

Eastern Illinois University

The Keep

The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

12-1984

Volume 13, Number 8

Post Amerikan

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new music; equal time; more phony Xians; beer

Bloomington-Normal

25c

POST AMERICAN

Dec.-Jan. 1984-5

Vol. 13 No. 8

IT'S 1985!
CAN I STOP
WORRYING NOW?

Some Cracks
In The Wall

Breaking a Union

Fact Gap

The Bureaucracy

Showing Workers
Who's the Boss

Unemployment
climbs

Fag Bashing

There's good, bad news
about burgeoning birthrate

Nowhere
to Hide

Never Question
The President

Warnings
of riot

Hunger in America

Fifteen Years of
The Burger Court

Censorship

tax
increase

Police arrest ?



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POST AMERIKAN

Volume 13, Number 8

1984-1985

page 2

ABOUT US

The Post Amerikan is an independent community newspaper providing information and analysis that is screened out of or downplayed by establishment news sources. We are a non-profit, worker-run collective that exists as an alternative to the corporate media. Decisions are made collectively by staff members at our regular meetings.

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

Most of our material and inspiration for material comes from the community. The Post Amerikan welcomes stories, graphics, photos, and news tips from our readers. If you'd like to join us call 828-7232 and leave a message on our answering machine. We will get back to you as soon as we can.

We like to print your letters. Try to limit yourself to the equivalent of two double-spaced typewritten pages. If you write a short, abusive letter, it's likely to get in print. Long, abusive letters, however, are not likely to get printed. Long, brilliantly written, non-abusive letters may, if we see fit, be printed as articles. Be sure to tell us if you don't want your letters printed.

An alternative newspaper depends very directly on a community of concerned people for existence. We believe that it is very important to keep a paper like this around. If you think so too, then support us through contributions and by letting our advertisers know you saw their ads in the Post Amerikan.

The deadline for submitting material for the next issue is January 24. For more on our holiday closing, see page 11.

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Post Sellers

BLOOMINGTON
Amtrack station, 1200 W. Front
The Back Porch, 402 1/2 N. Main
Biasi's Drugstore, 217 N. Main
Bloomington Public Library (in front)
Bus Depot, 523 N. East
Common Ground, 516 N. Main
D. J.'s Variety, 297 N. Main
Front and Center Building
Law and Justice Center, W. Front
Lee Street (100 N.)
Main and Miller streets
Medusa's Adult World, 420 N. Madison
Mike's Market, 1013 N. Park
Mr. Donut, 1310 E. Empire
Nierstheimer Drugs, 1302 N. Main
Pantagraph (front of building),
301 W. Washington
The Park Store, Wood & Allin
People's Drugs, Oakland & Morrissey
Red Fox, 918 W. Market
Susie's Cafe, 602 N. Main
U.S. Post Office, 1511 E. Empire
(at exit)
U.S. Post Office, Center & Monroe
Wash House, 609 N. Clinton
Washington and Clinton streets

NORMAL
Alamo II, 319 North St. (in front)
Blue Dahlia Bookstore, 124 E. Beaufort
ISU University Union, 2nd floor
ISU University Union, parking lot
entrance
ISU Milner Library (entrance)
Mickey's, 111 E. Beaufort (in front)
Midstate Truck Plaza, U.S. 51 north
Mother Murphy's, 111 1/2 North St.
North & Broadway, southeast corner
Record Service, Watterson Place
Redbird IGA, 310 S. Main
Upper Cut, 318 Kingsley
White Hen Pantry, 207 Broadway
(in front)

Good Numbers

Alcoholics Anonymous.....828-5049
American Civil Liberties Union.454-1787
Clare House (Catholic Workers).828-4035
Community for Social Action....452-4867
Connection House.....829-5711
Countering Domestic Violence...827-4005
Dept. Children/Family Services.828-0022
Draft Counseling.....452-5046
Gay/Lesbian Info. Line.....829-2719
HELP (transportation for senior
citizens, handicapped).....828-8301
Ill. Dept. of Public Aid.....827-4621
Ill. Lawyer Referral.....800-252-8916
Kaleidoscope.....828-7346
Metropolitan Comm. Church.....829-2719
McLean Co. Health Dept.....454-1161
Mid Central Community Action...829-0691
Mobile Meals.....828-8301
McLean Co. Center for Human
Services.....827-5351
National Health Care Services
(abortion assistance, Peoria)691-9073
Nuclear Freeze Coalition.....828-4195
Occupational Development Center828-7324
Operation Recycle.....829-0691
Parents Anonymous.....827-4005
PATH (Personal Assistance Telephone
Help).....827-4005
Or.....800-322-5015
Phone Friends.....827-4008
Planned Parenthood.....medical.827-4014
bus/couns/educ.....827-4368
Post Amerikan.....828-7232
Prairie State Legal Service....827-5021
Prairie Alliance.....828-8249
Project Oz.....827-0377
Rape Crisis Center.....827-4005
Sunnyside Neighborhood Center..827-5428
TeleCare (senior citizens)....828-8301
Unemployment comp/job service..827-6237
United Farmworkers support....452-5046
UPIC.....827-4026

Thanx

This issue is in your hands thanks to Danny the DeBug, Deborah, BS, Bobby, Diana, Nadene, Ralph, LH, Dave, Melissa, Have, X, Bumper, Mark, Rich, Chris, Scott, Paul, Drue, Laurie S., Pink Bob, JT, Sue, Becky and Susie (coordinator) --and others we probably forgot to mention.

Special thanx to Walter G. for his sweet note and generous contribution.

Moving?

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

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City/state/zip _____

Normal chief threatens student

Normal Police Chief David Lehr threatened to press bogus charges of filing a false police report against ISU student Daryll Carlson, according to an article in the Nov. 13 Daily Vidette.

Lehr's threat was an apparent retaliation for Carlson's efforts to file charges against the Chief for possession of open alcohol during the Oct. 3 uprising in Normal.

Photographs in the Vidette, the Post-Amerikan and the Pantagraph all showed the Chief standing in the intersection of College and Main holding an open can of Miller's. Lehr's police had busted dozens of college students for the same "crime"--sometimes just for possessing a plastic cup which contained only traces of beer. When asked why he drank the beer that night, Lehr told the Vidette, "It was good beer. I'm not stupid."

Before getting threatened for his efforts to prosecute Lehr, Carlson got some bureaucratic runaround. First,

police officers made Carlson fill out a two-page narrative Supplemental Case Report. Then, officers said they'd made a mistake, that Carlson would have to speak with City Manger Anderson. The two-page narrative would be destroyed, officers told Carlson.

City Manger Dave Anderson refused to file ordinance violation charges against the Chief. Since Chief Lehr was "conducting an investigation" when he was photographed, the open alcohol and drinking on duty was legal, Anderson told the Vidette.

On his way out of City Hall, Carlson saw Chief Lehr reading the two-page report Carlson had written. Carlson asked why the report hadn't been destroyed, as officers had told him.

According to the Vidette, Chief Lehr responded, "I'm going to file charges against you for filing a false police report."

Jurors take 66% pay cut

Jurors who serve in McLean County will have their compensation cut from \$15 per day to only \$5 per day, under a plan approved by the McLean County Justice and Public Safety Committee in early November.

Outside consultants proposed the drastic pay slash. The County Board hired them to recommend improvements in County government finances. Judge Luther Dearborn opposed the pay cut and said it would cause some residents to be financially unable to serve as jurors.

Even without the cut in juror compensation, the present system already places a disproportionate burden on blue collar workers. Professional salaried workers usually continue to collect their pay while serving on juries. But hourly workers usually forfeit their wages. The present \$15 per day is barely half the current minimum wage. \$5 per day is an even more grievous insult.

Miscellaneous outrages you may have missed

Compiled by Mark Silverstein.

They're after the children

The shrinks and the psychiatric social workers are moving into the grade schools.

Alan Spear, director of the Center for Human Services, announced in mid-November that his agency has received an 18-month grant to provide "early intervention services" in area grade schools and day care centers.

According to a Pantagraph article, the Center for Human Services' goal is "early identification of mental health problems in children up to age 9."

"This grant is just the start," director Alan Spear said, according to the Pantagraph, which also quoted Spear saying that "more services for children" is the agency's highest priority in the next couple years.

It wasn't that long ago when the National Institute of Mental Health was funding programs for "early intervention" to identify children with potential "gender identification problems." Girls who played baseball and boys who learned macrame were examples of children with such "problems." For those who remember those days, Alan Spear's latest addition to his therapeutic empire is a chilling development.

Need ID for gov't cheese

MUNSTER, GO HOME
1966, Color, 90 minutes

Remember when the first surplus government cheese was given away a few years ago? The emphasis was on distribution, not bureaucracy. The Salvation Army gave out government cheese to anyone who stood in line, declared that they lived in McLean County and made under a certain amount of money.

That's changed now, the Salvation Army announced in early November.

Anyone without a special Salvation-Army-issued ID card won't get any cheese.

To get a card, people must bring proper documentation of name, residence and income. The Salvation Army will accept medical cards, driver's licenses, bank cards and voter registration cards. According to a Pantagraph article, proof of income can be verified with direct deposit slips, bank statements, check stubs, public aid statements or Social Security letters. (But what if you have no income?)



Flowers pose security risk

An inmate of the state women's prison won the right to marry one of her former jailers, but the prison ceremony must be conducted without flowers, according to a Dec. 7 Pantagraph story.

"For security reasons, inmates are not allowed to have fresh or artificial flowers," the newspaper said.

Officials of the Dwight Correctional Center even barred the marriage at first. But a lawsuit filed by Bloomington attorney Michael Barford changed their minds.

The former correctional officer, Lyle Jensen, had been asked to resign last spring when officials discovered his involvement with prisoner Rita Dowd. Even after the December wedding, Jensen will have to wait several months before being permitted to visit his new wife. After March 15, according to the Pantagraph's report, the couple will be permitted to see each other during prison visiting hours.

ISU cans troublemaking teachers

Two ISU teachers who recently lost a major sex-discrimination class action suit against ISU were just fired, the Pantagraph reported Dec. 6.

Margaret Waimon and Brenda Griffin filed the suit in 1980. After a trial in Springfield, Federal Judge Waldo Ackerman ruled against them Oct. 18. They are appealing.

After ruling against the women, Judge Ackerman died.

Both women have taught at ISU for years on temporary contracts. Their suit alleged that ISU discriminates

against women faculty by tending to give more low-level temporary positions to women, while tending to give the permanent faculty appointments to men.

Griffin has held temporary contracts at ISU since 1974, but been denied regular jobs. Waimon has taught at ISU on a "temporary" basis since 1962.

According to the Pantagraph, Waimon has had a one-year contract every year she has taught at ISU, until the fall of 1984--when the sex discrimination suit went to trial. Waimon was not actually "fired" by the university--ISU simply chose not to renew her one-semester contract after Dec. 31.

There's always...

POST NOTE: Here's part two of an interview with That Hope by M.G. begun in Vol. 13, No. 7. in which That Hope discussed name, music, and attitude changes. For those whose photographic memories have lapsed or who have already used their last issue in the puppy box: when last we chatted, M.G.'s last comment was "Maybe I will look at my questions," to which everyone responded, "uh-oh!"

MG: I notice a lot of freedom in the guitar and vocals. (To Ed) You play cords that may even be unknown to you as to name.

EP: You're absolutely right. Sometimes I don't know exactly what I'm I'm doing.

MG: You find it (the chord) and say, "Oh, that sounds good," and it doesn't matter as long as you can remember to do it the next time?

EP: Yeah. I think I used to write more like that but now I'm starting to learn more...I learned to put my finger on the major seventh last night. I've played them before, but I never knew that that's what they were named.

DC: Now we're able to really be happy to discover the simpler things that we can actually use successfully rather than be so complicated. We avoid saying, "Oh, that's too cliched."

EP: The difference is that we tape everything and listen to it. If it sounds good on tape, you say, "That's good." Before, we didn't tape anything and we'd say, "It sounds cliched."

JM: "Cliche." I think that's a big rut to get into. The baroque guys like Bach and Vivaldi were stealing shit all over the place (laughter) and nobody cared.

EP: We're trying to get out of the rut of "That sounds like that. I've heard that before." That's the way it goes.

MG: If it comes naturally then that's honest and good...

EP: We're a lot more comfortable now...

JM: It's like diaTribe meets Stanislavsky and becomes That Hope. (laughter)

DC: Sounds like a good headline.

SW: Who's Stanislavsky?

JM: The theater guy who came up with the idea of going from personal experience instead of "reading the line."

SL: If you play a song and it makes you feel good, you play it again. You don't second guess it and say, "Well, that sounds like the Furs," or "That sounds like Gang of Four."

JM: If it's what you feel, you play it.

MG: That sounds really logical, now, doesn't it?...but maybe 1% of the bands in the world actually do that.

JM: Yeah.

SL: And eventually if you keep being honest with yourself, you're going to end up with your own kind of sound.

SW: One thing I really like about this band...

SL: Is the drummer. (laughter and some sidetracking)

SW: Everybody writes lyrics, everyone writes songs, and as far as the band goes there's a lot more interaction.

EP: The way this is starting to come about is that everyone gets on the 4-track and tries an idea, and it might not be a complete song but it might be a good enough idea...

SL: To hand to somebody else and they'll stick a track on, a vocal or whatever.

MG: Sometimes particular people's brains are working so fast that they're coming in and saying, "Here's some chords, and here's some chords, and here are some more chords." There may not be a need for everyone to do that. You're not going to have to ask everyone in the band, "Where are your chords for this week?" (laughter)

EP: That's the beauty, though, here. I've got chords, I've got chords, everyone's got chords...

JM: All God's children got chords (snapping his fingers)



(There is some discussion about James' leaving the band on his own accord. Here James tells the story..)

JM: I'll tell you the reason why. This is everything I could hope for in a band and it's been leading up to this, but I still don't feel personally fulfilled because I don't want to be a musician...a professional musician. I want to do something else... My little brother knew he wanted to be a professional dancer when he was 16, and he is, working in N.Y. I believe in my ability as a bass player. I can cut the mustard but...

SW: You'd rather cut the ketchup.

JM: Right. Exactly. That's the ketchup over there and nobody's touching it. Eventually I'm gonna find something that I want to do.

MG: Well, you've got 50 more years to figure it all out.

EP: Maybe a little more.

SL: Maybe a little less.

EP: Depending on who's driving the truck.

MG: Is living together dangerous, challenging, convenient, or what?

EP: All of the above probably.

DC: I'm not here a lot of the time.

EP: When we come back from playing on the road I think we'll start grating on each other, but right now it's sort of essential that we live together.

SW: When we first came up with the concept of living together...(then, scientist-like) When we first invented the concept of living together.... (heavy laughter)

DC: No one can take that away from us!

SL: Steve, put a trademark on that!

MG: That's a good one.

DC: That'll be the sticker on the EP.

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That Hope

Part two



THAT HOPE

SW: We only get on each other's nerves when we're in the van and someone is driving really bad. (laughter)

SL: When you know each other personally you can begin to know them musically as well.

MG: Is there such a thing as a diaTribe fan who isn't going to be a That Hope fan?

Everyone: Oh, yeah.

EP: Oh, we thought about that.

DC: That's definitely possible.

SW: It's not going to be as "punkish" ...as much yelling and screaming...

EP: We may lose some diaTribe people, but we're going to gain some other people.

JM: It's changed for the better. It's good for any band to be emitting good energy as opposed to bad energy.

EP: diaTribe didn't know that some of their energy was bad energy...it might have been interpreted that way.

JM: It wasn't intended to be.

EP: What we were saying is, "This is energy."

JM: Listen to it.

DC: My nervousness in those days might have been perceived as stand-offish or bad aggression.

EP: With less instrumentation That Hope will be less busy--a simpler sound, a more spacious sound.

MG: What is some of the subject matter?

SL: With Skot's songs it seems there is a more personal thing going on. They're directed to or come from a person instead of an issue.

SW: We deal with everything through observation, and there are songs that have lyrics from everyone in them. We have a lyric box we feed with things.

EP: We find things that fit together.

MG: That's kind of a feat. You might think that lyrics would have a lot more to do with ego than music writing. Putting various bits of lyrics together isn't necessarily constructionally difficult but may be hard personally.

EP: Well, you'll write something and then lay it on the table and it's still yours and you're kind of ego-bound to it, but after awhile it gets closer and closer to the bin. When it goes into the bin then it's free game. Then I don't think that people are really attached to it that way.

SW: It's better now that we share in lyrics. I like writing with someone else. Before, in a different band, I felt like I was here and they were there because sometimes they didn't even know what the words were. Now everyone pays more attention and knows what you're saying.

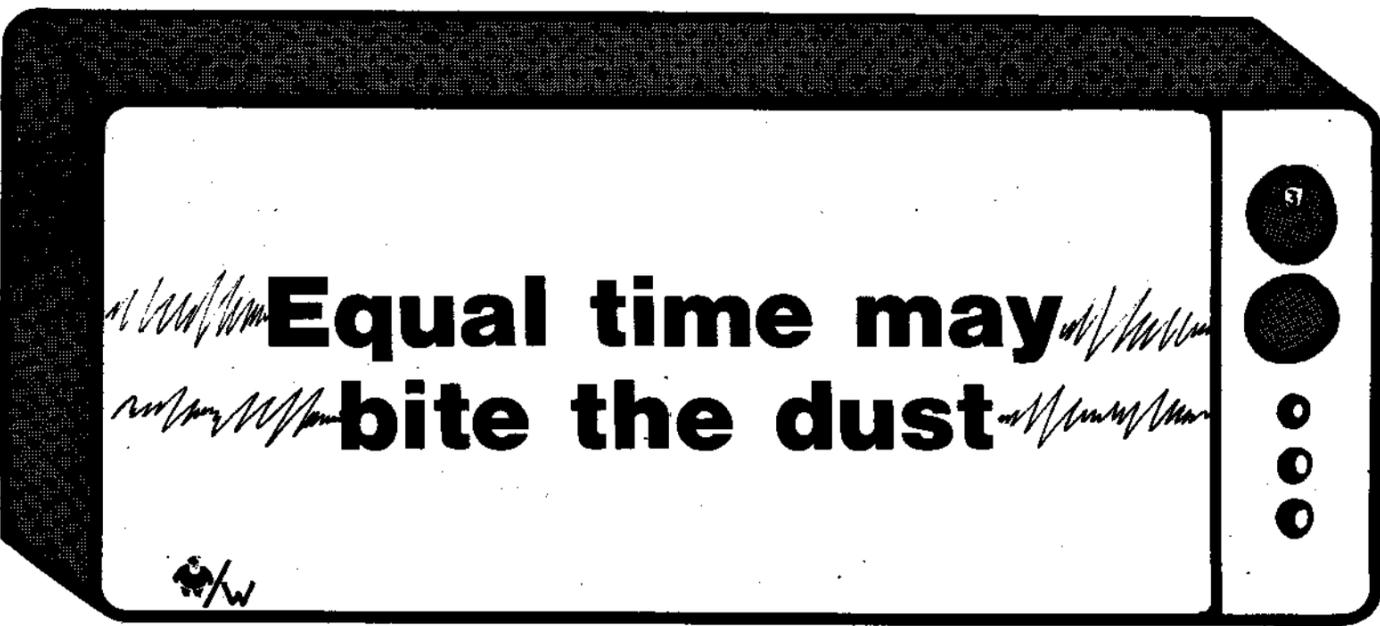
DC: We keep tabs on everybody. You care about what is going on.



105 Broadway • Normal

GUITAR WORLD

We teach you to play, then sell you the right guitar.



Equal time may bite the dust

Almost immediately after the polls closed on November 6th, a strange phenomenon began occurring in millions of American homes. Ronald Reagan movies, conspicuously absent from the late show for several months, mysteriously reappeared. Fans who had grown weary of Ronald Reagan acting only before the news cameras were at last treated to broadcasts of "Bedtime for Bonzo" and "The Knute Rockne Story."

The reason behind the absence of these fine films from late night programming goes all the way back to 1934, about the same time these classics were made. Election season broadcasts of "Bonzo" and other Reagan flicks fall under something called the Fairness Doctrine, an amendment to the Federal Communications Act of 1934.

It mandated that because there are a limited number of frequencies in the broadcast spectrum, and that those frequencies belong equally to everyone, broadcasters who are granted a license to occupy one of those frequencies must serve "the public interest, convenience, necessity."

To insure that broadcasters did not monopolize the public airwaves with their own political views, the Fairness Doctrine was added to the Federal Communications Act in 1959.

The Fairness Doctrine specifically required broadcasters to devote a reasonable amount of time to issues of public importance, and to present all significant points of view. Broadcasters operating in the public trust, according to the FCC, have a responsibility to give a balanced presentation of issues in order to "encourage free, open, and uninhibited debate" in the "free marketplace of ideas."

It attempts to achieve this goal through some specific rules of access. Broadcasters are not required to accept any paid political or editorial advertisements, but if they accept one, they have to take the rest. For example, if CBS sold Ronald Reagan an hour of prime time, it could not refuse to sell Walter Mondale an equal amount of time, in an equally desirable time slot. And though stations are required to air different significant opinions on issues of public importance, they are allowed to decide who will appear, as long as they provide a balanced presentation.

The only exceptions to that rule are the personal attack doctrine, which states that when an individual has been personally attacked in a broadcast, he or she is given an opportunity to respond, and the political editorial rule, which states that when one candidate has been endorsed in a political editorial, all legally qualified candidates for that office must be offered time to respond.

Chilling effect

The ban on "Bedtime for Bonzo" is the result of the Fairness Doctrine's "chilling effect." Rather than risk being required to give Walter Mondale several hours of free response time, stations simply held off on broadcasting such films until after the votes are in. A few years ago, however, another actor was running for political office in California when a "Night Gallery" episode in which he appeared was aired. His opponent immediately requested equal time, which the station manager agreed he should have, but only on the condition that the candidate do a dramatic reading or tap dance. The candidate refused, but just imagine the precedent he could have set. Picture Walter Mondale in a scene from "On the Waterfront": "It was you made me a bum, Charlie. I coulda had class. I coulda been a contender."

In theory, the Fairness Doctrine is a logical extension of the First Amendment--to guarantee that everyone has the right to hear all opinions and to have their opinions heard. However, broadcasters tend to interpret it as a violation of free speech and argue that the media would function just as fairly without government intervention, like the print media. One man who goes along with that theory is the Reagan-appointed

chairman of the FCC, Mark Fowler (dubbed the "James Watt of the regulatory commissions" for the zeal with which he has been working at deregulating the broadcasting media). Fowler argues that technical advancements such as cable have nullified the scarcity-of-airwaves concept, and that broadcasters should now be subject to marketplace, rather than government, regulation.

Opponents argue that though outlets are more plentiful, the airwaves are still just as scarce as they were in 1964, when the Supreme Court ruled "a license permits broadcasting, but the licensee has no constitutional right to be the one who holds the license...to the exclusion of his fellow citizens. There is nothing in the First Amendment which prevents the Government from requiring a licensee to share his frequency with others and to conduct himself with obligation to present those views and voices which are representative of his community and which would otherwise, by necessity, be barred from the airwaves."

Though more outlets are available now than in 1959, competition is still limited to a handful of powerful networks and cable stations, and deregulation would give them even more power. Just look at the unregulated print media--there are almost no cities with more than one major daily newspaper.

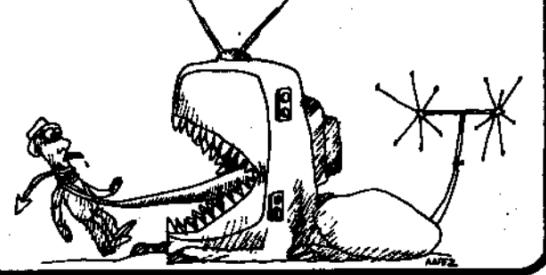
In full gear

Mark Fowler's deregulation process is already in full gear. Broadcast stations are no longer restricted by limits on commercial time and news and public affairs programming, or required to provide educational programming for children. Applicants for low-power stations are granted licenses through a lottery system rather than through comparative quality. Programming logs and annual financial reports are no longer required. Broadcasters are also now allowed to stage their own candidate debates rather than simply covering them as news events.

The Fairness Doctrine, though still in effect, is the next regulation on the chopping block. Fowler ordered a study of the doctrine last April, but lawmakers seem hesitant to repeal it. This past summer the Senate Commerce Committee rejected a bill to repeal the Fairness Doctrine and the Equal Time Law. No doubt they are less concerned with open and robust debate in the free marketplace of ideas than with the possible loss of opportunity for television and political endorsements when re-election time rolls around.

--L.H.

Source: Channels of Communication



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About the Garbage
In this World
Operation Recycle
Needs 1000 New
Recyclers - Be One



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829-0691

Before they get banned

Recon Publications recommends these books:

Our Future at Stake: A Teenager's Guide to Stopping the Nuclear Arms Race, New Society Publishers (NSP), 1984, 68 pages. Nine teenagers spent the summer of 1983 clarifying and researching what they wanted to know about the arms race. The outcome was this useful book, which is evenly divided between a discussion of the problem and an outline of what can be done about it. It will be a hit when it gets into the right hands. Send \$8.45/copy to NSP, 4722 Baltimore Avenue, Philadelphia, PA 19143.

Third World Resource Directory edited by Thomas P. Fenton and Mary J. Heffron, Orbis Books, 1984, 283 pages. Trained by the Maryknoll Order, the editors spent three years with the Data Center in Oakland, California, researching this directory. In its final form, the book is a guide to organizations and publications that are active in the Third World. It also points people toward organizations working for social change around the issues of hunger, human rights, peace, transnational corporations, and sex discrimination. The cross indexing is exceptionally useful. Send \$17.95/copy to Orbis Books, Maryknoll, NY 10545.



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Community News

Crisis in Nicaragua

"The Crisis in Nicaragua" will be the subject of a public press conference on Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 2:30 pm. The speaker will be Francisco Campbell, the First Secretary for Political Affairs at the Nicaraguan Embassy in Washington D.C. The program will take place in the small lounge at Walker Hall International House at ISU, Normal.

Gay Task Force supplies info

The Illinois Gay & Lesbian Task Force sent out packets of information to all accredited colleges and universities in the State of Illinois. The packet included: a letter to the counselor explaining the need for the counselor to reach out to the gay and lesbian college student; a letter to the college student; a bibliography; a list of Metropolitan Community Churches throughout the state; the pamphlet "How to Come Out to Your Parents" which is produced by Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays; a poster which says "Your Counselor has Information on Gay Issues."

The IGLTF will be sending the same information to Illinois college libraries in the coming weeks. Two years ago, IGLTF sent out a similar packet to Cook County public and Catholic high schools. Interest in that project was expressed from all around the United States after a notice about it in the Advocate.

Food distribution slated

Any unemployed family in McLean County is welcome to share in a food distribution scheduled for Thursday, Dec. 20, at 1 pm. at the Carpenters Hall, 2002 Beich Road, Bloomington.

The distribution is being sponsored by the Livingston and McLean Counties Building and Trades Council (AFL-CIO), an organization of 24 area construction unions. Working construction union members have raised the funds to make the food distribution possible.

The Council requests that individuals seeking the food be eligible under the same guidelines that the Salvation Army uses in its distribution of government commodities.

Register for lab school

Applications for admission to Thomas Metcalf Laboratory School for the 1985-86 school year are now available in the school office. The deadline for returning the completed applications is February first of next year. Answers to questions can be obtained by calling the school office (438-7621) between 8 and 4 each school day.

Gun control ramblings

Since I was a teenager who continually sneaked into the house long after curfew, I'm sure glad my daddy didn't have a gun. Or a blustering atavistic insistence on violently defending his turf.

This is the familiar Unruly Teenage Daughter argument for gun control, and it's one of my personal favorites. Protective fathers really have been known to grab the gun and blow away tardy daughters who are using alternative home entrances; of course, the fathers believe at the time that their sweet offspring are safely sleeping in the next room, and that the intruder is a large male stranger. And BANG! then it's too late.

One assumes that if the parent had had to defend the household with the traditional butcher knife, fireplace tool, or rolling pin, he would've gotten close enough to distinguish between his daughter and Charlie Manson.

Then there's the Family Poker Night argument for gun control, another good one, which says that home-style drunken squabbles merit only clumsy smacking around among the opponents, and that easy access to a loaded gun often cuts short the natural process of minor violence and ultimate reconciliation.

Other more sophisticated pro-control arguments include the Nervous Cop in the Dark and the Jumpy Convenience Store Robber (both based on the idea that Person A is not as likely to skittishly shoot Person B if Person A is fairly sure that Person B doesn't have a gun).

And in any discussion of gun control, I usually end up at some point giving the Analogical Outrage, which is not really an argument but more of a whine. Basically, it goes like this: if all these people (meaning National Rifle Association, Rights of Gun Owner types) are really committed to individual freedom, why aren't they lobbying for legalization of marijuana? The answer is obvious: they don't want to smoke pot, they want to shoot guns, so never mind. But I splutter on in outrage anyway. "No father ever shot his daughter with a baggie of grass," I blither, and so on.

The most forceful argument that anti-controllers have is the civil libertarian, constitutionalist one: the I Got a Right approach. The validity of this argument shouldn't necessarily be lessened by the tone and gesture of its delivery--that is, belligerent and accompanied by ritual hitching up of the pants at the waist.

Along the same lines, I'm kind of charmed by the argument that we need more laws like we need a hole in the head (literally, in this particular case). I hate to consider the cops having another bogus pretense to raid my apartment or the Post-Amerikan office. And the ugliest byproduct of gun control legislation is the fact that when you've got one more law, you've got ten more lawyers snuffling at the trough. Ugh.

Almost makes ya wish you had a gun.

--Phoebe Caulfield

A SEX POLICEPERSON INVESTIGATES HIMSELF



Reply from Post staffer who just had to get his say in:

Sorry, I don't like that gun control. I can certainly understand the feelings that would make a person want to ban handguns, but I just don't think that's the answer. And, yes, I do think the gun control advocates and the authorities would eventually ban all firearms if they could, and that is a dangerous proposition for all of us. The people who wrote the Bill of Rights knew that the English King would have loved to have banned all firearms if he could have gotten away with it. They put this important protection there for a reason. After all, the right to keep arms is amendment number two, right up there in their heads with freedom of speech and religion.

Well, I just wanted to let our readers know that we don't always agree on everything.

--Dave

Big mama manpower: the permanent world of B/N temps

Who is the biggest employer in downtown Bloomington? State Farm? Bloomington Federal? Nope. It's Big Mama Manpower with her dusty office and broken 1940 typewriter in the window. Unlike other major B/N companies, such as State Farm or GTE, she is always hiring. (How many she won't say.)

The deal is this: You can work at the telephone company as a temp doing the same job with folks who get vacation pay, sick days, pension, and even profit sharing. But if GTE employees get \$10/hour, Big Mama gives you \$6/hour. She needs a lot of money for office decorating, I guess. And as she points out, "fulltime benefits are out of style." But a "girl" must keep up her appearance even if she's starving because Big Mama is choosey.

Yes, only the sharpest "girls" (or "boys") qualify. It is a grueling test. First, you must type at least 65 words per minute on a typewriter where only half the keys work. This machine will soon join its rusty companion in the display window as a symbol of modern B/N business.

Then there is the CIA-like probing interview. "Do you know my cousin Bernice?" and our personal favorite: "When did you graduate from Metcalf?"

The only profit sharing Big Mama Manpower believes in is sharing her tuna sandwich at lunch. But don't count on it. She needs her strength to reject the armies of the unemployed.

How bad is it?

But look, if you can survive being a shrubby slave at Owens Nursery, and working the graveyard shift at the truck stop, how bad can this be?

Not too bad, actually. And that's the problem. Some of the choicest jobs in town are not only not listed in the newspaper, they don't even "officially exist" when there is a hiring freeze. So corporate Johns like GTE stuff these employment tidbits in Big Mama Manpower's temporary but sturdy bra for her to parcel out to the "girls." So throw away that resume, honey, and join the temporary revolution!

We talked with one who did. We'll call him Robert (not his real name) who is wondering if it isn't better to be out on the streets than to be working them for Big Mama.

He is one of the "girls" in Big Mama's corporate stable. You see, "boys" can be temps, too, but it is almost impossible to be "one of the boys" (a permanent employee who is getting ahead at GTE).

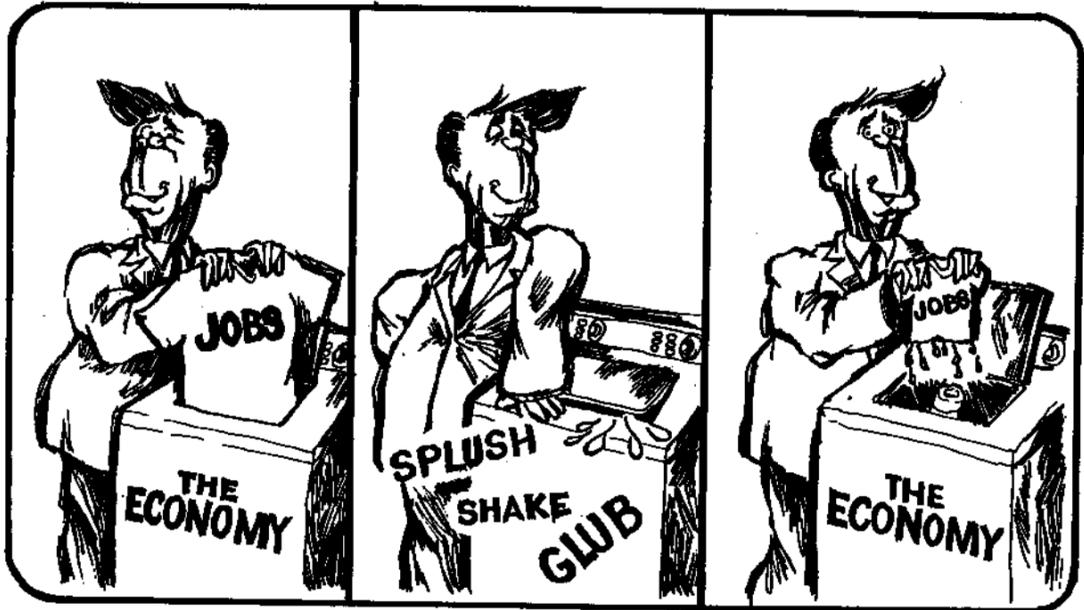
But the Big Boys were impressed with Robert. After all, he had been a licensed commodity broker and had a degree in statistics. But he had given up the stressful world of pork bellies for the more stable world of beer bellies. He took the GTE assignment from Big Mama as a way to get some quick cash for his family.

But he didn't get much cash and his quick exit has turned into a permanent-style career as a clerical doing a \$30,000 a year job--with no benefits. "Only in Amerika," said Robert, who now has no time to job hunt because he is working almost 60 hours a week.

A real problem

According to Robert, the use of temps is becoming a real problem with the permanent employees. It seems Big Mama's "girls" were being hired for permanent jobs while the "regulars" in the company were being passed over. Some of them sued.

So much for Robert's prospects of getting his job permanently. Because of the hiring freeze, some of Big Mama's temps look pretty permanent. Some had been there for two and three years. Robert wonders how long he will be at GTE. Will he get a



©1984 Carol Simpson

retirement dinner where Big Mama will be awarded a gold watch? And getting laid off from a "temporary" job makes dealing with the unemployment bureau a real test of nerve. Few temps ever receive any benefits.

If by some Chr*stm*s miracle, Robert were hired permanently, he would have to pay off Big Mama. She owns him lock-stock-n-clerical. The employment fee ranges from two months' salary to 10% of your yearly income--payable when you start the job. And they say there are no pimps on Front Street!

Big Mama Manpower is philosophical about all this. Like her cohorts who work Rush Street she is "servicing the business community."

Service economy

And so Robert, by permanently working as a temp, "becomes part of this "service economy" the economists keep talking about. And is it so bad? Everybody will get a little nibble for Chr*stm*s dinner even if Robert feels like he is Chr*stm*s dinner. In the "service economy" workers are like an army waiting to serve at a banquet where the privates scramble for the leftovers.

But that is all forgotten in this holiday season. This year Big Mama baked cookies for her "girls" and then

ate them herself. On Chr*stm*s Eve Front Street is deserted and it seems to be snowing in the dusty display window. Big Mama doesn't notice. Who needs decorations when you have dollar bills to light up your Chr*stm*s tree?

She won't share them with the new girl on the block, either--that bitch, Norrell Temporary Services! Let her work Peoria where she made her reputation replacing union factory workers. The girl has spunk but there is only one Big Mama!

Big Mama sips her cold coffee and leans back in her broken chair. It has been a good year, and she is proud of her "girls" (and "boys")--especially Robert who had such a good attitude.

She smiles. "In this business you don't need a fancy office to make money. All you need is a good corner --and a lotta girls to work it."

She waves through the frosty window at a familiar figure. "Merry Chr*stm*s to Tiny Tim!"

Scrooge waves back.

Big Mama beams with the holiday spirit. "He's one of our best customers."

--Jane M. Glize

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Yes, Virginia, this is another chr*stm*s diatribe

It's that time of the year again-- Chr*stm*s.

Time to revel in the nauseating spectacle of Amerikan greed and consumerism, as the stores pound us with their messages, and true love is measured by the price tag on the gift.

Please excuse this little diatribe on the beloved season. I complain about Chr*stm*s not out of hatred, but out of love for the season. It is only appropriate that we have a festival of hope and light during the darkest, coldest time of the year. There is charm and insight in the tale of a "king" being born in a manure-strewn stable. There is symbolism in the green in the middle of sub-zero temperatures.

I realize that complaining about Chr*stm*s consumerism is a trite cliché, a self-indulgent lip-service that everyone partakes of on their way to the mall. Or it is used to twang the guilt strings by various charities, as they entice you to enjoy the "true spirit of Chr*stm*s" by giving a food basket to the poor for one day of the year.

It just seems that the complaint is especially true this year, as Chr*stm*s comes in the shadow of four-more-years of you-know-who. Reagan's re-election did not really triumph the man nor the personality, rather it was the victory of greed and self-righteousness. The refrain of "are you better off . . . ?" certainly hit home with enough Amerikans, who, nestled in their own economic nest-egg (or visions thereof), did not give a thought to the "better off" of the unemployed, minorities, Central Americans, or the general state of world peace.

And so we will now have the season of peace and giving. And the White House will issue pronouncements about peace on earth thanks to nuclear weapons and military preparedness, while the budget cutters whittle away at the tiny parcels of domestic spending that are

left. And everyone will talk of "giving," not to those in need, but only to those you know.

And thus we have the spectacle of Amerikan Chr*stm*s. A few days ago, you could have gone to K's Merchandise, and found 800 cars jamming the parking lot at 7:30 a.m., with everyone hoping to gain an elusive "Cabbage Patch doll." And if you searched that crowd for explanations, you would have found many statements of love, of "my child really wants one," and thoughts of Chr*stm*s giving and sacrifice.

On the other side of town, you could find a crowd of similar numbers, stretched out for free cheese at the Salvation Army, or a hundred-plus families at Holy Trinity's backdoor every Monday waiting for a sack of groceries. No thoughts of cabbage patch kids here.

But this is blessed Amerika. The hub-bub of the election is over, and the public mind wants to relax, suppressing even the slight mention of "issues" that surfaced then. Let's enjoy it all now, while it's here--if we got it. And let's not talk about starving Ethiopians or even hungry Bloomingtonians--we want to enjoy.

And the consumer culture is ready to



numb the mind, give those routes of escape. The commercials tell you where to find the right thing and the right bargain, not in a message of cold hard cash, but in twinkly little jingles about love and caring. And the evergreen and the repetitious musak carols herald the season, as we shoulder our way to the mall, to empty our wallets in the "spirit of giving."

Despite it all, the Savior will still be born. Not the blue-eyed, Teutonic, curly-headed blond Savior that all the "good christians" will sing to on Chr*stm*s morning. No, the Savior will be born like the original was--a poor child in an occupied country, born in a shanty-town, perhaps in Brazil or El Salvador, South Africa or the Philippines, Lebanon or Ethiopia. And the child will dream dreams of peace, sharing, and liberation for his or her people--there will be no visions of sugar plums, candy canes, or cabbage patch kids.

And maybe, just maybe, a few of us will take the time to stop and think about this season, and what it really means--in between the whirling blue light specials at K-Mart, the repetitious carols, and the insatiable demands to buy, buy, buy just maybe.

--McM 

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Choices
for Christmas

Babes in consumerland

Christmas--you loved it as a child; you'll hate it as a parent! Then, suddenly, the holiday becomes little more than the unleashing of massive plastic-lust among our youngest, most vulnerable citizens. Yes, I'm talking about those beloved objects you probably remember fondly from your own childhood--toys. Bah! Humbug!

Most of the toys found in the stores today, by their very nature, say "More is Better!" Every toy seems to be part of a huge collection of loosely related objects, and a child cannot be content with just one Barbie or Star Wars figure or Master of the Universe. Accessories and collections are where it's at! The joy of these toys seems to be derived at least as much from the possession as from the use of them.

What sort of values are we fostering as we heap upon our children these supposed tokens of our affection (or guilt)? And who's getting how rich at the expense of our children's morality and creativity? You can bet it's not the Mexican or Korean or Thai workers who assemble those toys for Mega-Santa.

There's not much you can do about well meaning relatives who annually deluge your kids with sex-role-appropriate ugly plastic garbage. But if you are a parent--or the thoughtful friend or relative of one--you can resist this corporate exploitation of childhood.

One means of resistance is to give of yourself--a gift of time or a home-made present. If your time is already at a premium, you may want to consider a gift from one of the mail order sources listed below.

The following catalogs represent a fraction of the choice available to the discerning mail-order shopper. They were chosen for this list by the nature and variety of products represented, the presentation of those products in the catalog format, and their level of political consciousness. Several of these catalogs are from home-based businesses--businesses run by parents who have chosen to work at home so that each may contribute equally to both breadwinning and child rearing. Each of these businesses demonstrates a commitment to change and to creativity. They're businesses you don't have to feel guilty about supporting.

Enlightened Environments

This catalog has it all! Enlightened Environments specializes in spiritual books for children, but they also carry a wide selection of puzzles, puppets, records and tapes, home-schooling supplies, coloring books non-competitive games and art supplies. Their catalog is a joy to use; it's full of color photographs of products and lovely illustrations. Enlightened Environments is a home-based business and they sell my favorite bumpersticker "You Can't Hug a Child with Nuclear Arms!" The catalog is free from: Enlightened Environments, P.O. Box 1408, Durango, CO 81301-1408.

Hearth Song

Hearth Song is based in Sonoma County California, and offers for sale many



materials used in Waldorf schools. They feature beeswax crayons, Stockmar (very nice) watercolors, and modelling beeswax. They sell gauze and silk fabric pieces, which kids can use in all manner of creative free play. They also carry a line of handmade dolls crafted entirely of natural materials. Hearth Song also has a good selection of unusual and classic children's books, housewares, homeschooling supplies and other delights. Their catalog is lovingly written and illustrated, and is available for \$2.00 from: Hearth Song, 2211 Blucher Valley Rd., Sebastopol, CA 95472.

Orange Cat Goes to Market

I put in a plug for Kathy Epling whenever I get the chance! Kathy is a mother, poet, feminist, radical homeschooler and really neat woman, and she runs the Orange Cat, etc., bookstore in Garberville, California. Her catalogs are great! Her book reviews are concise, tempting, well-written and absolutely trustworthy. She fills her margins with stories about mothering, her son's fan letter to a favorite author, poetry, recipes, helpful addresses, drawings, photographs and more. She has a children's catalog, a general adult catalog and a pregnancy, birth and parenting catalog. All three are available for free from: Orange Cat Goes to Market, 442 Church St., Garberville CA 95440

A Gentle Wind

These folks offer reasonably-priced music and story tapes for children. They are a refreshing alternative to the commonly-available tripe made by Disney droids. A Gentle Wind carries ethnic, folk, jazz and feminist tapes. Their music is well-produced, appealing to adults as well as to children. They feature a tape by Robin and Linda Williams, who are frequent and delightful guests on "A Prairie Home Companion." These tapes are great for long auto trips. The catalog is free from: A Gentle Wind, Box 3103, Albany, NY 12203.

Smile Herb Shop

Smile Herb Shop publishes a little catalog called "Gifts and Treasures." They specialize in old-fashioned toys and inexpensive "treats" for kids--like soap crayons (\$1.65) or an origami kit (\$2.75). They feature some excellent hand-crafted wooden toys, dinosaur cookie cutters, unique puzzles and plenty of goodies for adults as well. Free! Smile Herb Shop is located at 4908 Berwyn Road, College Park MD 29740.

John Holt's Book and Music Store

This catalog is a good resource for any thinking person, but especially good for those with children in their lives. One big plus is that John Holt offers a 10% discount from the retail price of most books and doesn't charge additional shipping on most art and music items. This catalog features the best in classic children's literature, a printing set, art supplies, music instruction materials for people of all ages, tapes and more. For interested adults they stock books on education, and homeschooling, poetry, classics, and movement books. The catalog is available at no charge with a self-addressed, stamped envelope from: Holt Associates, 729 Boylston St., Boston, MA 02116.

And while you're at it, be a Christmas guerilla. Put the names of your K-mart friends and relatives on these mailing lists, too. If you work real hard on them, maybe next year your child will get a nifty hand-crafted kid-size easel with a paint tray on one side and a chalk board on the other, instead of a miniature plastic condo, or hot tub, or MIG jet, or microwave, or . . .

Happy Holidays!

--Julie Huffman

Blue Dot frenzy

Mauled for the holidays

Well, by the time you read this, one of the most dread times of the year is nipping on our hind ends. Scarcely has the smell of roast turkey wafted out the window when waiting in will come the strains of Chr*st-m*s carols. Suddenly every blinking body you meet is "Merry Chr*stm*sing" you to death or humming Jingle Bells off tune. Every merchant's window is bedecked with phony holly, ivy, tinsel, or a manger scene. And a wreath on every door.

But the worst part of the season, the part which should send any sane person to the lemming stage, is shopping for presents. And the worst part of shopping is the experience of the Shopping Maul. By the time you finally screw up the courage to venture forth (it's damn near Chr*stm*s Eve, you've already won the procrastination award, and the kids and the dog are disappointed at not having any presents to seek out and shake to pieces) a battle zone would seem peaceful by comparison.

First of all the car won't start. You slide half-way to the mall on the bald tires you vowed to change before the weather got bad. After having detoured several times because streets were impassable with stalled cars, and you got lost, you arrive only to circle like a 747 low on fuel--and O'Hare is fogged in. It seems as if GM's entire output for five years is parked in this tiny

lot. You mutter, "Why the hell can't people shop early?" as you spot an empty space six miles from the entrance.

Upon entering, having managed to fall only twice, you hear blaring from the mall p.a. system "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen." You notice that as time passes so does the song from store to store, starting only when you enter, Twilight Zone style. After hearing "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" for the ninety-ninth time you begin to think it would be a blessing if god (should he or she really exist) would take these supplications seriously and rest a few of these merry-men. If he/she would, you could have found a parking space, made all your purchases and been home in twenty minutes flat.

Fighting your way through panic-stricken last minute shoppers (but Mary Jane doesn't like red and that's way too small anyway), you find that every single "original" gift idea you had in mind was pilfered by thousands of others, leaving zip on the shelves and a funk in your mind. Threading a path through whining kids (each leaving a different color candy residue on your pants or wiping a runny nose on your sleeve), you desperately seek a gift. Any gift. Stale cracker jacks. A polka dot tie. Any damn thing because the maul's Voice of Doom has just announced, "Merry Chr*stm*s, Shoppers, the mall will close in five minutes." You think to yourself, "Merry you, buddy, I bet you shopped early."

A switch flips and suddenly you behave like a hopped up middle-line-backer smelling pigskin. An elbow to the ribs of a fellow shopper and the popcorn popper is yours. Two head slaps and Uncle Jim has the fishing tackle he hinted about all year. Ten yards down the aisle you spot the Ultimate Bonanza. Fallen behind the shelves is not only a Cabbage Patch Doll, but also a Trivial Pursuit game. In a blazing display of broken field running that would leave Walter Payton aghast, you cut everyone else off and scoop up the bounty, give a quick Mark Gastineau victory dance, spin and sprint to the check out lane, mission accomplished. Except that the line is as long as the national debt.

"Milt, price check on that Panasonic RXG34B" or some derivative erupts from a tinny speaker every two minutes. One out of every four people in front of you has to have a check approved. And the four beers you had to steel yourself for shopping are making themselves painfully present. Reaching the head of the line you sweat out the endless digits on each price tag and write out a check that would cover a new Volkswagen. Staggering under the weight of your purchases, you reach the car vowing vehemently to shop early next year. At that moment, with the maul doors firmly locked behind you, you find that you've lost the car keys. Happy Holidays.

--Sylvania Red, Green and Blue Dot



Vacation daze

The Post Amerikan staff will take its traditional winter break after this issue. So read this one slowly and carefully and make it last until Jan. 28.

Also, remember that this pause means that you have much more time than usual to finally write that article you keep meaning to do. How about writing it the day after Christmas?

We'll look forward to hearing from you. Deadline is Jan. 24.

Cable Comix

FRED FOIL'S TIP FOR SEASONAL SURVIVAL...

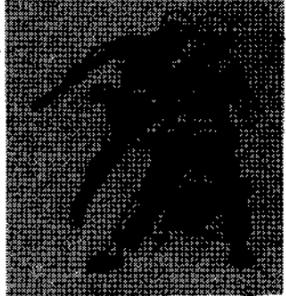
- 1. STAY DRUNK!**
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- 3. SPEND THE HOLIDAY WATCHING ITALIAN ZOMBIE MOVIES!**

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EEK!

85084

**POLICE
BEAT**



Two down; two to go

Sanders pays \$\$\$ in excessive force suit

The City of Bloomington has settled the second of four separate civil rights lawsuits filed against Bloomington patrolman Tom Sanders.

Brian Dietrich won almost \$20,000 in an out-of court settlement of the lawsuit he filed last May, according to reports.

Dietrich's suit was based on an October 1982 encounter with Patrolman Sanders in the Bloomington Police Department's booking room.

Dietrich had been arrested by another officer for unlawful consumption of alcohol and drunk driving. Officer Sanders was present in the booking room. Dietrich's suit charged that Sanders verbally provoked Dietrich, which led to Dietrich's shoving Sanders. Sanders retaliated by

punching Dietrich in the head, knocking him to the floor.

Sanders struck Dietrich so hard that Sanders broke his own hand. Dietrich spent five days in the hospital after knocking his head open on the booking room floor.

Sanders filed a battery charge against Dietrich, which was dropped when Dietrich pled guilty to the original alcohol charges.

After Dietrich filed suit last May, Officer Sanders filed a countersuit, asking for \$30,000 in damages from Dietrich.

As part of the settlement, Sanders' countersuit was dropped.

More pending

Two more suits charging Tom Sanders with using excessive force are still pending.

Alan Mann is suing Sanders for cracking him in the head with a flashlight and bashing him twice in the face with his fists in the summer of 1982. Sanders was arresting Mann for allegedly drinking a beer in the public parkway

in front of Mann's home.

Luella Winston is suing Sanders for using excessive force when he picked her up and dragged her to the squad car by yanking the chain between her handcuffs. Winston was being arrested for allegedly hosting a loud party. Sanders added charges of aggravated battery and resisting arrest. But Judge Knecht found Winston not guilty of those charges on the grounds that Winston was justified in resisting Officer Sanders' excessive force.

A fourth lawsuit was filed by the legal guardian of Charles Vasquez, the permanently incapacitated Colorado man that Tom Sanders mistakenly shot in the summer of 1980. The City of Bloomington has agreed to pay over \$600,000 in that case.

Police Chief Lewis DeVault stands by his evaluation of Tom Sanders as "a fine officer." The number of suits filed against Sanders is no indication of poor performance, DeVault maintains, because police officers are "easy targets" for lawsuits.

--G.M

Rich get free ride in airport subsidies

Another welfare-for-the-rich plan is in the works. Bloomington's corporations and well-to-do residents will be the beneficiaries of pending plans to spend \$27 million on improvements to the Bloomington-Normal airport. The money will come from taxpayers--in a combination of federal, state, and local appropriations.

The construction will be carried out over 20 years. The plans include building a 6,400 foot crosswind runway which will cross East Oakland Avenue. The present crosswind runway is only half as long.

(Why does Bloomington-Normal need such a long crosswind runway? The twin cities have no air force. Municipal leaders must be planning to land Soviet jets, just like Grenada's deposed Marxists. With a Soviet base in Bloomington, Eureka College, President Reagan's alma mater, could be threatened. Let's just hope that Reagan doesn't decide to invade Bloomington-Normal and "restore democracy." Just because our city councils are elected by only 20% of the adult population doesn't mean they are not representative.)

Since Oakland Avenue is in the way of the proposed new runway, airport

officials plan to either tunnel under Oakland or block it off.

Transportation subsidies for rich people are treated differently in public discourse than transportation subsidies for poor people.

When the Bloomington-Normal transit system needs its annual pittance from the city councils, the public groaning begins. It's true that only about 20% of the bus system's budget is paid for by riders. But the two city councils together contribute only about \$132,000 a year--less than 8% of the bus system's annual cost. (State and federal subsidies make up the rest.)

This relatively minor budget item has sometimes been controversial. Some city council members say that buses should be paid for entirely by riders, or not run at all. Contempt for the bus system's importance is apparently acceptable. After telling the Pantagraph two years ago that he expected the time might soon arrive when Bloomington "couldn't afford" to subsidize the bus system, Jesse Parker was appointed to fill a vacant council seat (representing a bus-riding west-side ward).

When the airport wants to spend some

taxpayers' money to transport rich people, we don't hear much about airplanes paying their own way. (40% of the airport's annual budget comes from taxpayer subsidies, according to a Pantagraph article.)

Transportation subsidies for rich people are so important that the airport even has its own taxing district. Airport officials can raise taxes for all of us (up to a certain limit) without asking any other public body.

Only 70,000 passengers used the Bloomington-Normal airport last year. Ten times that many rode the bus. If taxpayers are going to subsidize transportation, let's not subsidize rich people's transportation.

We don't need a 6400 foot crosswind runway. We don't need a Soviet military base. The \$27 million could be better spent to improve bus service and to fund a special blue-ribbon investigative commission.

The commission's task? Find out whether plans for the suspiciously-long runway were first hatched when Normal Mayor Richard Godfrey visited with Fidel Castro a few years ago.

--Mark Silverstein

Post benefit canceled

We're sorry we had to cancel our Dec. 6 benefit, after getting all excited about it and everything.

Only two weeks before the benefit date The Uptown Rulers notified us that they were canceling out on us to go play at Eastern Illinois University's Student Union. Go for the glitter, boys!

Luckily, we'll still be able to see the other two featured bands, Toxic Shock and That Hope, in local gigs at The Gallery in Normal in the near future. And we'll try to line them up for another benefit real soon.



Rape Crisis Center of McLean County

WE'RE A NON-PROFIT VOLUNTEER GROUP WHOSE MAIN PURPOSE IS TO OFFER ASSISTANCE AND SUPPORT TO VICTIMS OF SEXUAL ASSAULT AND THEIR FRIENDS AND FAMILIES. FEMALE VOLUNTEERS ANSWER OUR CALLS, BUT BOTH MALE AND FEMALE VOLUNTEERS ARE AVAILABLE FOR CRISIS ASSISTANCE, INFORMATION AND SPEAKING ENGAGEMENTS.

If you want to talk to one of us

Call PATH 827-4005

and ask for the

Rape Crisis Center

Dan White: All-amerikan success story

Consider the story of Dan White. Irish Catholic, white male, ex-cop, ex-Marine, ex-city supervisor. On Nov. 27, 1978, he shot and killed San Francisco mayor George Moscone and openly gay supervisor Harvey Milk.

Using a defense of "diminished capacity," White successfully avoided a first-degree murder verdict and was found guilty of voluntary manslaughter instead. He was sentenced to 8 years in prison; and after 5 years, 1 month, 10 days of his sentence, White left jail on parole. (See vol. 12, #9 of the Post Amerikan.)

White was paroled to Los Angeles, where the City Hall Assassin has been living a tough life. He's not working, but working out a lot. He went to the Olympics with his brother. He's well off financially and plans to return to San Francisco when his one year parole term ends on Jan. 6.

The details about White's recent lifestyle come from a former campaign manager and business partner who has kept in touch with the family. "He's doing everything possible to keep a low profile down in L.A. so there

won't be any hitches in his plans to come home," said Ray Sloan, who spoke to San Francisco Chronicle reporter Warren Hinckle.

Sloan also reported that White's wife goes to L.A. most weekends and takes the kids every other weekend. He said that Mrs. White was tied to San Francisco, teaching school and taking care of the kids, especially young Rory, the retarded child who was conceived while White was in prison.

White's brother Tom visited Dan and they went to the boxing matches at the Olympics together. "You know what a nut Dan is about boxing," Sloan said. (Wonder why he didn't attend any of the pistol shooting events.)

Although the state corrections officials said earlier this year that one of the reasons White had been assigned to Los Angeles was that it would be easier for him to find a job, White is not presently employed. "He doesn't have a job," said Sloan. "I understand he's working on a book."

A spokesperson for the State Department of Corrections confirmed to reporter Hinckle that the paroled killer is not working. "It is not a condition of his parole to work," said the official.

When asked if living in San Francisco might be a hassle for White, Sloan said he didn't think so: the hot-potato stand at the city's Pier 39, which White and his wife are part owners of, is doing quite well, and the fund that was collected to take care of the White family is far from exhausted. "He's got a lot of friends and support up here," Sloan said.

Not a bad life for a guy who killed the mayor and a gay supervisor. But I can't help wondering what Dan White's life would be like if he were black or a woman or gay. And not an ex-cop, ex-Marine, Irish Catholic, married heterosexual father. I can't help wondering.

--Ferdydurke

Source: The Advocate, 27 Nov. 1984

Military wastes millions on gay dismissals

Last year the military wasted \$23 million of your taxes. That's how much the armed services spent on recruiting and training the 1,796 men and women who were separated from the military in 1983 because they are gay. It cost \$370,000 just to process the military discharges for these people.

These figures come from a report released in October by the federal General Accounting Office (GAO). The study was initiated by two Californian congresswomen, Barbara Boxer and Sala Burton. The two were joined in requesting the report by seven of their colleagues.

The study reveals that since 1974, 14,311 armed services members have been dismissed for being gay. The annual number has shown a steady

increase over the years--from 875 discharged in 1974 to nearly 2,000 a year from 1980 through 1983.

As outrageous as these statistics may be, they represent just the minimum of the actual expenses involved in training and then discharging so many people.

For instance, the GAO report failed to include administrative expenses in the \$230 average cost of processing a single charge of homosexuality. Neither did it estimate the substantial legal fees incurred when a lesbian or gay man challenges the discharge in court. Ever since Air Force Sgt. Leonard Matlovich challenged his dismissal in a celebrated case, gay service members have sought legal relief from the military's discriminatory policy. In the Matlo-



vich case, the Air Force paid more than \$150,000 in an out-of-court settlement.

The report also minimizes the training costs for gays who are later dismissed from the military. The \$22.6 million for those discharged in 1983 represents only the minimum amount of training necessary to get a person to the first work station.

Many of the ousted gay people have had advanced training paid for by the military. For example, Navy officer James Dronenburg, whose request for reinstatement was rejected by a federal appeals panel (see Post, v. 13, #6), was a Korean linguist and cryptographer before being dismissed after nine years in the service.

The average time of duty for all enlistees is over five years, but for those discharged for being gay it's only three years. The military is losing at least two years of service from well-qualified, trained gay personnel. How do you put a price tag on that?

The so-called Defense Department spends \$180 for a flashlight, \$90 for a screwdriver, \$7,600 for a coffee pot--and \$23 million in 1983 to kick lesbians and gay men out of the armed services. Is that what they call military intelligence?

--Ferdydurke

Source: The Advocate, 27 Nov. 1984

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Nuclear power

Too hot to handle

After 5 million years of evolution, one of our crowning achievements is controlling and harnessing the energy of nuclear fission. Since this could spell either incredible advancement or death for our race, it is probably the greatest discovery since the wheel.

In the 1950's shortly after the Soviet Union beat the United States into space with Sputnik, propaganda for nuclear power began. It was billed as "our friend the atom," and it would bring us untold wealth. Imagine: electricity for less than a penny per kilowatt hour. No longer would we have to pollute our earth by burning coal or oil. With nuclear fission, we could power spaceships over unthinkable distances. It seemed a gift from the gods.

Perhaps it was, in theory, but after some years of study and the actual building of power plants, problems arose. An energy-oriented population paid little heed to heretics warning of the danger and inevitable destruction that would accompany nuclear power. It took Three Mile Island to wake the continent to the hazards inherent in "our friend the atom."

It is estimated that any given nuclear power plant can be used for only twenty to thirty years. After that, it must be de-activated because the structure itself becomes radioactive. (I hate to think what happen to the workers after twenty to thirty years.) Since the building is rendered useless and is a danger to the surrounding countryside, it must be destroyed. Disassemble a radioactive building the size of an atomic power plant? That's no small task. Due to radiation, the whole job must be done by remote control; and after it is demolished, what is to be done with the thousands of tons of radioactive steel and concrete?



"How was the demonstration at the nuclear plant, dear?"

In the late sixties and early seventies when these things were designed, disposal was not considered to be a problem. We had oceans and landfill projects in which to dump nuclear waste. Fortunately, environmental awareness stopped that idea in its tracks.

The only feasible way of disposing of a "hot" plant is to bury it under a full cubic mile of dirt for hundreds, perhaps even thousands of years. The hill above the plant could not be used for farming or housing until the plant ceased to be radioactive.

It takes 300 million dollars plus to build a nuclear fission plant. After thirty years, at most, it must be demolished and buried on the land on which it was built. This costs another six million dollars.

Experiments are being conducted in an attempt to find a way to "clean" buildings of radioactivity, but this is highly dangerous and can cost up to 35 million dollars. After considering these costs, along with the usual operating costs of a power plant, it hardly seems economically feasible to build one.

Another and more obvious danger of nuclear power is the problem of nuclear waste. It

is estimated that if all the electrical power used in the United States in one year were generated by nuclear fission, the amount of waste produced would be one pellet (roughly the size of an aspirin tablet) for every man, woman, and child. This doesn't sound like much at all. The problem is that there are 210 million people in the United States and 210 million of anything is a lot.

What can be done with nuclear waste—something that is extremely toxic and long-lived? At this time, it is being put in abandoned salt mines, deep within the Earth's crust. This seems safe. But remember that what is being dealt with is an extremely radioactive substance which will remain radioactive for thousands of years.

The best solution put forth so far, is to put it in a small rocket, place it aboard a space shuttle and blast it off in the general direction of the sun. Only then will toxic waste be truly "disposed" of. There has not yet been a response from the space administration on this proposal.

Petr Beckmann, in his book The Health Hazards of Not Going Nuclear, produced the argument that there is a sort of inverse relationship between the length of the half-life and the intensity of radioactivity. The longer the half-life, the less intense the radiation.

According to Beckmann, "Arsenic, which is not radioactive at all, has an infinite half-life, and indeed, while plutonium will be around for a long time, arsenic will be around forever." The fact that radioactive material need not be consumed to be dangerous appears to have slipped Dr. Beckmann's mind. Also, the ecosystem is better adapted to absorbing arsenic (although not without deleterious effects) than uranium, which changes form spontaneously.

There is an alternative to nuclear power, however, and a much safer and more efficient one at that. The answer is nuclear fusion.

Nuclear fusion differs from nuclear fission in that instead of using the energy from decaying atoms, conditions are created in which very small atoms (mostly hydrogen) will fuse to form new elements. Scientists believe nuclear fusion will be as efficient, if not more so, than fission.

Also, there is no radioactive waste to pollute the environment: only excessive amounts of helium, which is easily contained and may be used for other purposes.

Fusion is a point on the horizon, and until researchers can better learn how to contain fusion reactions, and streamline operations to the point of economic feasibility, it will continue to be a dream to be fulfilled. Imagine: electricity for pennies per kilowatt hour. Spaceships could be powered unthinkable distances

--Jon Thomas

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Religious news

Rev. Bakker and wife deny financial hijinks

Do not lay up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust consume and where thieves break in and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

You can't help feeling sorry for the Bakkers, Jim and Tammy Faye. Their evangelical television ministry is \$5 million in debt. The Bakkers' PTL satellite network owes thousands of dollars to the 200 stations carrying its religious programming.

Poor babies. What to do? What to do? Make heartfelt appeals to the viewing audience, of course. Those "simple, salt-of-the-earth, grass-roots Christians" that Jim Bakker claims watch his programs by the hundreds of thousands will send in hundreds of thousands of their simple, salt-of-the-earth, grass-roots dollars.

(Depending on who you ask, PTL stands for Praise the Lord or People That Love or Pass The Loot. But it's all the same, isn't it?)

But how can the Bakkers live with all that financial worry? It's tough getting by on a combined salary of \$72,800, even with those housing and vehicle allowances and other fringe benefits. (Well, it's probably a tad more now--it was \$72,800 in 1979, when Jim and Tammy Faye quit talking publicly about such minor details as salary.)

And you can bet it takes a lot of tax-exempt dollars to keep PTL on the air --and to keep Tammy Faye in wigs, jewelry, and makeup. Dressing like a streetwalker ain't cheap.



Also, they've just got to have a little "hideaway," a "retreat" from the rigors of godly commerce, don't they? That \$499,000 desert home near Palm Springs, California, is a necessity of life, really--somewhere Jim and Tammy Faye can escape to, away from all those worries about god's network going down the drain.

And they've got to get there somehow, don't they? They can't take the subway to Palm Springs. A 32-year-old, \$55,000 classic Rolls-Royce will do nicely, especially since they've got a new \$45,000 Mercedes-Benz 380SL as a second car.

Sell all that you have and give to the poor and you will have treasure in heaven.

Besides: "It would be phony for me to drive an inexpensive car to convince people to give me money," a Chicago Tribune interview reports. Anyway, "Jim Bakker has never had a dollar motivation in his life."

And who would accuse him of such base motives? That \$50 million hotel and shopping mall project at Bakker's

religious theme park and television headquarters in Ft. Mill, SC, is strictly a spiritual venture. Same for the Heritage USA real estate developments which are aimed at building a community of 50,000 born-again Christians.

--Jim, how do you explain the public image of a clergyman who drives a Rolls-Royce? (I'd really like to ask this.)

--"I guess I'm not real spiritual. I have a personal relationship with Jesus Christ, but religion bothers me. Religion is mean. Religion kills. Did not a religious crowd crucify Jesus? I get perplexed by the 'piety' of religious people." (Bakker really said this to the Tribune.)

(If the \$51 million PTL network isn't religious, then how does it get its tax-exempt status? What would the taxes on \$51 million be?)

Jim has reassured viewers that no money solicited on his tv programs was used for his home or vehicles. His salary and his benefits, he said, are underwritten by the Heritage Village Church, a 1200-member Assembly of God parish he founded. "If my church wants me to live in a log cabin or a mobile home, I will do it," said Rev. Bakker.

Consider the lillies, how they grow; they neither toil nor spin; yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Rev. Bakker's financial administration of the television ministry and his lifestyle have been under frequent scrutiny by the Charlotte (NC) Observer newspaper, which has published a stream of investigative articles hinting broadly at impropriety in the management of the tax-exempt funds and disclosing hundreds of thousands of dollars in expenditures for the Bakkers' homes and furnishings.

Rev. Bakker has also been the target of a 3-year Federal Communications Commission investigation of alleged fraud, but that inquiry ended without any formal charges of wrongdoing.

"Christians don't get discouraged," Jim told his followers. "There may be opposition today, but I've read the end of the Book. And we win." We who?

--Ferdydurke

Sources: Chicago Tribune, 21 Oct. 1984; and an obscure, text of irrelevant quotations.

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Test services forced to look for bias

Page 16 Post Amerikan Vol. 13 #8 1984/85

On Nov. 28 the Educational Testing Service (ETS) of Princeton, NJ, agreed in an out-of-court settlement to adopt safeguards to adjust for racial discrimination in tests used to license insurance agents in Illinois.

The suit which resulted in this settlement was brought in 1976 by the Golden Rule Insurance Company, of Lawrenceville, IL, and by five blacks who had failed the insurance-licensing exam. The plaintiffs claimed that the tests were not job related and unfairly discriminated against blacks.

Under terms of the settlement, an optional question to determine race and educational background will be added to the company's tests for insurance licenses in Illinois. An item-by-item comparison will be made of the scores of whites and members of minorities, and the results will be made public in alternate years.

Future examinations will then be assembled from those test questions that display "the least difference in passing rates between black and white examinees," the agreement says.

The settlement covers only the Illinois insurance test, but it could affect testing in the other 19 states that use ETS licensing exams. It could also affect people in the 58 occupations that require standardized

licensing tests, and the more than 6 million students who seek to enter colleges or graduate schools each year.

It is likely that students taking the SAT and GRE, both administered by ETS, will want similar safeguards, now that they know such a procedure can be used. Said Dr. Martin Shapiro, professor of psychology at Emory University: "Once you have this method, not to use it is to knowingly use a more discriminatory test."

ETS, the nation's largest testing service, has consistently denied charges that their tests are culturally or racially biased, despite a lot of evidence to the contrary (see *Post Amerikan*, v. 10, #5 and v. 11, #7).

In 1982 the College Board, an organization of 250,000 educational institutions that hires ETS to write admissions tests, released statistics on the performance of racial groups on the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT). The figures, which the board had been collecting since 1971, showed that black students averaged about 100 points less on each section (verbal and math) of the test.

Not until 1980 did ETS have to make its answers known to test-takers. In that year the state of New York passed a "truth-in-testing" law that stipulated that a student is entitled to a copy of his/her graded answer sheet. ETS tried to fight the law by lobbying school officials with a torrent of letters, mailgrams, phone calls, and memos, all threatening higher fees and the collapse of the state educational system if the law passed.

Less than a year after the truth-in-testing law forced the College Board and ETS to start disclosing test answers, two defective questions were discovered by high school students. The result: 269,000 test scores had to be raised.

After the truth-in-testing law passed,



ETS pretended that they were going to make answers available anyway. This time, in the case of insurance-licensing tests, ETS claims that they are "already doing what the settlement requires"--i.e., checking for racial bias. Sure, sure. That's why they fought the suit for 8 years and only recently decided to settle out of court.

The obvious fact is that ETS doesn't want people to check out their tests. It's not that they'll have to make up a lot of new questions--they're always doing that anyway. But they don't want people to look closely at what their exams actually measure: whether or not the test-takers are upper middle-class white people.

Now that the ETS exams will be subjected to racial analysis, it will be interesting to see what the company says when the discrimination starts to show up.

--Ferdydurke

Source: *New York Times*, 29 Nov. 1984

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Boycott Coors beer

Ronald Reagan's favorite brew--Coors Beer--will soon be on sale in local taverns and liquor stores. Please, boycott it!

Coors, with its Colorado-cowboy mountain imagery, has long enjoyed a certain mystique in the Midwest as a unique and tasty beer. But a little look at the Coors family and their politics will leave a bitter taste in your mouth.

Coors is presently being formally boycotted by the AFL-CIO and the Teamsters Union, plus the gay community, and at times has also been boycotted by Hispanic and Black organizations.

The controversy began in the mid-1970's, when Coors began to use some rather unethical hiring practices. New employees were forced to take lie detector tests, and these tests included some very intimate questions about the individual's sexual preferences and past activities. This began to spark protest in the gay community.

Coors' employees were also enraged. Besides the lie detector tests, the company also held locker searches and demanded the right to body search employees. These and other controversial questions inside the plant finally brought a strike in 1977.

Union-busting was the response of brewer. Strike-breakers were hired to replace the striking workers, who were then encouraged to hold a de-certification election, removing the union as a bargaining agent, and leaving the strikers stranded. This brought the boycott from the AFL-CIO and the Teamsters Union, a boycott which has been consistently pushed by these organizations since 1977.

The Hispanic community had also been carefully watching the brewer. Coors' main brewery is in Golden, Colorado, in the middle of a heavily Hispanic area. Yet for years, few Hispanics could get jobs at the large brewery. But Coors depended on heavy sales in the Southwest, and counted many Hispanics amongst its beer drinkers. This policy led to another boycott from this group.

The latest outrage came with remarks aimed at Black Americans. Company chair William Coors was invited last spring to speak at a minority business leaders' luncheon in Denver. In his speech, Coors told the audience about the blessings of slavery, saying that "one of the best things (slave traders) did for you is to drag your ancestors over here in chains." He also attributed economic problems in black-governed African countries to a lack of "the intellectual capacity to succeed."

The NAACP and numerous black organizations then joined the boycott effort. However, Coors has been able to lessen criticism from some Hispanic and Black groups by agreeing to invest certain funds in minority-owned banks and businesses. The agreement is dependent on Coors feeling that minorities are drinking the brew.

All of these boycotts and negative publicity have hurt Coors' sales. Ten years ago few people from the Midwest went west without bringing back a carload of the fabled brew, and Coors was number one in the 13 western states where it is distributed, claiming that it would never expand beyond those markets.

In 1979, Coors brewed 14 million barrels for those key 13 states. But because of the boycott and falling sales, Coors is now only brewing 13.7 million barrels annually, and is now trying to sell that in 28 different states. Although beer drinking has increased 18 percent nationwide, Coors has fallen from its fabled heights.

None of this has stopped the company's political momentum. William Coors is often referred to as a member of Reagan's "kitchen cabinet," having been one of the President's original backers. The Coors family has donated heavily to the John Birch Society and other right-wing campaigns.

Nor has Coors' attack on labor ceased. The Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) has all but been denied access to Coors' plants, and an OSHA regional director in Denver was demoted and transferred when he forced the issue. OSHA was only able to regain access after fatal accidents took place in Coors' plants.

Perhaps the most outrageous assault on worker health came earlier this year when Coors received a special "variance" from OSHA allowing the

brewer to operate equipment at high noise levels in an experiment to see if loud noise really did cause workers to go deaf. Inspectors found Coors' plants operating at 170 to 250 percent higher decibel levels than permitted. And Coors workers were reporting hearing loss. This human guinea pig effort brought outrage from Congress and a special law forbidding Reagan's OSHA office from dabbling in human experimentation.

When you go to the liquor store and start seeing Coors beer, don't think of the mountains; think of any purchase of Coors as a financial donation to the right-wing. Say no to these outrageous policies, and boycott Coors. And don't forget to let the bartender or store owner know that you certainly don't approve of Coors beer being sold in Central Illinois--send it back to the mountains.

--MGM



December, 1984 **THE**
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Mon. 17 Bob Bogaert	Tue. 18 CLARENCE GOODMAN	Wed. 19 To be announced	Thur. 20 to be announced	Fri. 21 TOXIC SHOCK Christmas Party	Sat. 22 Wreckin' Ball	Sun. 23 CLOSED
Mon. 24 CLOSED	Tue. 25 CLOSED Christmas	Wed. 26 to be announced	Thur. 27 to be announced	Fri. 28 Fun and Anguish	Sat. 29 Serious Business	Sun. 30 to be announced
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Anti-air-war women's demo

On September 28 over 50 women closed down the Armed Forces Recruiting Station at 19th & Mission Streets in San Francisco to protest the U.S.-sponsored air war against the liberated territories of El Salvador, and the U.S. attacks against Nicaragua. The recruiting station was barricaded by sliding metal doors, patrolled by police on foot, and watched by at least 20 motorcycle police parked inside a garage across the street. The women plastered banners all over the front of the station to proclaim it CLOSED BY WOMEN & KIDS/NO WAR BUSINESS TODAY.

Many women carried symbols of the U.S. war machine: most prominent was a papier-mache puppet/U.S. jet bomber to represent the U.S. role in dropping napalm and white phosphorous on El Salvador. The puppet's entrance began a simple dramatization of the everyday reality of the war in Central America--women and children crouched down as it zoomed by, then stood to shout "Stop the Air War; bring down the monster!"



Drums, chants and other noisemakers brought attention to this busy corner. Many people stopped to read leaflets, signs and banners calling for an end to U.S. intervention which women taped to the sides of the MUNI busses passing down Mission Street.

At that point several women spoke out in support of the women in Central America who are actively fighting to liberate their countries and themselves as women. The crowd responded with loud chants: "F M L N, El Salvador Is Going To Win."

The air war monster is scheduled to drop by other centers of the military machine, as it did the following day for the women's action at the Alameda Naval Air Station/Women's Peace Camp.

This demonstration was part of an ongoing Women's Campaign to Confront the U.S. War Machine, sponsored by Women Against Imperialism (W.A.I) to expose the U.S. role in the war against the people of Central America and the third world. To get involved and for more information contact (415) 652-4401, ext. 656, or write to W.A.I., 3543 18th street, #14, San Francisco, CA 94110.

Beauty pageant boogie

Myth California exposed

The Preying Mantis Women's Brigade consistently grabs headlines and public attention when they take to the streets with original theatre or simple direct actions.

On the warpath for some eight years now against sexism, Preying Mantis combines art with their politics to get their message across. Beauty pageants are one of their targets: the brigade has enlivened these usually bland occasions repeatedly:

***During the live telecast of a bathing suit judging for Miss California, three women tossed raw meat gussied up with red ribbons onto the stage;

***In a beauty pageant parade, "Miss Stake" modelled a 35-pound gown of scalloped bologna and olive loaf with a wiener neckline garnished by parsley.

***Outside another beauty pageant, the theme of a counter pageant was "weight slavery." 800 "Myth California" contestants, some shackled by bathroom scales, leaped through hula hoops labelled "Beauty Obedience School."

California beauty pageants once were sacred, until the Brigade challenged them with "Myth California."

Each year, in the Miss California Beauty Pageant Grand Parade, women ride on flower-covered floats or fancy carts, paraded through Santa Cruz to the contest where they're weighed, measured and judged like livestock at a county fair.

Since 1982, though, Preying Mantis has joined in the parade. Last year, brigade entries "Myth California" and "Miss Chievous" brought up the rear of the parade in a pink Rambler

convertible, scattering corn flakes to the crowd (in recognition of the corporate sponsorships behind the event). Their float was a revolving white porcelain toilet bowl with plastic American flags sticking out of it.

A 1982 float of a bleeding planet earth is topped by erect penises ejaculating American flags. This structure rotates above 120 giant primping ceramic Barbie dolls. The float was damaged by incensed onlookers.

At one pageant protest women wore banners identifying them as Miss Demeanor, Miss Fortune, Miss Informed, Miss Ogyne, Miss Steak and Miss Used. Several women dressed as skeletons to protest unreal standards of thinness carried a twig-like female figure on a cross with the banner "Miss Anna Rexia," referring to anorexia nervosa, a psychological disorder causing self-starvation and obsessive exercise which affects millions of young women. The disorder seems related to society's equation of perfection and thinness.

Preying Mantis also performs direct actions that discourage establishments from peddling violent pornography. More information on the brigade can be got from PO Box 1729, Santa Cruz, CA 95061.

--thanx to Open Road, Winter 1984

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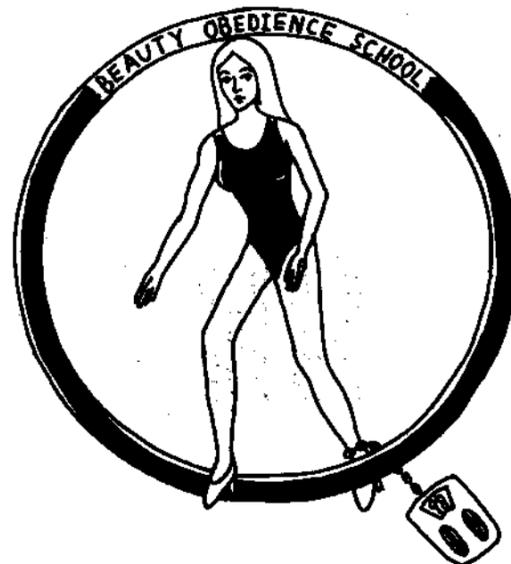
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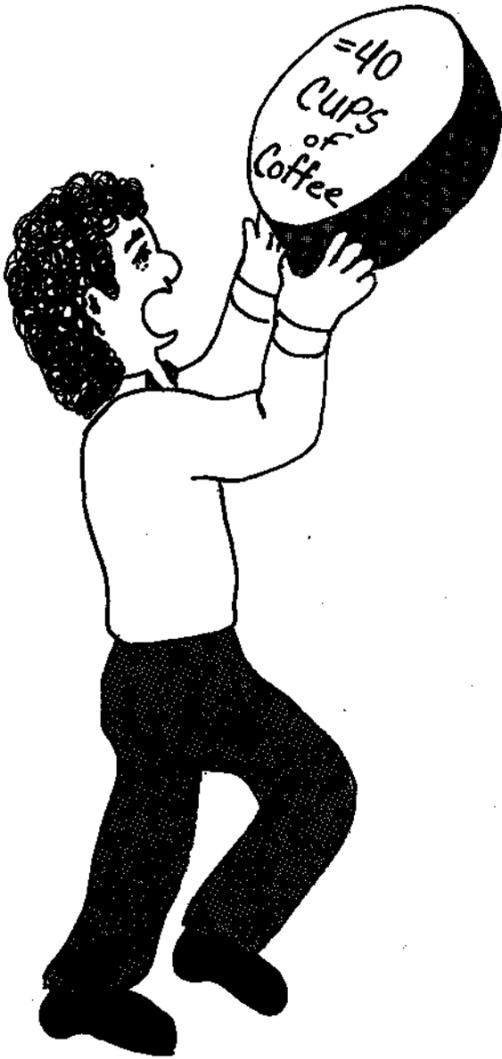
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The Bloomington Human Relations Commission is here to assist and to help.



Pantagraph prints lurid drug lies



Pantagraph reporter Scott Richardson made a couple of generous contributions to the public pool of misinformation about drug use last October. In two separate articles about the Parkside Junior High students caught with look-alike drugs, Richardson told some real whoppers.

Analysts of substance abuse criticize overdone hysterical scare reporting about the dangers of ingestion. Once people discover that a certain overdone warning is a lie, these analysts say, the credibility of all drug abuse information is undermined.

"Some look-alike pills sold as amphetamines have been shown to contain as much caffeine as 40 cups of coffee," Richardson told the Pantagraph readers Oct. 18. He repeated virtually the same sentence Oct. 27.

Drug educators at Project Oz told me that a cup of percolated coffee contains 100-150 milligrams of caffeine. Most look-alikes, they told me, contain up to 250 milligrams of caffeine. That's about two or two-and-a-half cups of coffee--not 40. The drug educators also said that they'd never noticed any mention in their literature of look-alikes ever containing 40 coffee cupfuls worth of caffeine.

Any pill containing 40 coffee cupfuls worth of caffeine would contain 4-6 grams of the substance. I challenge anyone to show me a pill that weighs that much. Nobody, not even irresponsible underground chemists,

makes pills that weigh 4 grams. Nobody could swallow them.

So where did police beat reporter Scott Richardson get his misinformation? Well, he didn't say. He presented the 40 cups rap with no attribution--as though it were a widely known and undisputed fact.

Richardson didn't even bother to add "police said" (or even his well-loved "sources said") to his description of the look-alikes' content.

(Previous Post-Amerikan stories have criticized Richardson's wide-eyed tendency to accept police stories wholesale, without subjecting them to the critical evaluation usually expected of a decent reporter. Richardson's disservice to the public is compounded by his willingness to quote anonymous police "sources" or to simply report police versions with no attribution at all. See the Post's articles about the so-called "gay sex ring" in the May, June-July, and Sept. issues.)

After saying that some look-alikes contain as much caffeine as 40 cups of coffee, Richardson's articles said "death and paralysis have been documented in cases where they were taken in large quantities."

Once young people realize that Richardson's descriptions of the pills' contents is a lie, how will they evaluate Richardson's warning of the pills' potential dangers?

--Mark Silverstein



Abortion clinic attacks not terrorism

WASHINGTON (UPI) -- FBI Director William Webster said Tuesday bank bombings for political ends are clearly terrorism but attacks on abortion clinics are not, and fail to qualify for the same intensive FBI investigation.

He left open the possibility of reclassifying abortion clinic bombings as terrorist attacks if the FBI finds there is an organized group responsible.

Webster said that while bombings of abortion clinics fail for the time being to meet his test of what constitutes terrorism, bank robberies for political ends do qualify.

"There is a political aspect to bombing a bank to protest...a government-protected function," Webster said.

And what of abortion clinics that receive government aid?

"I can't say yes or no on that one," Webster replied. "I think what I'm trying to do is at least hold the line and not call everything terrorism simply because someone uses violence to try to achieve an illegal objective or to interfere with somebody's rights."

Webster, answering a question, said cases that fail to meet the bureau's definition of terrorism get a lower priority for investigation.

An FBI manual officially defines a terrorist act as the "unlawful use of force or violence against persons or property to intimidate or coerce the government, the civilian population, or any segment thereof in furtherance of political or social objectives."

Unfettered music for farsighted fans

You may have noticed that in the past few months the Post has featured articles and reviews of independent music. You might even wonder why. Well, believe it or not, independently recorded music will probably drastically alter music as we know it today.

You may ask "What is independent music?" The answer is simple: Independent music is any music produced outside of the formal "commercial" music channels. While independently recorded music will probably never be as popular as conventional commercial music, there are at least three reasons why it is important to music as an art form.

- 1) Independent music allows virtually any musician (or non-musician) to produce music (or non-music) which is made available for public consumption. Not just the ones who were lucky enough to "make it" and get a big recording contract.
- 2) Independent music offers a potential unlimited gamut of styles and artists, whereas previously the public depended primarily on big record companies to provide them with artists, recordings, and even musical trends.
- 3) Independently recorded music is healthy to recording as a medium and music as an art form. History dictates that the best way to make new discoveries and progress is through experimentation. Most independent musicians can neither afford nor have desire for standardized production procedures and formulas. This is a shot in the arm for a medium which is stagnating due to an industry which produces products in much the same way that a computer produces programmed results.

All right, sounds great, you say. So when does this all start? The fact is, it has been happening for a good number of years. If you want to check out the independent music scene, there are several publications that can help you out. Op magazine is the granddaddy of them all. Unfortunately, Op just put out their last issue (still available locally at Appletree Records), but there are several new publications to take its place.

There's the spin-off magazine OPtion (by the Sonic Options Network), Sound Choice (by the Audio Evolution Network), and even a catalog-type publication devoted entirely to independent cassettes called Cassettera.

All around the world thousands of musicians are releasing their music, either personally or with an independent label. There is a whole world of pop, funk, country, rock, reggae, avant garde, electronic, gospel, soul, rap, big band, African and simply undefinable music out there just waiting for eager explorers like you.

There's also a whole slew of reasons why independent music should appeal to the consumer. First of all, independent musicians and labels are human. For the most part, they are warm, dedicated, and very eager to please anyone who takes an interest in what they are doing. It is usually very easy to correspond directly with the artists. Very few independent musicians require your personal acquaintance or a backstage pass in order to communicate with them.

Most importantly, independent musicians and labels care about what you think. They encourage correspondence, and really want to hear your reactions. The process actually places you, the listener, into the recording industry. An artist with a major recording contract which releases a string of albums selling only 50,000 copies each is probably an artist who doesn't get much sleep. But an artist who sells 50 cassettes and gets a dozen replies--ten of which are positive and two of which claim the work in question to be the work of the devil--is a very happy artist indeed (albeit poor).

Now think of this: an independent artist usually receives most all of the profits from all records/tapes sold. This is beginning to sound suspicious...

There are a number of reasons why independent music is burgeoning, the most important of which is technology. It is now possible for many musicians to afford the equipment necessary to produce independent cassettes. Two HI-FI cassette decks (\$100 or so each) and a couple of microphones, along with your home stereo, are all you need to make live stereo recordings and cassette copies of anything you want. String some of your recordings together on a "master" tape and voila! Your latest release! It may not be the latest Springsteen hit, but what the hell... You can do quite a bit with this rudimentary set-up with some imagination.

If the artist wishes to be slightly more elaborate, he/she can set up a portable 4-track cassette studio with mikes and auxiliary decks for around \$1000. For the more "professional" independent musicians, professional studio time may be bought for around \$15/hour and records can be put out for \$500 or so. While it sounds like a lot of money, it isn't considering the capabilities, freedom, and flexibility of the equipment involved.

The biggest technological advance, however, for independent musicians is in cassette technology. Now that one can buy a fake Walkman for \$30, most people have cassette players. Cassette sales have risen above album sales for the major commercial releases, meaning more people choose to use the cassette medium instead of vinyl, anyway. So the independent cassette producers are no longer having to deal with the problem of only being able to afford an unpopular and inferior medium. Now they can only afford the most popular one.

So now that you can buy independent cassettes and records without the bureaucracy and middle men (and now you just know that you want to), and they typically cost less for more music, the music industry may just be headed for a real revolution. Not a fake one like music video, but something that changes the very way that music is thought of, listened to, bought, written, recorded, and sold. Music can belong to the artists, not the corporations. By supporting independent (and that means live as well as recorded) music, you are supporting this revolution.

--Pink Bob



Addresses of independent music magazines:

Sound Choice
P.O. Box 1251
Ojai, CA 93023

OPtion
P.O. Box 491034
Los Angeles, CA 90049

Cassettera
Box 393
89 Massachusetts Ave.
Boston, MA 02115

(Pink Bob is an independent artist who appears on several cassette releases, all available on Home Recordings, Bloomington's independent music conspiracy.)



"STRANGE CUSTOMS THESE BEINGS HAVE!!"

