherents, granted benefits to workers they hadn't had before, brought in company vice presidents to talk to the workers, and paraded a one-legged man on crutches around the facilities to tell the workers he had lost the leg because of a strike.

**Sex is great over 30, but pull over**

If you live in McLean County and plan to contest a traffic ticket, you'd better have your speedometer calibrated for accuracy or plan on losing.

During the proceeding, it will be your word against the cops'. Guess who the judge usually believes? A favorite question asked by some state's attorneys is whether or not the defendant has had their speedometer calibrated for accuracy. Of course, they say no and the case is over. The defendant is found guilty and fined.

One option that the petty traffic offender has is the Driver Improvement Program (DIP). The person signs a guilty plea and gives it to the judge. Judgment is pending until the course is completed. The person is given 90 days court supervision. If they pass the course, they get a certificate of completion, mail it in to the circuit clerk, and the charge is administratively taken off the record. If the course is not completed or the person fails the course, the original guilty plea sticks.

The only way out for a person who doesn't believe they are guilty and wants to have any credibility at all in court is to bring in a written report of a test that their speedometer has been calibrated for accuracy. Better yet, bring the mechanic that tested the speedometer. This could run into some money, but it might be worth it.

Susan

\*\*\*\*\*

# Stop the profits

## The top nuclear institutions

The New York Stock Exchange is the marketplace of the corporations where shares of ownership are traded, raising money capital for corporate investment projects.

The nuclear industry is controlled by approximately thirty key corporations. These corporations are bankrolled by financial institutions through loans and control of stock. Of these financial and corporate institutions, there are fifteen companies, all members of the New York Stock Exchange, which have the most to gain, and are the most economically dependent on nuclear investments. These institutions, through their continuing investment in nuclear technology, form the mainspring for the nuclear industry in this country. Their massive commitment of capital resources to nuclear expansion results in a crucial shortage of resources for more labor intensive and socially useful investment in health care, housing, educational opportunities, and safe, renewable energy sources.

Who are these top nuclear companies? Here's what some of them are up to:

Exxon, the biggest corporation in the world, is the "total energy" firm that moves in every place. It is not only the world's largest oil company, but is also among the top four holders of domestic uranium reserves, one of top four producers of uranium oxide, sixth in total milling capacity, and one of the eight companies in fuel rod fabrication. Exxon is also heavily involved in weapons production and ranked 38th fiscal year 1977.

All the top financial institutions that bankroll nuclear power also control stock in Exxon. The first eight holders are Rockefeller family interests, Morgan Guaranty Trust, Chase Manhattan,

Manufacturer's Hanover Trust, Citibank, Bankers Trust, Chemical Bank and Prudential Life. Exxon, along with Goodyear and a few other corporations, made a stab a few years ago at a private enrichment scheme and is considering reprocessing.

Lokotas from the Cheyenne River, into a national energy sacrifice area.

Kerr-McGee is the dominant corporation in the uranium business. They have an infamous record in worker safety. The estate of Karen Silkwood, a worker at their reprocessing plant in Oklahoma who was contaminated with plutonium, was recently awarded \$10.5 million in damages due to company neglect. Silkwood was killed in an auto accident in 1974 en route to deliver records to a New York Times reporter documenting quality control falsification and worker exposure at the plant. Officials of the Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers Union (OCAW), claim her death resulted from her car being struck from behind. The documents disappeared and the questions of the company's role in her death remain to be answered.

Kerr-McGee also operated the uranium mine at Shiprock, New Mexico from 1954 to 1969 which employed 100 Navaho miners. These miners were paid sub-standard non-union wages and sent into the mines soon after blasting before the dust was settled. Of the 100 mine miners, 25 have died of lung cancers and 45 more have developed them. Neither Kerr-McGee nor the federal government has acknowledged any responsibility. The company left 71 acres of radioactive mill tailings that continue to contaminate Shiprock after abandoning the mine.

Goodyear, operator of the DOE-owned Portsmouth, Ohio uranium enrichment plant, picked up \$79.1 million in FY77 and ranks 48th in DOD contractors. Along with Union Carbide, they enrich uranium that can produce death and destruction through bombs or power production. Another leader in worker safety, Goodyear, is currently involved in an attempt to break a strike for safer working conditions at the Ports-

"The system of free enterprise... has fired the imagination and determination of our people."  
—Sec. William Simon



TABLESCRAPS/cpf

In addition, Exxon, with Kerr-McGee, Union Carbide and others, is involved in the big plans for Native American land in the Black Hills: coal-fired power plants, and wide-spread stripmining of uranium, coal and other minerals. These plans are designed to turn the Black Hills, sacred to the Minneconj

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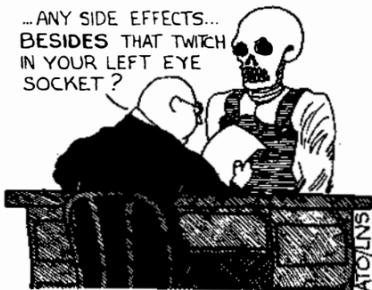
# of doom

mouth plant. The company is allowing unskilled management to perform very delicate duties, creating the dangerous possibility of a nuclear explosion. Three years ago, in another strike-breaking attempt, 800 pounds of radioactive gas were released, killing hundreds of fish in the nearby streams. Goodyear, along with Babcock and Wilcox, is also involved in providing technical assistance to South Africa to expand its coal conversion project, SASOL.

Union Carbide, the last of the corporate nuclear giants, shares the control of uranium enrichment with Goodyear. It picked up \$232.8 million in FY77 for its role for the Defense Department. Union Carbide is also big in mining and energy development in the Black Hills.

Of the non-financial institutions, Westinghouse, General Electric, Combustion Engineering and J. Ray McDermott (owner of Babcock and Wilcox, manufacturer of the Three Mile Island reactors), are the Big Four reactor manufacturers in the country and the captains of the nuclear industry. These companies have been involved with atomic power and weapons since the early days of the Manhattan Project, the secret government project that developed the atomic bomb. They subsequently did work with the nuclear Navy to get started and have been leaders in nuclear technology ever since.

...ANY SIDE EFFECTS...  
BESIDES THAT TWITCH  
IN YOUR LEFT EYE  
SOCKET?



Each of these four corporations are involved with the fabrication of uranium fuel rods and, along with Rockwell International, are the leading contenders for future work in the development of the breeder reactor. The breeder reactor, planned as the next generation of reactors, uses deadly plutonium as fuel and is intended to produce more plutonium than it uses.

Westinghouse is the number-one manufacturer of nuclear reactors in the western world. This company has produced, delivered, or has on order 97 boiling water reactors (the same type as the Three Mile Island reactor). Westinghouse is in a particularly vulnerable financial position as the principal litigant in three uranium suits, with their total losses likely to be over \$600 million, roughly twice their profits last year.

Westinghouse is also big in the export of nuclear reactors overseas. Framatome, a French company in which they hold partial ownership, is the prime builder of a nuclear power plant at Koeberg, South Africa. Westinghouse is also seeking Nuclear Regulatory Commission approval to export an atomic reactor to the Philippines. This reactor would be located only ten miles from an active volcano in an area with a long history of intense earthquakes. Neither South Africa nor the Philippines have signed international treaties limiting the spread of nuclear weapons. The presence of reactors in these countries, ruled by repressive and dictatorial regimes, presents the clear danger of an ever-expanding world nuclear weapons club.

Westinghouse not only invests in nuclear energy, but is beginning to gain a foothold in the solar energy industry. In 1977, it captured 10% of the Department of Energy's (DOE) solar research and development contract money, with nuclear giants like General Electric and Rockwell International.

In addition, Westinghouse is ranked twelfth in Department of Defense (DOD) nuclear weapons contracts for FY77. This represents contracts of 802.1 million dollars.

General Electric, which is by far the strongest of the nuclear giants, is a prime example of an integrated energy corporation. It is involved in mining, milling, fabrication, and reactor construction. GE and Royal Dutch Shell have recently created a new division called General Atomic Corporation to develop reprocessing technology. This corporation is the most highly monopolized in the industry, ranking second in reactor production, among the top four in uranium production, and among the top eight holders of uranium reserves. GE's domestic mining and milling operations are on Native American land in the Grants Mineral Belt in New Mexico and Arizona. It is also ranked fifth in FY77 DOD Weapons contracts, receiving hundreds of millions of dollars in Pentagon business.

Combustion Engineering, also a highly diversified company, is involved in fuel fabrication and reprocessing as well as reactor manufacturing.

J. Ray McDermott, owner of Babcock and Wilcox, is in more financial trouble than any other of the Big Four companies. The trouble stems not only from the Three Mile Island accident, but also from litigation around illegal activities such as price-fixing, and cash-flow problems resulting from the purchase of B and W. Wall Street analysts feel that McDermott spent too much for B and W and is doubtful of that corporation's ability to expand.

Rockwell International is deeply involved in the breeder reactor, the technological direction in which the industry is moving. Rockwell is also



Great Speckled Bird/cpf

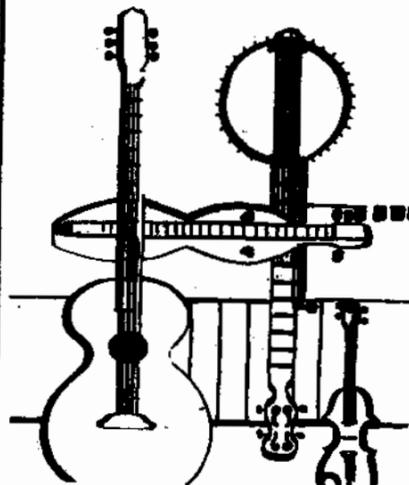
very active in weapons production, ranking sixth in DOD contracts in FY77. Rockwell operates the Rocky Flats plutonium and triggers plant, and was the prime contractor for the B-1 bomber. In its attempt to keep the B-1 alive, Rockwell contributed \$98,000 to former President Nixon's reelection campaign, and supported Congressional candidates who advocated high military spending.

These institutions are dragging this country and the world down the nuclear highway. This road surely leads to the continued sacrifice of human needs to corporate profits and, in the long run, nuclear catastrophe.

--thank to The Wall Street Action

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# CLAMS GO TO SEABROOK

We went to Seabrook with a wonderful group of people from Washington D.C. We called ourselves the Satyagraha affinity group (the word Satyagraha is a term Ghandi used; it means truth force, and it represents non-violent action). We set out on Thursday night at about nine o'clock, 16 of us in two pick-up trucks and a small Fiat. Our plan was to arrive at a staging area about 17 miles north of Seabrook before eleven o'clock the next morning for a meeting to plan Saturday's action. As luck would have it, our truck broke down at about four in the morning. The carburetor was trashed and nobody knew how to fix it. So we had to sit around a Howard Johnson's until noon waiting for the truck to be repaired. We finally got on the road again. We had already missed the meeting, and there were still 4-6 hours left to drive.

We picked up fifty gas masks for the people in the Washington Coalition (the Coalition was our affinity group combined with two others from Washington). Then the rain started coming cold and hard, and about five o'clock, right in front of a Connecticut State Trooper who was parked on the side of the interstate, we broke down again.



The Seabrook plant as it appears from the North approach at high tide.

The policeman made us get the truck towed, and luckily we got to a U-Haul store and rented a trailer before the store closed. So we threw all our stuff into the trailer, hitched it to the good truck, and abandoned the broken down truck at a gas station.

We finally arrived at the staging area at ten or eleven o'clock that Friday night in the rain-burnt out to the max, and wondering how we would possibly shut down a nuke plant the next morning at four a.m.

## Dissent

We went to the final planning meeting of the North staging area, and heard a lot of dissent among the occupiers. Some people were ready to occupy very strongly, but many people thought we should just walk to the fences and get a feeling for what was happening. There were long discussions, but there was very obviously two distinct schools of thought. Then the rain which had stopped for a while started to pour down on us again, and everyone decided that it was probably time to cash it in for the night.

We unfortunately hadn't made camp, so we all went to work feverishly to get camp together. In about an hour and a half, at about two-thirty a.m., I crawled into my sleeping bag and watched the volatile New England sky breaking up and showing forth a most beautiful full moon. My heart was moved and I felt strong hope, in spite of knowing I'd get very little sleep.

We were awakened by the cries of people already getting in shuttles to go down to Seabrook and to begin the seige.

We broke camp quickly and got into the truck to be shuttled to the Nuke. As we went, we read the possible charges that could be leveled against us by the State. We sang songs and huddled close together to keep ourselves warm in that cold New England morning.

The Satyagraha (truth force) affinity group arrived Saturday morning and joined the other two affinity groups in the Washington Coalition, Sanresa (smile) and the Fed-Ups. We walked down Bremmers Lane, across a small stretch of marsh to an island where we grouped and prepared for the seige.

## The approach

The occupation attempt was made from two fronts, the North and the South.

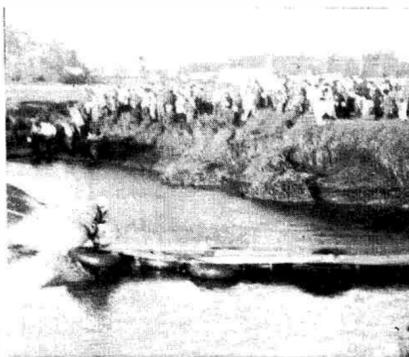
The North attempt was made from an island about 1000 yards from the plant across the marsh, and the South attempt was made from land which was donated by Tony and Louisa Sanasucci, some residents of Seabrook. It was planned that simultaneously at six-thirty a.m., when the tide was at its lowest point, each group would move toward the plant and then at eight o'clock commence clipping the wire supports holding the fence to its posts and pull the fence down to gain entrance to the plant.

We finally moved off the island and into the marshes. There it stood before us with the two massive structures of the containment vessel and the turbine building lit up like some morbid carnival ready to take us on a death ride to eternity. About 1000 of us crossed that marsh that day, in a long string, almost single file. Many people would slip into holes formed by the tides, sometimes up to mid-thigh. There were helicopters whirling over our heads, and many reporters all around us.

The sun jumped over the horizon; the air was warmed and our spirits rose and rose, for on the western horizon the full moon was setting, till at one point the moon and sun seemed to be on an even plane. Even the sky recognized us. So we sang songs as we waited for the support crews who were carrying the pontoon bridges so we could cross the marsh, and when they were set, twelve in all, we crossed them onto a large section of the marsh in front of the plant.

Then we began to meet. There was still very much indecision, and rightly so. Our numbers were comparatively small. We were not the twenty-five-thousand we expected on the North side. We gathered anyway and formed a large circle. There we met again and sent spokespeople to a meeting to consolidate the group and they would come back and we'd discuss what they talked about in the large group meeting, then we'd send a spokesperson back to another group meeting. It was a very long and tiring process, and we were all exhausted, and at the plant, we could see activity. Where before there were only a few police and hardhats, now there were many National Guardsmen being bussed in to cover the fence at about fifteen foot intervals. At this point I began to realize how difficult it would be to get past those fences with such ominous beings guarding them.

Eventually after almost three hours of discussion, we moved toward the fence singing. Our group and the rest of the Washington Coalition settled at a gate on the northeast side of the fence and sat down. We sang. We pleaded with the Guard to quit their folly of guarding a death trip. The Guard brought out a fire hose and paraded their doggies around in front of us. A few people tried to clip fences in other sections, always to be pushed back by the guards who would poke their sticks through the fence, or spray mace.



Protesters deploy a pontoon-style bridge across a northside tidal river Saturday morning. This and similar bridges would later be key targets of police jackknives.

Rumors flowed. We would hear that the South--that might be up to 4000 people --had broken into the plant and that police violence was heavy; that some people were hurt, but large sections of fence had been torn down.

## Reconnoitering

This prompted my friend and me to sneak off from our affinity group to check out what happened on the south side. It was terrible. As we walked along the fence, we began to see that some of the state boys were on the outside of the fence, too. Farther along we found that there were police lined along the inside and the outside of the fence, and on top of a wall which loomed twelve feet as a weather break in case of storms. People had broken some fences, which had already been repaired. Then the facists moved.

The tide had come in, forcing the people closer and closer to the fence and to the officers who guarded on the outside of the fence. So when my friend and I decided to go back to the north side, (we hadn't told our affin-

## Direct action at Seabrook nuke

The direct action in Seabrook, N.H., this Oct. has been ridiculed by many people. Unfortunately, many people don't know the purpose of the action, nor do they understand the history of the Seabrook plant and the resistance to it.

Unlike other acts of civil disobedience, which are often expected to lead to arrest and to gain media attention in this way, the most recent action at Seabrook was aimed at actually closing the plant.

The participants at Seabrook had every intention of staying on the site to build an alternative community, complete with gardens, alternative energy systems, and dwellings.

Don't laugh. In 1975 in Germany, 28,000 anti-nuke protesters built and maintained a village at a plant site for over a year. Officials finally recognized the seriousness of this action and were forced to withdraw the permit in order to close the village down.

In France, a lead factory was stopped by using the same method.

Critics of direct action often don't realize the history of attempts to stop construction at Seabrook. For ten years local residents have intervened through regulatory and licensing means. No luck.

Environmentalists have opposed the plant in court--because the surrounding area is very delicate and beautiful marshland, home for hundreds of ducks. The cooling water from the reactor will be 39 degrees warmer than the ocean water, further damaging wildlife in the vicinity.

Twice the residents of Seabrook have voted against the plant.

Seabrook has been the site of huge legal rallies as well as civil disobedience. In 1977, 1,414 people were arrested for trespassing.

Since every legal attempt has failed, it's time for something stronger--like this non-violent direct action. In fact, they're lucky people showed up with only wirecutters!

--Rich



Two affinity group medics aid a fallen comrade, victim of police mace during the South approach action on Sunday.



This bizarre looking creature is actually a State trooper, scoring a direct hit with a can of mace.

ity group where we were going), we ran into piggies who restricted our movement northward. They wouldn't let us by, and they began to corral us slowly back, back towards an island. Quickly we gathered a group of people who were stranded from the North and formed an ad hoc affinity group. The police still forced us back, until we were all on a small island. Then they started stealing people's gas masks. I was really scared. I had gotten separated from the group and didn't know what I would do.

Then the Guard retreated for no apparent reason. Still, the tension was high. One woman got by them with another by saying she had a medical emergency. Seeing this, our ad hoc affinity group held hands and marched through the marsh to get back to our own affinity groups.

## Counter-attack

When we arrived back with our group, we both lay down to sleep. When we woke we found that people were beginning to make camp right there, not thirty yards from the gate. It was neat, some were digging a fire pit, some had set up their tents. So we started to find a place to pitch our tent, when we noticed the police had gathered at the gate. Quick! A meeting! What shall we do? While we met, we heard the chains slide off and the gate creaked open. The police helped us decide what to do. They were on us immediately, telling us to move, not giving anyone time to break camp, and stealing ropes and gas masks. Most of us gathered what we could, and got out, but the facism was too great for some and they kneeled down in front of the gate to pray. These people were arrested. We moved back to the island to camp for the night.

Sunday morning the plan was to consolidate most of the people to the south side and make a concerted effort from the land of Tony and Louisa Sanasucci, but about 100 people stayed to the north side in order to create a diversion to keep the police and National Guard from concentrating against the people. About fifty or sixty people carried bridges to the river and began to set them up in mock preparation to bring a lot of people across again. At this point, the Guard came out of

the plant and even landed a helicopter on the marsh. The battle began. The Guard tried to pull the people's bridges across to their side, but the people wouldn't let them, and so began the tug-of-war. The people won. Then the Guard shot tear gas canisters across the river, but the people had gas masks on and threw the gas canisters back across the river, dispersing the Guard for a moment because they hadn't put on their gas masks. There were also attempts on the North to break through the fences by about thirty people who were maced and gassed.

Action was hot and heavy that day; many people tried to get into the plant, and the police pounded people. They sprayed mace on demonstrators without mercy, down women's shirts, into people's faces. They were crazy. Their clubs cracked one person's vertebra and caused many bruises. Many people would later press charges against them for their actions.

Monday a legal rally was held at the front gate and a few guerillas still battled at the fences, but it seemed for the most part that the heavy action was finished. It was decided that evening that there wouldn't be any attempts to block the workers on Tuesday morning. Instead an action was planned at the courthouse where some of the people who were arrested would be arraigned. About 300 people left in a steady rain to go to the courthouse and circle it. Some demonstrators were hurt when police clubbed them and threw them out of the way. So the demonstrators slashed the tires of two police cars, and tried to blockade the vehicle taking the prisoners back to their jail.

## We're not finished

The action basically ended with this last demonstration of solidarity at the courthouse, but the people who were involved in all these actions in and around the Seabrook nuke plant surely aren't finished. I would say that even though the occupation didn't succeed, it was an excellent experience. We learned a little bit more how to become guerillas. Seabrook could be used as a stepping stone to more actions.

The development of the affinity group method of non-violent resistance is the key to more successful actions. Each cadre of people who feel strongly enough to use direct action, could train each other in many different ways. There will be another attempt at occupation in Seabrook, I believe, but the next time there should be many more people. There should also be a period of time before the action where they can get to know who they are and what they stand for. Direct action can work, but it will take some time.

--crayfish



# Men glimpse Utopia from Milwaukee

I went with many fears to the 6th National Men's Conference (my first), held in Milwaukee at the end of October. I mean a "Men's conference"; is it really any different than a State Farm conference, an American Medical Association meeting, or a Shriners' convention? Is it just a hip liberal guise for lefty men to maintain our power? Is it a scared bonding reaction to the growing women's and lesbian separatist movement? or a defensive stance against women's criticism? Well, yes and no.

I arrived on Friday about mid-way into the 5 day conference. The first event was a spontaneous rally held in the Univ. of Wisc. Milwaukee students' union. (Can you imagine ISU's union allowing an instant rally? We can't even leaflet inside!) The focus of the rally was that we support women's rights to control their own bodies.

A small stage and amplification system were rapidly put up and

announcements, speakers and music were all crammed into an hour and a half. At that point the university did pull the plug and we lost our electrified noise but not our excitement. We took to the streets with banners and signs saying "Stop forced sterilization of 3rd world women," "Women have the right to choose," and "Faggots support women's right to choose." The march meandered thru Milwaukee and finally returned to the union where we ended with chants and songs.

From the excitement of the rally and march, I moved into a quiet healing workshop on positive faggot identity. Attendance was limited to women and gay men only (although no women showed up). I felt calmed, soothed, surrounded by my faggot brothers, all of us struggling together with developing our own positive self identity. We attempted to turn around our negative feelings about sissyhood and faggotry and embrace the essence of those traits as a healthy



Post-American  
page 14

## Pornography—the ultimate

I searched for something to say here today quite different from what I am going to say. I wanted to come here militant and proud and angry as hell. But more and more, I find that anger is a pale shadow next to the grief I feel. If a woman has any sense of her own intrinsic worth, seeing pornography in small bits and pieces can bring her to a useful rage. Studying pornography in quantity and depth, as I have been doing for more months than I care to remember, will turn that same woman into a mourner.

The pornography itself is vile. To characterize it any other way would

be to lie. No plague of male intellectualisms and sophistries can change or hide that simple fact. Georges Bataille, a philosopher of pornography (which he calls "eroticism"), puts it clearly: "In essence, the domain of eroticism is the domain of violence, of violation."

Mr. Bataille, unlike so many of his peers, is good enough to make explicit that the whole idea is to violate the female. Using the language of grand euphemism so popular with male intellectuals who write on the subject of pornography, Bataille informs us that "the passive, female side is

essentially the one that is dissolved as a separate entity." To be "dissolved"—by any means necessary—is the role of women in pornography.

The great male scientists and philosophers of sexuality, including Kinsey, Havelock Ellis, Wilhelm Reich, and Freud, uphold this view of our purpose and destiny. The great male writers use language more or less beautifully to create us in self-serving fragments, half-"dissolved" as it were, and then proceed to "dissolve" us all the way, by any means necessary. The biographers of the great male artists celebrate the real life atrocities those men have committed against us, as if those atrocities are central to the making of art.

And in history, as men have lived it, they have "dissolved" us—by any means necessary. The slicing of our skins and the rattling of our bones are the energizing sources of male defined art and science, as they are the essential content of pornography. The visceral experience of a hatred of women that literally knows no bounds has put me beyond anger and beyond tears; I can only speak to you from grief.

We all expected the world to be different than it is, didn't we? No matter what material or emotional deprivation we have experienced as children or as adults, no matter what we understood from history or from the testimonies of living persons about how people suffer and why, we all believed, however privately, in human possibility. Some of us believed in art, or literature, or music, or religion, or revolution, or in children, or in the redeeming potential of eroticism or affection. No matter what we knew of cruelty, we all believed in kindness; no matter what we knew of hatred, we all believed in friendship or love.

Not one of us could have imagined or would have believed the simple facts of life as we have come to know them: the rapacity of male greed for dominance; the malignancy of male supremacy; the virulent contempt for women that is the very foundation of the culture in which we live. The Women's Movement has forced us all to face the facts, but no matter how brave and clear-sighted we are, no matter how far we are willing to go or are forced to go in viewing reality without romance or illusion, we are simply overwhelmed by the male hatred of our kind, its morbidity, its compulsiveness, its obsessiveness, its celebration of itself in every detail of life and culture.



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open rejection of the patriarchy, or male dominated society.

I attended two more workshops, both open to anyone. One on anger led us to look at the resentment we feel toward friends, and the rage we feel against social conditions. We talked of possible ways to constructively channel the energy anger creates. One man channeled his intense anger by working in a rape crisis center specifically counseling men who are close to the raped woman (husband, brother or boy friend).

He was doing this because his sister had been raped and he felt incredible anger. There was no one to help him deal with his anger except his sister, and suddenly he realized he was draining her of her much needed strength. Men need to learn how to support men in times of emotional crisis.

Pornography was the subject for the final workshop I attended. We read a speech by Andrea Dwor-kin (see adjoining article)

given at the Take Back the Night March in San Francisco. We tried not to become guilty and defensive but to hear what she was saying about the devastating connection between male sexuality and violence. Freedom of speech and the press is not a basic issue here and neither is non-puritan sexual liberation. Both can be cleverly used to rationalize the horror and degradation pornography promotes.

Concluding my stay was a wonderful concert with music by Geof Morgan, Charlie Murphy, Kristin Lems and Tim Vear. The music rang out about women's issues, no nukes, native american oppression, gay love, witches, heterosexual privilege, and male dominance. The Living Newspaper Theater Collective from Champaign-Urbana presented clever skits taken from our everyday lives. The final evening really integrated radical politics with a personal exuberance and intensity of feeling.

The conference included many men I didn't agree with and some I couldn't even deal with. For example, one man felt pornography was good because it kept the number of women he used just for sex down.

More importantly it did expose me to more men like myself. Through this kind of support I can continue to grow and become more clearly sure of my direction away from a culture steeped in woman hating, away from rape and battering, away from coat hanger abortions and poisonous contraceptives, and away from sani-dri and plasti-rape lotion.

It also presents glimpses of utopia and intermediate alternatives such as rape crisis centers, health care centers, faggot culture and support, and an openness to change. This gives me the courage to continue to struggle..

Chris



"Why don't you act like a man?"

## crime against women

We think that we have grasped this hatred once and for all, seen it in its spectacular cruelty, learned its every secret, got used to it or risen above it or organized against it so as to be protected from its worst excesses. We think that we know all there is to know about what men do to women, even if we cannot imagine why they do what they do, when something happens that simply drives us mad, out of our minds, so that we are again imprisoned like caged animals in the numbing reality of male control, male revenge against no one knows what, male hatred of our very being.

One can know everything and still not imagine snuff films. One can know everything and still be shocked and terrified when a man who attempted to make snuff films is released, despite the testimony of the women undercover agents whom he wanted to torture, murder, and, of course, film. One can know everything and still be stunned and paralyzed when one meets a child who is being continuously raped by her father or some close male relative.

One can know everything and still be reduced to sputtering like an idiot when a woman is prosecuted for attempting to abort herself with knitting needles or when a woman is imprisoned for killing a man who has raped and tortured her or is raping or torturing her. One can know everything and still want to kill and be dead simultaneously when one sees a celebratory picture of a woman being

ground up in a meat grinder on the cover of a national magazine, no matter how putrid the magazine.

One can know everything and still somewhere inside refuse to believe that the personal, social, culturally sanctioned violence against women is unlimited, unpredictable, pervasive, constant, ruthless, and happily and unselfconsciously sadistic. One can know everything and still be unable to accept the fact that sex and murder are fused in the male consciousness, so that the one without the imminent possibility of the other is unthinkable and impossible. One can know everything and still, at bottom, refuse to accept that the annihilation of women is the source of meaning and identity for men. One can know everything and still want desperately to know nothing because to face what we know is to question whether life is worth anything at all.

The pornographers, modern and ancient, visual and literary, vulgar and aristocratic, put forth one consistent proposition: erotic pleasure for men is derived from and predicated on the savage destruction of women. As the world's most honored pornographer, the Marquis de Sade (called by male scholars "The Divine Marquis"), wrote in one of his more restrained and civil moments: "There's not a woman on earth who'd ever have had cause to complain of my services if I'd been sure of being able to kill her afterward."



The eroticization of murder is the essence of pornography, as it is the essence of life. The torturer may be a policeman tearing the fingernails off a victim in a prison cell or a so-called normal man engaged in the project of attempting to fuck a woman to death. The fact is that the process of killing--and both rape and battery are steps in that process--is the prime sexual act for men in reality and/or in imagination.

Women as a class must remain in bondage, subject to the sexual will of men, because the knowledge of an imperial right to kill, whether exercised to the fullest extent or just part way, is necessary to fuel sexual appetite and behavior. Without women as potential or actual victims, men are, in the current sanitized jargon, "sexually dysfunctional."

This same motif also operates among male homosexuals, where force and/or convention designate some males as female or feminized. The plethora of leather and chains among male homosexuals, and the newly fashionable defenses of organized rings of boy prostitution by supposedly radical gay men, are testimony to the fixedness of the male compulsion to dominate and destroy which is the source of sexual pleasure for men.

The most terrible thing about pornography is that it tells male truth. The insidious thing about pornography is that it tells male truth as if it were universal truth. Those depictions of women in chains being tortured are supposed to represent our deepest erotic aspirations. And some of us believe it, don't we?

The most important thing about pornography is that the values in it are the common values of men. This is the

continued on next page

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# Women Against Pornography

There is a growing feminist movement against pornography throughout the world. These women do not wish to be confused with moralists, condemning nudity, sexuality and homosexuality and for this reason feel that the word "pornography" must be redefined. There is a distinct difference between erotica and pornography.

Pornography expresses male dominance, brutality and misogyny (woman hatred). A spokesperson for one anti-porn group, Furious Women, says, "Showing women bound, beaten and gang raped, or child

abuse is pornography. What porn does is imprint on your mind and make you think that something is more O.K. The more you see it, the more you accept it."

Erotica, on the other hand, involves mutuality, consent, and human caring.

Feminists are especially aware of the potential threat the anti-pornography movement poses to lesbians. Patriarchal society has traditionally viewed lesbianism as pornographic. As lesbianism is not condemned neither is

sex education, erotic art or erotic literature.

Some critics of the anti-pornography movement claim that it is endangering freedom of speech. In a recent discussion in Off Our Backs, anti-censorship women argued that despite the means already available to suppress political publications, censorship of porn could further endanger them. They said, "Our point was that banning something doesn't stop it and that ideas cannot and should not be censored. I do not

## The ultimate crime

continued from previous page

crucial fact that both the male Right and the male Left, in their differing but mutually reinforcing ways, want to keep hidden from women. The male Right wants to hide the pornography, and the male Left wants public access. But whether we see the pornography or not, the values expressed in the acts of rape and wife-beating, in the legal system, in religion, in art and in literature, in systematic economic discrimination against women, in the moribund academies, and by the good and wise and kind and enlightened in all of these fields and areas.

Pornography is not a genre of expression separate and different from the rest of life; it is a genre of expression fully in harmony with any culture in which it flourishes. This is so whether it is legal or illegal. And, in either case, pornography functions to perpetuate male supremacy and crimes of violence against women because it conditions, trains, educates, and inspires men to despise women, to use women, to hurt women. Pornography exists because men despise women, and men despise women in part because pornography exists.

For myself, pornography has defeated me in a way that, at least so far, life has not. Whatever struggles and difficulties I have had in my life, I have always wanted to find a way to go

on even if I did not know how, to live through one more day, to learn one more thing, to take one more walk, to read one more book, to write one more paragraph, to see one more friend, to love one more time.

When I read or see pornography, I want everything to stop. Why, I ask, why are they so damned cruel and so damned proud of it? Sometimes, a detail drives me mad. There is a series of photographs; a woman slicing her breasts with a knife, smearing her own blood on her own body, sticking a sword up her vagina. And she is smiling. And it is the smile that drives me mad.

There is a record album plastered all over a huge display window. The picture on the album is a profile view of a woman's thighs. Her crotch is suggested because we know it is there; it is not shown. The title of the album is "Plug Me to Death." And it is the use of the first person that drives me mad. "Plug Me to Death." The arrogance. The cold-blooded arrogance.

And how can it go on like this, senseless, entirely brutal, inane, day after day and year after year, these images and ideas and values pouring out, packaged, bought and sold, promoted, enduring on and on, and no one stops it, and our darling boy intellectuals defend it, and

elegant radical lawyers argue for it, and men of every sort cannot and will not live without it. And life, which means everything to me, becomes meaningless, because these celebrations of cruelty destroy my very capacity to feel and to care and to hope. I hate the pornographers most of all for depriving me of hope.

The psychic violence in pornography is unbearable in and of itself. It acts on one like a bludgeon until one's sensibility is pummeled flat and one's heart goes dead. One becomes numb. Everything stops, and one looks at the pages or pictures and knows: this is what men have had, and this is what men will not give up.

As lesbian-feminist Karla Jay pointed out in an article called "Pot, Porn, and the Politics of Pleasure," men will give up grapes and lettuce and orange juice and Portuguese wine and tuna fish, but men will not give up pornography. And yes, one wants to take it away from them, to burn it, to rip it up, bomb it, raze their theaters and publishing houses to the ground. One can be part of a revolutionary movement or one can mourn. Perhaps I have found the real source of my grief--we have not yet become a revolutionary movement.

Tonight we are going to walk together, all of us, to take back the night, as women have in cities all over the world, because in every sense none of us can walk alone. Every woman walking alone is a target. Every woman walking alone is hunted, harassed, time after time harmed by psychic or physical violence. Only by walking together can we walk at all with any sense of safety, dignity, or freedom.

Tonight, walking together, we will proclaim to the rapists and pornographers and woman-batterers that their days are numbered and our time has come. And tomorrow, what will we do tomorrow? Because, sisters, the truth is that we have to take back the night every night, or the night will never be ours. And once we have conquered the dark, we have to reach for the light, to take the day and make it ours. This is our choice, and this is our necessity. For us, the two are indivisible in our fight for freedom.

Many of us have walked many miles, but have not gone far enough. Tonight, with every breath and every step, we must commit ourselves to going the distance: to transforming this earth on which we walk from prison and tomb into our rightful and joyous home. This we must do and this we will do, for our own sakes and for the sake of every woman who has ever lived.

Andrea Dworkin  
from Off Our Backs



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think the pornographer is responsible for his own actions."

Women Against Pornography (WAP) in New York say that they do not advocate censorship. Instead they are actively working to find new ways to educate people about the dangers of pornography and thus eliminate the mask of normality and legitimacy that the pornography industry now enjoys.

The organization also advocates punishment of this industry for its violation of laws, especially tax laws. It also urges people to write to the federal government to demand a presidential commission on pornography and violence against women.

Direct action is a tactic often used in the international movement against pornography, including:

\*In Germany a woman leaving a leaflet signed, "Red Zora, Avenger of the Oppressed," broke into several pornography and sex shops and stole more than \$50,000 worth of stock.

\*In Rochester, N.Y. four women were convicted and fined for smashing a porn

"What did you learn in school today?"



theatre window where there was a picture of a woman being cut up with scissors.

\*Feminists in California picketed stores which were carrying copies of the latest Hustler magazine. Hustler referred to this issue as an "all meat issue." The cover depicted a naked woman being shoved head-first into a meat grinder, coming out the other end as hamburger.

\*Women in several Canadian cities picketed concerts given by a Toronto based male punk-rock group calling itself The Battered Wives. Its logo was a picture of a fist imprinted with lipsticked and bloodied lips. After

receiving much adverse publicity, the group changed their name.

\*A New York group called Women Against Violence Against Women conducts tours of 42nd Street porn shops and runs presentations about sexual violence.

\*On Oct. 20, 1979, 10,000 people marched through Times Square in New York "to protest the proliferation, accessibility, and violence of pornography."•

(Taken from:  
WIN Magazine, Oct. 11, 1979  
Gay Community News, Nov. 3, 1979  
Open Road, Summer 1979)

## The streets are our showcase,

## the night is our jailer

Liberated male Jim Sanderson has touchingly good intentions, a refreshingly clear writing style, and occasional solid, thoughtful columns. But sometimes you'd think he was an utter dodo, completely unaware of women's situation.

One of these times was Sept. 20, when his Pantagraph column claimed that, unlike women, men would love to be ogled on the street.

He writes, "We'd all just love to be sex objects once in a while. Women say they hate to be ogled by construction workers, but I tell you if the girls in the beauty-parlor want to lean out the door and whistle as I walk by, well hell, ladies, what time would be convenient for you?"

His statement implies that a simple tables-turning would occur if women vocally admired men the way men do women. But it's not that simple.

He's not aware of the state of siege women live in, a failing that's unconscionable in a liberated male.

I used to be the least hassled by strange men's catcalls and whistles of any women I knew. I thought it was harmless rigamarole, even though I knew that is was objectifying. After all, many of the hasslers never even get a good look at us; their noises aren't compliments to take personally.

Then once I was walking alone at night and got whistled at. Then the whistler started walking behind me, and then he started chasing me. I only got into my room by screaming so loud that it made him falter, and then he stayed in the hall outside my hotel room, turning the knob and trying to get in.

Needless to say, a whistle has never been the same.

Since then, I've been super-aware that at night, men yell at me out of their car windows if I'm walking down the street. Sometimes, then, they drive around the block and pull up beside me, driving real slow and suggesting that I go to a party, take a ride, or whatever. Sometimes they pull halfway in a driveway, across the sidewalk I'm walking on, blocking my way and making me scared and self-conscious as I make my way around their car.

That kind of stuff has always happened. But it wasn't until I got chased into my room that I realized the depth of the threat it represented. And, Jim Sanderson, it doesn't feel like admiration.

If women did the ogling, maybe men could feel admired without feeling terrorized. Men don't know the sweaty palms, the shakey knees, the bumpy stomach that we know when we dare to walk unescorted in a dark or lonely place. They don't need to feel threatened: they're not.

But maybe, like women, they'd quickly see that they're, if not terrified, at least interrupted by this so-called admiration.

I can be walking down the street in my coverinest coveralls having a perfectly absorbing conversation with myself or another woman, and any jerk driving down the street feels free to call an intermission in this conversation so that I can listen to his mindless yodelings. Hmmph. I know that these guys have no intention of dragging me off, attacking me, or even blocking the sidewalk, but still it's a reminder that women are the sex that it's all right to interrupt because we weren't thinking about anything anyway, and besides, we'll appreciate any old goon's attention.

The liberated male should realize that he's always been free of this particular form of disrespect and



cpf

physical threat. The healthy pleasure of a solitary moonlight stroll has always been his.

To really turn the tables, men would have to start planning their days according to what time it gets dark--the way we do. They'd discover that whatever pleasure they might get from being sex objects is nothing in the face of being imprisoned by the night.

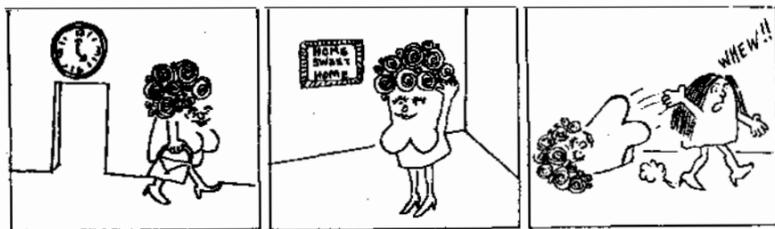
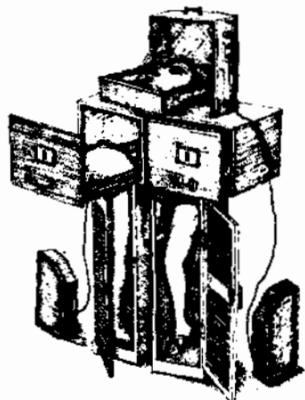
Phoebe Caulfield

### DEA agent blows up

Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) firearms instructor Richard "Hawk" Traylor recently blew himself through the wall of his Woodbridge home with a cache of explosives stolen from the government, sustaining second-degree burns over 30 per cent of his body, reports High Times magazine.

When fire investigators went into Traylor's place after the blaze was extinguished, they discovered 119 firearms and other weapons that Traylor had evidently pilfered from the DEA and the Washington D.C. police department. Serial numbers of many of the weapons, which included an M-14 submachine gun, had been altered or removed.

The Federal Bureau of Alcohol, Firearms and Tobacco is currently investigating Traylor for possible connections with professional gun runners.●



# Boogie your way to freedom

The Daily Pantagraph has taken to running a new column entitled "The Liberated Male." It's a syndicated column written by Jim Sanderson, a reporter whose background includes the claim of being "the youngest officer ever commissioned by the Marine Corps." Just the kind of fellow you'd expect to be up on the latest thinking in sexual politics.

Sanderson and the Pantagraph should be sued for false advertising. "The Liberated Male" is about as liberated as Richard Nixon in a straight jacket. It's such a conglomeration of sexist garbage that I've managed to read only one of the columns all the way through (it was the first one I read).

Sanderson's angle is the infuriating one of coopting feminist ideas in order to make life easier for men. Example: he latched on to the notion that "household work doesn't have a gender" and came up with the tale of a man who manipulated his wife into mowing the lawn.

Funny? Apparently Sanderson thinks so. He writes in a style that's surpassed in coyness only by a particularly bad episode of "Three's Company." Irma Bombeck is a Nobel laureate by comparison.

The only essay of "The Liberated Male" that I ever read entirely was headlined "A lot of men hate you, John Travolta." It concerned the terrible things disco dancing is doing to men.

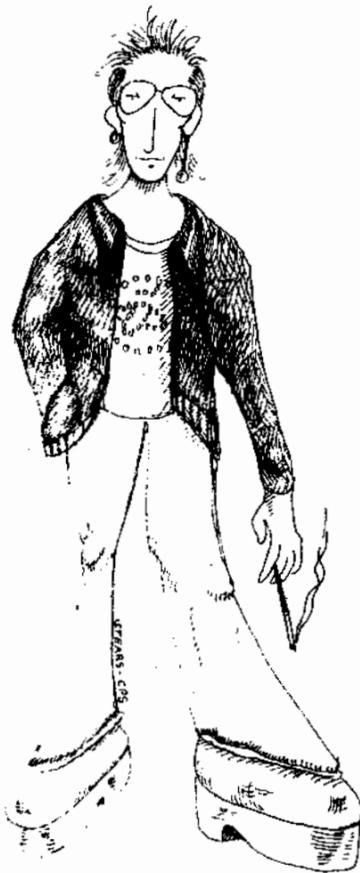
According to Sanderson, "many a man and boy watched 'Saturday Night Fever' with queasy forboding." Why? Well, it seems their future sex lives were being threatened. As Sanderson put it: "Was this the new kind of dancing that a male had to learn before he could get a female nodding yes?" (Take five minutes to seethe over that one.)



Laying aside the stupid view of male-female relationships that's evident here, I'd like to concentrate on another aspect of Sanderson's medieval thinking, simply because it relates to the current wave of anti-disco feeling that's beginning to bother me more and more.

The tiresome premise for the whole article is that physical ability is a function of gender. In Sanderson's either/or view, women dance, men don't. Grace and rhythm are feminine. Masculine is rough, tough, and two left feet. Men don't twirl and kick and shake their hips.

Well, real men don't. John Travolta did, but he's a movie star and got paid to. Since being graceful is a female trait, men who are good at disco are probably gay--because in this country, gay equals effeminate sissy.



And we all know that disco is the first pop music with an openly gay component. It originated in the urban gay subculture and the trend-setters and taste-makers of disco continue to be gay. The best discos in Bloomington and Champaign, for instance, are gay ones.

Now here's where my complaint about Sanderson's column connects to my feelings about the increasingly open hostility toward discos and disco music. It's become hip in some circles to put disco down. Sanderson's objection may seem different from the standard ones, but it has the virtue of showing us that the discomfort with disco may have something to do with sex.

Under the guise of feeling sorry for (allegedly) clumsy men, Sanderson's attitude implies that there's something wrong--something unmanly, less than masculine--about the kind of dancing that's done in discos. His attack is a less explicit version of the disco-hater's slogan "Disco Sucks." That phrase uses a sexual sneer to make its put-down, and the sexual style being put down is gayness. Disco is gay: Gay people suck: Disco sucks. These three statements are all gross generalizations, I know, but abuse is seldom subtle.

What Sanderson shares with other disco detractors is a bad case of defensiveness. And what they are defensive about is sexual image.

The anti-disco feeling isn't just a dismissal of a style of music that some people dislike. Many opponents of disco are downright hostile. They're freaked out way beyond the limit of simple musical taste. The "Disco Sucks" slogan is meant to polarize and terrorize. If you like disco, well disco sucks and what does that say about you?

You think I'm creating this entire analysis out of thin air? Then take a look sometime at straight men who come to a gay disco (like My Place).

Now, some of the non-gay men are relaxed and comfortable and don't seem to suffer from Jim Sanderson's congenital male awkwardness. But others are uptight as hell. Many of them don't dance at all; they keep in constant touch with their girlfriends--and when they do dance, it looks like a DEVO concert, or robots on parade.

Are these men as stiff and rigid as they appear? I don't think so--not physically anyway. The rigidity is in their minds: they all carry the same image of dancing men that Sanderson has. If they move too gracefully and expertly, they'll end up looking too much like the men around them who are dancing with other men.

(I think ballet suffers from the same image problem. Men who go into ballet are assumed to be gay; many are. Those who aren't often work hard at establishing their heterosexual credentials (like a wife and three kids). The "problem," of course, wouldn't exist if our society didn't hold such a stupidly negative view of gayness.)

That, then, is what I think is at the bottom of the antagonism toward disco. I'm not saying that if you don't like disco you're automatically anti-gay. I'm just pointing out that the intense loathing that some people express for disco music and disco dancing--the kind of sneering contempt that "Disco Sucks" conveys--is probably related to homophobia (fear of gayness.) Sometimes when I hear people putting down disco, I get the same feeling I have when someone calls me "faggot." In both instances I'm hearing insecure people lash out at some strange beast that's threatening them somehow. And in both cases I think it's the same beast.

Those uptight men on the dance floor don't want to associate themselves too closely with people they've been taught to hate and fear. I think Jim Sanderson is trying the same thing by suggesting that many men (himself included) are unable to do well at disco. Are people who proclaim that "Disco Sucks" running from the same association with femininity/gayness? I think it's possible.



I also think the anti-disco campaign borders on racism, since the most popular disco music is performed by black artists (Donna Summer, Gloria Gaynor, Sister Sledge, Le Chic) and a lot of discotheques cater to the black and Latino communities as well as to the gay ones.

And, to return to Sanderson, is it merely coincidence that black men have been stereotyped as graceful, sensuous dancers--just like gay men? or do all God's minorities got rhythm? Maybe it's nature's way of compensating for lack of power.

My point is that Sanderson's standard of masculine dancing abilities applies only to straight/white men. The ones in power. If you aren't responsible for running things, then maybe it's all right to dance well. Gays, blacks, women--all

## Boogie, cont.

exceptions to the law "thou shalt not move thy hips in a loose and sensual manner."

I suspect it all goes back to the Judaeo-Christian tradition, the fount of all patriarchal oppression. Disco music and disco dancing broke from that tradition. Disco is the product and province of the effeminate and the nonwhite. No wonder there's a backlash.

Last summer, for the first time in the history of Billboard's music popularity charts, the top five songs in the country were all by women. And the first four were disco songs performed by blacks. I don't know who invented the phrase "Disco Sucks" but I'd be willing to bet it was a straight-white-man--probably a guitarist for a rock-n-roll band.

I'm not totally sure about all the connections between anti-disco feeling and racism, sexism, homophobia. Many of the interrelationships are unclear and tenuous. But it looks to me like something's going on there.

Whatever the politics of disco are, I'm launching a campaign to restore the reputations of disco dancing and sucking as healthy, acceptable forms of recreation. My slogan is "Disco Sucks and So Do I." Would you have the guts to put that on your T-shirt?

--Ferdydurke

Author's note: Phoebe Caulfield has read a lot more of Sanderson's columns than I have. Her reactions to his politics and style are, therefore, more informed and accurate than mine. If you haven't read her article in this issue ("The Streets Are Our Showcases; The Night is Our Jailer"), you should. She agrees with me about Sanderson's views on disco, though. ●



## Post poo-poops Pope, proceeds with people's poll



I am Polish. As such, I am very sensitive to ethnic slurs. However, this country was recently visited by what I consider to be the biggest ethnic slur of all time--his Popeship John Paul II.

I had such great hopes for JP II when he took over in Rome. After all, I kept telling my skeptical friends, he was Polish. He looks just like all of my uncles--cute smile, balding, no neck--he'd be great. It didn't take me long to get disillusioned.

Oh, he started out okay, visiting Poland and starting a major uprising of the Polish people who hadn't seen him since he changed his name, and telling the bishops in South America to stop bugging their priests about getting involved in politics and in the work of freeing the people from oppression because that was, after all, the priests' duty so either shut up about it or help them carry on, and all that.

And I know he said that he didn't think priests should be allowed to get married and that women could never be priests, but he'd have to say that right at first, I rationalized. He had to win over all those little Catholics out there who are still irate about losing the Latin Mass--get them into his hot little hands before he could start doing anything too progressive.

No one bought that one, either. But I had faith. As a grain of mustard seed, as it were.

But after JP's visit to Chicago, I had to go around apologizing to everyone I know for screaming "Oh ye of little faith" at them for the past months. After Chicago, I too lost faith. I discovered that he was indeed just like all my Polish Catholic uncles--sexist, reactionary, and moralistic.

According to his Popeship, I and all my friends and family and, in fact, everyone I know, is immoral. We are immoral because we either 1) are homosexual, 2) practice unnatural birth control, 3) commit adultery, or 4) support the right to have an abortion. That list takes care of everyone I've ever met, with the possible exception of Violet Hamilton.

I suppose it shouldn't bother me to be called immoral--Lord knows I've been called worse. I guess what bothers me is a blanket damnation from a displaced Polak to all sorts of people he has never even met on issues that he knows absolutely nothing about.

It seems as though what he did in Chicago was to issue a proclamation against having fun. Now I know he has fun himself. He skis and writes poetry and was an actor in Poland and does all sorts of neat stuff. I think he just can't understand why skiing and writing poetry aren't enough for some people. Some people like to have--excuse the expression--sex. Some people don't think you should have to pay just because you want to play. Some people think that there is no valid excuse for procreation. I happen to be one of those people.

JP seems to have somehow, possibly through osmosis, taken to heart the old Puritan ethic--the fear that someone somewhere is having fun. He has every right in the world to fear that if he wants to, because he's right. We are. And I don't think many people are going to stop having fun just because JP has told them they should stop. I certainly don't intend to. It's not my fault my cousin the Pope decided to become celibate. I resent having the national news tell me that I am immoral just because some powerful priest is afraid he might be missing out on something.

I considered sending JP a copy of this article, but I figured he wouldn't read it anyway and if he did he'd just excommunicate me or send me a religious tract or blackmail my

relatives who are still in Poland or something equally as hideous. And besides, I have never yelled at a Pope before. I got kicked out of Sunday School when I was 13 because I told the teacher she was going to go to hell, so I am not totally without experience in the putting-religious-authorities-in-their-place department, but popes are a whole different ballgame from Sunday school teachers.

So I've decided that what needs to be done is to elect my own Pope. I went around for four years claiming that McGovern was my president, so it is not out of character to extend that privilege to my choice of popes. But I do not feel I should make the sole decision. Too much power in the hands of too few and all that. So the Post staff has put together a list of possibilities. The beauty of this election is that you don't have to be Catholic to participate. You don't even have to be registered. Just fill out the ballot (as in Cook County, if you want to vote more than once, feel free) and send it to the Post Pope Poll, P. O. Box 3452, Bloomington. For the price of a stamp, you can feel you have a voice in your future.

Results of the balloting will be announced in next month's Post. Happy voting. ●

--Deborah Wiatt

## POST POPE POLL

Amy Carter _____	Miss Piggy _____
Betty Crocker _____	Morris _____
Bobby Funk _____	Na-Nook of the North _____
Chief Joseph _____	Nobody _____
Claudia _____	Norman Podhoretz _____
Flo Kennedy _____	Patti Smith _____
Frank Sinatra _____	Randolph Scott _____
Gilda Radner _____	Susan Saxe _____
Gloria Steinem _____	The Dallas Cowboys _____
Howdy Doody _____	The Late Mamie Eisenhower _____
Jill Johnston _____	Tim Curry _____
Jim Jones _____	Trigger _____
Johnny Rotten _____	Veronica Lake _____
Joseph Stalin _____	Vince Lombardi _____
Katherine Graham _____	Wanda the Dancing Hot Dog _____
Madalyn Murray O'Hair _____	_____
Mark Twain _____	_____

# Sandinistas set up new government

In 1933 Augusto Sandino came to the new president of Nicaragua with a peace proposal. The talk was good. As he left, President Somoza's men shot Sandino in the back.

This ended a long fight that Sandino had been waging, since 1927, to get the U.S. Marines out of the country. The movement finally succeeded, and the Marines left in 1933. When Sandino then went to Somoza with his proposal for peace, he was murdered.

The struggle against U.S. imperialism in Nicaragua dates back to 1909, when the government of Jose Santos Zelaya was overthrown with American support. The U.S. controlled all forces of foreign exchange, rail-

roads, customs and banks. The Marines arrived in 1914 and stayed until 1933, but when they left, the puppet Somoza was installed by the U.S.

The Frente Sandinista, a union of 5 different groups, was formed in 1961. In 1962, they became the National Liberation Front, and then in 1963, with their first armed mission, they became the Frente Sandinista Liberation National (FSLN). They have been fighting ever since.

The FSLN's latest victory was sparked by the murder of Pedro Joaquin Chamorro on Jan. 10, 1978. There were mass protests; many guerilla strikes happened that spring and summer. These battles culminated in August, when the FSLN took the government castle and held 1500 hostages successfully, winning release of 59 political prisoners and \$500,000 in cash. With this, the FSLN moved quickly and took many of the cities in Nicaragua and held them--some for weeks--until the National Guard nearly destroyed several cities and quelled the rebellion. Approximately 10,000 people died during this offensive, mostly civilians who were killed by the National Guard.

The troops carried out their job tactlessly, indulging in mindless violence. Reportedly, soldiers put guns to children's heads, executed teen-agers in the street, and murdered a mother who tried to protect her children.

The Sandinista were reinforced heavily by "los muchachos" (the children). Thus, the guard tried to kill all the people between the ages of 14 and 21.

The U.S. maintained a "hands off" policy during this period of fighting. Our government knew Somoza was unpopular and tried, with the support of the puppet group FOA (Broad Opposition Front) to mediate the insurrection and take over in the Grand Old Fashion. The scheme was for a government of "National Unity," with or without Somoza, to be established. Basically this meant that the Liberal Party (Somoza's) would be backed by the National Guard.



The FSLN saw right through this plan. The FOA was a U.S.-supported intervention team representing capitalist anti-Somoza sectors. A similar set-up happened in the Israel-Egypt conflict, where the U.S. first intervened, then ran the whole show: the Sandinistas would be on the outside looking in just like the PLO.

On Jan. 10, 1st anniversary of Chamorro's death, 20,000 to 50,000 people came out in protest, and there was heavy fighting in the south of the country. This was truly the beginning of the end for Somoza.

Even though the whole country was under siege by the people's army of the FSLN, Somoza was coming up with quotes like "The Shah is gone, but I am still here." Since Somoza wouldn't leave gracefully, the regime backed by the Liberal Party and the National Guard would never come into being.

Somoza forced the revolution that would free the Nicaraguan people. The fighting continued even though the National Guard destroyed all the country's major cities. The U.S. tried, even when everyone knew that the FSLN would have its victory, to keep the Guard and Liberals in Nicaragua as an anti-communist protector.

Somoza left on July 17. The "transitional government" tried to take power, of course, but the Sandinistas immediately put it down. And on July 21, 1979, the leaders of the FSLN rode into Managua, where more than 100,000 people waited, singing and shouting under the red and black flags of the FSLN.

The new government, a junta of 5 representing a broad coalition, was sworn in on the 21st, and one member outlined the plan for reconstruction. The Somoza apparatus would be eliminated. The army would be disbanded, the congress would be dissolved, the party and judicial system would be taken apart. All would be re-built. And Somoza's land, 30 to 60% of the arable land in Nicaragua (mostly uncultivated), would be nationalized and re-distributed to the people.

The new government has shown that a true revolutionary is guided by love. They have been very lenient with the people who fought against the FSLN--even to the point of letting some of the more sane National Guard soldiers into the army. They even let a couple of spies go. These people want no more blood, but the revolutionary process will continue, backed by a strong people's army.

The victory in Nicaragua has dealt a crushing blow to U.S. imperialism and shows that freedom can be obtained despite major obstacles.

The struggle of the Sandinistas proves the validity of armed insurrection at a certain point of heavy repression. Long live Sandinista Nicaragua, the hope of a united Central America.●

--pete

## The gallery Good Times

- Mon. Nov. 5 Lazy Lightning
- Tues. Nov. 6 Jim Vasilou
- Weds. Nov. 7 Frank Powell/ Morse and Williams
- Thurs. Nov. 8 John Briggs/ Mike DiLeonard
- Fri. Nov. 9 Todd Tecumseh/ Alpert-Neuliep Band/ Free Silver
- Sat. Nov. 10 Steve Harlan-Marks/ Two Hits and a Miss
- Sun. Nov. 11 Chez Bocat
- Mon. Nov. 12 Wing of Song
- Tues. Nov. 13 Wing of Song
- Weds. Nov. 14 Jim Vasilou/ Pete Matheur
- Thurs. Nov 15 John Briggs/ Chase and Sample
- Fri. Nov. 16 Jim Budzius
- Sat. Nov. 17 Kris Brockhagen/ Steve Addanti
- Sun. Nov. 18 Schuck and Batson
- Mon. Nov. 19 Chez Bocat

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20:

### 12TH

Anniversary  
of the Gallery

Showtime  
Dancing  
Impressions

Spike  
on Stage

Brooks Bros. Band

Ambra

Mark Boone

other misc. stars, acts

also featuring Bloomington's  
Aron Kay; Ken Johnson

111 e. beaufort  
normal



# Community news



## Holly Near no-nuke tour

Holly Near will be in Chicago Nov. 10 and in St. Louis Dec. 7 during her Tour for a Nuclear-free Future in more than 25 cities.

The tour, which is a benefit for local anti-nuke organizations, consists of concerts and workshops designed to express the urgency of the need to establish a national no-nukes policy.

Holly Near is a remarkable performer, a singer, songwriter & a storyteller. She was performing at seven; a film and television actress in the 60's; a female lead in Hair on Broadway; a featured performer with Jane Fonda's notorious "Free the Army" show. For the last several years Holly has been focusing on her music--creatively integrating her art and politics. She has performed as guest artist at such events as the Hiroshima International Symposium Against the A & H Bombs, Survival Sunday I & II, Gay Pride events in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle and Washington, the festival for Chile in Mexico, women's music festivals across the country, and the first International Women's Music Festival in Denmark.

The Chicago concert starts at 8 pm at the Navy Pier Auditorium. Tickets are \$5.00 in advance from Sojourn House and \$6.00 at the door.



### Remaining concert dates

Nov. 7	Lexington KY
Nov. 9	Oberlin OH
Nov. 10	Chicago IL
Nov. 11	Tulsa OK
Nov. 17	Berkeley CA
Nov. 24	Pocatello ID
Nov. 25	Kansas City KS
Nov. 28	Boston MA
Nov. 30	New Orleans LA
Dec. 1	Tallahassee FL
Dec. 4	Austin TX
Dec. 5	Nashville TN
Dec. 7	St. Louis MO
Dec. 11	Amherst MA
Dec. 14	New York City
Dec. 15	Washington DC

## GPA activities

ISU's Gay People's Alliance will hold a gay-straight rap on Wed., Nov. 7, at 8 p.m. This informal, open discussion will take place in room 112 of Fairchild Hall on the ISU campus.

GPA holds several gay-straight raps during the year; they are designed to provide gays and nongays with an opportunity to share views and to ask questions of one another. These sessions are usually quite lively and interesting.

Other GPA events for Nov. include a report and slide show on the National Gay March on Washington, an analysis of communication models among gay males, and a discussion of gay lifestyles in other cultures.

GPA meets every Wed. at 8 p.m. in Fairchild 112. Any one interested in gay issues and gay people is welcome to attend the meetings. Further information about GPA's activities can be obtained by calling Jane Scott (454-1565) or Ivan Gronsky (452-5852).

## Good nutrition: relieves premenstrual symptoms

Good nutrition can relieve many premenstrual symptoms, ranging from breast cysts to water retention, backache, cramps, nervousness, hysteria, breast sensitivity, weakness, irritability, and insomnia. The same good nutrition may shorten the menstrual period from the average five days to three, and reduce the intensity of the flow. Sometimes it even helps cystic mastitis and uterine fibroid tumors.

A low-sugar, high-protein diet, with added vitamin B complex, high in inositol and choline, and vitamin E and lecithin and manganese, controls estrogen activity by permitting the liver to break estrogen down to a less active form.

Doctors have too long accepted "female troubles" as the inescapable price for being a woman. The menstrual cycle cannot be considered normal when it leads to asocial behavior, including serious crimes, suicide attempts, and outbursts of psychosis. About 50% of the crimes for which women are jailed are committed in the premenstrual week, half the suicide attempts occur then, half the admissions to mental institutions for women. Normal? Or as abnormal as the diet eaten by millions of American women?

--Thanx to Prevention magazine, October 1979



## Home birth seminar

The Association for Childbirth at Home, International (ACHI) will present a seminar in Bloomington November 17 and 18. It will be conducted by Cathryn Feral, Midwest Regional Coordinator for ACHI.

The seminar will be an unabridged consolidation of ACHI's six-session series of childbirth preparation classes which are designed to thoroughly prepare parents to give birth safely with primary emphasis on practical and technical information. Topics will include planning a home and hospital delivery, normal labor and birth, recognizing and dealing with complications, breathing techniques, nutrition, coping with fear and pain, labor coaching, checking fetal heart tones, care of the newborn and much more.

The seminar is open to all prospective parents, professionals, and interested individuals.

For information on cost of the seminar, location, etc. contact Small Changes Bookstore 829-6223 or Julie 8296056 (after 1pm).

ACHI is a non-profit, tax exempt organization.



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## MEG agents shoot him up

### Mary only guilty of protecting family

Dear Post,

I read with interest all the letters in the September, 1979 issue concerning the Mary Williams case. I did not see the article by Shebet or any others about the case, but I have an opinion about Les Williams.

He was a strong-willed, self-centered man. What he wanted came first. His drugs and alcohol before his family. If Mary and the children left him, which they did a few times, he found them and she was beat up for leaving. Mary tried to make a home and loves her children. To Les they were a happening and something to brag about, yet a burden on his way of life.

What would you think of a man who had just a few dollars in his pocket, the clothes on his back, a barely running car going to visit people he had never met before (who were to later become related) and telling them about his yacht and his airplane and all of the things he has, knowing full well he was full of "hot air?" He bragged about his conquests. No one dared cross him because he had connections that would take care of anyone who did.

Unless one was stronger in mind than he, it would be impossible to defeat him. Otherwise, you succumbed to his wishes just so you would not be beat.

Whether man or woman, living alone with five children, wouldn't you be afraid if someone came to your door in the early hours of the morning and tried to get in? If you had the means to protect yourself would you not use it? Sure, you can call the police and they will respond, as a rule, as quickly as possible, but the intruder could break in and kill all occupants.

Again this was a case of the head of the household protecting the house and those in it. Let's hope the jury keeps this in mind while determining the evidence.

Mrs. Donna Harscher  
Quincy

Dear Post,

I have read your recent article in the Post Amerikan and would like to respond by telling you about my run-in with the MEG agents.

Last year I was set up for a drug bust by two MEG agents, David Reubenhause and Donald Greer. Over a several month period and a series of buys (1 lb. or less), they called me in on the telephone wanting to buy 12 pounds. A meeting place was set for the parking lot of Tri-City in East Alton. Wanting to be cautious I moved the place of transaction several blocks away; at the scene were the two MEG agents in their car and my wife and myself in mine.

I handed over several pounds to be weighed, and the weight being satisfactory I asked to see the cash. Just as I was about to accept the money I noticed a magnum in the waistband of the agent. Thinking that this was a rip-off I pushed the agent away from me and reached for my own gun. Before I could clear my gun one of the agents opened fire on me.

I had been hit by the bullet yet I managed to get one round off and hit the leg of one of the agents. I raced around to the other side of my car for shelter, but before I could duck I was shot four times in the stomach being pushed back to a nearby parked truck.

At this time my wife tried to get out of the car, she was screaming "Don't kill him." More concerned about my wife's safety than my own, I moved back to the car door and stopped her from getting out.

I then fell to the ground holding on to the car door handle. While lying on my back the agent walked over, removed my hand from the handle

and placed the muzzle of his gun in my hand and fired, removing part of my palm and thumb. He then fired several more shots into me as I lay on the ground helpless.

The city police, acting as MEG backup arrived in minutes after the shooting. I was left lying on the ground 45 minutes without medical attention and it was a total of 75 minutes before I was taken to the hospital. It was a surprise to medical personnel that I was still alive.

Not one time during the shooting was I told that these two men were law officers or that I was under arrest. It was not until the city police arrived that I knew that police were involved in some way.

Simply, the agents tried to kill me without rhyme or reason. I was railroaded by my attorney into prison. I'm serving a 3 to 7 year prison sentence at Menard Correctional Center for "escape-attempted escape" - a crime that I am not guilty of yet that the state had to convict me of in order to cover up the attempted police execution.

Now it may sound like my story is wild and untrue, but I have my medical records (shot 10 times), police reports, and trial transcripts. I have filed for damages in federal court on the grounds of "cruel and unusual punishment" and "due process and equal protection under the law."

I wish you continued success in your search for truth and justice.

Charles Nolker  
86276  
Box 711  
Menard, IL 62259

### Psychiatrists are hypocrites, says Laing

Radical psychiatrist R.D. Laing says the Western psychiatrist establishment has no right to condemn the Soviet practice of incarcerating political dissidents in mental asylums. In an interview with Abbie Hoffman, Laing said "American psychiatrists should be embarrassed to condemn those practices in the Soviet Union, since the treatment is the same here as there--imprisonment, violation of basic human rights by the same drugs, the same electric shocks.

"If electric shocks are so bad for dissidents, how come they are so good for mental patients? If these things

are supposed to be destroying people there, what do they think is happening here?"

Laing goes on to bitterly condemn psychiatrists for believing they are entitled to determine what constitutes aberrant behavior in people. "Psychiatrists have come to regard it as their duty and function to put down all states of mind they think are not in the interests of the person concerned. We have become a profession of mind police."

--High Times



### looks like a sleepy, serene community.

If you listen to the city fathers, the Pantagraph, the civic boosters and the phony speechmakers, you would think we lived in a 1930's Hollywood set. But let's look behind the scenes. Each month since April 1972, the Post-Amerikan has been denting that serene facade, printing the embarrassing truths the city fathers would rather overlook. Take another look at Bloomington-Normal. Subscribe to the Post-Amerikan.

For the next 12 monthly issues, send \$3.00 to Post-Amerikan, P.O. Box 3452, Bloomington, IL. 61701.

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# Pontiac Support Coalition questions article

Dear Post-Amerikan:

As an organization whose primary objective is to defend the prisoners being framed for their alleged participation in the Pontiac prison rebellion of July 22, 1978, we feel a need to respond to the article entitled "Klan's Revival in Illinois No Threat," written by R. Jay Gibson, in your October, 1979 issue.

The struggle to defend the Pontiac Brothers--31 Black and Latin men Governor Thompson is trying to use as scapegoats for the rebellion--is part of the larger struggle that Black people in this country are waging against the death penalty and for basic human rights. The Pontiac rebellion was a result of years of intolerable conditions and brutality against Black prisoners by white guards and administrators. When it was quelled, three white guards were found dead. The state's response was to frame 31 prisoners on felony charges and 67 on administrative charges after an eight-month deadlock distinguished by its brutality and complete suppression of basic constitutional and human rights. 17 men, all of them Black, have been charged with 15 counts of murder each and face the electric chair if convicted.

To mount an adequate defense for the Pontiac Brothers, a defense that will lead to the indictments being dropped and an acknowledgment that Governor Thompson and the Department of Corrections were responsible for the conditions that led to the uprising and the guards' deaths, we must understand the oppression which confronts Black people. It is no accident or coincidence that the state wants to take the lives of 17 Black men for the death of three white guards. And it is our responsibility, as white people, to understand our role in fighting racism and supporting Third World movements.

It is in this context that we are writing this response to R. Jay's article. We feel that the analysis put forth in it, if accepted, can do harm because it leads people into not taking the Klan and other white supremacist groups seriously--and thereby contributes to their continuing racist terror.

To begin with, the Ku Klux Klan has a number of different factions and organizations currently operating in the United States. And in this period we are witnessing an increase in the Klan, the Nazis and other white supremacist groups. Even though the Klan is below its 1960s membership of 50,000 and its record four million mark in the 1920s, all observers have reported an increase in its growth in the last few years. The latest estimates of Klan membership are around 10,000--an increase of 700 per cent in five years. This figure doesn't include Klan sympathizers, said to be 10 for each member (and higher in the north).

The rise and fall in Klan membership is related to the strength of the Black struggle against white domination. In both the 1920s and the 1960s the movement of masses of Black people seeking equality and human rights resulted in increased membership in white racist groups. The struggle against school segregation, the civil rights movement, the Black Power movement all acted as catalysts for organizing white reaction in the 60s. In 1979 busing and the declining American economy--which white racists blame on the growing resistance of Black and other Third World people to oppression and exploitation--are issues reactionary whites organize around. The October issue of Ebony magazine states: "A recent south-wide poll by the Darden Research Corp. of Atlanta reported that although 50 per cent of whites believe the 1954 decision outlawing school segregation was a 'good' decision, only 11 per cent favor busing, which is a major plank in the Klan's propaganda campaign to raise membership."

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In terms of numbers, membership, etc., the last point we'd like to stress is that the rise in white supremacist groups is a national trend. It's not something that only happens in the south, east, north or west. The fact that you don't see the Klan or other groups doesn't mean that they are not around or weak. In many areas they intentionally keep a low profile as they organize their secret armies to terrorize the Black community. The Klan, for example, exists in almost every state in the country. They are organizing, developing resources and storing weapons whether we see them or not. They even have youth camps to train their children in racism and the use of weapons.

But above and beyond estimates of the current membership of the Klan and Nazi organizations, the seriousness of the threat they represent cannot be overestimated--because they are protected by the power of the white state. Historically, the Klan and extra-legal lynching parties of all kinds have been free to terrorize, torture and kill Black people because white police will not arrest them, white juries will not convict them, and white courts will not punish them for doing so. Between 1889 and 1921, when 3436 known lynchings of Black people by white mobs were recorded, not one person was ever convicted of murder for these acts. And in 1978, a New York City policeman who shot an unarmed 12-year-old Black to death without provocation was found innocent by reason of "temporary insanity"--and released from a mental institution a few months later.



There are examples even closer to home. On January 1, 1979, six white off-duty guards entered Stateville Penitentiary in Joliet, took three Black prisoners from their cells one at a time and beat them viciously while they were handcuffed behind their backs. The guards were discovered by an administrator while beating the third prisoner. Gayle Franzen, director of the Department of Corrections, talked big about getting indictments against the guards--but the matter was quietly dropped as soon as the local prosecutor decided there was "insufficient evidence." Further investigation has shown that at least two of these guards have connections to the Klan.

This incident illustrates another important fact: not only do the police and other officers of the law condone and cover up for members of violent white supremacist groups--they are often part of them. A key part of the Klan's organizing takes place on military bases and in prisons. It's in these areas that they attract racist guards, prisoners and military people. Those of us who were doing prison support work before Pontiac are quite familiar with incidents in Illinois prisons where the Klan and Nazis have been active. It was just two years ago when Pontiac prisoners stole some KKK membership forms from a guard who was a suspected Klansman. And in

Menard in 1975 two guards and a chaplain were suspended for passing out White Power, the Nazi paper.

We'd also like to refer you to our last article in the Post-Amerikan, where we describe an August 1979 rally of the Nazis and the Klan in Tazewell County which was not stopped even though the local police knew that the demonstrators were carrying arms. The sheriff stated that "There's nothing to do or nothing we should do about it."

The Klan is not insignificant because it is the organized expression of white racist interests and politics which are actively or passively supported by millions of white Americans and by the white government that allows illegal white terrorism to go on alongside the "legal" terrorism carried out by police in Black communities and guards in the concentration camps we call prisons.

The fascist groups which turned Germany into a Nazi death camp also began as small groups of frustrated fanatics, regarded as insignificant by almost everyone. But the tolerance of their terror by the state and by millions of "respectable" Germans, whether through fear, apathy, or secret sympathy with their racist ideology, laid the basis for the

genocide that killed 13 million people in European death camps. And white people's participation in and tolerance of terror against Blacks is the basis for the genocide that has killed tens of millions of Black people from the beginning of African slavery to the present.

To assure ourselves that the Klan is a "disorganized" group of "individuals of less than average intelligence" (not at all like us!), is simply to evade our responsibility for the terror that is carried on in our name and with our acquiescence. The leadership of Black and other Third World movements will be the first to tell us that the Klan and other such groups are organized, well financed and a real threat to their people--and that white people must take some responsibility for the fight against them.

Black people have always fought back in defense of their lives and their rights. Only by taking their leadership and working to expose, isolate and defeat white supremacy can we avoid sharing responsibility for the continuing genocide of which the Klan, the prisons, and Jim Thompson's attempt to lynch the Pontiac Brothers are all a part. •

SMASH THE KLAN, NAZIS AND OTHER  
WHITE SUPREMACIST GROUPS!  
FREE THE PONTIAC BROTHERS!

--Pontiac Prisoners Support  
Coalition

## Post tactfully replies

Post-Amerikan response:

We think that R. Jay's article is as well-founded as PPSC's article. R. Jay's article says that the Klan is not as great and powerful as they'd like us to believe; it also criticizes their racist lies and expresses contempt for racist attitudes in general. R. Jay certainly doesn't try to deny the fact that racism is alive and well in this country and this county; he does put down the Klan's self-inflating publicity-seeking habits. We printed both R. Jay's views and the Pontiac Prisoner's Support Coalition views, realizing that both articles are anti-racist and that thoughtful readers want to consider more than one outlook on the issues. •

--the Post-Amerikan staff

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