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The Keep

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Fat / coming out / benefit pix / Xian soldiers

Bloomington-Normal

Aug.-Sept. 1988

25¢

POST AMERICAN

Vol. 17 No. 2

MEESE VINDICATED! HELL FREEZES OVER!



NOSTALGIC
THOUGHT
BALLOON!

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
PERMIT NO. 168
BLOOMINGTON, IL 61702

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED
POST AMERICAN
POST OFFICE BOX 3452
BLOOMINGTON, IL 61702



In this issue:

On the cover: A self-explanatory comment on Meese's current status. No related article inside--we promise!

- 2....Page 2 stuff
- 3....A funny novel, serialized; Double Nickel reviewed.
- 4-5...Advertising ridiculed; local digitized temperatures confused.
- 6....Who gets hurt when too many animals co-exist?
- 7....God's existence debated.
- 8-9...Community news and letters.
- 10-11.Trial of protesters detailed.
- 12-13.Lotsa pictures!
- 14-15.Visitor to Nicaragua gives account; ways to save the environment.
- 16-17.Don't poke at that fetus; Ms. Hippie's advice to yuppies.
- 18....Dissatisfactions with our culture: skinny chauvinism and loose usage.
- 19....Jackson victory reviewed; film stuff mourned.
- 20-21.Journalism review: what they don't say about a strike.
- 22-23.Gay stuff: record review with enticing quotations.
- 24....Men turn monsters at whiff of spring.

About us

The Post Amerikan is an independent community newspaper providing information and analysis that is screened out of or down played by establishment news sources. We are a non-profit, worker-run collective that exists as an alternative to the corporate media.

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

Most of our material and inspiration for material comes from the community. The Post Amerikan welcomes stories, graphics, photos, letters, and 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. Don't worry if it takes a while--we don't meet every week.

An alternative newspaper depends very directly on a community of concerned people for existence. We believe it is very important to keep a newspaper like this around. If you think so too, then please support us by telling your friends about the paper, donating money to the printing of the paper, and telling our advertisers you saw their ad in the Post Amerikan.

The next deadline for submitting Post material is Thursday, Sept. 15. Material submitted after the deadline will probably not get printed.

Post Sellers

BLOOMINGTON

- Amtrak Station, 1200 W. Front
- The Back Porch, 402 N. Main
- Bakery Banc, 901 N. Main
- Bloomington Public Library (in front)
- Bus Depot, 533 N. East
- Common Ground, 516 N. Main
- Convenient Mart, Emerson and Main
- Front and Center Building
- Hit Shed, 606 N. Main
- Hungry House, 103 W. Jefferson
- Law and Justice Center, W. Front St.
- Lee St. (100 N.)
- Main and Miller Streets
- Medusa's Adult World, 420 N. Madison
- Mike's Market, 1013 N. Park
- Mr. Donut, 1310 N. Park
- Pantagraph (in front), 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
- Upper Cut, 409 N. Main
- Wash House, 609 N. Clinton
- Washing Well, E. Front St.

NORMAL

- Avanti's, 407 S. Main
- Big Rudy's, 107 E. Beaufort
- ISU University Union, 2nd floor
- Hovey Hall, ISU (in front)
- Midstate Truck Plaza, U.S. 51 north
- Mother Murphy's, 111 North St.
- North & Broadway, southeast corner
- White Hen Pantry, 207 Broadway (in front)

Thanks

This paper is in your hands due to the work of Bill (coordinator), Deborah, Susie, Laurie, Laurie, Cathy, P. & M., Bumper, Ralph, Margaret, and David.

We need writers!



Is the pen mightier than the sword? Well, maybe, maybe not, but it is better than a sharp stick in the eye. Tell the world (or a small part of it) how you feel in the pages of the Post Amerikan. Send contributions--typed, if possible, to

Post Amerikan
P.O. Box 3452
Bloomington, IL
61702

Good numbers

- Alcoholics Anonymous.....828-5049
- American Civil Liberties Union.454-7223
- Bloomington Housing Authority.829-3360
- Childbirth And Parenting Information Exchange (CAPIE).....452-0310
- 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

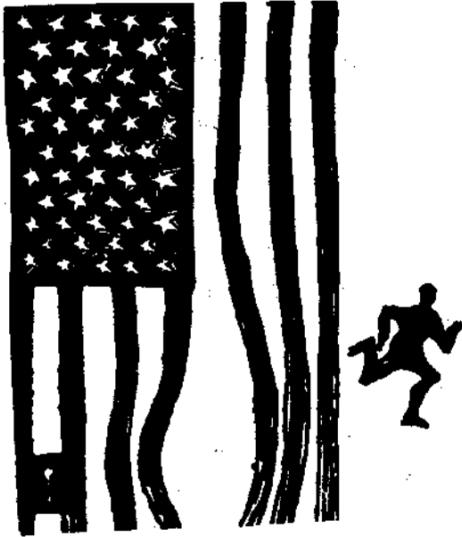
- Gay & Lesbian Resource Phoneline (11-4 M-R).....438-2429
- HELP (transportation for senior citizens, handicapped).....828-8301
- Ill. Dept. of Public Aid.....827-4621
- Ill. Lawyer Referral.....800-252-8916
- Kaleidoscope.....828-7346
- McLean Co. Health Dept.....454-1161
- Mid Central Community Action...829-0691
- Mobile Meals.....828-8301
- McLean County Center for Human Services.....827-5351
- National Health Care Services--abortion assistance....1-800-322-1622
- Nuclear Freeze Coalition.....828-4195
- Occupational Development Center.....828-7324
- 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

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.

Name: _____
Street: _____
City/State/Zip: _____

To Live and die for Unicorn



Dear Friends,

Thanks so much for printing my letter and sending me the June/July Post American. It's marvelous and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

To somewhat repay you for your kindness, I am enclosing the 1st chapter of my book "To Live and Die for Unicorn." (Unicorn is the logo of the Federal Prison Industries wherein some of us labor 12 hours a day, 7 days a week, for \$.22 an hour.)

You may print it, serialized, if you wish, cleaning up the language as you think best. Thanks again.

Sincerely,

Marta Helm

CHAPTER I: "Busted Flat..."

The fortunate among us can divide their lives into certain pleasant stages: childhood, marriage, parenthood.... Then there are other poor bastards who find that somewhere between infancy and the grave, a span of penal servitude has crept in!

And so it was with me. I was huddled in bed one blustery November day (heat not being one of the benefits of my ill-gotten gains) when there came a little flurry of taps on my garret door.

Cursing, I threw back the threadbare blanket and stalked over to answer it. I yanked the door open fully prepared for another no-rent, no-heat diatribe, but the apparition on the threshold was not my greasy landlady.

"FBI. Do you know why we're here?"

"Of course I know why you're here, you ignorant motherfucker," I thought; but discretion being the better part of valor, I merely nodded and stepped aside to let him enter. He (Big Cheese) slunk in, closely followed by another agent, as they always swarm in pairs.

"Where's the gun?" quoth B/C.

"You have the right to remain silent..." droned the junior G-man.

"It's in the closet," I said, and started to get it.

Instantly, they both leapt into action, and before I could say "fuck you," I was whirled around and my hands were cuffed behind my back.

"Anything you say...."

"This gun has been fired," cried B/C, looking at me like I was some kind of middle-aged red-neck terrorist instead of a little, plump, nearsighted embezzler.

"I took it out to the practice range yesterday. I've never fired it at another human being, for Christ's sake." ("Although I could easily make an exception in your case," I silently added.)

While Junior finished droning about my non-existent rights, B/C crept about looking over my motley belongings.

"This yours?" he said suspiciously, holding up the "Communist Manifesto."

"No, actually it belongs to Joe McCarthy."

"Who?" said Junior.

Later, in their LTD on the way to the courthouse, they gloated over each step in the search-cum-capture.

"And that's how we gotcha!" cried Junior gaily.

My only reply was a certain rude gesture.

Once in court, Judge England strode in, smiled at me, introduced himself and the reporter, and sat down. I sat down too and thought to myself, "Gee. Maybe this won't be so bad." And then he introduced the U.S. prosecutor whose lip twitched in some obscene semblance of a smile but whose eyes said, "Forget it, you felonious bitch. I'm going to put you away for 117 years!"

Five ghastly minutes later, bail-less, my ass was dropped in the Greene Co. jail. There I was photoed, printed, strip-searched, de-loused, and taken to a dark, dank cell already housing 2 lady guests of the state of Missouri and 1,000,099 roaches.

For the first week, I screamed every time I found one of the little bastards on me, in my long blonde hair, in my bed, or cavorting through my food; but then I said "fuck it," and learned to live with them.

Later, I even got quite fond of our racing stable consisting of Native Crawler, Man-O-Roach, Sea-Trisket, and Dan Roach... but that's another chapter.

Underground rebels with a cause

Double Nickel is cat's pajamas



We (Blanche and Stella), three gentleman callers, and one female companion (a growing entourage), decided to visit the squeaky-clean-looking 1950s style drive-in at the corner of Morrissey and Veteran's Parkway. As we Bloomingtonians say, "It's where the old Streid's was, before it burned down. Suspicious fire, too."

The Double Nickel isn't at all like the old Streid's, though Streid's was also old-fashioned. Streid's had dark paneled walls and perfect steaks and white tablecloths and used to seat the hippies back by the kitchen door.

The Double Nickel is bright, white, pink and turquoise, with whimsical ersatz (and some real) 50s memorabilia, a burger and custard menu, and self-seating--that is, you can sit anywhere there's not already a squirming child.

Underground Rebels who ordered soda-shoppe specialties were delighted. The burgers (Double Nickel, Big Nickel, and Little Nickel, \$1.59, .99, and 49 cents) were fine, served on rich yellow egg buns. The shakes and concretes were too thick to get up the straws, but universally acclaimed as excellent. (A shake has milk added; a concrete doesn't, making it as thick as....)

Our female companion gloved over her "Temptation," a Dixie Bell sundae with caramel, whipped cream, and nuts.

The shoppe has old standards at the fountain, like Black Cows, Green Rivers, and Banana Splits, as well as at the chrome-and-bubbles Wurlitzer jukebox ("Jam Up and Jelly Tight," "Woolly Bully," "Heartbreak Hotel," "Where the Boys Are," at a 1980s quarter a play.) The cute polo shirts (\$16.95) have real embroidered appliques with a groovy 50s logo.

A less playful crowd might find some of the decor a bit strained (the bathrooms labeled "Dudes" and "Darlin's" and the pink and turquoise hula hoops mysteriously suspended like cobwebs in the corners).

A more purist crowd might object to the inclusion of Santana and the Beatles on that classic jukebox.

And a more uptight literate crowd might object to the sign, "This Place is Recommended to the Underground Gourmet."

But even all those folks might be won over by the french fries--hot, crisp, with peels still sizzling and some light spice to the salt.

On the less marvy side, the salads looked uninspired, same as Arby's and not quite as perky as MacDonald's salads, lying pre-made in little plastic coffins in a glass case, mourned by the surrounding packets of dressing. But who goes to the soda shoppe to eat a salad? Probably very few dudes or darlin's would.

The chicken sandwich and fish sandwich, the only non-burger sandwiches on the menu, were also intended to teach us that this was a burger joint, dude, and get with it! They were just okay.

Double Nickel, unlike the olde soda shoppe, is not a hangout. It's small, and we were there at prime childfeeding hour. Though the jukebox had the rare virtue of being quiet enough to talk through, the peace was shattered by the screams and whines of the family dinner table.

We thought a late-night visit might show the Nickel's hanging-out possibilities. Perhaps that's the time when one shrugs into one's boyfriend's letter sweater, wraps his big old class ring with angora, and goes out to get sweatily pregnant in the parking lot. You know, maybe those veren't the good old days, but their revised version is mighty tasty.

--Blanche and Stella

Miscellaneous advertising outrages

So the Soviets are going to open up the airwaves to commercial advertising from the West, huh? I sure hope they know what they're doing. Maybe they'd change their minds if they considered the miscellaneous advertising outrages below.

Pantagraph padding

The Pantagraph has proved once again that it is the worst spent quarter in Bloomington-Normal--unless you get your jollies from advertisements.

I don't subscribe to the Pantagraph, but I picked up the Fourth of July issue to learn more about the Unity Building fire. Mary Ann Flick and Sharon Gilfand of the Pantagraph staff had provided an informative front-page article entitled "Downtown blaze still sizzling." Near the end of the article, I was struck by the following paragraph.

"The American Red Cross was at the scene by 3 a.m. yesterday with hot and cold drinks and donuts, courtesy of Denny's Doughnuts & Bakery, which has four locations in the Twin Cities."

Give me a break. In a newspaper that's easily at least 50% advertisements, is it really necessary to stick in such blatant plugs? I suppose I'd also "contribute" coffee and donuts if I could get unpaid promotional announcements in the Pantagraph. I'm surprised they didn't go ahead and list the addresses of Denny's four area locations.

But what else should we expect from a newspaper that thinks a half-page of advertisements, Bloom County, and the inane prattling of Bill Flick belong in the editorial section?

North media blitz

It seems like everyone wants to do their share to help Ollie North.

The North Defense Trust--"the only official fund sponsored by Oliver North"--ran the accompanying ad in the July 7 Wall Street Journal. Jerry Falwell's "Old-Time Gospel Hour" has used a substantial part of its weekly fund-raising efforts to ask you to put your name on a petition to the president to pardon Ollie North. For a large enough contribution, Jerry will send you a videotape entitled "Fight for Freedom" to preserve the Oliver North story for your generations to come. Coincidentally, the American Freedom Coalition recently purchased an hour of local television time to show "Fight for Freedom" and make the same plea to help desperately needy Ollie.

Let's take a look and see what these folks are saying, shall we?

The North Defense Trust reminds us that "after 5-1/2 years at the National Security Council where he worked so hard to rescue hostages, combat terrorism, and fight communism--Ollie North was thanked for his service by an indictment brought by an Independent Counsel in the District of Columbia."

My, what a quaint way of describing North's activities. Let's not bother with the fact that North was largely unsuccessful in achieving the above-mentioned goals. The North Defense Trust must have realized that the ad wouldn't have raised as much money if it said "he worked so hard to send arms to Iran, illegally divert funds to the contras, lie to Congress, and falsify, shred, and secrete documents." Such are the liberties of poetic license in advertising.

Ollie and Betsy North Need Your Help Now!

- After 20 years as a Marine -- a highly decorated hero --
- After 5-1/2 years at the National Security Council where he worked so hard to rescue hostages, combat terrorism, and fight communism --
- Ollie North was thanked for his service by an indictment brought by an Independent Counsel in the District of Columbia.
- Official Washington stands idly by to watch North fight this out alone.
- His adversary -- an Independent Counsel with unlimited funds, 30 attorneys, and 50 investigators.
- It's a battle that North will win, but he needs your help now to defray legal costs and to assure that his family is properly guarded and that no harm comes to them.
- Help even the odds. Mail your contribution today or call the toll free number below to make your pledge (Visa and MasterCard accepted). Gifts are non-tax deductible.

1-800-521-0200



YES, Ollie and Betsy, I am making a contribution of \$_____ to help with your legal and security fees.

I have enclosed a check or money order.
Please charge my contribution to my:
Visa _____ MasterCard _____
Acct. # _____ Exp. Date _____
Signature _____

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

This is the only official fund sponsored by Oliver North.

The "Fight for Freedom" video is even more poetic in its rendering of the Iran-Contra fiasco. It shows various well-chosen excerpts of North's second battle in his "Fight for Freedom"--his electrifying testimony to the Joint Congressional Committee. Also shown is the (infamous) slide show that we didn't get to see due to technical difficulties.

For some strange reason there are no excerpts from the first battle in North's "Fight for Freedom" where he displayed his knowledge of the Fifth Amendment. Maybe someone erased the tapes. (Rose Mary Woods, perhaps?)

One goal of the American Freedom Coalition's broadcast was to get additional names on their "Emergency Presidential Pardon Petition." (Try saying that one three times fast.) Here's their sales pitch from near the end of the broadcast.

"A simple phone call can make a tremendous difference. There's never been a time when we've needed it more. Right now powerful forces in Washington are preparing for their final thrust. They know that if they can finish off Colonel North and all he stands for, the communists can finish up with their plans and all we stand for. That's why we need your help today. ...The stakes are great, and we haven't a moment to lose."

Shades of McCarthy.

Just picture it. Following my secret Marxist-Leninist agenda, I, the Balrog, leader of nasty foul-smelling leftists, have carefully planned to overthrow the nation and have assembled my powerful forces in Washington! I've got evil communist spies--disguised as the homeless--sitting outside the gates of the White House and the Capitol building! I'm just waiting for Colonel North to be locked up so they can make their final thrust! At that very moment, there will be no one left in Amerika-spelled-with-a-K to stop the red wave of communism from blanketing our nation! A-ha-ha-(evil laugh as I gloat over the expected success of my secret agenda)-ha-ha-ha-ha-haaaa!

But no! Arrrrrgh!! Drat, drat, and double-drat!!! The American Freedom Coalition is threatening to ruin my carefully-laid secret plans!!!! Nooooooo!!!!!! Nooooooo!!!!!!

The American Freedom Coalition also wants your money so that they can blanket the nation with the "Fight for Freedom" broadcast and get even more people to add their names to the petition that will save democracy. Proving that truth is indeed stranger (or at least more nauseating) than the above two paragraphs of fiction, here's the pitch.

"Please give financially as much as you possibly can to keep the fires of freedom burning.... With your help and continued financial support, we'll be here until Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North helps raise the flag of freedom over free men and women, boys and girls, in nation after nation around the world."

It seems like they've forgotten about a lot of people's freedom. What happened to our freedom to help elect officials who'll stop the immoral support of the contras? What happened to the freedom other nations' citizens have to choose their own form of government?

I have this feeling that if they raised North's flag of freedom over me, I'd be twisting slowly in the wind.

Kellogg's claims much ado about Nuttin', honey

Kellogg's is under fire from members of the gay community for a television commercial promoting its Nut 'N Honey cereal.

The commercial shows four vignettes in which one person asks some variation of the question "What's for breakfast?" The response is "Nut 'N Honey" (pronounced "nuttin', honey"), and in three of the four vignettes the person shows surprise to be called "honey."

The final vignette in the commercial shows an old West scene in which a bunch of cowboys ask the cook, "What's for breakfast, Cooky?" When Cooky responds "Nuttin', honey," the cowboys immediately draw their guns and aim them at Cooky's head.

The Coalition Against Media/Marketing Prejudice (CAMMP), a Chicago-based gay media watchdog group, has led the campaign to get the public and Kellogg's to recognize that the commercial promotes anti-gay violence. Arthur Johnston, head of CAMMP, explains, "The bottom line is that one man calls another man 'honey' and guns are drawn. This is unacceptable."



For the love of animals



One muggy July day, while scanning the TV channels, I happened on a tragedy of hopeless poverty, public welfare and good intentions gone awry. The story is not tele-drama fiction--its stage is a Central Illinois community. There are no villains, few heroes, and many tragic victims.

Channel 19 and reporter Dawn Robinson were on the scene as Peoria Animal Welfare Shelter (PAWS) forces descended on the home of Elizabeth McFarland, 64, of Peoria Heights. The object of the invasion was seizure of 41 of her 43 dogs, thus ending months of legal maneuvers between McFarland, her neighbors and Peoria County and village officials.

The first thread of the story is found in the June 14 edition of the *Journal-Star*, under the headline "The 'dog house' will fall." The article chronicles the efforts made on behalf of the pets which were Mrs. McFarland's only companions.

Living alone in a dilapidated shack with no working tub or shower, and no electricity or gas, her husband confined to a nursing home after the amputation of both legs, existing on a fixed Social Security income, Mrs. McFarland was, in her own words, "a prisoner of hope." Yet, she somehow kept those dogs and seven cats well-fed and healthy.

The surfeit of canines began in 1982 with Romeo and Ginger. However, indiscriminate interbreeding of these collie-shepherd mixes swelled the ranks from two to 43 in just six years. Neighbors complained of the noise, the stench and the rats attracted by the waste. Village officials obtained injunctions to remove the animals, citing kennel laws prohibiting keeping more than three dogs and cats. County Board directors sought demolition of the substandard house.

Under judicial orders, Mrs. McFarland spent more than \$2,000 on efforts, including spaying and vaccinations, to keep her dogs. But when all was said and done, her efforts were in vain. On Monday, July 11, four Shelter trucks came just before noon. Mrs. McFarland helped employees take 41 dogs, bidding farewell to each by name. By 4 p.m., all but five had been destroyed.

The six cats which she surrendered fared better. Cathy Nutter of Tazewell County Animal Control had convinced Mrs. McFarland to relinquish the cats earlier in the day, and they were taken to the Tazewell shelter for adoption. The publicity generated much interest in the felines, and adoptions seemed imminent.

"What is sadder," stated Ms. Nutter, "is that we'd found homes to take a large number of the dogs." As private citizens, she and others had placed a three-day advertisement in the *Journal-Star* to seek people willing to adopt the pets.

Yet, when told on Friday before the Monday deadline, Mrs. McFarland refused to let Nutter take them. "She said God was going to come to her with his help on Saturday. I told her God works through people, but she wouldn't listen."

Lauren Malmberg, PAWS manager, observed, "I know we'll end up looking like the bad guys in this case, but I can't take the responsibility of allowing these dogs to be adopted... They appeared docile and healthy. But they've never been socialized. You don't know what they might do among strange people... I've got 30 other dogs at the shelter, some of them house-broken, that are waiting for adoption. I'm sorry."

Of the five dogs which were spared immediate destruction, four were 6-week-old puppies--"healthy, well-fed, clean and inoculated against disease." The other dog showed signs of training, was leash-broken and responded to its name when called. "They'll stay (alive) as long as we have room for them, probably through Monday (July 18), but I can't even guarantee that," stated Malmberg.

I was unable to reach PAWS officials for the outcome of the reprieve, so I cannot report whether any of the unfortunate dogs still remain alive. But, gentle readers, there are so many victims in this story that even the salvation of those few could not diminish the enormity of the tragedy.

As I said, there are no villains. Mrs. McFarland, had she altered Romeo and Ginger, could have prevented her burgeoning animal population

before it got out of hand. Yet, with veterinary care so costly, a victim of fixed geriatric income would find it easier to put it off. In 1982, low cost spay/neuter programs may have been a fond dream of animal welfare groups, and unavailable to Mrs. McFarland.

Peoria Animal Welfare Shelter is not a villain, either. It was their legal duty to take the dogs, make decisions based on their condition and adoptive impact, and proceed from there. Animal shelters are victims of overcrowding, due to the "disposable" attitudes of society. It's easier and cheaper to let a pet get pregnant, birth the offspring, then toss them away when they've grown beyond cute. Heaven forbid that that pet be "altered"--we love her the way she is, fecund.

The government officials and suffering neighbors didn't just wake up one morning and say "Let's ruin Mrs. McFarland's life and murder her pets." There were legitimate concerns when such drastic steps were taken. Forty-three untrained, fertile dogs are excessive in anything but a managed kennel situation. I share my home with one dog, and the fecal remains do accumulate. Now, multiply by 43!

As for the heroes, Cathy Nutter and her friends must be highly commended for their generous attempts on behalf of Mrs. McFarland and her menagerie. It took courage, commitment and love to try to defuse the situation.

Then, there's Channel 19 and its continuing efforts to educate the public about animal welfare issues. The "Pet of the Week" has become a daily feature, due to the vast numbers of highly-adoptable pets available at local shelters. Channel 19 was the only station to run coverage of the McFarland drama and used it as the top story of its 5:30 broadcast. I flipped to the other Peoria stations at 6:00 and saw no mention made. Since then, the "Pet of the Week" has featured one of the cats seized, adopted, and returned due to landlord problems.

And, then there are the victims. Of course, the dogs which were destroyed suffered loss of life. But that can be a blessing when compared to their fate if they had been sold for laboratory experimentation, as could have happened where pound seizure is practiced. PAWS was a victim, for no matter what; publicity of that sort is always bad. Cathy Nutter was a victim, not only for the financial loss of three days of newspaper advertisement, but as a compassionate person who cared enough to do something, anything.

But, the most tragic victim of all is Mrs. McFarland. Not only has she lost her animal companions, she must blame herself for their deaths, for not taking Cathy Nutter's offer. For losing her money and home as well. Demolition of the house she's lived in for the past 25 years is scheduled to begin within 90 days. With no money or support, her future is bleak and lonely.

I am not aware of any organized effort to help this poor woman, but I intend to send a check to help her get back on her feet. The address listed in the *Journal-Star* articles was 4540 N. Illinois, Peoria Heights. Please help her, if you can. She's lost so much and needs to know that someone cares.

RAF, with thanks to *The Peoria Journal-Star*, Channel 19, and Cathy Nutter



Herbs • Spices • Fruits • Vegetables • Nuts

Common Ground

NATURAL FOODS

516 N. Main St.
Bloomington, Ill. 61701

Common Ground has a wide selection of wholesome foods, natural body care products, vitamin and mineral supplements, and books for organic cooking and healthy living.

By selling many foods in bulk, Common Ground reduces your costs on nuts, flours, spices, grains, snack mixes and many other items. You may also purchase just the amount you need! Come see the gourmet coffee beans and fresh produce section as well. Experience a new and healthier way of life!

Hours: 9:30-5:30 Mon.-Sat.

Vitamins • Grains • Flours • Snacks • Juices • Books • Snacks • Teas



Soaps • Coffees • Breads • Beans

Juices • Books • Snacks • Teas



Post Amerikan Opinion Poll #1: Contemporary Religious Attitudes

Yes, readers, the results are finally in! And we at the Post would like to thank you for your participation in this highly sophisticated study. We were getting close to deadline with no responses, and then, at the last minute, just like that scene from "Miracle on 34th Street" a postal truck drove up to our office and deposited seven tons of mail on our doorstep. It took us the better part of an hour to read it, analyze the data, and destroy the responses that did not support our point of view. Out of the remainder, here are some particularly meritorious comments from you, our readers:

On God:

Ms. God is a redneck from the Missouri bootheel, who smokes big cigars, drinks Jack Daniels and pinches strange men in the A&P!

On whether or not we control our lives: I feel that my control over my life is like riding down I-55 in a '75 Monte Carlo and trying to talk to my girlfriend, pass a semi, get another beer from the six-pack, and find a decent radio station, all at the same time. Know what I mean?

On the nature of religion:

I personally go for the "Chinese menu" method of religion: gender of deity (s) from Column A, creed from Column B, any seven mortal sins from Column C, etc.

Also, I think that cathedrals, mosques, and synagogues should be converted to amusement parks. This would involve the simple step of charging admission.

On whether or not God has boogers: If I were God, I'd arrange not to have boogers.

Does it matter?

On the mentality of the Post Amerikan staff in writing this opinion poll: I feel I cannot answer these questions because your answers go the same extremes religious people use. You're not being comprehensive enough to encompass people's true feelings. This survey is as much of a joke as Jerry Falwell wanting my signature on a petition to pardon Oliver North. I hope the article is just as funny and as unintelligent as these questions.

Paranoid responses from Christians who knew darned well we would make fun of their responses:

You may poke fun at me if you wish, but I still believe what I said.

This was bad for my health.



Two reader replies

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IS GOD DEAD? "How 'bout Elvis Presley? Paul McCartney? JFK?"

Post Amerikan Opinion Poll #1: Contemporary Religious Attitudes

Post Amerikan Opinion Poll #1: Contemporary Religious Attitudes

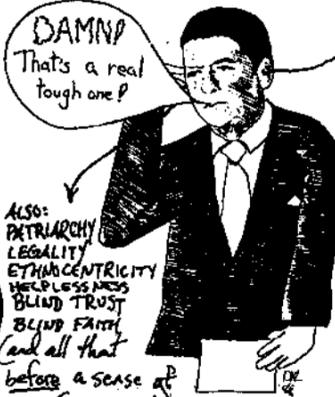
Dear Reader: This survey has been designed with the highest concern for ethical statistical analysis. Please read all questions carefully and allow yourself sufficient time for a thoughtful consideration of each answer. Feel free to add your own answers (or questions!) in the unlikely event that we have not thought of everything. Rest assured that your responses will be analyzed only by highly trained personnel from our publication.

1. Do you belong to an organized religion?

- A. Christian
- B. Jew
- C. Moslem
- D. Buddhist
- E. Hedonist
- F. You kidding? It's just a bunch of jive.

2. How do you perceive the role of religion in today's society?

- A. Organized religion is our best resource for teaching a sense of morality to future generations.
- B. Considering the chaotic state of the world's affairs, we need religious guidance now more than ever.
- C. Religion is an archaic behemoth left from the Dark Ages which should have no place in a modern, scientific world.
- D. Most organized religion serves as a haven for people who crave a sense of affiliation and provides them with a rickety soapbox from which to look down on the rest of the world.



ALSO: PATRIARCHY LEGALITY ETHNOCENTRICITY HELPLESSNESS BLIND TRUST BLIND FAITH and all that before a sense of Swaggart!

3. Which description is closest to your conception of "God"?

- A. Your basic old white man with a white beard and a white robe.
- B. God can be anything to anyone.
- C. A blinding white light of pure truth.
- D. A benevolent judge.
- E. A hanging judge.
- F. "God" is just a mythic figure humans have created as a catchall explanation for our incomprehension of the world.
- G. The George Burns character works as well as anything.



4. How do you feel about the concepts of (Heaven) and (Hell)?

- A. I don't see how they could be any better or worse than some concerts I've been to.
- B. They are states of mind—a mental picture of paradise that exists after death.
- C. They are real places.
- D. It's all a lot of hokey.
- E. If God is truly just, they must exist, in the interest of fair play.
- F. If God is truly benevolent, there is no Hell, because He knows we're just miserable idiots down here, and can forgive us our trespasses, so to speak.

5. How do you imagine life after death?

- A. Ask a stupid question.
- B. There is none. Death is like extinguishing a candle.
- C. It's something like going to Oklahoma City.
- D. You walk out of the darkness towards a warm, blinding light. (See #3 C.)
- E. You're greeted by deceased friends and relatives and you have a bar-be-que.
- F. You stand before St. Peter and God, who are kind of like Siskel and Ebert, and you watch a movie of your life, hoping there were a lot of really bad ones ahead of you.
- G. I CAN'T

6. Do you believe in the antithesis of God—the Devil?

- A. Yes, and if he doesn't put away that accordion, I'm going to scream.
- B. The Devil is just a bogeyman created by humans to exploit our natural fears and manipulate vulnerable people.
- C. Yes, and he's running your newspaper.
- D. I believe in a whole host of lesser demons, but they're all in politics.
- E. How else would you explain these voices I've been hearing?

8. How do you feel God could improve to better meet your changing needs?
 A. This is blasphemy. You're going to burn.
 B. I wish He/She would carry a pager.
 C. Every hundred years or so, He/She should hold a press conference and answer a few questions.
 D. I wish He/She would remix himself as a groovy environmental compact disc.
 E. He/She could quit being so picky. (See #9.)

9. What does God do with His/Her boogers?
 A. The air is clean and pure in heaven, thus eliminating their raison d'être.
 B. He/She wipes them in a hidden fold of the immaculate robe.
 C. He/She eats them and they become part of the divine being.
 D. He/She deposits them on Earth as republicans.
 E. He doesn't have any, and this time you've gone too far.

10. Do you believe in God?
 A. Yes.
 B. No. *What's near he NOT exist?*
 C. Maybe. *don't say DOES exist? y-yeah?*
 D. Only in foxholes, singles bars and unregenerate Pintos.

Comments:
 Heaven was created by authoritarian leaders who told their subjects to fight for them and thus for God (die for them, die for God)



Classy Fried Ads

Non-smoking roommate/boarder wanted. Own room & bath in historic house in downtown Bloomington. Age/race/gender/sexual orientation not issues. \$250.4 share of utilities. Contact Paul at 827-0629.

ANSWERS to the Post-Amerikan Poll on religion.

1. Christian. This term has been subjected to so much abuse by assorted well-wishers and phonies that I must refer the analyst to the preface of C.S. Lewis' Mere Christianity for definition.
2. Religion? That's like asking what role "Science" plays: impossibly broad. Usually, most religions are tools of the State for manipulating an ignorant populace in times of stress. Obviously Christianity can be perverted in this way, though Christianity is, by charter, apolitical.
3. I have an image of God -- a working model that facilitates my religion. God Himself is surely beyond my imagining. We know a little bit about Him: about as much as could be inferred about an artist by looking at his art.
4. "E" makes as much sense as any, but any literal description of them, scriptural or otherwise, is metaphor.
5. This is getting redundant. I have a working model for "life-after-death" and no illusion that it will compare to the reality. I Corinthians 13:9-13 explains my answers to this question and questions 3, 4, and 6.
6. God's antithesis is entropy, non-being. God's enemy, the devil, probably only wears red tights and horns to parties, and is, himself, a lesser being created by God.
7. I control some things, not others. It would probably surprise the hell out of me to learn which are which.
8. "B." But then we'd depend on Him too much and never learn to live for ourselves.
9. If I were God, I'd arrange not to have boogers. But if he does have them, I pick "D" (sorry).
10. If you only believe in God when your life is in danger*, you are avoiding realities that are circumnavigating the outskirts of your consciousness.

Yes, you can use my comments if you get 'em right.

* (such as when stuck in traffic between a Pinto and an Audi 5000, waiting for the results of an HIV antibody test, or applying for a student loan.)

My, what a serious-minded, statistically correct and erudite sermon! Or is it a survey?

Geo.

YEAH, BUT NOT BY GOD, BUT BY OUR OWN MECHANISTIC STIMULUS RESPONSE BEHAVIOR PATTERNS. GET IT?

Auditions set for "Cabaret"

The Community Players of Bloomington will open its 1988-89 season with the musical "Cabaret," directed by L. Jane Thomley.

Auditions for the show will be held at 7:00 pm Tuesday through Thursday, August 9 through 11, at the Community Player's Theater, 201 Robinhood Lane, Bloomington. Actors, singers, and dancers aged 16 and over are needed for the show. Auditions will consist of singing one prepared song, reading from the script, and learning a short dance routine.

Rehearsals for the show will start soon after auditions and will be held weekday evenings. The show will run September 16-18, 23-25, 30, and October 1, 1988. For more information call L. Jane Thomley at 452-6952.

Take environmental action!

Environmentalists can take action now by writing or calling Governor Thompson and urging him to sign Senate Bill 1616, the Solid Waste Planning and Recycling Act. The Act was passed by the Illinois Senate in the closing days of the session and had been previously passed by the House.

Provisions of the Act include:

- Twenty-year solid waste plans required for counties over 100,000 and the city of Chicago by 1991.
- Twenty-five percent recycling levels by 1996 through curbside recycling and other techniques.
- Grants to communities for recycling pilot projects.
- Municipal leaf and lawn waste composting.

--Funding from the Solid Waste Management Fund. (Another bill passed the General Assembly this year which corrects the legal problems with this fund.)

This bill would require McLean County to significantly improve its recycling rates while making money available to help fund the start-up costs for more recycling and for long-range solid waste planning.

Letters should be sent to the Honorable James Thompson, State House, Springfield, IL 62706 with a copy to Karen Witter, Office of the Governor, 2 1/2 State House, Springfield, IL 62706. Ms. Witter is an environmental specialist on the Governor's staff, and she will be advising the Governor on what action to take with respect to the bill.

Letters

Not all Christians right-wing bigots

Dear Post-Amerikan,

I enjoy reading your paper because a different viewpoint is always useful and refreshing. I share with your staff an abhorrence of bigotry.

When some clod stereotypes gays, women, blacks, punkers, or any other group, you're quick to put them in their place. It's your duty as journalists, and besides it's fun.

So why do you stereotype all Christians as right-wing phonies? You wouldn't tolerate bigotry against any other group of humans, would you?

Some Christians treat minority groups as unworthy--maybe groups of which you're a part. So you feel your experience justifies your prejudice. This reflects the same reasoning as the employer who assumes all blacks are violent because one of his relatives was once mugged by a black man. So he doesn't hire blacks.

Or perhaps you feel that because you do not see the sense in Christianity

that Christians can't possibly be sincere. I don't know. But please remember that Christians, like members of any other group, are individual human beings. No stereotype will apply.

For example, I'm a Christian, some would say a fundamentalist or a charismatic. But I don't look through the same narrow peephole as Jerry Falwell or Pat Robertson. I simply believe what I read in the Bible and I wish those two would be a little more open when they read certain parts of it.

Jesus leaned very far to the left in social teaching, and during His tenure on Earth He associated with the most ignored minority groups--Samaritans (compare to blacks), women, lepers (compare to AIDS patients), prostitutes, the homeless, gluttons and winebibbers (compare to anything you like), etc.

Modern-day Pharisees ought to pay more attention to this side of Jesus' ministry (as you've pointed out from time to time). But the Anita Bryants and Phillis Schlaflys of this world don't represent every Christian--a fact you ought to pay more attention to. Start by dropping the "Xian"

tag--you wouldn't do that to Buddhists or alternative comic sellers.

Go on to recognize that right-wing Christians aren't at the core of Christianity--they're just louder than most and they buy more airtime. Be fair.

In Christ,
George Wiman

The Balrog responds

Dear George:

You must have really enjoyed last issue's look at the Creator, huh?

Seriously though, we do not stereotype all Christians as right-wing phonies, and this shows in our writings. You don't say how long you've been reading, but our long-time staffer Deborah has written about her strong Catholic beliefs in the past. And notice Jeanne D'arc's reference to spirituality in her article this issue.

Of course, we have our share of good atheists, as well.

As you say, the Swaggarts and Falwells of this world make the most noise and buy the most airtime. As you say, some Christians treat minority groups as unworthy. That's why they--not Christians as a whole--receive so much of our attention.

You are also reading too much into the term "Xian." This term is not meant to degenerate Christians as a whole. To my recollection, only our good atheist "all mindless superstition is dangerous" staffer Ferdurdurke uses this term with any regularity. "X" is a well-known and widely accepted abbreviation for "Christ" that started with the early Christians and is still used today (e.g., Xmas). Ferdurdurke simply elects to use this abbreviation instead of the name Christ in his articles.

Thanks for your concern,
The Balrog

Ms. Hippie a hit

Dear Folks:

Enclosed please find check--\$12.00. Included in this is my complimentary subscription for Ms. Marta Helm--she requested a free sub in the June/July issue of P.A. This will alleviate my further strain on the paper. The remainder is for my renewal and a \$4.00 contribution. I am a prisoner, also.

Sincerely,
Mike Lockey

P.S. I love Ms. Hippie!



Help!

Please! Save my friend from the right-wing influence of yuppieville by starting his subscription without delay!

--L.

McCalla concert slated

Olivia recording artist Deidre McCalla will perform in concert at McKinley Foundation, 809 S. 5th Street in Champaign on Saturday, September 17, 1988 at 8:00 pm.

Tickets are \$7 in advance and \$8 at the door. Tickets are available by mail from Wild Patience Productions, 705 E. California Avenue, Urbana, IL 61801. A self-addressed stamped envelope is appreciated. For more information call (217) 328-4190.

OR recycles some plastics

You can recycle several types of plastic containers at Operation Recycle, McLean County's not-for-profit community recycling center. Recycling plastic is important to our environment because current plastics.. are non-biodegradable, meaning that they take up large quantities of land-fill space and waste valuable petroleum sources when thrown away.

Operation Recycle will accept all plastic milk, juice, and water jugs; detergent bottles (laundry and dishwasher); and car oil and antifreeze bottles.

Bottles that cannot be recycled are those that are made of a clear plastic (soda liter bottles, mouthwash and vegetable oil bottles) or those that contain a hazardous material such as pesticides and herbicides. Other non-recyclable containers are polypropylene containers such as ketchup bottles, syrup bottles, and jelly squeeze containers.

Recyclers may bring those containers that can be recycled to the Operation Recycle warehouse, to recycle drives, and to our eight drop boxes. Please rinse milk and juice jugs.

The bottles are baled at Operation Recycle and sold to a Chicago firm which cleans and grinds the plastic and resells it for manufacture into such items as wheels, plastic lumber, toy parts, and other non-food related uses.

For more information, call Operation Recycle at 829-0691.

Magic show materializes

The Bloomington Public Library will present an evening of comedy and magic Monday, August 8 at 7:00 pm. The evening's featured performer will be magician Vince Sampson.

Children of all ages will see that the hand is quicker than the eye when Mr. Sampson displays his slight-of-hand tricks. He will also entertain them as he demonstrates unbelievable escapes.

For more information about this program and other activities for children and the Bloomington Public Library, call 828-6091.

First annual art-in

Local artists are invited to participate in the first annual Art-In to be held Saturday, September 10, in the Terminal Building of the Bloomington-Normal Airport.

An Art-In is a one-day event where artists gather to work for six hours, at which time finished pieces will be judged and cash prizes awarded. The winning pieces of art will be displayed for six weeks inside the Terminal Building.

To register, an artist must obtain a registration form by calling Jean

Barban at 662-2884, Beth Williams at 663-5793, or the Bloomington-Normal Airport Authority at 663-7383. The deadline for returned registration forms is September 1, 1988.

The registration form will list the supplies needed, rules of the Art-In, and other important details. Total number of participants will be limited to 100. Late registrations will be accepted if space permits.

The Art-In is being sponsored by the Bloomington-Normal Airport Authority in cooperation with the Bloomington-Normal Artist Guild.

PBS videos at library

The Bloomington Public Library's video collection has been greatly enhanced by the addition of more than 100 hours of PBS programming on VHS video cassettes.

This award-winning collection was purchased through the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation Library Video Classics Project--a nation-wide project to make tapes available to public libraries at a 90% discount off the retail price. The collection includes:

The Ascent of Man--13 programs. This series, written and narrated by Dr. Jacob Bronowski, is a voyage through two million years of cultural evolution. It takes the viewer to the places where great intellectual events took place and profiles the men who motivated and shaped them.

The Brain--8 programs. Using advanced graphics, intimate case histories, and personal accounts, the world's leading brain scientists convey the essence of modern brain research and its bearing on the viewer's knowledge of human psychology. They explore the role of the brain in vision, movement, sleep, learning, language, mental disease, addiction, aging, and memory.

Heart of the Dragon--12 programs. Each program in this series focuses on a universal activity, such as eating, working, understanding, believing, and profiles the Chinese people themselves, from peasants to factory workers, from Communist Party leaders to artists, scientists, and millionaires. It also explores China from ancient beginnings to modern times to present an historical overview.

Heritage: Civilization and the Jews--9 programs. This series was filmed and researched on location in 18 countries. It reveals the texture and content of Jewish civilization in the context of other Western religious traditions through visits to historical sites; the study of art, artifacts, and primary literary sources; and the use of rare photographs and archival film. This is the dramatic story of the interrelationship of Jewish civilization and the cultures of which it was a part.

I. Claudius--12 programs. This story encompasses the turbulent history of the imperial family of Rome from 50 B.C. to 50 A.D. as related by the Roman Emperor, Claudius. It stars Derek Jacobi and Sian Phillips, who both won Academy Awards in Britain in 1976 for their portrayals of Claudius and his malevolent grandmother, Livia.

The Living Planet--12 programs. Anthropologist and author David Attenborough takes a global look at how organisms of every kind adapt to their surroundings. This series surveys environments throughout the world and demonstrates how otherwise unrelated animals develop intriguingly similar solutions to their common climatic conditions.

The Shakespeare Plays--7 programs. Seven of Shakespeare's best-loved

plays comprise this collection: Julius Ceasar, Merchant of Venice, MacBeth, King Lear, Hamlet, Othello, and A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Vietnam: A Television History--13 programs. This series documents and examines the events in Vietnam from the 1945 revolution against the French to the U.S. evacuation from Saigon in 1975. It places Vietnam in historical perspective--and lets its viewers make their own conclusions about the conflict.

A Walk Through the 20th Century with Bill Moyers--10 programs. In these documentary specials the noted journalist Bill Moyers explores the major events and personalities that have shaped the last century in a way that attempts to rediscover, in his own words, "the vivacity of the past." The subjects of the documentaries are as diverse as the century itself--from an examination of the work of pioneers in the public relations business to a comparative analysis of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Adolph Hitler.

A program guide explaining the individual programs within each of these series is available. Also, each series carries complete public performance rights to allow in-library and community group showings as long as no admission is charged. For more information, call 828-6091.

Hiroshima Day observance

The Bloomington-Normal Nuclear Freeze Campaign will commemorate the bombing of Hiroshima with a program on citizen efforts at peacemaking and diplomacy. The program will be held at 11:00 am on Saturday, August 6 at Fell Park (Cypress and Oak Streets) in Normal.

Earl Kingman of the Japanese Sister City Committee will speak on the history of that organization. William L. White will then describe current efforts in citizen peacemaking with the Soviet Union. A potluck-picnic will follow the program. All interested people are invited to attend.



1988-89 DIRECTORY OF ALTERNATIVE AND RADICAL PUBLICATIONS
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Local activists go free after jumping fence

Not guilty -- by reason of sanity

We wept, we cheered. . . . What a triumph to hear "not guilty" being read 26 times. It was a beautiful ending of a long campaign by the Midwest Pledge of Resistance. Our intent was to expose how the Special Forces Base in Arlington Heights, Illinois, is being used in the U.S. covert war in Central America. But is it over? Read on.

For several years, the Pledge of Resistance in the Elgin area has been trying to find out just what the Arlington Heights Base's activities entail. The base personnel themselves were very uncooperative in giving information. In general, the secrecy of the base's operations was in itself very suspicious. We were able to learn that the base houses the 12th Special Forces Unit and the 305th Psychological Operations Battalion, both of which play significant roles in Reagan's secret wars in Central America. We also learned the base houses a unit titled Combat Electronic Warfare Intelligence, which has been used to monitor and control U.S. opposition to Reagan's Central American War.

On August 22, 1987, the Elgin Pledge invited groups throughout the Midwest to join them in publicly exposing the base (and others like it) for what it is. Keep in mind that this was around the time when Ollie North was becoming a "hero" during the Congressional Iran-Contra hearings. Reagan was also asking Congress for \$270 million for aid to the Contras. Needless to say, the Bloomington-Normal Pledge was eager to do what we could to help expose the base, as well as make a statement of our disgust with U.S. policies toward our Central American brothers and sisters.

The action

About 25 of us joined 500 others from all over the Midwest to participate in the action. We brought props with us which would help to express ourselves, both to the media and to the base officials. The props

included a large dummy of Uncle Sam, holding dollar bills up in the air in one hand and a bloody knife in the other. With him, we carried a stretcher holding a peasant and a sign stating, "U.S. dollars pay for murder in Central America."

Sixty-seven demonstrators were arrested that day for trespassing onto the base, including six of us from Bloomington-Normal. We knew that we might need to get arrested in order to gain media attention of why we were protesting the base and to further expose the base in court. We did indeed draw much attention onto the base that day. However, the military were absent, and they have yet to make any public statement about our concerns.

In the course of the next nine months, several court appearances, continuances, and planning meetings, 40 of us finally got to trial. The other 27 pleaded guilty with no fine and a six-month court supervision. Bloomington-Normal participants Diane Ferris, Greg Coughlin, and myself were able to stick it out to the end. Or is it the end?

The trial

Our intentions from the start of the trial were to show that our actions on August 22 were necessary to prevent a greater harm being perpetuated by the Special Forces in Central America. This defense is normally used, for example, if you criminally assaulted a person who was about to shoot the clerk in a 7-11 store. Using the necessity defense in cases where the greater crime is international is a new tactic. It appeared that we would be able to use this "necessity defense" until the beginning of the fourth day of the trial. The judge (Judge Madden of Skokie) had denied a motion by the State to disallow the necessity defense within a week before the trial.

We were really riding high those first few days of the trial. We felt confident that the jury selected was sympathetic, or at least open-minded. The Assistant State's Attorney almost let us have who we wanted on the jury. Our opening arguments clearly emphasized our intent to use the necessity defense and set the groundwork for educating the jury of the U.S. role of torture, murder, rape, and genocide in El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, and Nicaragua. These were the greater harms we were trying to prevent.

Where our argument was quite impressive and lengthy, the State's argument was perhaps 30 seconds, stating that the necessity defense was irrelevant to what happened on August 22 at the Arlington Heights Special Forces Base.

The State's case was pathetic. Out of 40 defendants, they only had to prove 15 of us had been arrested trespassing because the rest of us "stipulated" (we confessed that we trespassed onto the base after being warned not to do so) so as to save court time and allow us to get on with our necessity defense. Each of the 15 non-stipulators were found not guilty, on grounds of insufficient evidence. That's right--not guilty, in spite of several videotapes showing us going over the fence or through the gate and pictures of each defendant standing next to a police officer!

The defense's case

Our defense started with the testimony of eight defendants, including Greg Coughlin, Cinny Poppen, and Robin Semer. They went into detail of their knowledge of the atrocities occurring in Central America, their attempts to change the U.S. policy towards the region, and why they felt they had to protest the base. This testimony was extremely moving and brought some of the jurors to tears. Unfortunately, this testimony was also under a constant objection by the State and the Judge's declaration that he would reserve ruling on whether such testimony would be allowed, or whether the necessity defense would be allowed.

This was when the floor fell from under our feet. The Judge opened the next day by declaring that the defense failed to prove that the actions were necessary to prevent a greater harm. For the first time, he really showed his true colors regarding his interpretation of the Illinois Necessity Law by stating it was not intended to be used for broad contexts such as violations of international laws, but in a more narrow context, such as running a red light to rush a victim to the hospital. The jury was ordered to strike all the defendants' testimony heard the previous day.

From this point on, the remaining defendants' chance seemed very slim. The defendants' testimony was not allowed to include anything more than background, residence, occupation, etc. The judge would not allow further testimony of knowledge of Central America or legal attempts done to change U.S. policy. No personal feelings or thoughts of how the Base is connected to atrocities in Central America were allowed.

Our lawyers and pro se defendants argued strenuously to show the illogic of the judge's interpretation, but to no avail.

Expert witnesses

The situation did not improve as our lawyers proceeded with an array of expert or relevant witnesses. Pilar Martinez is from El Salvador and has been in the U.S. since 1983. She was allowed to tell the jury that she is in political asylum here, but not why she had to flee El Salvador. She was not allowed to testify that she witnessed her daughter being tortured by the Salvadoran military while U.S. advisors looked on. Nor was she allowed to tell the jury that she witnessed U.S. soldiers kill Salvadorans.

"Gosh, I had fun," sez one Gallery-goer. Post benefit a smash



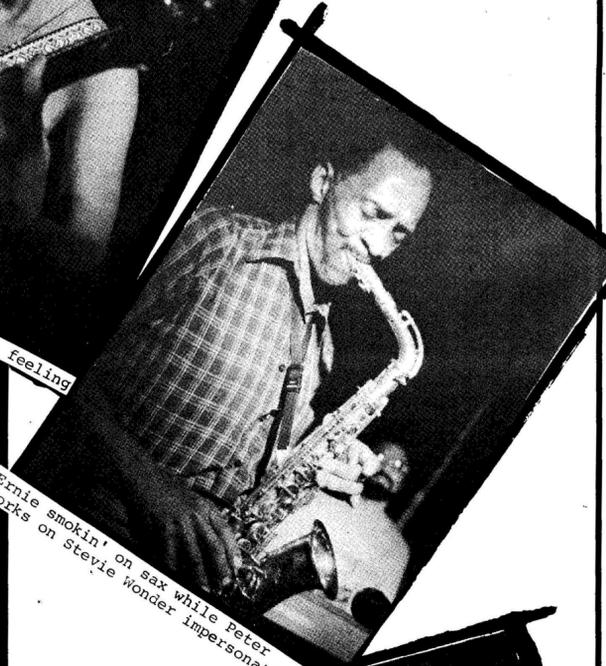
Plaster caster lured by abundance of rock stars at Post benefit



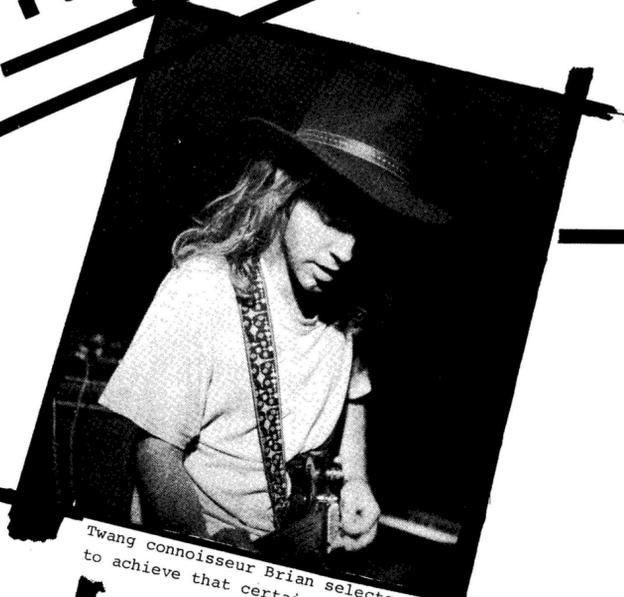
LVD brags about "cooking" skills



Cindy-bou-who touches bass with feeling



Ernie smokin' on sax while Peter works on Stevie wonder impersonation



Twang connoisseur Brian selects the proper note to achieve that certain Stumpwhoop je-ne-sais-crois

I always wonder whether the next Post benefit can possibly live up to the last one--but it always does. From the arty bash nouveau in the loft of the Eddy Building to the mind-exterminating (literally) clash at Robinson's to the wholesome folk-music-and-bake-sale at Miller Park Pavilion, we always have a real good time, and so do our supporters.

Last month's benefit at the Gallery fulfilled its promise, too. It started early, ended late, cemented old friendships and sniffed at new ones, and most of all, sounded great. It has been wonderful to witness the growth of Bloomington-Normal's music scene through the history of the Post benefits--bands come together and break apart, but our favorite musicians continue to coalesce in new and exciting musical hybrids.

The evening began with solo performance by Mike Hogan on acoustic guitar. Anyone who has been here in B-N for any length of time will remember that Mike is our local virtuoso guitarist/composer, whose styles range from classical to jazz to blues, with a little vintage rock and roll thrown in for good luck. Mike has played many a Post benefit before (and we love him dearly) and this time, he treated us to some classical and lyrical pieces that formed a soothing backdrop for people gathering and saying hi. Casual listeners became more attentive as Mike's impressive playing became more intense.

Mike was followed by the rhythmic, meditative quartet Tri, whose members include Lisa Formosa (vocals, guitar), Ian Barford (guitar), John Spears (drums, vocals) and Cindy Bemis (bass, vocals). (Post supporters may remember Lisa and Cindy from past benefits as One Big Woman-ites and Cindy from Toxic Shock.) The group kicked it off with a wonderful rain dance,

which made its magic with an African percussion instrument called a "rain stick." By the way, it rained the next day. Tri's original repertoire is influenced by a blend of folk, talking blues and African rhythms, and though you might say their music is contemplative and lyrical, they're no strangers to social commentary, as evidenced by their adaptation of that piggish paean to the White South, "Sweet Home Alabama" with satirical lyrics like "Sweet Home Iran" and "Sweet Home Bloomington" and "Somethin's happenen" to your American dream." We only hope that next time Tri can play longer to afford us a nice downpour.

Market and Main changed the tenor but kept up the excitement with a return to jazz/blues of the 30s and 40s. Singer Laurie Dahlberg evoked the smoky, steamy, sinful side of life and love with her heartfelt renditions of classics like "I'm a Mean, Mean Woman," "Do Your Duty," and "Safety Mama." Mark Stairwalt on clarinet, Peter Warshaw on piano, Ernie Johnson on guitar and alto sax, James McManus on bass, and Mike Hogan sitting in on guitar, provided a professional-sounding set. The emotional depth and musical power of this group entranced a various crowd, who punctuated the performance with delighted whoops, crows and claps.

Susie's Kitchen started the dancing with their rock staples, "Evil Ways," "Take me to the River," and "Money," which they cleverly converted to a Post Amerikan fund-raising anthem. Then they stopped! A couple more songs and we would've screamed and ripped their shirts off, but oh well. Laurie Haag, formerly of Pop Smear and Toxic Shock, traveled all the way from Iowa to drum for this gig with the dashing vocalist/guitarist David X. Lee, Man of Few Words but Many Licks, David Beedle, Peter "The Piano Slut" Warshaw and LVD. It was kind of like an extremely

promising kiss under the mistletoe, when you don't even know whether the guy will be at the next party.

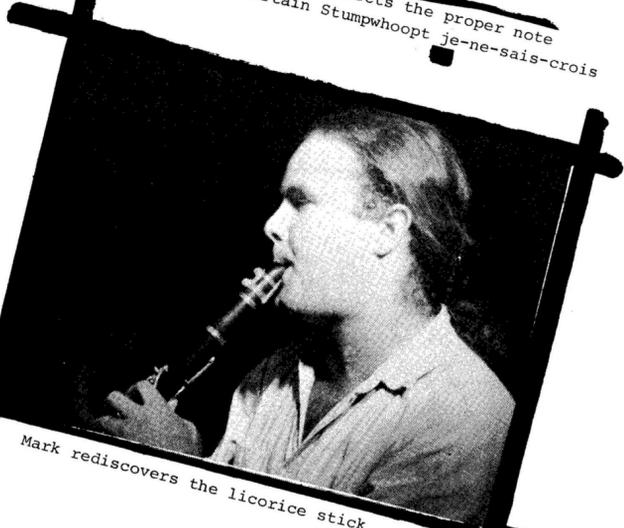
Our old friends the Patchouli-Scented Crazies carried the beat next. Completely inventive, utterly original, the trio mixed experimental, intellectual and passionate approaches to electric music with a keen balance. Ed Pierce's guitar, Greg Pare's bass and John Ganser's drums were each showcased in an usually even manner in this exciting ensemble. Trying to describe this group's music is like trying to build a chainlink fence around a herd of fireflies, so just do yourself a favor and go hear these guys the next time they play.

In lively contrast, Stumpwhoop crooned us some bluesabilly down-home-a-go-go. One listener called their style "cryin' in yer beer with '80s angst," and he wasn't just a-kiddin. Their rendition of "Take Me to the River" in which singer/blues harpist Gary Hicks dug down to the bootheels of his soul, was like a boilermaker after a month of dry Sundays. Gary, Scott Lucas (drums), James McManus (bass) and Brian Smith (guitar) had barely gotten warmed up when the evening was officially ended.

We were looking forward to our last and newest band No!No!No! But nonono, the Gallery owner said, it's after 12:30 and the party has to close down. This was the big disappointment of the night, and we will try to get a strict disciplinarian to keep all the bands to their allotted time limits next time, if we can find one among the Post folks.

As usual, the crowd at the Post benefit was the best you'll find at any bar, any night of the year. Good vibrations flowed like beer, and the support for the bands was outstanding. Let's do it again soon.

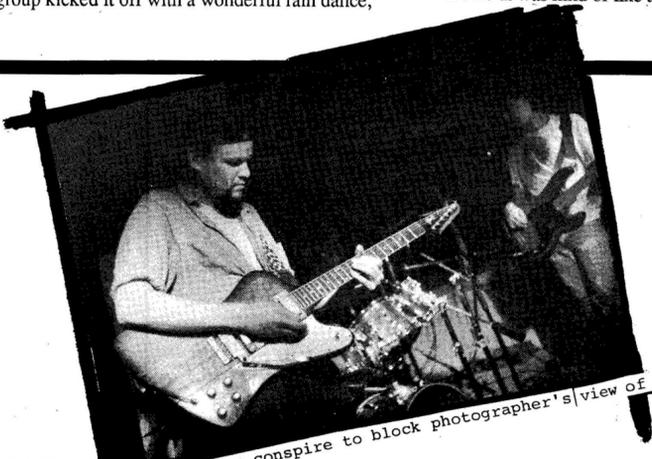
--Phoebe Caulfield and Stella



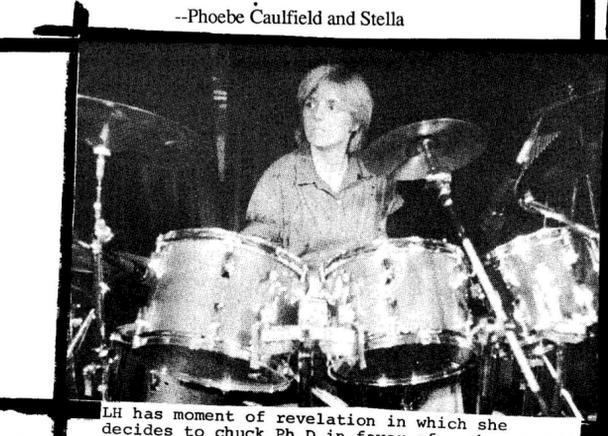
Mark rediscovers the licorice stick



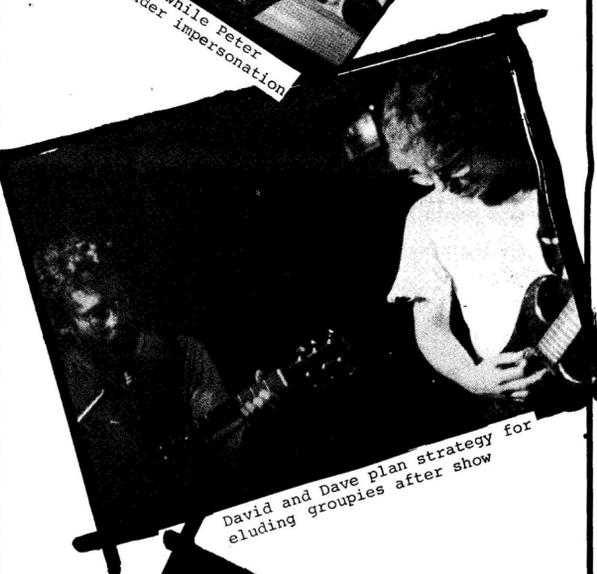
Lisa lets us in on a few secrets



Ed and Greg conspire to block photographer's view of John



LH has moment of revelation in which she decides to chuck Ph.D in favor of rock and roll



David and Dave plan strategy for eluding groupies after show



Stumpwhoop contemplates origin of name

Once again, our lawyers argued that such testimony was crucial in our decision to trespass onto the base. Again the judge considered the testimony irrelevant and denied the defense of necessity.

Father Bill Hogan testified about the effectiveness of non-violent protest. He established that such protests are more effective with the risk of arrest than without such risks. Father Hogan was also at the demonstration at the base. He was unable to articulate why he felt it was necessary to protest the base, because the judge wouldn't allow it.

Evon Dilling is the co-author of two books, Nicaraguan Revolution and In Search of Refuge. She has also written numerous articles for journals. Our lawyers were able to qualify her as an expert on Low Intensity Warfare (LIW) and to briefly describe LIW to the jury as using language to mislead the general public about the use of U.S. military in covert war; keeping information of activities and spending from the public; and deliberately misusing or disguising the military by interchanging civilian and military roles. Dilling was not allowed to establish the link between the Special Forces (Green Beret) and the LIW concerning Central America.

Once again, our lawyers gave very strong arguments. By this point, Judge Madden was becoming impatient and warned to ban further witness' testimony, if leading to the same defense. Our lawyers were able to continue, rationalizing that each witness led to the next, and that all were needed to prove our case.

One witness whom we subpoenaed failed to respond and was excused by the judge. You guessed it--a member of the Arlington Heights Base military personnel!

John Coatsworth, a professor at the University of Chicago, was our next witness. His credentials qualified him as an expert on Central America. He was allowed to go into more detail of how the U.S. set up the Contras, trains the Salvadoran and Guatemalan militaries, and uses Honduras as a military base. He was also able to establish the legitimacy of the 1984 Nicaraguan elections. His testimony even outlined how the U.S. covert war used such branches as the Special Forces--though he was not able to refer to the Arlington Heights Base (this testimony was not permitted by the judge). In general, Coatsworth was only allowed to describe what was already on public record.

The defense marches on

The more testimony we heard, the more alarming it was that we could not sway the judge to allow our defense. Ralph McGeehee was our next witness, and he was quickly qualified as an expert on the CIA, having served with them for 17 years. He began to describe how the Special Forces work with the CIA when our lawyers needed to argue that the jury be allowed to hear further testimony. Little of what knowledge McGeehee had to offer was allowed as testimony. He was allowed to define "sheep dipping," when Special Forces are resigned temporarily to train Contras, Salvadoran military, etc., then are re-assigned back to the Special Forces. This "sheep dipping" is done for the purpose of offering the U.S. deniability.

Mathew Lippman was our last witness. He has a list of credentials a mile long and was qualified as an expert on International Law. Lippman was able to discuss how International Law was established, as well as the Nuremburg Principles. He was also allowed to discuss briefly for the jury how this case relates to International Law. The jury was not allowed to hear that we, as U.S. citizens, had a responsibility to protest the Base.

Lippman is a lawyer himself. During another argument for the necessity defense, he and the judge engaged in a lengthy debate/dialogue regarding the interpretation of the Illinois Necessity Law. Lippman related what is happening in Central America to the Nazi holocaust. He emphasized how the Nuremburg Tribunals established the responsibility for citizens of a State to take action if that State is violating International Law.

He described such actions as a privilege for civilians of the State and a duty for agents of the State who are directly engaged in such violations. Civilians exercising that privilege should not be prosecuted by a State for breaking a law in an effort to prevent violations of International Laws by that State. Furthermore, judges and state prosecutors have been found in conspiracy of violation of International Laws if prosecuting citizens for such actions, providing that such actions are not greater than the harm caused by the violation of International Laws.

After hearing Lippman's arguments, Judge Madden recessed to re-consider his interpretation of our defense. Lippman's arguments were so sound. We all had great anticipation that our case may have been saved after all. But no, the judge returned as stubborn as ever, and the jury was not able to hear Lippman's opinions of how our actions on August 22 were justified in accordance to International Law and U.S. activities in Central America.

Closing arguments

The State's closing arguments were short and weak. They barely addressed the necessity issue and were able to say little more about their evidence, other than we "stipulated."

Our closing arguments were convincing, emotional, and confrontive of how the Court handled the case. Our lawyers did a beautiful job of pointing out discrepancies in the State's case of proving us guilty. They also questioned how our intent could not be relevant in a criminal case. The pro se defendants courageously confronted the judge's withholding of facts and testimony from the jury--almost to the point of calling it a mock trial. Surprisingly, the judge allowed such criticism, only reminding the jury that such arguments are not to be considered evidence.

The pro se defendants further argued that the Court's silencing of the facts of the Special Forces in Central America perpetuates the U.S. Low Intensity Warfare tactics by helping to keep it unknown from the public. One defendant stated, "If we're guilty of anything, it is for not doing enough to stop this madness by our government in Central America."

Lastly, our lawyers reviewed for the jury the character make-up of the defendants. We consisted of teachers, social workers, nurses, volunteer workers for the homeless, pastors, priests, nuns, lay church workers, and laborers. Several have master's degrees and some have doctoral degrees relating to Latin American issues. A few have quit their jobs so they are able to devote full-time to peace and justice issues. Our lawyers helped the jury see how much we the defendants are like them, but that finding us not guilty would not be an act of civil disobedience. It would be carrying out the law, because in essence, during their deliberation, they are the law.

Judgment hour

The jury could have gone either way. If they had followed the Court's instructions by the letter, they probably would have found us guilty. But my guess is that we were able to get enough testimony in to persuade the jury that the U.S. policy in Central America is madness. So they must have rationalized that we are not guilty by reason of being sane! Later, a juror did state that they were for us from the beginning. They just needed to justify finding us not guilty.

What a victory for those of us risking arrest to protest the U.S. war in Central America! Even without the necessity defense, found not guilty!

On the other side, after all those trips to Skokie, months of fund raising, and seven days of trial, we still don't know exactly how the Arlington Heights Special Forces are being used in Central America.

The struggle goes on. . . .

--Tom Hensold



BL/N CISPES

Eat rad to get fit

Dear Friends,

BL/N CISPES has done a lot of fundraising for the people of El Salvador this year with the Walk Against the War and Work-a-Day. We have asked all of you to contribute and many of you have responded generously.

With all of this soliciting for funds, we were reluctant to ask you to contribute directly to our work. Yet, our work does cost money--to print, mail, and copy, to provide informational materials (books, pamphlets, buttons), and keep a supply of Nicaraguan coffee. So, we came up with a fundraising project that will give more than it costs--we are going to publish a cookbook!

Here's how it works. We ask you changemakers in Bloomington/Normal to send us two to four of your favorite recipes (and after years of potlucking and working for change, we know there are good recipes out there). Then we

will sort them and publish them in a cookbook which we sell to raise funds for CISPES.

The books will be a large 5 1/2 by 8 1/2 inches with ten section dividers, local information pages and extra pages of helpful hints (like quick meals for meeting nights). They will sell for about \$5 each. We are hoping that all of you will contribute recipes and purchase a book. And we need to estimate the number to order on the first printing because of the price break. So please let us know when you send in your recipe how many books you want to purchase.

Give your recipe a title. Then list the ingredients, using conventional abbreviations (c, tsp, Tbsp, pkg, qt, pt); then write the directions and sign the recipe.

Mail it to

BL/N CISPES
PO Box 4041
Bloomington IL 61702

Witness for Peace delegation

For the past 5 years, Witness For Peace (WFP), an interfaith, grassroots, politically independent organization, has been sending groups of North Americans to Nicaragua to experience firsthand the reality of Nicaraguan life since the triumph of the 1979 revolution.

On June 7, 1988, we were among a group of 14 people from Illinois, Indiana, Tennessee, and North Carolina landing at Augusto Sandino airport in Managua. Bloomington - Normal was well represented by this group which included Greg Coughlin, a psychiatric social worker at the Center For Human Services, Bob Hathway, professor of mathematics at ISU, Rick Heiser, part-time teacher in the local school districts, and Susan Heiser, an elementary teacher at Irving School in Bloomington.

Because the Reagan administration banned direct flights to or from Nicaragua in 1985, our route took us from Chicago to Miami, then by Honduran airline to Belize, San Pedro Sula, Honduras, San Salvador, Tegucigalpa, Honduras, and finally to Managua.

Itinerary

We were met in Managua by 4 Witness For Peace long-term volunteers, North Americans who live and work in Nicaragua for a minimum of 8 months. Among the long-termers was Julie McDevitt, a 1986 graduate of ISU. She has been in Nicaragua since April, having spent the previous 5 months in Guatemala studying Spanish. Julie is the second ISU graduate with the WFP long-term team. Rose O'Donnell, ISU 1987, completed her 8 month stay in April.

Gathering our luggage, which included boxes of mail, medical and other scarce supplies, we drove to the WFP house in Managua. The house is in a barrio called Las Piedricitas, and during the 1930s the neighborhood was home to U.S. Marine Corps officers who were in the midst of one of their frequent occupations of the country.

The next day and a half were spent in meetings with WFP staff and various representatives of the Nicaraguan government and members of opposing political organizations. On June 9, we left Managua and drove 2 hours south and east to the city of Juigalpa in Chontales department. We lived with families in Juigalpa for the next 4 days.

On June 13, we headed east again, to Santo Domingo. Though it is only 25 miles from Juigalpa, Santo Domingo is 3 hours away because of its remote location and the condition of the steep, dirt roads leading to it. During our 3 days in Santo Domingo, we again lived with families. At the end of that time, we returned to Juigalpa for one night, then headed back to Managua for 2 more days of meetings before returning to Miami and Chicago on June 20.

History

That is an overview of our trip, but the essence of a WFP experience is an intense, concentrated exposure to life in a country that is politically only 9 years old. Some brief historical review will help those who are not familiar with Nicaraguan-U.S. history. The U.S. has been involved in Nicaragua since the 1850s, but recent history begins with the occupation by U.S. Marines from 1912 - 1925, 1926 - 1933, culminating with the imposition of the 1st Somoza dictatorship which was secured by the creation of the National Guard, Somoza's private U.S. funded army.

The Somoza dynasty ruled the country until 1979 when it was overthrown by the Sandinista National Liberation Front (FSLN). The last period of struggle for Nicaraguan independence from the Somozas, generally regarded as one of the most brutal, greedy regimes anywhere in this century, lasted from 1959 to 1979 and is referred to as "The Insurrection." The departure of the last Somoza on July 19, 1979 is called "The Triumph."



Work project at evangelical church in Santo Domingo

The years since mark the beginning of "The Revolution," an ongoing process in which Nicaraguan society is being transformed from colonial subservience and oppression of the majority by an oligarchy nourished and sustained by the U.S., to one of mass popular involvement marked by a commitment to land reform, education, health care, and a resurgence of cultural and political nationalism. Since 1981, the U.S. has overtly and covertly financed a contra-revolutionary force whose aim is to reestablish U.S. domination and to reverse the Revolutionary Process.

Direct experience

For 12 days, beginning in Managua, our delegation met with a wide variety of officials and ordinary citizens. We discussed the movement toward universal literacy and public education with the Vice-Minister of Education, we listened to several hours of vehement anti-Sandinista sentiment from spokespeople for COSEP, a right-wing group of business people, from the Secretary of the Coordinadora Democrática, a right-of-center coalition

of political parties, and from the Secretary of the Conservative Democratic Party, one of the oldest political parties in the country. From them we learned much about the flourishing climate of political activity and pluralistic nature of the current Nicaraguan National Assembly.

We heard about land reform and agricultural problems and possibilities from a representative of the Ministry of Agriculture. Health care and medical needs were discussed with doctors in a regional hospital and in a small rural clinic. Effects of the contra war were most clearly defined in discussions with representatives of a remote agricultural cooperative in the Santo Domingo area. These 4 people walked 3 hours through the war zone to tell us about their struggle to build a decent life for themselves and their families despite having been attacked and burned out 3 times by contra forces.

We directly experienced and shared in the deep religious faith of the majority of Nicaraguans by living in groups of 2 with families. Some were affiliated with the Cathedral church in Juigalpa, some with a Base Christian Community (Liberation Theology) in a barrio on the edge of town. In Santo Domingo we stayed with families who were part of a small Evangelical (Protestant) congregation. Some of the families who were relatively middle-class, by Nicaraguan standards; many were very poor. Whatever their economic situations, they welcomed us and generously shared whatever they had with us. They were not paid for their hospitality, nor did we leave gifts or material aid with them.

In homes with dirt floors, no running water, and only intermittent electricity, we helped as best we could with household chores, visited with neighbors, and tried to focus our wills on maintaining our health despite contaminated drinking water, roaches, rats, and meager food supplies. We came to understand and respect the constant struggle the Nicaraguans face to maintain their health and strength and to see their children survive to adulthood.



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We worked alongside townspeople, helping build new pews for the tiny church in Santo Domingo, learning how efficiently a saw and a plane can be used when there are no other tools available. We attended a wake and funeral for an elderly member of the Base Christian Community in Juigalpa, then walked in silent procession to the cemetery on the other side of town. We were moved by the gentle support the family received from the quiet presence of their neighbors and were humbled to learn later that our presence had been considered a gift to the family.

Sharing lives

We were profoundly affected by sharing in the daily lives of these people. At the end of his stay with one family, Bob gave them a Christmas card picture of his own family as a keepsake. The father of the Nicaraguan family responded by taking from the wall the only photo he had of his family and giving it to Bob as a remembrance of their time together.

Greg had brought some colored pencils and a tablet in his backpack and asked the children of his family in Juigalpa to draw pictures for him. They drew their house, as children of 5 or 6 years always do, but added a huge helicopter hovering overhead--part of the daily reality of life in a country at war.

Rick and I listened to first grade children read from their precious first readers, and saw the pride in their parents' eyes as the children showed us their new report cards, the first fruits of their opportunity for education.

We marveled at the beauty of green mountains, lakes, and volcanoes, steep, rugged roads lined with banana and jicaro trees, hibiscus and bouganvilla. In these remote and lovely hills we knew that kidnappings occurred, homes were burned, and campesinos were raped and killed by the contra forces which are trained, clothed, fed, and armed by U.S. tax dollars.

The reasons for President Reagan's obsessive need to subvert the Nic-

araguan Revolution are difficult to fathom, until we are willing to cast aside our high school civics class ideals and recognize the fact that powerful representatives of powerful interests in this country and in transnational boardrooms around the world are intent on maintaining economic dominance of the Third World.



Part of a mural in Managua

Nicaragua's Revolutionary Process threatens the very heart of a worldwide structure that requires ready access to cheap human and material resources, to exclusive markets and easily manipulated governments. As Nicolas Bolanos, representative of COSEP, said at the end of his long litany of complaints against the government of Nicaragua, "...but we know that Reagan doesn't really care about Nicaragua. To him, we are just another piece of merchandise."

Viva la revolucion!

If the Nicaraguan Revolution succeeds, an example will have been set forever in history of a small nation resisting the vast wealth and force of an economic and military superpower. During our stay, we heard a wide variety of opinions from Nicaraguans about their country. We heard a great deal of support for the government, some very enthusiastic, some more qualified. Some people insisted they were apolitical. A small minority voiced their angry opposition to the government. We saw and heard about shortages of food and medical supplies, and of families separated by the war. There was virtually universal agree-

ment on a desire that the war end and that Nicaraguans be allowed to solve their own problems without the intervention of any superpower. Geraldo Alfaro, of the Democratic Conservative Party, said, "We are working within this political system. We can be effective. There are problems, but they are our problems."

As a result of these experiences, we drew several conclusions. It is our assumption that Nicaragua is a sovereign government with the same desire for and right to self-determination as any other government. Therefore, U.S. policy should be restructured to support Nicaragua's right to self-determination rather than working to destroy it. It is in our national self-interest to foster friendly relations with our neighbors, and it is right to do so.

The United States' military, political, and economic war against Nicaragua must end. In response to U.S. aggression, Nicaragua is currently spending about 60% of its budget on defense, compared to the 17% on defense in the first budget of the Revolutionary Government. In addition to the thousands of deaths and injuries due to the war, this diversion of resources has limited the government's ability to move forward in economic development, health care, and education, despite the evidence we saw that this government has taken as a priority the welfare and needs of its poorest citizens.

Specifically, members of this delegation recommend:

1. Cessation of all U.S. aid to the contra forces.
2. Immediate end to the U.S. trade embargo against Nicaragua.
3. Payment of reparations by the U.S. to Nicaragua in accordance with the World Court ruling of 1986.

The Bloomington-Normal members of this group hope to have a slide show ready for interested groups this fall. In the meantime, we would welcome any interested individuals to contact us for discussion in more detail of the rich experience we shared with the Nicaraguan people.

--Susan Heiser

Ten ways to save Mother Earth

Ozone, "greenhouse effect," fossil fuel, NIMBY, chlorofluorocarbons, plastics, waste-to-energy, recycling, garbage barge . . . have you heard of them? What can you do about them?

All of the above are a part of a growing solid waste crisis in this country. The crisis has affected the coastal areas and big cities first, but its effects are being felt in smaller communities as well where the NIMBY phenomena (Not In My Back Yard) frequently makes it difficult, if not impossible, to site new landfills.

Actions of individuals will make a big difference in the extent of this problem. Here's what you can do today:

1. Become informed. Find out about options other than landfilling and the problems and benefits associated with them.
2. Don't buy products that are overpackaged. The more packaging, the more you are paying for items whose only benefit is to deliver the product to you. Currently 10% of each food dollar is spent on packaging.
3. Buy items in packages that are reusable or recyclable--soda in returnable bottles, salad dressings in glass jars, etc.--and take home your purchases in paper sacks rather than plastic bags.
4. Let companies know you are unhappy when they switch to packaging that is not necessary or not recyclable.

5. Recycle. You can sell or donate newspapers, container glass, plastic milk and detergent bottles, beverage cans, food cans, corrugated cardboard, and high grade office paper to recycling centers here in town. Call to find out more information.

6. Avoid fast food with its many items of packaging.

7. Avoid disposable products. The amount of garbage produced per person per day has gone up from just over three pounds in the 1960s to over six pounds in the late 1980s.

8. If you have a yard, try making your own compost out of grass clippings, vegetable kitchen waste, and leaves.

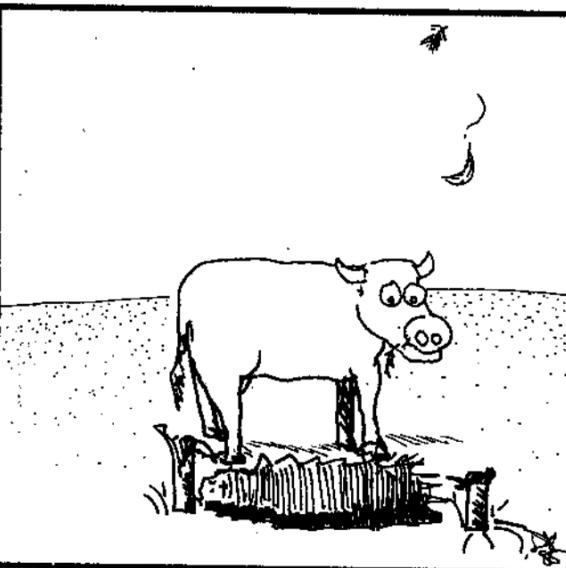
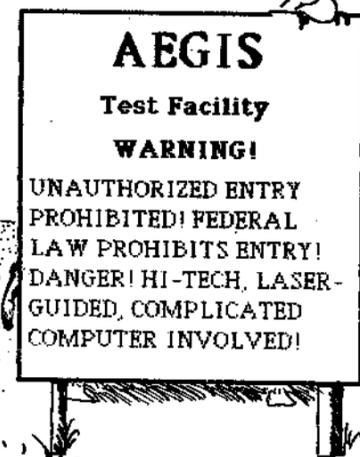
9. Encourage city and county officials to develop long-range solid waste plans with an emphasis on recycling and reuse.

10. Buy products made out of recycled materials. All glass containers have some recycled glass in them, cards can be purchased which are made from recycled paper, etc.

Don't let over-consumers ruin what is left of our environment. We'll all pay in the future if we don't change our habits today. It's up to us.

--Smokey Bear

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A womb with a view

Reproductive technology. In a world where over five billion humans exist, high-tech scientists and doctors are (ironically) finding new ways to help create life. Admittedly, infertility is agonizing for some couples. (In my own case, when I'd accepted my infertility and considered membership in the Zero Population Growth Society, I became pregnant. Granted, this is not a solution for most people.)

Author Gena Corea, in The Mother Machine, says that new technologies touted as "new hope for the infertile" could really bring "new despair." Why does she make this statement?

Corea says that there exists a surface reality or foreground. In the foreground we see scientists and physicians (as reported in the media) offering treatments for infertility or the prevention of genetic disease. We see the smiling faces of the parents of test tube babies. We do not see the background or underlying truths. For example, the success rate on the surface seems very high. In December of 1980, of the 278 women who had participated in known experiments with human in vitro fertilization (IVF), only three had given birth to test tube babies. The success rate "was .04 percent--less than one percent." Was this cause for new hope or new despair?

Cost of the IVF procedure using surgery ranges from \$3,900 to \$5,000 according to the Chicago Tribune, July 28, 1987. "Infertile couples in Chicago and elsewhere say it is not unusual to spend \$30,000 to \$40,000 in an effort to conceive a child." This is new hope--for the very rich.

Also from the Chicago Tribune, we find

that a Cleveland clinic which opened last summer had infertile couples paying \$1,200 for an egg donor's participation. Is this new hope or a new form of exploitation?

Risks of in vitro fertilization include hormonal treatment to superovulate the woman. The ovaries become hyperstimulated. "Hyperstimulation with powerful fertility drugs can literally blow [the ovaries] up or burn them out," quotes Corea. Now the woman is not only infertile but may experience early menopause or worse.

Possible adverse effects of hormones are more risks of the IVF procedure. "If the hormone administered to women in IVF programs turns out to cause cancers or other diseases, the disease may never be traced back to the IVF program. The only reason DES (a drug used to prevent miscarriage) was discovered to be a cause of cancer was that it caused a rare vaginal adenocarcinoma. Otherwise, it would still be prescribed."

Possible trauma to the ovary during egg "harvesting" is a risk of IVF. "We do not know whether the surgical manipulation involved in IVF procedures adversely affects the ovary's secretion of hormones." The follicle is punctured in order to suck out the egg. "The follicle is transformed into the corpus luteum which secretes hormones that help maintain the pregnancy. The full effects of the manipulation of the follicle are unknown."

Women in IVF programs have undergone up to seven operations to obtain an egg. Each time they risk complications from general anesthesia.

Still more risks include:

- Greater chance of miscarriage
- Potential damage to the uterus during embryo transfer
- Infection introduced into the uterus during embryo transfer
- Ectopic or tubal pregnancy
- Risks from the tools and procedures used for monitoring an IVF pregnancy, such as ultrasound radiation, amniocentesis, and endometrial biopsy.

Scientists still insist that embryo transfer could be a boon to humanity. "By the year 2000, it may be possible to flush the embryos out of every single woman in the obstetrician's office as part of routine prenatal care, test it for every known genetic and metabolic defect and if--and only if--the embryo is perfect, return that embryo to the woman's womb." Also, sex selection would be a part of embryo evaluation. Ditto sex orientation. Nine years ago, a St. Louis paper carried a story about a scientist who believed that transsexuals suffered a chemical imbalance in the womb and this caused their "bizarre" behavior. (I remember this clearly. I was reading it in my obstetrician's office at the time.)

Dr. Richard Seed also says in Corea's book, "You can snip out some cells from an embryo at certain stages of development and determine the sex of the embryo. That's been done now in cattle, horses, and, I think, pigs."

Who decides what is a perfect embryo? Who decides what is the right sex? Is this new hope for humanity or new exploitation? Is this a "womb with a view"? If so, who is doing the watching?

Gena Corea states that "we have words to describe medicine as a healing art, but none to describe it as a method of social control or political rule." What is the true reality? →

Dear Ms. Hippie



Dear Ms. Hippie:

I am a 29-year-old gay man. Due to fear of AIDS, I have begun to practice monogamy for the first time in my life. Although my lover is wonderful, I still miss the variety of the good old days.

On top of this, I have run out of weed and my suppliers are all dried up due to the drought. THC withdrawal always causes me to have strange dreams.

Two nights ago I dreamed that I was offered a tryst by three naked young men, including a tennis player I had lusted after, who was handcuffed to the bed. Explaining my current monogamy trip, I said thanks but no thanks.

Last night I dreamed that Lieutenant Commander Data, the android officer from the television series Star Trek: The Next Generation, offered to show me that he was indeed fully functional. I accepted, and he was.

My question is this: Was I being unfaithful by having sex with an android?

Love and Kisses,

Troubled Trekkie

P.S. Loved that picture! You're so beautiful, it makes me wish I were a lesbian.

Dear Trekkie:

Quite the guilty conscience you have there, Trekkie, but in my book, having an imaginary dalliance with an imaginary character from an imaginary world does not constitute cheating. In these troubled times, we must rely upon our dreams and imagination to supply us with that which we must do without. And as far as I know, they haven't yet figured out a way to police our dreams. Besides, it is Ms. Hippie's opinion that monogamy should only be practiced during waking hours (and then only on Tuesdays and Thursdays during leap year-- [sigh] but I guess I'm living in the past). So go ahead, Trekkie, pork away to your heart's delight. Just make sure you set your alarm for the next morning.

P.S. Thanks for the compliment. Turning a gay man's head is high praise indeed for any gal.

Love, Ms. Hippie

Dear Ms. Hippie:

I just love your column! I just never dreamed that I would be desperate enough to be one of those needing your advice on handling the '80s.

While I was in school, I had no money and so had no trouble living in a politically-correct, non-materialistic manner. But now that I'm out of school and earning a salary, I'm afraid I'm becoming a yuppie!

Bean sprouts and rice cakes have lost their appeal; now I crave veal and spinach in puff pastry and soft shelled crab sauteed in caper butter. The quaint static-filled sounds of AM radio are no longer tolerable; I now insist on the purity of digital audio. Then last Saturday, I had this irrepressible compulsion to Armor-All the interior of my Mercedes. It was then that I realized I had a problem.

So Ms. Hippie, please check with your psychological experts. Am I hopelessly addicted to yuppiedom? Is there any hope of recovering from this materialistic madness in life?

Please don't use my real name. Instead, sign me,

Material Girl

Dear Material Girl:

This poses a troublesome question which I have recently been asking myself. What defines the yuppie? Are they the scourge of the culture, with their superficial, self-serving, consumerist practices which they defend with feeble arguments about how they want to reinvest "passion" into their lives? Or does "yuppie" simply refer to someone who is on the career track and makes enough money to have a nice margin of income for leisure?

In either case, I think I know a way to assuage your guilty conscience about your flaccid politics. Start giving away some of your dough, or better yet, volunteer some time to a good cause. You have to pick some whack-o radical causes if you're going to shake off the yuppie strangle hold. Just imagine, next time you're having a power lunch and your companions mention their charitable gifts to public television--you can tell them about your involvement with the Jewish Lesbian Daughters of Holocaust Survivors (however, Ms. Hippie would like to warn you that if you are interested in this particular organization, you will have to dump the Mercedes). Imagine regaling your colleagues with stories of throwing your body in front of whaling boats in the North Atlantic over Thanksgiving, while they were busily brushing egg wash on their *Canard en Crouete*.

Revel in eccentricity. Having your own private hairdresser and color chart does not make you an individual.

Peace.

Readers: Do problems of life in the post-70's have you in a quandary? Send your questions to "Ask Miss Hippie," care of the *Post Amerikan*, P.O. Box 3452, Bloomington, IL 61702.

Locally, St. Francis Hospital in Peoria was considering an IVF clinic around the time that the Pope was visiting the U.S. The Pope nixed the idea. However, area doctors are appealing to a higher power--the board of directors at Methodist Medical Center.

Finally, in Paris, France, in 1912, a Persian man named Abdu'l-Baha addressed an audience with these prophetic words: "Religion and science are the two wings upon which man's intelligence can soar into the heights with which the human soul can progress. It is not possible to fly with one wing

alone! Should a man try to fly with the wing of religion alone, he would quickly fall into the quagmire of superstition whilst on the other hand, with the wing of science alone, he would also make no progress but fall into the despairing slough of materialism."

Today we could rephrase that to read "spirituality" and "technology." Will one control us completely or will a balance be achieved? Does humankind care? What will it choose?

--Jeanne D'arc

Thompson supports midwifery!

WHAT DO WOMEN WANT? Well, one thing some women want is midwives to assist during childbirth. With Governor Jim Thompson's support, Illinois women may be able to have more choice and control over their lives and bodies. (See proclamation.) Supporters of midwifery and members of the Midwives Alliance of North America (MANA) urged Thompson to sign this proclamation and he did. This is rather amazing since in Illinois the official status of certified nurse and direct-entry (lay) midwives (including RNs) is still under a legal cloud which has yet to be resolved.

Why do women want midwives? There are many reasons. A midwife has more than likely given birth herself and can relate to the laboring woman's birth experience. A midwife is not so quick to use high-tech interventions which can harm mother and child and possibly the whole family unit. A midwife will not give an IV of pitocin to speed up contractions so she can get to her golf game. Seriously, the accompanying letter from MANA better explains why we need good midwifery care. Support your local midwife!

--Another mother for better birth

Proclamation

WHEREAS, midwives are dedicated to the care of women during pregnancy and birth and treat each woman's pregnancy according to her unique physical and personal needs; and

WHEREAS, midwives offer pregnancy screening, prenatal care, and childbirth classes and counseling to pregnant women regarding nutrition, pregnancy, family relations and post-partum concerns; and

WHEREAS, midwives offer cost-effective care to low-risk women and bring high-risk women into the medical health-care system when these women otherwise would not have secured a health-care provider; and

WHEREAS, the Midwives' Alliance of North America and the Illinois Alliance of Midwives have set aside this week to tell the public about the services of midwives and where those services are offered;

THEREFORE, I, James R. Thompson, Governor of the State of Illinois, proclaim July 25-31, 1988, as MIDWIFERY AWARENESS WEEK in Illinois.

Midwives' Alliance of North America

P.O. Box 5337
Cheyenne, Wyoming 82003

There is good news for some mothers and babies who live in Canada and the United States.

This year they will have the benefits of care from a group of health care providers which the World Health Organization refers to as the international specialists in normal childbirth. They will be cared for by midwives.

Unfortunately, the vast majority of U.S. and Canadian families will not have any access to midwives. While once abundant in midwifery resources, these countries report less than 5% of births attended by midwives today. For the remaining 95%, the health and financial costs are alarmingly high.

Each year the 20 largest industrialized countries are ranked according to maternal and infant mortality (death) and morbidity (injury) rates. Canada ranks 10th and the U.S. is now 20th. Babies born in some North American cities today have the same chance of surviving birth and the following first weeks as those in many third world countries. Women giving birth in North America face a 2-3 times greater chance of undergoing a Cesarean delivery than those who deliver in countries with the lowest maternal/infant mortality and morbidity rates.

WHAT DO THESE COUNTRIES WITH THE LOWEST MATERNAL/INFANT MORTALITY AND MORBIDITY RATES HAVE THAT THE U.S. AND CANADA DON'T? A WIDESPREAD SYSTEM OF MIDWIFERY CARE.

ALL OF THE COUNTRIES WITH THE LOWEST MATERNAL/INFANT MORTALITY AND MORBIDITY RATES IN THE WORLD UTILIZE MIDWIVES FOR AT LEAST SEVENTY PERCENT OF ALL BIRTHS.

In addressing the concerns of maternal/infant health in North America, The World Health Organization has called for the maximum utilization of midwives as the most cost effective and appropriate primary care givers for all childbearing women in all settings.

We are far from meeting these recommendations. The midwives practicing in Canada and the U.S. today are deeply concerned about maternal/infant health care in North America. They are dedicated to providing quality care despite lack of government recognition, support and often legal harassment. Of the 210 member nations in The World Health Organization, only 9 have no provisions for midwives and Canada is one of them. In over half of the states in the U.S., independent midwives face legal jeopardy for helping women in birth.

The Midwives' Alliance of North America was founded in 1982 to build cooperation among midwives in North America and to promote midwifery as the standard in health care for women and their families. MANA is the only midwifery organization of international scope which includes all midwives, regardless of educational background and training, in its membership. MANA provides valuable support for today's midwives practicing in North America. The midwives of yesterday would have greatly benefited from an organization such as MANA.

MANA feels that all families in Canada and the U.S. should have the health benefits which exist in countries such as Finland, Holland, Norway, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden and Japan. In the next year we plan to launch several campaigns promoting midwifery in North America. We will be working to:

- encourage the training of midwives
- educate the public about midwives and public health issues relating to maternal/infant health
- work closely with state/provincial and national legislators and health groups in developing health care policies which include midwifery care and access for more North American families.

MANA continues its important work aiding midwives who face legal jeopardy; helping to organize midwifery groups at the provincial, state and local levels; providing continuing education through conferences; implementing affirmative action policies for both professionals and consumers; building a Mexican delegation and providing representation on an international level; acting as a network for midwives and sharing information.

Unfortunately the important work we feel must be done cannot be supported through membership fees alone. We must have your support. WE CANNOT SERVE MOTHERS AND BABIES WITHOUT IT.

You can assist in the growth and establishment of childbirth options and midwifery in North America by making a donation to MANA today. Your generous gift will go toward completing the necessary tasks of promoting and defending midwifery. By helping us, you help yourself, your children and your grandchildren.

Any amount you can give is needed and greatly appreciated. THANK YOU for your donation.

YES, I SUPPORT MIDWIFERY AND MANA:

Please remit in U.S. funds to:
MANA, P.O. Box 533, Cheyenne, WY 82003

Here is my donation of:
 \$200 \$100 \$50 \$25 \$10

I cannot donate at this time but support the work of MANA. Please include me on future requests.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Prov/State _____ Postal Code/Zip _____

Are you a midwife or a childbirth educator? Yes No

We greatly appreciate you passing our plea along and listing any others we may contact.

Contacts:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Prov/State _____ Postal Code/Zip _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Prov/State _____ Postal Code/Zip _____

WHAT I'D LIKE TO SEE AS AN AD IN 1998:

WHO MAKES MILLIONS OF HOUSECALLS WORLDWIDE A YEAR? MIDWIVES!

Isn't it nice to know some things still come home-delivered? Babies, for instance.

So, why midwifery and home birth? Talk to women who've tried them after other experiences! A great majority will tell you they prefer the proven SAFETY, CONTROL, CONVENIENCE, AND PLEASURE offered by their own homes with experienced women as attendants.

Don't miss out on the informed choice of a home birth. Consult a midwife today!



"THE MID-STORK!"

(Adapted from design in ACHI's "Midwest Memos," Dec., 1979)

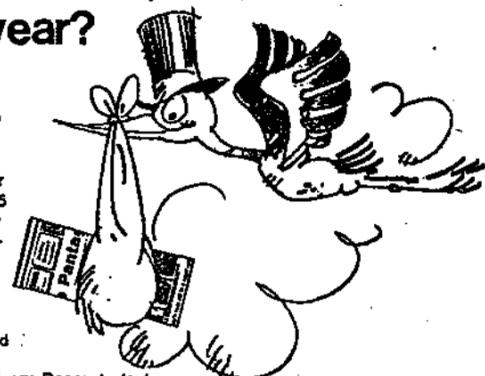
WHAT WE HAVE AS AN AD IN 1988 INSTEAD:

Who makes about 15,000,000 housecalls a year?

In this self-service, carry-out world, isn't it nice to know some things still come home-delivered? The Pantagraph, for instance.

You get it carrier-delivered to your doorstep, early every morning, 365 days a year. Or, by mail, every day the Postal Service delivers. Whatever the situation, we bring The Pantagraph to you. And it only costs about 30 cents a day for so much convenience—not to mention so much news, information and entertainment. Don't miss out on the ease of Pantagraph home delivery. Renew today!

The Pantagraph



Fat baiting at large

In a culture that's energetic in its zest to uncover new groups to pick on, one group of Americans consistently has been considered fair game. When mainstream comedians want to have a joke at someone's expense (without offending any of the power groups with large media clout), there's always one cluster of folks they can target. In a land where standards of personal appearance are dictated by a strained combination of puritanical prejudice and sexual titillation, one group has been regularly stereotyped.

Fat Americans have been incessantly battered by a culture that's forever making bigoted assumptions about them. Bolstered by a \$10 billion a year diet industry that has successfully brainwashed mainstream America, fat bashers have been having their way with the self esteem of "overweight" men and women. (Heck, even this paper has had its share of bloated capitalist caricatures--when today's rich creep is more likely to have retooled themselves in their private gym.)

In a country where men and women have lost their jobs for being "too fat" for the company's image, where large couples have been refused for adoption on the basis of their "unhealthy" size, where "No fat chicks" bumperstickers are considered cute, where eating disorders like anorexia have increased frighteningly, the issue of fat oppression is more than a matter of finding Joan Rivers depressing.

Can we talk about this dieting bizness? It's a big thing and getting bigger as the media shaped view of *HOT* turns more and more musclebound. Yet 95% of all diets fail in the long run (an appalling record) and not through any weakness of will.

Fatness isn't just a matter of gluttony (though it admittedly can be). Genetic predisposition can play a role; so can poverty-level eating habits. By the first I mean that different bodies assimilate food differently and some folks are just plain born to put on the pounds: this has been shown in studies following the physiological growth patterns of separated twins. By the latter, I mean what every dieter knows: eating thin is expensive. For those on a low-income diet, heavy starch is a mainstay.

Thirty per cent of Americans are considered "significantly overweight" by contemporary standards. The diet industry rolls on, backed by insurance companies and a medical profession that barely understands the mechanics of fat gain, as well as a profusion of weight loss quacks.

Otherwise sensitive adults who wouldn't dream of making overtly racist remarks, think nothing of making patronizing comments to fat acquaintances. It happens so consistently that some folks have been driven to life-threatening surgery (e.g. stomach stapling) or yoyo dieting. The latter, doctors are discovering, can be more physically destructive than relatively stress-free fatness.

Let's get one point straight here: we're not talking about fitness. There are several good programs in the country for large Americans (the

For that matter, those of us who live with or are attracted to larger men or women have had their own set of stereotypes to face.

Two nationwide groups have arisen to address these issues in the past few years. The National Association to Aid Fat Americans (NAAFA) is an organization of plus sized citizens who've taken on the media, job discrimination issues and other modes of attacks on fat folks' self esteem. NAAFA produces a regular newsletter, educational material, as well as convening a yearly convention.

An offshoot of NAAFA is the Fat Admirers' Special Interest Group (FA-Sig), a less formalized support group comprised of partners of fat men and women and those who are attracted to them. To date the FA-Sig has primarily devoted itself to the publication of a bi-monthly newsletter filled with articles, criticism and outlandishly fantastic fiction, though its editor has also made some appearances on the daytime talk show circuit.

Fat liberation is not an issue that's caught on with the major media (in part due to its classist associations), but its proponents have been growing in confidence and numbers. As long as there are people who find that size has limited their options in life, the movement will continue to be necessary.

W. Barbers

(For further information on the fat liberation movement, write NAAFA, P.O. Box 43, Bellerose, NY 11426. For a year's subscription to the FA-Sig newsletter, send \$18 to 7247 Capitol Station, Albany, NY 12224.)



"Tell me I was born to be fat!"

Women At Large program is the most prominent--check out their videotape). It is possible to be both fit and fat, both the medical profession has so promoted the thin=fit equation that the data is skewed on this. The average fat American has spent so much of their life straining their system at the behest of doctors that we don't know what a large population of comfortable fat people looks like.

There's an even more basic issue at stake, of course: the right of any people to go through life untrampled by institutionalized bigotry. Much of our culture's fat bashing has an undeniable sexist base (though I remember reading a "feminist" analysis of size that also broadly labeled fat women as victims of their own desire to be "motherly"--a patronizing bit of bashing in itself), as any woman who's had trouble finding work because of her size will tell you.

But fat men have had to face the problem, too.

Bloom County Blunder

Just as we were scurrying around getting articles ready for this issue, the *Pantagraph* ran an episode of "Bloom County" in Preview that's a prime example of sexist fat bashing in action. As part of a sequence where various male characters in the strip have been fantasizing about their "ideal woman," the strip depicts a roach's fantasy: a fat femme (in hair curlers, of course) wantonly munching junk food and scattering crumbs. Fatness equals slobbishness.

This isn't the first bit of fat stereotyping that Bloomster Berke Breathed has indulged in, but it's certainly one of the most repellent. And this from a comic strip that is generally (mis)perceived as liberal in its orientation!

Another unique rant n raze

Yes, there it was, on Veteran's Parkway, an English teacher's nightmare come vividly to life. A huge sign by a construction site, reading, "Another Unique Signature Inn Motel."

I might not have the phrasing exact, because someone finally took the thing down, but the usage is etched in my mind like the inside of the Indianapolis Greyhound station at midnight.

Words are supposed to mean something, and unique is supposed to mean something unique. One of a kind. Not like anything else. Completely singular. Thus, the word is rarely used--correctly.

Thus, you just can't have another unique anything. Especially another unique motel in a chain of motels. The very idea of its being in a chain cancels out the idea that it is unique in any way. In fact, the non-uniqueness of a motel in a chain is one of its selling points--people go there because they liked the last one

they stayed in, and this one is going to be just like it. Not unique at all.

If the motel were interesting architecturally--if it were shaped like a big easy chair, for example--we might be able to call it unique, loosely, even though there might be other motels shaped like large pieces of furniture in the world. This usage would probably not give English teachers the cold-sweat heebie-jeebies, though a few derisive sniffs would be heard.

But the Signature, from every visible aspect, is the most ordinary, boxlike, blah-looking motel imaginable. It looks not only like other Signature motels, but like other motels in general. Indeed, it's the antithesis of unique.

This brings us to the issue of Jumer's Castle Lodge, which is also not unique: the Jumer's in Peoria and the one in Champaign look much like it, kind of like what would happen if you

gave a well-read eleven-year-old girl a million dollars to decorate a castle with.

However, it looks like nothing else along Veteran's Parkway, and everything else there does look like everything else. That's why I defend Jumer's against my friends who object to its obvious phoniness, tackiness, and so forth. In that three miles or so of benighted boxes, it's an oasis of silliness.

Imagine if everyone who built along Veteran's Parkway had decided to have whimsical pseudohistorical or mythical architecture. Dennison Ford in the form of a giant pirate ship. Bob Evans, a huge clogged artery. Computerland, an English cottage, with roses. We might get tired of it, but our city wouldn't look like a clone. And we could always wonder what the next structure going up would imitate, instead of knowing full well.

It would be kinda unique.

--Phoebe Caulfield

The Jackson campaign -- what we won

Against all odds, it came true! On July 20, 1988, the name of Jesse L. Jackson was placed in nomination for President of the United States! What a triumph for a man and a movement whose voices and interests have been pushed aside at past Democratic conventions.

The Jackson campaign--outspent six to one, outstaffed three to one, victim of racist attacks, dismissed and disrespected by the media--still succeeded in running a race which fired the imagination and hope of people all across the country AND brought that imagination and hope into the Democratic convention hall.

The Jackson campaign gathered nearly seven million votes, seated over 1,100 delegates, took first place in 88 Congressional districts and thirteen states and came in a strong second in thirty-three states. As a result, the Jackson campaign won major changes in the Rules Committee toward fairer elections in 1992, including elimination of the undemocratic winner-take-all and bonus elections, and a reduction of superdelegates by 244 (eliminating all Democratic National Committee members from superdelegate status).

Jackson's campaign has laid the foundation for a new electoral majority and built a coalition of forces that intends to turn government around--to make it serve the great mass of our working people.

Jackson summarized the achievements of the campaign in this way himself on election night in the California primary. He said,

"Millions of Americans have moved from racial battleground to economic common ground, and on towards moral higher ground... We have built a mighty coalition across ancient boundaries of race, sex, religion and region... We've done so against great odds, the odds of the party, the press, pundits, history, money and culture.

"But through it all we made America better. Workers, farmers, men and women, gay and lesbian, young and old--a new, permanent political force has been forged. Hope has been reborn... We're here to stay... Tonight is not a celebration. This is a declaration...

"Much has already been won in these past months. But this new coalition has only begun to forge a new democratic majority... Our dream continues to expand. Our flowers continue to blossom. Our hope soars... Our quest continues. This dream of jobs and peace and justice will never die. We will never surrender. The struggle continues..."

This is what all of us who participated in the Jackson campaign have been a part of. We are proud of the start we have made and want to grow from the dozens who worked on the BL/N Jackson committee this year into a growing local coalition that reflects our Rainbow of interests and can carry a Rainbow message into elections and

other struggles.

If you want to join us in that effort, please fill out and return the Rainbow interest form below and return it to:

Rainbow Coalition, c/o Carrol Cox, 409 Phoenix, Bloomington, IL 61701.

--Carrol Cox

YES! You can count on me to join a local Rainbow Coalition!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

PHONE _____ EMPLOYER _____

I want to work with others to give working people a bigger voice in the following areas:

_____ Affirmative Action	_____ Economic Development	_____ Labor Solidarity
_____ Elections	_____ Education	_____ Social Services
_____ Housing	_____ Foreign Policy	_____ Race Relations
_____ Cultural Concerns	_____ Other _____	

"Christian Soldiers" to ban film

"The Last Temptation of Christ," an as-yet unreleased film by Universal Studios, has already succeeded in offending certain sensitive persons in the Peoria area. A petition is being circulated in order to compel theater owners to "respect the theater." It states that those signing "pledge that if the movie is as the script indicates, we will not attend any movie at a theater which shows THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST for a period of one year and we will encourage others to do the same."

The film, directed by Martin Scorsese and featuring Willem Dafoe and David Bowie, is said by the American Family Association to present Jesus as a "weak, unstable man." Among other blasphemous outrages, the script reportedly has Christ saying to Mary Magdalene, "I've done a lot of wrong things. I'm going to the desert to be cleansed. The worst things I've done are to you. Forgive me." In another conversation, he is said to tell her, "... now I know; a woman is God's greatest work. And I worship you. God sleeps between your legs."

So much for the facts; it shouldn't be too difficult to understand why some rigid-minded church-goers don't want to see this film after what they've heard about it. I have no problem with that. After what I've heard about a lot of televangelists, I don't want to see their programs, and I don't think I'd be inclined to go see Charlton Heston in "The Ten Commandments" if it were released in theaters, either. We all have a right to make judgments about how we spend our time.

However, do I try to launch a campaign to put pressure on a TV station whenever it shows something I don't like? Of course I don't, and neither would anyone who believes in an open and pluralistic society. What we're discussing here is one of the most blatant attempts at censorship I've ever seen first hand.

These public moralists apparently see nothing wrong with resorting to a form of extortion in order to deny the public access to what promises to be a very refreshing and thought-provoking

review of a story long overdue for reinterpretation.

A few self-proclaimed "guardians of the truth" have held their monopoly over the Gospel for too long already. Those who feel they must rely on a single, supposedly infallible book as a spiritual crutch have that right (as well as my sympathy); but their right to intellectual shelter ends where my right to the free exchange of ideas begins.

I propose that anyone who shares my view should show his or her support by contacting Universal Chairman Lew Wasserman at (818) 777-1000, which is what the petitioning group suggests. It is also noted that the completed petitions are being returned to WPEO Radio in East Peoria. I suppose I could threaten to not listen for a year if they won't stop the petition, but in addition to being hypocritical, wouldn't that imply that I might tune them in otherwise?

--Dave Thompson

In memoriam: Castle Theater

I don't remember the name of the first flick that I saw at the Castle Theatre, but I do recall the last: Wes Craven's stylish zombie pic *The Serpent and the Rainbow*. It somehow seems appropriate that my last memories of the Castle revolve around an undead horror pic.

The Castle was a theatre with personality, something in short supply in these multiplex concrete box times. The last of the area's untouched theatre-styled moviehouses, it was a place where just the act of moviegoing was invested with a sense of drama and expectation; the setting itself promised your money's worth. Never mind that the promise had gotten a bit tatty in its final years: to hardcore moviegoers, the Castle was the last of the area's classy movie theatres.

Through the late seventies and eighties, the theatre saw a variety of movie trends: 3-D softcore flicks, horror exploitation, street trash dramas and the occasional mainstream movie. *Jaws* opened at the Castle Theatre; so did *3-D Stewardesses*. It was a movie theatre for all tastes, provided you could get beyond the occasionally overpowering smell. (I recall seeing *Phantasm* when it was first released at the Castle, and the odor--which sometimes reminded you of cats in heat--added to the flick's atmosphere.)

The death of the Castle came as Kerasotes was announcing plans for a new (Bigger! Better!) multiplex theatre in the expanding east side. Area movie freaks will still miss the old place, one more victim of the malling of America.

BS88



Operation Recycle

923 E. Grove, Bloomington
829-0691

We make recycling easy!

- We recycle:
- aluminum cans--milk jugs--glass jars
 - newspapers--computer paper--food cans
 - plastic detergent bottles
 - corrugated cardboard--bimetal cans
 - paper grocery sacks--non-glossy office paper

Journalism review

It's a sad fact that the news media-- a big business in its own right--just doesn't care about labor news. The Nation has noted that while most papers have business reporters--often writing stuff that looks like Chamber of Commerce handouts--almost none have labor reporters.

The Los Angeles Times, in a 1985 poll, discovered how anti-labor the bias was. The general public was asked, "In a business/labor dispute, which side do you generally take?"

Thirty-two percent of the public took labor's side, 33% took business, and 35% were undecided or would wait until all the facts on the conflict were in.

In contrast, editors of newspapers were asked the same question. Only 7% of the editors said they would favor labor. Fifty-four percent said they would favor business.

Stunned by this data, the United Auto Workers took a poll of the 100 largest newspapers in America on labor-related issues.

Only 15% favored legislation requiring employers to give advanced notice to their workers of plant closings. And not a single one favored the Gephardt trade amendment.

The anti-labor bias showed up in 1984 at Reader's Digest when editor-in-chief Edward Thompson was fired by the Digest's board of trustees for being overly critical of the Reagan administration.

No strike coverage

But it's in strike coverage that labor really gets the shaft. Even the New York Times failed in this during a phone company strike a couple of years ago. One reporter covered the supervisors running the phones and another covered the strike's effect on the city. But no reporter was sent to talk to the strikers.

The media's failure is overwhelmingly obvious if one takes a big strike and follows it from begin beginning to end. This article will follow the 1985-86 strike at the Hormel Meat-Packers Strike in Austin, Minnesota.

This article will state issues involved in the strike and then tell what the wire services, networks, and newspapers ignored.

The sad part comes when you flip through the Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature and discover that Newsweek, for example, only had one article when the police and National Guard were called in. Neither Newsweek nor Time had articles on the strike's settlement.

The best recommendation I can give anyone following a strike is to keep up with Business Week magazine, the Progressive, and the Nation. I know Business Week is not a pro-labor magazine, but it had more information on the strike than any two other "mainstream" publications combined.

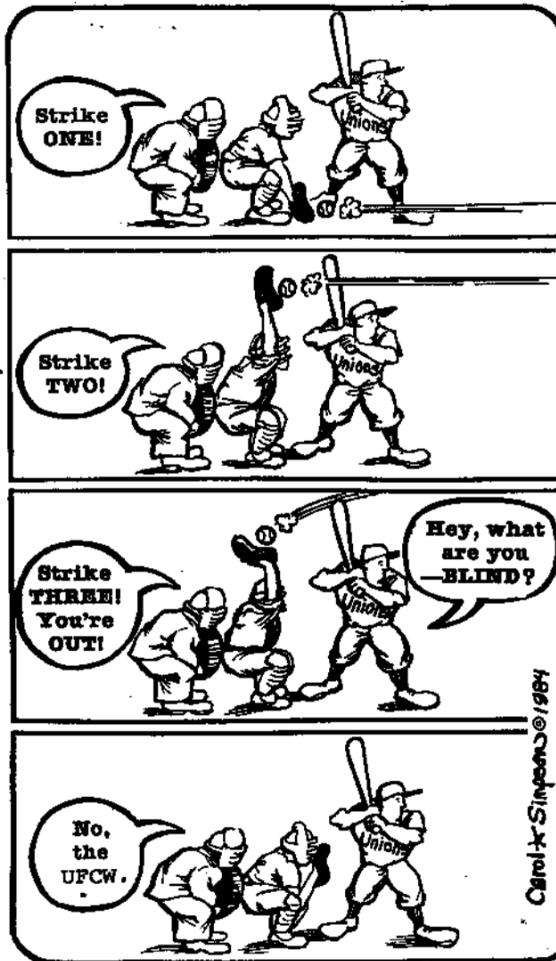
Note the issues to be cited in the rest of this article. They will come up in later labor disputes, even if a food company is not involved.

Status of industry

Before the strike, Hormel finished 1984 with the most profitable quarter in its history and record earnings of \$38.6 million. Business Week reported that the "Austin plant, which employed about 1,500 of the company's nearly 5,000 workers, is the most efficient in the industry."

The workers were represented by Local P-9, which was organized back in 1933. The national union was the United Food and Commercial Workers Union (UFCW).

There's more to a strike



In October 1984, Local P-9 members were hit with a 23% wage cut, from \$10.69 an hour to \$8.25. That cost the average worker \$100 a week.

An arbitrator restored wages to \$8.75 but allowed the company to cut benefits, including coverage under the company insurance plan. Even worse, the cuts were made retroactive to September 3. That meant that workers who had used the health plan between September and October found themselves owing money to the Hormel plant for retroactively-not-covered medical and dental bills. The company deducted these debts from the workers' paychecks.

And don't forget the Hormel workers had made big concessions over the previous five years. In 1978, Hormel had threatened to close its old Austin plant, even though the meat-packing facility had begun in 1891 under founder George A. Hormel.

The company threatened to shut down unless the workers agreed to a new contract with these provisions: (1) No strikes until three years after a new Austin plant was completed--a seven-year-no-strike clause, (2) production standards would be higher, and (3) incentive pay for workers at the old plant would be put into escrow

to provide a \$200 million loan fund to help Hormel build its new plant.

The last one means the workers, for all practical purposes, loaned Hormel \$200 million!

Hormel told the UFCW and Local P-9 the agreement was needed to save jobs. The final result? The 3,000 jobs at the old plant became 1,500 at the new.

Hormel claimed it was entitled to cut the pay because the packing industry was in hard times as shown by the bankruptcy of Wilson and the sale of Armour.

Time and Newsweek bought this, but the facts from Business Week and the Progressive cast grave doubts on these claims.

Grave doubts

Wilson did file for bankruptcy, but it wasn't because of high wages. The true story of Wilson, the largest pork processor and fifth largest meat packer in the U.S. at the time, was more involved.

Wilson had lost \$2.8 million the first half of fiscal 1983, but the May 9 Business Week showed that loss was heavily due to errors in judgment by Wilson. The firm, the magazine reported, had suffered its financial beating in livestock trading by misjudging which way hog prices were going.

And the bankruptcy filing was not a real distress call, Business Week explained. Even after the filing, Wilson's chair, Kenneth J. Griggy said, "We are emphatically not going out of business."

Then why file bankruptcy?

Wilson claimed it needed to get out from under its union contract. But UFCW officials said Wilson never contacted them to ask to renegotiate the contract.

You may not believe the union, but how about this from the May 30, 1983 Business Week: Continental Illinois Bank and Trust Company of Chicago, handling Wilson's accounts reported, having been surprised by the bankruptcy, "We honestly felt they (Wilson) were coming to us to seek an amendment" to the firm's current financing.

In fact, Wilson's bankruptcy filing was so fishy, Business Week--not a union supporter by any means--had an editorial attacking such bankruptcies!

The editorial said, referring to bankruptcy filings by an asbestos company and Wilson, "Neither Wilson Food nor the asbestos companies appeared bankrupt, yet all say they were forced into Chapter 11. But Wilson was solvent."

electric coffee

In the Eddy Building

AUGUST EVENTS

AUGUST EVENTS		M-F 6:00-10:00; S,S 1:00-6:00	
1,2	B-N 1st International Mail Art Show	20	Films--favorite obscure films 3:00
4	Dan Wilson--guitar, vocal 7:45	21	Tarot by Ronda DelBoccio
6	Drake Scott--performance art from Milwaukee, Wisconsin	22,29	Mark Stairwalt--music workshop/open rehearsal
7,8	Belly of the Beast--based on the book by Jack Abbott	23	Mike Hogan--music 7:45
9	Make Art--with our space and supplies	25	Little Nook & Cranny--reformation gig
10	Third Mind--improv music 7:45	26	Armageddon--and more 7:45
13,14	Kids' Weekend-- Kids' day on the 13th Kids' exhibit on the 14th	27	Open Performance--3:00-6:00
15	Ernie Johnson, Preston Jackson-- Music by accomplished jazzers 7:45	30	David Franks--poetry reading
17	Writers' Bloc--workshop with Mark Valentine	31	Women in Labor Movement and Bound For Glory Singers

For more information, call 828-3199 or 828-4377. Other dates to be announced!



than what you see on the news

The Armour case was equally suspect. Greyhound Corporation had sold Armour to the ConAgra Corporation. ConAgra claimed it had to drop its employees' wages to keep the Armour firm afloat.

Questionable cases

But Business Week's December 19, 1983 issue had doubts about that.

"If they (ConAgra) can pull it off (reopening Armour without union work forces), they'll have that \$166 million acquisition price back so fast it will be the best investment they ever made."

So Greyhound made money selling Armour to ConAgra. And ConAgra, which claims it needed to cut pay, stood to make a fortune. And it did. ConAgra owned Banquet Foods, the frozen food dinner company. Since Armour already sold food to institutions, Banquet was now able to get institutional business which it did not have before the sale of Armour to ConAgra.

As Business Week noted, "The combination of Armour's refrigerated distribution system with ConAgra's will give the company greater leverage in wooing grocers. . . ."

And there was the case of Rocco Enterprises, world's largest turkey processor, who provided the turkeys used by Armour. Like Armour, after the sale to ConAgra, Rocco claimed the union wasn't good. Rocco announced that a majority of the workers at its Dayton, Virginia, plant had signed a petition to drop a UFCW local.

But in March 1985, the National Labor Relations Board's regional director ruled the company had bribed workers to vote out the union! That shocking bit of information came from the March 1986 issue of the Progressive.

So you can see the packing industry wasn't quite the poor little thing it made itself out to be.

P-9 vs. UFCW

Although you seldom hear about it, a national union will often fail to help a local in its wage fight.

In fact, big national unions can get so sloppy, the federal government has sometimes had to step in. Back in 1944, there was the case of Steele vs. Louisville and Nashville Railroad, where a court ruled a union failed to properly handle grievances of black workers at a railroad when the union had responsibility for handling employee-employer grievances.

In Vaca vs. Sipes in 1967, the United States Supreme Court ruled that if an employee was unfairly fired by a company and the union failed to properly represent the worker in grievance hearings, the company could be ordered to rehire the worker with back pay, and the union could be ordered to pay legal fees!

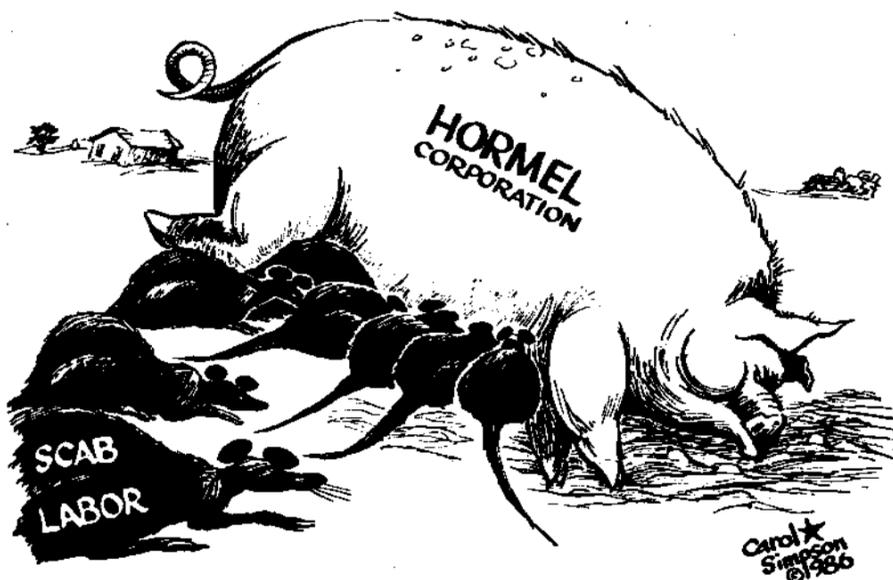
In the Hormel strike, Local P-9 decided it was tired of giving up more and more concessions. So, after the no-strike contract ended, the local 1,500 workers in Austin went on strike on August 17, 1985.

Even though Hormel announced an 83% rise in corporate profits on August 20, UFCW refused to support P-9 and ordered it to accept a mediator's proposed concession contract.

When Fred Halstead researched his study, "The 1985-86 Hormel Meat-Packers Strike" (Pathfinder Press, 1986), he discovered the local felt the UFCW had ripped it off.

Back in 1981, the local had ratified a wage agreement after a UFCW executive told the members the contract allowed for no cut in basic wages.

When Hormel cut the wages in 1983, the local appealed to an arbitrator



only to learn that contrary to what UFCW told them in 1981, the actual contract had no wording barring cutting of basic wages.

The angry local filed a complaint with the UFCW against the executive but UFCW president William Wynn refused to hear the case.

"Stop the strike!"

Of course, as Business Week noted in its February 17, 1986, issue, "The Austin battle (local vs. UFCW) is embarrassing to Wynn, an influential member of the AFL-CIO executive council. If P-9 wins its strike, other locals may demand that the UFCW step up its battle with the industry."

P-9 hired a consultant to get public publicity and got a support group set up to provide food and funds for needy strikers.

But the UFCW, not content to let its local fend for itself, struck savagely at P-9, acting as if it were Hormel instead of a union.

When scab workers were brought in by Hormel, strikers arrived to protest and the National Guard was called out, triggering Time and Newsweek coverage.

By January 23, 1986, the National Guard was escorting the scabs to work. On March 4, the UFCW told Local P-9 to stop the strike and stop striking for the old \$10.69 rate. The local stayed on strike. The national union stated it would only pay benefits to P-9 workers if they stopped striking.

Then, on May 9, 1986, the UFCW broke the strike by taking over the local--imposing trusteeship--and ousting the officers!

That triggered an April 12 protest in Austin featuring Jesse Jackson and 5,000 unionists from 40 states.

The UFCW froze all funds at the bank, got the post office to impound P-9 mail, and shut off P-9 phone service, Halstead reported.

P-9 did not give up, once forced out of business. Its old members filed as NAMPU (North American Meat Packers Union), a new union with the National Labor Relations Board. The NLRB approved the new charter, and the union filed a bid for a certification election so Hormel members could vote if they wanted to be represented by the independent NAMPU instead of a UFCW local.

That triggered the third issue the media ignored.

Phony settlement

Hormel and the UFCW had things apparently under control. The Austin City Council, acting as Hormel and UFCW lackey, passed an ordinance outlawing leaflet distributing by P-9 (later challenged by the ACLU).

But when the NLRB recognized the new NAMPU in July 1986, the company and the national union realized the workers might, since still unhappy with the wage cuts, vote to certify NAMPU as their union. Strikes might come again.

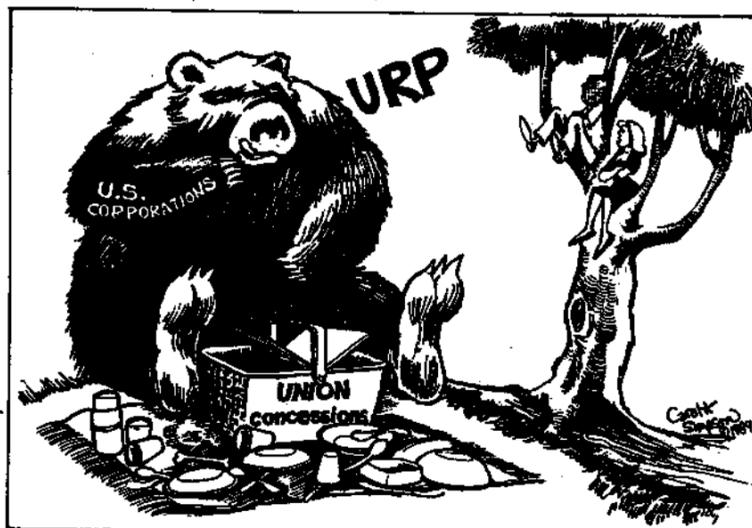
So in August 1986--reported in the November 1986 issue of the Department of Labor's "Monthly Labor Review"--Hormel and the UFCW settled on a new contract.

And strangely enough, Hormel, which cut wages from \$10.69 an hour to \$8.25, agreed to move wages to \$10.70. And the UFCW, which had told P-9 to stop striking for \$10.69, went along.

But the deal turned out to be kinky indeed.

The Charter Committee of the new NAMPU discovered that there is some fine print in the contract. If the Hormel plant in Fremont, Nebraska, settles at any time for lower wages, the lower wages go into effect at Austin!

Second, Hormel has just called for wage cuts, hinting it may shut down without them.



"Who said feed 'em a few scraps and they'll leave you alone?"

And one last item. This appeared in a letter in the April 1988 issue of Labor Notes magazine. It seems that Ken Kimbro, the head UFCW trustee who shut down P-9, has had some interesting luck come his way after bulldozing P-9 from the Hormel path. Labor Notes reports Kimbro now has a job as assistant employment manager of F.D.L. Foods in Dubuque, Iowa.

It is a Hormel subsidiary.

Did you see that in any media news stories?

--Steve LaPrade

Romanovsky and Phillips ride an

"Emotional Rollercoaster"

"And why should anyone have a say
As to whom we should
and shouldn't lay?
They think it's sinful,
well I think it sucks
Having laws that tell us
how we should f...

...ornicate."

Lyrics like these can mean only one thing--Romanovsky and Phillips are back. (You didn't think the Smothers Brothers came up with those lines, did you?)

Fresh Fruit Records has just released the couple's third and best effort to date, "Emotional Rollercoaster." This one's even available on compact disc for you digital audio fans.

Ron Romanovsky and Paul Phillips share the vocals, with Ron usually backing up the duo on acoustic guitar or piano. Ron also does the majority of the music and lyrics, with (as Ron puts it) Paul "being a midwife to most of the songs and a co-parent to the rest."

The duo continues to shun the typical commercial route and pursue their own light and folksy style. The result is a refreshingly enjoyable album celebrating the many facets of the gay lifestyle.

The lead song is "Straightening Up the House"--and they do mean straight-ening. After all, what else is a gay couple to do when mother is coming to visit for their first Christmas in their new home? So...

"Tomorrow I will put away your gay pride shirts/And our Halloween assortment of jewelry, pumps, and skirts/Then pack up all the books by Quentin Crisp and Rita Mae/And the 'His & His' towels that you bought me yesterday."

The title song, "Emotional Rollercoaster," is a catchy tune to do the twist to, telling the story of the ups and downs of a relationship. Ron and Paul sing of the uncertainties, the fantasies, the passion, the erratic moods, and the drooling over some new boy which all contribute to the emotional rollercoaster so many of us have experienced.

"I've Created a Monster" reminds us that our plans for love can backfire, as that shy naïve young cutie discovers

the excitement of men, parties, and popularity.

This is followed by a tongue-in-cheek, laid-back tune, "Give Me a Homosexual." Since the AIDS emergency, it's been a long time since we've had a fun song celebrating gay sex.



Ron asks us, why bother with those real and pretend heterosexual men? "Give me a homosexual/One who's perfected his oral technique/I like a man who's had practice/Give me a guy who's fluent in Greek."

I've always felt Ron and Paul's main weakness was their serious side. Their treatment of somber topics never seemed to fit their style and resulted in weighty melancholy songs that never managed to interest me.

This time it's different. Although I was dreading the album's mandatory song about AIDS, "Living with AIDS," I was pleasantly surprised. This is a slow-paced, powerful song celebrating our strength and determination in the face of this crisis--a far cry from the depression of Bronski Beat's "Dr. John" or the sorrow of the Communards' "For a Friend." Ron and Paul are to be highly commended for this joint effort on the music and lyrics.

Other songs include: "My Mother's Clothes (The Drag Rag)" about those fun dress-up days; "The Woman Next

Door" which takes a look at violence against women; "Waltz for the New Age" for a laugh at our current obsession with mantras, Windham Hill music, and holistic massage; and "Family of Lovers" which reminds us of the debt we owe to the previous generation of lesbian women and gay men.

"The Sodomy Song" gives us a biting comment on the Supreme Court's inane decision in *Bowers v. Hardwick*. With a strong synthesizer background and a rather jerky melody, we are treated to a delightful collection of one-liners about this outrageous violation of our civil rights. It should be obvious to anyone that "Only an asshole would care/What goes into our assholes and who puts it there."

The album ends with an upbeat tune, "Be on the Safe Side," which tells us that we don't have to stop loving each other and ourselves.

"Emotional Rollercoaster" reminds us that we aren't just "ho-mo-SEX-uals," but we're gay men and lesbian women who have a full, varied, and loving lifestyle to be proud of. Ron and Paul have clearly grown in their lives together, both spiritually and musically, and we're fortunate that they've chosen to share their emotional rollercoaster with us.

--The Balrog

[By the way, I doubt if you'll find this one at Musicland. If you're interested in "Emotional Rollercoaster" or Romanovsky and Phillips' earlier albums, write to Fresh Fruit Records, P.O. Box 4418, Berkeley, CA 94704. Or if you prefer, write to me c/o the Post and I'll send you a copy of the order form.

Also, I'm always looking for lesbian and gay music for my collection. If you have any suggestions, please write and let me know.]

NGLTF survey shows...

Gays and Politics Do Mix

Last issue, I reported on the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force (NGLTF) survey of the presidential candidates' stands on gay and lesbian issues. NGLTF also conducted an extensive survey of its membership, which revealed a politically active gay community with a broad array of concerns.

Over 24% of NGLTF members responded to the mail survey. Of these 98% were registered voters, with 96% voting in the last presidential election. A substantial 70% of respondents have financially contributed to political campaigns.

When asked to choose one candidate as their choice for President, the NGLTF members show that they listen to how candidates treat (or fail to treat) gay and lesbian issues. Of members responding, 36% picked Jackson, 22% named Dukakis, and 12% chose Simon. No Republican made it out of single digits, with Dole receiving 5% and Bush receiving 2% of the total vote.

As I reported last issue, Dukakis provides only lukewarm support on gay and lesbian issues. So his strong showing in the survey surprised some NGLTF staffers. But Jeff Levi, Executive Director of NGLTF, believes

that this result reveals two things about the gay community, "[F]irst, that people are placing the Dukakis record in context--he is not uniformly bad on our issues, for example, AIDS funding and insurance coverage for employees; and second, that NGLTF members are not single issue voters."

The latter claim is supported by the ranking of issues given by respondents to the NGLTF survey. Overall, handling of the AIDS emergency was ranked as the most important issue. Economic issues and foreign policy issues tie as members' second most important concern. Gay and lesbian issues ranked third, with the candidate's integrity placing fourth.

Levi summarized the survey results by noting, "Our membership continues to impress us with the breadth of its concerns. This survey confirms what many of us have suspected all along--that the gay/lesbian community is not a one issue constituency. We want the government to recognize and affirm our lives, but we also want a good, humane government."

--The Balrog

Source: NGLTF, *Task Force Report*, Spring 1988.

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The spring thing



HEY,
BABY
BABY

Today was hot--a torrid summer day. I was being a hero, walking to the New York Deli, a few blocks away, because my hungry co-workers were all too busy to go out and the delivery guy at the Deli hadn't shown up for work.

Really, I'm not much of a hero. I rather enjoy walking downtown on a hot summer day--feeling the sun beating down, baking the sidewalk, burning the street. My body feels loose, free, warm: unfettered and like I'll never be cold again.

So, I was walking back from the Deli, you see, really feeling good about myself, life, the world. And then the spring thing happened.

Maybe I'd better tell you what the spring thing is.

You may know about it and call it something else, or you may push it out of your mind because it's so nasty to think about.

What I call the spring thing is that moment that happens late in the winter, maybe before spring really gets here. It happens usually on that very second spring-like day, when you have some notion that the next ice age hasn't really come, that the world might blossom again, that you might live to see a human face smiling as it approaches you on the street instead of grimacing and heading for the nearest shelter.

You're a woman--young, middle-aged, old--it doesn't matter. You've just let down your guard against the elements; perhaps you've shucked your muffler, gloves, and hat, maybe even unbuttoned your coat.

Then it happens. A male voice hoots out of a passing vehicle. Maybe it's just a howl or a whistle or maybe it's something more specific, like "Hey, baby, ya wanna f@#k?" or something slightly less articulate. Whatever it is, it's some variation on the traditional reminder that you could be the random victim of a sexual assault.

The spring thing. I love spring. I hate the spring thing.

I hate the spring thing because of how it makes me feel. Not the reminder part. I've worked as a Rape Crisis Center advocate and educator long enough that it doesn't make me feel less safe or more scared. In fact, sometimes I don't even hear those hoots except on the periphery of my awareness.

But when I do hear them I feel mad. Boiling mad. Fighting mad. Killing mad. And I don't like that. Because usually I'm a fairly peace-loving, even pacifistic person.

When I get mad like that, I want to do something. I want to stop the car or truck and force the occupants to hear a week-long tirade about how this behavior degrades them as much as it does the women they holler at. I want to holler something back that will ruin their day. I want to take a blowdart out of my pocket, one that's so strong and accurate I could flatten the tires of the passing vehicle. Maybe I wouldn't stop with the tires.

You can see why I don't like feeling that way.

Sometimes people tell me I overreact: I make more of this hooting than I should. They say, "It's just because of your work with the Rape Crisis Center that you think this is all connected. Some of those guys mean it as a compliment. And besides, it's mostly just mindless teenagers with their hormones running wild. It's not something men teach their sons to help keep women in their place."

Maybe they're right.

Anyway, I was walking back to work from the Deli, and I heard this hooting from a parked truck. And I thought, Could this be my chance for action? So I stopped. I deliberately turned to face my tormentor and fixed an arctic stare on the occupants of this truck for a full sixty seconds. There was no mistaking my meaning.

The thirtyish man squirmed, uncomfortable. He turned and said something to his prepubescent companion. I thought, Perhaps my message has been received.

I turned away ready to reclaim my summer day.

Someone from the truck hooted again.

--Maggie



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✦

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Wait a minute. She-e-it, man, did you say the Post Amerikan? Well, that's very different. I thought you said the Pope Amerikan.

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