

Eastern Illinois University

## The Keep

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The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

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10-1988

### Volume 17, Number 3

Post Amerikan

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atheists/quayle/LUNCH/K-scope

Bloomington-Normal

T. NOV 1988

25¢

# POST AMERICAN

VOL. 17  
NO. 3



*Culture--thicker than yogurt*

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Scattered through this issue are three of the most-censored (and under-reported) stories of 1988, compliments of Utne Reader.

*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

## 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 Friday, Nov. 25. 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 & Morrisey
- 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)

## 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

- Displaced Homemakers....800-252-4822
- 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?

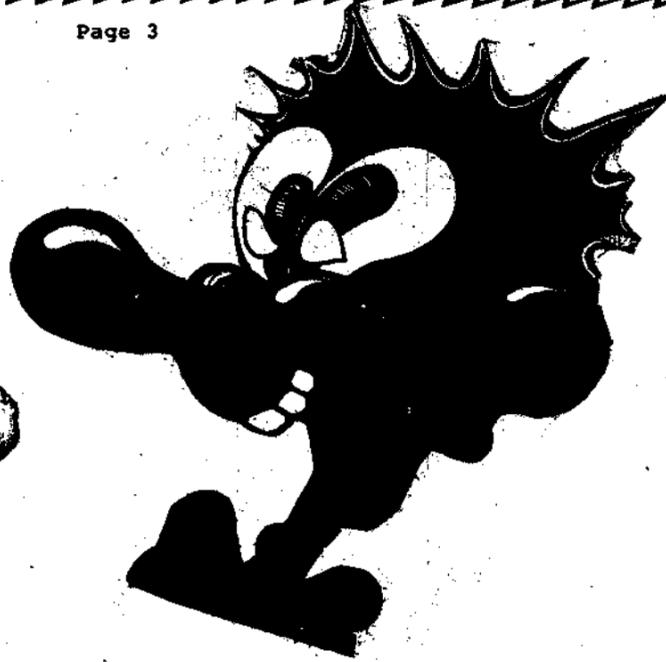
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## Thanks

This paper is in your hands due to the work of Anna-Maria, Bill (coordinator), Bumper, Cathy, David, Deborah, LVD, Mack E., Pita, Richard, Scott, and Susie.

# Out to Lunch



## Michael's for the hot dog enthusiast

I like hot dogs. I'm not even squeamish about what they're made from. I can understand people who think eating any meat at all is barbaric, but beyond that, I don't recognize any class difference between say, ribeyes and eyeballs. Hell, snouts, tails, hooves, whatever. In a hotdog, you can't recognize them and the darned things are mighty tasty, so why be bourge about it? I don't even wince at the intimation that there may be rodents or insects mixed up in the things. I figure they all go through the grinder together, so they're brothers under the skin, right?

So I was really quite pleased when Michael's set up down in Normal. And they live up to the "for the hot dog enthusiast" motto. The dogs are good and juicy (the tasty Vienna kind), on nice, fresh poppy seed buns, with a ton of fixings on top. You name it--onions, peppers, relish (the psychedelic kind), tomatoes, pickles, sauerkraut, ketchup, mustard, celery salt, cheese... they oughta give out bibs with these weenies. But aside from hot dog combinations, you have little choice at Michael's--polish sausage (really just a bigger, greasier hot dog), Italian sausage, beef or meatball sandwiches are all you will have to pick from. The prices are good, too, ranging from \$1.45 for your basic dog with the works to \$3.09 for a Italian beef and sausage combination.

Here's a thought for you vegetarians who are not particularly snobbish--why not try a Cheezy-dog with the works--hold the dog? You have your choice of Cheddar, Swiss, American or Mozzarella cheese and all of those toppings would make a rather enticing sandwich, even sans pup.

In the proper hot dog stand tradition, this restaurant is best used as a carry out place. They have a few picnic tables inside, but the decor, which features posters of macho sports superstars from Chicago, is enough to make you shudder at the thought of biting into your dripping Vienna.

-LVD



## The Gallery

The Gallery at 111 E. Beaufort in Normal was the lunch testing ground for the tastebuds of my friend and I. I, the intrepid English Vegetarian, was in search of a meatless dish to write home about; my friend was hungry and quite poor, but not easy to please.

The dishes offered are plentiful and all reasonably priced. The tables are laid out, ready for lunch time customers, complete with flowers, and the music is laid back but quite groovey and the service is good. My friend, after much deliberation, went for the waitress's recommendation, Chicken Oriental at \$4.29.

I plumped for the lunchtime special: Egg Roll, Fried Rice--without the shrimp or chicken--and a side salad, which seemed a bargain at only \$2.99--an affordable price even for a poverty stricken grad student miles from home.

Unfortunately the Egg Roll had a small amount of meat contained in its crispy case, but the waitress was most apologetic and deducted it from my bill. But my friend managed to salvage it from my plate and reported "it's delicious and the sweet and sour sauce is even homemade!"

The Chicken Oriental was super and my chum commented on the size of the portion with the remark, "I'm stuffed!" Other dishes to choose from are shrimp egg rolls (2) for \$2.99; Pita Sandwiches, including Ham and Cheese \$2.99, Shrimp Oriental \$3.99, Sweet and Sour Chicken \$2.49, and the lonesome Vegetarian at \$2.99.

There is a good choice of salads, unfortunately none without meat, but I'm sure that they would accommodate us if we asked; it seems that sort of place!

The most expensive item is the Shrimp Oriental at \$4.79, but judging from the size of the portions we saw, it would prove value for money as did our meals.

If the vegetarians of the community showed a need for meatless food at the Gallery I'm sure that they would respond favorably. I shall be going back, that's for sure!

P. Outside

## Micheleo's special deal

If you feel as if you haven't eaten in days, you are pressed for time, and you have to make do with the loose change in the bottom of your book bag, give Micheleo's lunch special a try.

For \$1.95, you can get a slice of thick crust pizza, a small salad, and a beverage. And you probably won't need to wait more than 30 seconds to get your food once you have placed your order.

Of course this means that your food has been prepared probably before you ever thought of running into Micheleo's for lunch. But the salads are kept in a tub of ice, and the pizza is kept in a warming oven--not under hot lights.

You have your choice of pepperoni, sausage, mushroom, or cheese pizza, and the average variety of salad dressing. The salads are the basic lettuce and tomato, but always crisp and fresh.

A sans-meat lunch is possible at Micheleleo's, but if you cringe at the thought of your slice of cheese pizza being lifted out of the oven with the same spatula that just cut through a slice of pepperoni pizza, I wouldn't recommend it.

The restaurant is clean--plenty of comfortable seating--nothing flashy. The local top-40 station plays on the sound system, but not so loud that you can't finish your last minute work.

It's a good lunch. It's definitely the best buy in town for the over-worked, under-paid, over-rushed, penny-scraping, shove-it-down-your-throat-and-run... --Skeet Floyd



## Jake's not so special deal

Jake's pizzeria, at 202 North Street in Normal, feels odd. Everything is just a bit off, as though it has been done by aliens trying to imitate Earthlings. The slick, tiled Italian look of the interior is a bit too slick--it looks like an upscale hospital cafeteria or an airport bar. The high round tables are cute, but too small to put a pizza and even two plates on. The serving area is cool and eerie, with no menu posted and no suggestion about what exactly you're supposed to do. The word Jake's on the logo is in Olde English type.

The food, too, is fine but not quite right. All we've tried is the pizza, in three different forms: thin, pan, and individual slice (slices are available for 99 cents from 11 am to 2 pm). The pizza clearly lacks sauce. Some of us aren't satisfied unless a pizza sauce dribbles down the forearm, but even less excessive diners found the sauce too scarce. An undistinguished crust lies beneath. The cheese and fresh toppings were passable to praiseworthy, though. In local argot, it was an "over ooey, under poeey" pizza. Think about it.

Though the lunchtime slices are cheap--and you can choose any toppings--the pan and thin pizzas are no bargain. Even at noon, the atmosphere alone is enough to send you on down the street (see adjoining articles).

--Phoebe Caulfield

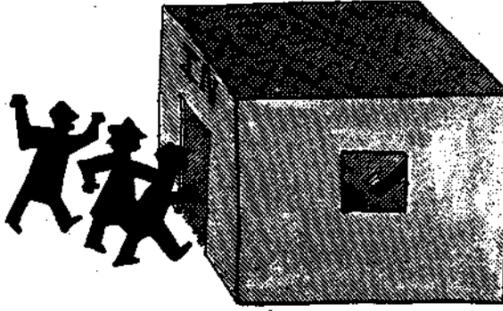
## Biowarfare research conducted at U.S. universities

Overshadowed by Star Wars, the push toward developing ghastly instruments of biological warfare has been one of the Reagan administration's best-kept secrets. The research budget for infectious diseases and toxins has increased tenfold since fiscal 1981, and most of the 1986 budget of \$42 million went to 24 U.S. universities where the world's most deadly organisms are being cultivated in campus labs.

The large sums of military money available for biotechnology research is a powerful attraction for scientists whose civilian funding resources have dried up. Scientists who formerly researched diseases like cancer now use their talents to develop strains of such rare pathogens as anthrax, Rift Valley fever, Japanese encephalitis, tularemia, shigella, botulin, and Q fever.

Many members of the academic community find the trend alarming. However, when MIT's biology department voted to

refuse Pentagon funds for biotech research, the administration forced it to reverse its decision by threatening to cut off other funds. In 1987, when the University of Wisconsin hired retired Army Col. Philip Sobocinski to help professors attract Pentagon-funded biowarfare research, a UW science writer was fired after disclosing the details in the student newspaper.



Since the U.S. signed the 1972 Biological and Toxic Weapons Convention, which bans "development, production, stockpiling, and use of microbes or their poisonous products

except in amounts necessary for protective and peaceful research," the university-based projects are called defense efforts aimed at developing vaccines and protective gear. Scientists who oppose the program insist that a germ-warfare defense is clearly impractical; the entire population would have to be vaccinated for every known harmful biological agent. The only feasible application of a "defensive" development is in conjunction with offensive use: Troops could be effectively vaccinated for a single agent prior to launching an attack with it.

## Back to school--again

Do they really know the meaning of the words and phrases printed on their t-shirts? What will their hair look like in ten years after endless coats of shellac-like goo? Are they capable of challenging an opposing view with more than "I don't think so?" Do they really just say no? And why are the sororities still singing those songs?

They aren't parochial high school graduates who are having a difficult time adjusting to the idea that they no longer need to dress like all of their classmates. They aren't clones. And they aren't Bokanovsky babies from a jar, fertilized in the same serous solution. Frighteningly enough, they are the students who in a few short years ISU will refer to as "our new leaders who WILL make a difference."

The school year has started once again, but this year with more blanditude than ever witnessed before. Apparently, a brave new world developed unnoticed in 1970, producing an entire class of students set on living by "Community, Identity, Stability."

This true lack of originality is most evident on the surface. Without a

## A rush of memory

As the sharp sweet air of early fall graces the campus, each year I think of my own college years and of the funny, smart, and quirky people who entered my life then--and never really left.

College gave me my first acquaintance with a real xerox freak. Tom, a relentless reader, xeroxed articles and filed them in hundreds of manila folders. His room was full of files. Once I asked him how a refrigerator converted electricity into coldness. The next day, he handed me a file of articles explaining it.

Another Tom adored fat women and made marijuana deals in Capen Auditorium during American Public Education class (a requirement for all future teachers).

In a year when we taped our bangs to our foreheads and rolled our hair on orange juice cans to conform to a smooth, straight standard, in the dorm I met Connie, whose shoulder-wide frizz of blond corkscrews flew free around her grinning face.

I drank coffee all four years with gentle Jack, who did beautiful, intricate needlework and had courage.

I met small, shy Ann, who was afraid of people but had such a deep feeling for animals that her nightmares involved accidentally eating a piece of meat.

doubt, they look alike--same hair, same clothes, same look plastered on their faces. WBNQ sounds from their dorm windows--same metal, same pop, same hype. Their parties promote similar blanditude--same places, same beer, same white plastic cups.

At the same time, their over-processed manners are consistent with their personas on a deeper level. These are students more interested in looking for something to happen rather than causing something to happen. Thursday night to Sunday night is their world, while classes, learning, and knowledge offers them a much needed rest.

But if you look close enough, those rare finds of originality are on campus. They by all means don't dare to be different, as this would constitute a community of blanditude as unflavored as the rest. They are different without effort. And "I don't think so" is only a lead-in to a point of view eager to be expressed.

--Skeet Floyd

My neighbor Phil went to Cuba to help with the crops during spring break.

As a sophomore, I was in awe of Sheila, to whom the intellectual life was everything. She wore the same round of jeans and sweatshirts throughout school and spent her money in used book shops.

And I partied with Bear, who topped two hundred pounds and invented the motto, "When you're as high as you think you'll ever be--that's the time to DROP ANOTHER TAB!"

I exchanged poetry in the student union with Bill, the writer and comix buff who helped start the Post-Amerikan.

I shared a basement with Pam, whose gut-level antiauthoritarianism constantly sabotaged her traditional femininity, in a battle that she merrily relished as she applied eyeliner on her way to the demonstration.

I think of all these people, with their oddity, nobility, absurdity, intelligence, and passion. I think of them especially now, during the elite selection process of fraternity-sorority Rush Week.

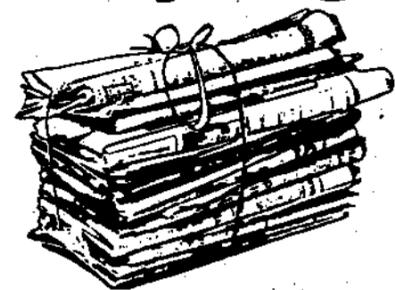
Not one of them would make it.

--Phoebe Caulfield

Another issue receiving even less attention is the safety or the security of the labs involved. Release of pathogens, either by accident or design, would prove tragic. Twenty-three U.S. schools, including the Universities of California, Connecticut, Georgia, Massachusetts, Minnesota, and Utah, are currently engaged in biowarfare research.

Sources: Isthmus, October 8, 1987, "Biowarfare and the UW," by Richard Jannaccio; The Progressive, Nov. 16, 1987, "Poisons from the Pentagon," by Seth Shulman; Wall Street Journal, Sept. 17, 1986, "Military Science," by Bill Richards and Tim Carrington.

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# For the love of animals



— Cheryl Hill/Project Roadlight

Mid-August found Peoria besieged by every animal activist's nightmare. Those purveyors of torture and slaughter: trappers--thousands of them--displaying, selling, and admiring their grisly wares at the National Trappers Association (NTA) annual convention. This four-day spectacle, promoted as a "family event," attempted to present modern trappers as heroic conservationists, saving humanity from burgeoning hordes of fur-bearers.

"We are trying to educate the public to the population dynamics of the wilderness," stated Scott Hartman, president of the NTA. "Most people are so far removed from the wilderness that they don't understand the need to control the wildlife population." He characterized trapping as the "use of a renewable resource and the control of the numbers of that resource." (Emphasis mine.)

Thomas Riley, public relations counsel for the NTA and other groups targeted by animal rights activists, stated that the least humane way for an animal to die is to leave it in the wilderness. "Most animals don't die of old age. Most of them die of disease, starvation, or attacks from other animals."

Riley also denied that leghold traps are inhumane. All they do, he contends, is hold the animal until a trapper can get to them to kill them. (Note, this man said to kill, not "liberate," them. No euphemisms here.) Very few animals chew their legs off when trapped--most are asleep when found.

When asked about activists' claims that the animals are actually in shock, Riley replied: "OK, let's say it's in shock. It's not chewing its leg off."

As for the trappers, most said they came to the convention for the camaraderie. Convention Coordinator Pam Mathers described it as the contemporary equivalent of mountain men's gatherings of bygone days. Rustic events included best-beard, tobacco spitting, trap setting, and liars contests.

Yet, the primary thrust of the event was truly economic. Bill Blacknik, Peoria Convention and Visitors Bureau Director, estimated that the convention, largest ever held in Peoria, would probably bring in between \$2 and \$3 million in revenue.

This bloody revenue was bought by the tormented deaths of millions of innocent lives. Tables spilled over with furs, hides, and skins. Traps, knives, rifles, bows and arrows. Calls, lures, fox urine. Demonstration after demonstration--"The Two-Minute Coyote" (a videocassette on skinning the victim in 120 seconds); the "proper" way to sew up the eye and leg holes in a beaver pelt; making game lures out of everything from mayo to crushed fox glands.

On Saturday afternoon, a peaceful group of about 200 activists bravely circled this gruesome encampment, bearing signs and wearing black armbands. The march was intended to be a silent memorial to the dead who had been trapped and killed by such "sportsmen." The speakers at the rally stressed the pain inflicted in steel-jaw leghold traps. (A personal reflection--leghold seems too benign; how about legerush?) A rusty trap with a victim's leg bone still tightly gripped gave silent refutation to Riley's "sleep" contention.

The protest was mostly peaceful, though some trappers jeered the marchers. Jeff Fore of Petersburg yelled "Plastic shoes!", saying, "I've never lost an argument yet with one of these 'anti-' people, because I can always find something they do that uses animals." "It's a bunch of unsuccessful yuppies that want a cause," noted Brian Randall of Paris, Illinois.

"We're not extremists. We're not radicals. I think we represent the mainstream of current society," said Don Rolla, president of Elsa Wild Animal Appeal. "We're not attempting to fight against the trappers," Lauri Buchna of the Peoria Citizens for Animal Rights affirmed. "We're fighting for the rights of animals." By public education, activists hope to discourage consumer demand for furs, and thus remove the economic lure of this heinous harvest.



Reproduced by courtesy of Punch

Every autumn, I find that my strongest efforts go toward anti-hunting and trapping propaganda. This fall, I have targeted a local store for a personal boycott and pamphleteering.

On Route 9 west of Bloomington, there is a large vendor of farming and trucking merchandise. I received their glossy fall catalogue last week, and while thumbing through the pages, I discovered a 7-page section devoted to hunting and trapping, with all the requisite accoutrements.

Goodness, what a wide range of items one can buy for inflicting suffering and death on innocent creatures! Of course, there are guns of many shapes and sizes. And ammo specifically designed for ducks or doves or mammals large and small.

Then, for those "back-to-the-basics" types, archery offers bows which look like a cross between Hiawatha and Robo-Cop weaponry. And Game Tracker, which I can only assume is a 1000-foot nylon line which you attach to any arrow for easy victim location. (That is, if you don't just cripple it for subsequent hours of tangled torture.)

There is a target available for \$1.99, complete with full-color deer picture and vital organs outlined (no rump shots here). Together with scopes ("accurate adjustments, multi-x reticle and quality optics"), skinning knives, calls, tree stands (strike from above and never meet them on their own ground), and camouflage hunting apparel, this place can make even you a mighty hunter.

The funny thing about all of this is that, while the above-mentioned items are displayed in glowing terms and Kodacolor, trapping supplies are relegated to a small blurb under "Rodent Control," below the Havahart live traps. Seems that this merchant is aware of public sentiment and would rather not provoke delicate sensibilities.

That does not veil the fact that they sell such instruments of torture, and therefore condone it. For that reason, I cannot in all conscience finance this establishment. I hope that you can't either.

--RAF, with heartfelt thanks to Journal Star reporters Toby Eckert, Marta Braugam, and Jerry Klein (and all the anti-trap protest protesters)

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# Peace activists arrested at Missouri Missile Silos

At 7:15 on August 15, 14 people, calling themselves the Missouri Peace Planting '88, entered 10 missile sites in Bates County, Missouri. "With the intention of bringing the presence of 150 local nuclear silos to the surface, those arrested had the support of 75 Kansas City residents," said Janice Dover of Kansas City.

After cutting through locks and scaling fences, some of the peace activists sat silently and prayed, others planted trees, while others left crosses bearing the names of Central Americans who have died in regional conflicts. All the participants left personal artifacts at the sites, including World War II medals, family photographs, and children's poetry. Within minutes of the non-violent actions, armed military personnel from nearby Whiteman Air Force base surrounded the ten sites. With weapons drawn and dressed in camouflage fatigues, the soldiers approached the protestors nervously, in an apparent reaction to the simultaneous triggering of the 10 missile "sensors."

Madison, Wisconsin resident Sam Day, 61, co-director of Madison based Nukewatch, was among the first to be arrested. Together with Katie Willems, 26 of Milwaukee, Day cut through a lock at the missile site and planted flowers. As he was being led away to face criminal trespass charges, Day, dressed as a clown, said, "I'm dressed like this because I'm a fool for Christ and I'm a fool for peace." As to the missile sites, Day said, "They are like razors in a loaf of bread. I can't leave them as a heritage for my own or any one else's grandchildren." Katie Willems reacted calmly as the soldiers pointed their rifles at her. "When

you point your gun, smile," she said to the agitated Air Force men.

Each of the protestors was assisted by a "witness" who remained a legal distance away from the missile silo site. The witnesses, some of whom were from Kansas City, watched as the military personnel handcuffed the protestors before turning them over to the local police.

Milwaukee resident Paul Foley acted as a witness as Ariel Glenn, 27, of Milwaukee scaled the eight foot fence and three strands of barbed wire to "occupy" a missile site. Foley, detained and then released, reported that Glenn reacted calmly as the soldiers took her away. "I went to Hiroshima as a little girl," Glenn said, "and the emotional connection has made me do this."

Two other Madison residents, Gail Beyer, 36, a computer programmer for the state of Wisconsin, and Bonnie Urfer, 37, a co-director of Nukewatch, were arrested together and taken to Bates County Jail. Beyer, the mother of two, brought a banner to the silo which her twelve year old daughter had painted.

Other participants included Father Jerry Zawada, 51, of Milwaukee, a Franciscan priest. He and Chicago resident Duane Bean, 30, a former National Guardsman, entered a missile silo site and drew a cross on the missile site hatch. Before the military arrived, Zawada also performed a Catholic liturgy.

Katey Feit, 26, and Sam Guardino, 29, of Chicago, both associated with the St. Francis Catholic Worker, scaled the missile site fence together. Guardino got caught on the top strand of the barbed wire, tumbling over the fence. Eyewitness accounts reported that Guardino

was unhurt and said, "I'm doing this action because I love this world and the people on it. I don't want to see it get blown up."

Dorothy Eber, 63, of Villa Park, Illinois, the mother of four and grandmother of eleven, entered a silo after cutting the lock of the silo site fence. Eber carried with her a picture of her family and a quotation of peace activist Daniel Berrigan. Eber noted, "I'm doing this action in part because of my friends Joe and Jean Gump. Like a lot of people, when they acted, I knew in my heart that my time would come. I just thank God I lived to do this."

Another arrestee, Betty Lewis, 61, also of Chicago, said she, too, acted as a consequence of having known Jean and Joe Gump.

Before her arrest, Kathy Kelly, 35, of Chicago, placed a group of World War II medals on the missile silo. The medals were given to her by a Kansas City friend who wanted to renounce his support of U.S. nuclear weapons policy.

Two other people arrested, Dan McGuire, 30, and Mike Stanek, 22, of Chicago both said they acted out of concern for the world's homeless and disenfranchised. "These missiles are a waste of our resources, resources which could be used to feed the hungry and house the homeless," Stanek said.

Most of the fourteen group members were taken to Bates County Jail where they were greeted by a group of supporters singing songs and displaying banners opposing the missiles. The fourteen are expecting to face a federal charge of criminal trespass, carrying a maximum sentence of six months' imprisonment and \$500 in fines.

Janice Dover and Mary Kneble

Post Amerikan Vol. 17, No. 3 October-November 1988 Page 6



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Perhaps you've seen her at vespers. Soft-spoken and devoted, pure of thought---she asks for nothing because in her wisdom, she knows that the meek shall inherit the Earth. She's the very vision of untrammelled faith, with an inner sweetness that touches all who know her.

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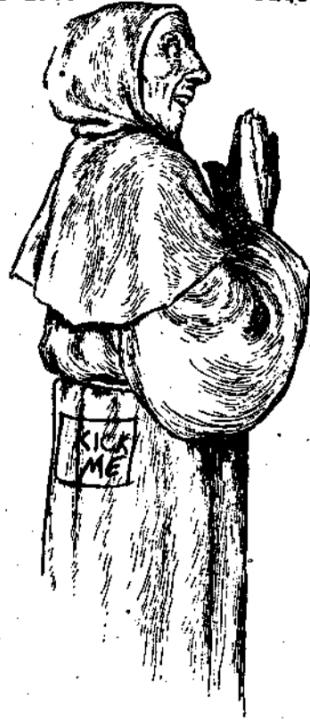
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# Faithless--what, me worry?



I'm an atheist. Around here, this is not something you shout in a crowded theater. People in the "Heartland" have very funny notions about us atheists. Many people think that "atheist" also means "communist"--which I'm not. They also assume that atheists are out to undermine religion and spread the cancer of non-belief. Which I don't, except on the rare, irresistible occasion in the Post Amerikan. Or when they try to shove it down my throat (New! From Nabisco, Cheezy Jesus Christy Crackers --there's move flavor to savor in our savior!).

By and large, I believe in the old John Lennon credo--whatever gets you through the night, it's all right, it's all right. I myself used to have what might be called a blanket faith in God; nothing very specific, just a vague notion that there was some force out there that would someday make all the eggs stand up on the pointy end on the equinox, or some other poetic metaphor for correcting the imbalances in the world. But as I grew up (I can't put it any more simply than that), I realized that it was all wishful thinking. And, as my mom likes to say, wishin' doesn't make it so. I hate it when she's right.

I've come to the conclusion that I am just about the most faithless person I know. This does not mean I haven't any moral parameters in my life. Let me explain what I mean by "faith." Simply put, it means to believe in something without requiring facts or experience as a basis for that belief. And I can't believe in God any more than I can believe in Kermit the Frog. I realize there is just some guy in an expensive suit--or perhaps just expensive running shoes--at the controls. And I'm not saying this view is a good thing, because it does cause problems for me. Once I came to the deadening realization that there is nothing more intelligent running the earth than us humans, I had to accept that our problems can't be solved by faith, or by hope or by wishing or by really, really, really believing --only by acting right. This isn't the Disney Channel.

Bummer.

It seems to me that there is an overabundance of "faith" these days, placed in the most undeserving things. For instance, on November 4, millions of people will put the leadership of the country in the hands of a man whom they do not know. Most of them will choose their candidate on the basis of the man's political party, an alliance which probably runs no deeper (but no less fierce) than one's knee-jerk preference for Pepsi or Coke. Their votes are based on faith--the faith that their chosen man is the "good guy" who will keep them from harm.

Farmers spread tons of chemicals on their fields. Ask them what the long term detrimental effects of these chemicals are on the ecology. Many would say there aren't any. Why? Well, they don't know, but they haven't noticed any. They have faith. The companies which produce the chemicals spend a lot of money researching their products, and the chemicals would not be available if they hadn't already been proven safe. They do not need to examine the results of the studies. They do not need independent researchers to evaluate the products. They have faith.

People keep having babies, and more and more babies. Forget the fact that it only takes one to fill your place in the world. Forget that the earth is on a fixed income, so to speak, which is getting more strained every day. If you love

your children enough, everything will be all right. Have faith. Girls and boys have sex without birth control because "it feels so right that it can't be wrong." They have faith that their love and popular music will protect them. By the way, I was young once, too.

In the midst of one of those arguments that I never win (I think it had something to do with a struggle at the video store over whether to choose "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" or Kurosawa's "Ran"), my brothers once snickered at me, "Gee, it must be pretty boring being an intellectual." Now, first of all, I'm not an intellectual--merely a Homo Sapien, but I was raised by Cro Magnons, so our differences seem all the more marked. But if you take their observation for what it really means--"Gee, it must be pretty rough to have to think your way through life," then yes, it is a real drag.

I know what you're thinking. It's easy for me to sit here and knock the rest of the world for what are basically sins of innocence. That if I have nothing more to offer than criticism, then I should shut up. Who am I to pass judgment, as if I have never suspended my self-righteous world view long enough to allow myself the very human pleasure of acting on impulse?

It's true we appear to need faith just to get things done. If all the voters thoroughly researched the candidates, there would be a massive, national manic depression so deep that the Commies could rush in and seize control in the wink of an eye and we would be reading about the aftermath in the Pravda on November 5. If the farmers considered the devastating longterm effects those chemicals have on the land and raised crops organically, would we be willing to pay Future Shock prices for food? Not I, said the pig.

Look, I'm guilty, too. I do not scour the Union

News before I go to the grocery store to avoid supporting the vegetable growers who are exploiting migrant workers this week. Because --and here's the real crisis of faith--I know that they all are. Do I stop eating lettuce? No. The world is riddled with injustice and sewage and mendacity. So, okay, there's not some big daddy up in the sky who's gonna right all wrongs on the judgement day. I'm not expected to take his place. Or am I?

Ultimately, you have to avoid the trap of thinking that everything is already so fucked up that you might as well indulge yourself--hey--go for it! God knows (figuratively speaking) I'd like to run and skip and subdue the earth and screw whoever I wanted ("His wife doesn't appreciate him--besides, she's too busy with her aerobics to notice...") and eat whatever I wanted ("Umm, don't you just love pate de foie gras? I'm sure they have a more humane way to make it nowadays..."), and wear ivory bracelets ("The saleslady said it was 'legal' ivory...") and act however I wanted ("Mind? No, my roommates won't mind if I invite the bar home for an after-hours party...") and still have faith that everything was going to be all right. In fact, I think about it all the time. But wishin' doesn't make it so.

Bummer.

LVD



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## AIDS benefit comic published

Strip AIDS U.S.A., a trade paperback collection of strips and comic art by over a hundred artists, appeared this Fall in comic book shops across the country. Inspired by the British benefit collection, Strip AIDS, the book's profits will be given to the Shanti Project, a San Francisco-based organization devoted to training and counseling whose efforts have been studied by kindred groups over the world.

Edited by Trina Robbins, Bill Sienkiewicz, and Robert Triptow, the American collection represents an unprecedented gathering of artists from both the mainstream and underground comics world--as well as the gay press. Old pro strip artists like Will Eisner and Jules Feiffer are placed beside newer lights like Frank Miller and William Messner Loebs. Women and gay artists, traditionally ghettoized in their own theme-related titles, appear in equal number with their straight male compatriots.

Each contributor's piece typically ranges from one to two pages (one notable exception being underground artist Hal Robins' medievally grim "Dance of Death," an emblematic catalogue of victims) and differs in tone from the caustic to the compassionate. Not surprisingly, both the Reagan administration and those AIDS bigots who have made themselves known in the past few years get targeted by more than one artist. Several cartoonists--notably Trina Robbins and Sergio Aragones--take on those phobic parents who've picketed schools that have AIDS-struck students.



Part of Don Simpson's contribution to Strip AIDS USA.

But from my perspective, the most effective pieces are those autobiographical slices of remembrance that both gay and straight artists have produced. Among the best: editor Triptow's study of a relationship that grows in the midst of the AIDS crisis, Sharon Rudahl's recreation of parental anxiety, Ned Somtag's look at changing urban life, Bert Hernandez's two-page dialogue between friend and AIDS victim. But there are more, equally fine, pieces.

Strip AIDS U.S.A. can be ordered at your local comic book shop or from Last Gasp, 2180 Bryant Street, San Francisco, CA, 94110. Individual copies cost \$9.95 (if ordering by mail, be sure to include a couple of dollars for postage).

--BS88

## Hate crimes act moves to the Senate

The Hate Crimes Statistics Act, which passed the U.S. House of Representatives on May 18, has been approved by the U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee and is now before the full Senate. A vote is expected sometime between September 6 to October 7, the final four week period before the Senate adjourns.

S 702, the Senate version of the Hate Crimes Statistics Act, is sponsored by Senator Paul Simon (D-Illinois). If enacted and signed by the President, it will direct the U.S. Justice Department to collect statistics on crimes motivated by a hatred based on race, religion, sexual orientation and ethnicity. The House version, HR 3193, passed by a vote of 384-30, but not before three U.S. Representatives from Illinois, Philip Crane, Dennis Hastert and Jack Davis (all Republicans) voted in favor of an amendment to exclude the sexual orientation category. Crane and Hastert have answered IGLTF letters of complaint, Davis has not.

From:  
Illinois Gay and Lesbian Task Force Bulletin  
Volume 2, numbers 6-8  
Summer 1988

## Fall 1988 Gay People's Alliance Schedule of Events

### GPA Weekly Events:

Sundays	Women Only Group, 8 - 10 pm
Mondays	Lambda Laundry Night, 6:30 - 9 pm
Tuesdays	Support Group, 6 - 8 pm
Wednesdays	Gay People's Alliance Meetings, 8 pm
Thursdays	Happy Hour, 8 pm

### GPA Weekly Meetings:

(Meetings are held every Wednesday evening at 8 pm in 112 Fairchild Hall, ISU. Everyone is welcome.)

September 28	Discussion of Violence Towards Gays and Lesbians, guest speakers from Horizons in Chicago
October 5	Discussion of New Developments in the Research and Treatment of AIDS
October 12	Religion and Homosexuality, guest speakers from the Metropolitan Community Church in Peoria
October 19	Gay/Straight Rap
October 26	Chinese Dinner, 6 pm, Movie, 8 pm. Location of dinner and specific film to be announced
November 2	Discussion of Politicians' Views on Gay and Lesbian Rights
November 9	Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays, guest speakers from PFLAG in Chicago
November 16	Biannual Coffeehouse and Poetry Reading
November 23	NO MEETING (Thanksgiving Break)
November 30	Movie, to be announced
December 7	Christmas Party and Gift Exchange

### GPA Special Events:

Monday, October 3 - Saturday, October 8	AIDS Awareness Week
Thursday, October 20	Gay/Straight Rap II, 6 - 8 pm, location to be announced
Friday, October 21 - Sunday, October 23	Metropolitan Community Church District Conference in Peoria
Friday, October 28	Halloween Costume Party, 8 pm, location to be announced
Saturday, November 5	Road Trip to Lily Tomlin at Shubert Theatre in Chicago, 2 pm, tickets \$17.50 for Balcony (A - H) seats

For further information on any of the events, please attend a Wednesday night GPA meeting. This schedule is tentative and is subject to change. Call the Phoneline for the latest information.

Gay and Lesbian Resource Phoneline number is (309) 438-2GAY.

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## A celebration with Deidre McCalla



It was a night to celebrate women's music with Deidre McCalla, who made a stop at Champaign/Urbana on her current tour. It was also a night of celebration for Wild Patience Productions--strong community support and about 250 paying fans have guaranteed that their first concert won't be the last.

My lover and I had the pleasure of traveling to Champaign/Urbana on a warm Saturday evening for the event. Being good atheists, we were somewhat taken aback by learning that the concert was to be held in the church of the McKinley Foundation. We breathed easier as an information sheet in the wooden Presbyterian pew informed us that "McKinley seeks to avoid describing God in militaristic or in solely masculine terms."

The gathering of women at the concert was incredible. It seemed as though all barriers had been crossed--a beautiful diversity of women had come together for the event. It was fun for me to become an honorary lesbian for the evening.

The lights were finally dimmed, and Deidre McCalla began to work her magic. There was no doubt that this was a celebration, as Deidre and the audience sang--

"All day always  
We celebrate  
Each day always  
All day all night."

This is the chorus from "All Day Always," which was just one of many songs we enjoyed from Deidre's latest album. "With a Little Luck" is her second release on Olivia Records, and it certainly gives cause for celebration. It has won a San Francisco Cable Car Award and was nominated for two New York Music Awards.

I was immediately struck by Deidre's rich and powerful voice. I wholeheartedly agree with the Boston Globe's assessment that Deidre is "a major singer-songwriter... a cool, sweet, silky singer with a gift for exquisite ballads."

I was also impressed by Barbara Chusid on keyboards. Barb is a musician from Madison who is joining Deidre on three of her concert stops. It must be difficult to perform in this situation--you must play well and yet not distract from the main act. Barb successfully achieved this balance, with keyboards that served to enhance Deidre's vocals and acoustic guitar.

As superb as the music was, it was Deidre's personality that charmed the crowd and made the evening sparkle. This woman has an energetic smile that just won't quit and one-liners which guarantee her audience will enjoy themselves.

To introduce "The Cat Song," Deidre told us about the urinary var she had to wage to develop an independent relationship with a lover's cat. My allergic lover got a disgustingly smug look on his face when Deidre started the song with the line "I almost killed your cat today."

One of the most powerful songs was "Oh the Earth" from Deidre's first album. To introduce the song, Deidre described the toothpick forests created by Alaskan earthquakes which stand as grim reminders of Mother Earth's power and occasional fury. Then with a booming pounding guitar, she sang,

"Oh the earth she angry  
I feel her tremble  
And blood is boiling  
Deep inside her eyes  
The earth she angry  
She's gonna stop us  
And save herself before she dies."

The best line of the evening was used to introduce "Would You Like to Dance," a fun, lively tune about building up the nerve to ask that attractive young woman to join you on the dance floor. Deidre shared her fear of proms at her Catholic all-woman high school. Unfortunately the school didn't have the good sense to have all-woman proms and would import boys for the event. Sister Edwardine would patrol the floor and tap on a boy's shoulder when he started dancing too close, saying, "Leave room for the Holy Ghost."

Deidre also had plenty of fun with the title track from her album. "With a Little Luck" is a high-energy, rock-and-roll duet with her producer Teresa Trull. What does a performer on tour do when she doesn't have either her band or her duet partner? She uses the magic of tape. The crowd roared as Deidre brought out a garish red-and-gold, rubber-necked foam guitar to fake the taped instrumental licks.

Disappointments were few and minor. The uncomfortable pews, the muggy warmth, and occasional radio pick-up on some equipment could not spoil the celebration. Deidre played two sets of about eight tunes each, and received a standing ovation from the crowd that demanded and received more.

Deidre McCalla is a performer of the highest calibre. Deidre always adds a bit of magic to her music, whether she's singing a slow love ballad, a tongue-in-cheek folk tune, or a strong political number.

We all wish Wild Patience Productions and Deidre McCalla continued success. To learn of Wild Patience's future plans, write to them at 705 E. California Avenue, Urbana, IL 61801 or call (217) 328-4190. To obtain "With a Little Luck" or Deidre's first album "Don't Doubt It," write to Olivia Records, 4400 Market Street, Oakland, CA 94608.

--The Balrog

### To Live and Die for Unicor--Chapter 2

# "Yeah, though I walk..."

[This is the second installment of the lively memoirs of a guest of the State.]

"The United States of America vs [your name]" is the first indication you will have that the hem of your garment has been caught by the juggernaut and you are about to be squashed like a grape. Even the most mundane of written communications starts out this way, reminding you that while you and Uncle Sam may have been palsy-walsy on the street, now you're like the proverbial bastard at the old family reunion.

Well, so what if there are 350,000 federal assholes in league against you: hold up that head! throw back those shoulders! stick out that chest!--then lean over and kiss your ass goodbye 'cause you're going up, sucker!

Actually, you can discount 349,995 of those walking-talking rectums. You will really only be at the mercy of five:

1 & 2. Every time you leave your jail cell, even if it's just to go outside and pick your nose, two marshals will materialize to escort you. Your hands will be cuffed to a chain around your waist, and if you are deemed "dangerous" (i.e., under 90, sighted, and non-paraplegic), you will be

shackled. Try to run and they will fire a warning shot--right through your occipital lobe. I've met jollier corpses.

3. Just like Miami Vice, if you can't afford an attorney, one will be appointed for you. Some sewer will be scoured; you will have legal representation. After all, this is America and we have to at least seem to observe all the amenities.

However, since this piece of shit only gets \$20 an hour for you vs. the \$200 an hour he can extort from John Q. Averageamerican, you're not going to get the Perry Mason treatment. Besides which, he and the

4. prosecuting attorney have already conferred about your case. The U.S. prosecutor doesn't want to waste a lot of time and breath on a redneck turkey like you, and the public defender just wants to get back to election campaigning and banging his secretary, so--a wink and a handshake are exchanged (there being honor among sleazè), and your fate is sealed.

5. Lastly, of course, there is the judge. Most of them are older than soft dirt. In fact, I think that while God slept one off on the seventh day, Judge Clarke started mapping out the finer points of the federal judicial system: "Thou shalt build a penitentiary 49 cubits high . . . ."

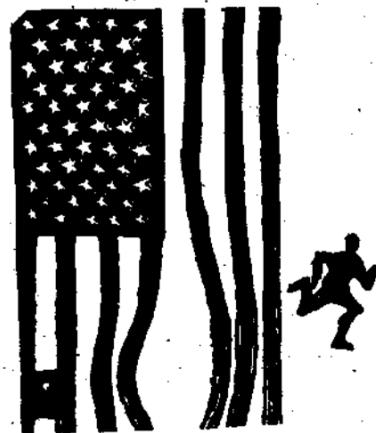
I have omitted the jury since I didn't have one; but for those few twits who still cherish that crap about being judged by one's peers--get real, fool! Have you ever seen what sits on a jury? Drooling old ladies with their knitting, goggle-eyed bookkeepers, and vapid housewives. Collectively, they haven't the IQ of a maggot.

And who's selecting these 12 peers?

The self-same prosecutor and public defender aforementioned. Color yourself gone, Jack!

"Hi ho, hi ho, it's to the joint we go . . . ."

--Marta Helm



# Community News

## Childbirth and Parenting Information Exchange

C.A.P.I.E. Childbirth and Parenting Information Exchange. A local group that supports alternatives in birth, child care, and women's health, including home birth, midwifery, good nutrition, breastfeeding, doula's, being your own advocate in your doctor's office. Meetings are the third Monday of each month at 7:00 p.m. Free of charge. Children are welcome. For more information call Patti Fitzgerald, 828-1735. Please join us:

- Sept. 19--Beyond Superparenting, 105 E. Division, Blm.
- Oct. 17--Home Birth, Blm. Public Library Community Room
- Nov. 21--Premature Birth and Babies, 105 E. Division, Blm.
- Dec. (Date and place to be announced)  
"Birth across the generations: Weaving Memories, Learning From Each Other. Passing on Our Heritage." Special guests will be members, daughters and mothers.

## Humane Society meeting slated

Plan to attend the October 6 Humane Society general membership meeting at the Bloomington Public Library. A special program will be presented by Marge Bjorkland, a naturalist at the Wildlife Prairie Park in Kickapoo, Illinois. The presentation is entitled "Stewardship of Plants and Animals" and will feature a visit from "Molly" the friendly opossum and "April" the tame coyote.

Refreshments will be served from 6:45 to 7:00 pm. The meeting itself will begin at 7:00. Donations will be accepted to cover the cost of the program.

## Cool money available

Mid Central Community Action, Inc., has received additional funding from the Illinois Department of Commerce and Community Affairs for Emergency Services to low income households. The funds will be used as follows:

To make either an initial or second Emergency Service reconnection payment to electric utilities on behalf of low-income households with medical conditions requiring cooling.

To make Emergency Services payments to electric utilities to prevent disconnection of low-income households with medical conditions requiring cooling, provided the household is scheduled for disconnection within the next 24 hours.

For a household to be eligible for an initial or supplemental cooling-related emergency assistance payment, it must be income eligible, have the electricity disconnected or have a notice of disconnection within 24 hours, and have at least one member with a medical problem certified by a doctor. Forms are available at both Community Action offices.

For more information, contact Community Action in McLean County at 923 E. Grove, Bloomington, phone 309/829-0691, or in Livingston County at 731 E. Madison St., Pontiac, phone 815/844-3201.

## Letters

### Who loves us, baby?

Dear Post People: (i miss you, i love you, i miss you, i love you...)

Help! I am wearing my Birkenstocks all alone in Rockford. My father screams at me to shave my legs and put on a face. I spout my political ideas and get laughed at. Help, I need you. Save me from this horror of fascism.

How I miss you. How I miss B/N. Granted the nazis march every spring, but what the hell. There are precious few hippies to be found up here. Or should I say that there is not Post-like paper to unite us.

The health food stores are glorified vitamin counters for people who still eat the evil red meat and literally suck on high saturated fats. I need soy flour, oy! (o, Common Ground I miss you.) What folly...

I saw a Mantra Mash poster at Rockford College and nearly cried. So I looked through my stuff and found my old copies. Voila, I send you a subscription order and also money for a t-shirt. I wish I had done it sooner. If I had bucks to spare I would make a donation. It is miserable without the Post, believe me.

I have the new edition. I send you my best wishes for a productive fall/winter season. I hope you get the support you deserve. I was an avid reader my four years in college but I never volunteered.

I hope your readers come to realize how important you are. But they must also realize that they are responsible, too, for your survival and ultimate success. Take it from me, the world outside of B/N may have other such resources but they are hard to find. Please help the Post and think about volunteering or simply donating input, ideas, faith, and ever constant support.

I miss you very much and I apologize for not giving more while I was there. Forgive me; I've learned a great lesson. Please send me a copy soon.

Shalom,  
bre

Post replies:

You don't need to live here to write for the Post! We have writers from exotic locales like Iowa, Oregon, and Oklahoma, so send those stories in.

## New York mayor says "yes" to fat oppression

Here's a follow-up to last issue's article on fat bashing: Karen Johnson, the mayor of Schenectady, New York, recently made news by announcing that she intended to deny promotions to "overweight men and women" on Schenectady's public work force. When the National Association to Aid Fat Americans wrote the mayor's office a letter of protest, Ms. Johnson responded by publicly refusing to change her new anti-fat policy.

Now, let's imagine this story if it concerned a different group. Suppose Ms. Johnson had announced that she would not approve any promotions to any gay men and women on the public work force. (After all--as pinhead wisdom has it--both gay and fat Americans have it in them to change the way they are.) Or suppose Ms. J Johnson took a health-oriented tack and decided to shaft any and all smoking public workers. Wouldn't we be talking Lawsuit City? Bigtime media attention?

That Ms. Johnson hasn't been ridiculed by any bigwig media commentators since her announcement shows where the fat rights movement presently stands. Defending fat folks' right to equal treatment under the law sounds kind of funny, trivial even. At least to those of us who don't have to deal with a culture that says it's okay to be a size bigot.

The fact is that size discrimination is as pernicious as any other cultural bias. A recent survey carried out in Denmark nails this point home. Using extensive census records, the government discovered that over 1/3 of fat Danes have unskilled or semi-skilled jobs, while only 15% of "normal-weight" citizens fit into this employment pit. Only one large-sized citizen in ten holds a professional-level job, while nearly one in four of average weight does.

The correlation between large bodies and low-paying jobs had nothing to do with education or intelligence--when fat and thin subjects of equal education and IQ were compared, the thinner person was still likely to have the better job.

Discrimination against the obese exists in all levels of society--from Copenhagen to Schenectady. The stereotypical vision of the fat person (sloppy, careless, lazy) is as baseless as all the other misconceptions used to maintain an unequal status quo.

But that doesn't mean it ain't pervasive.

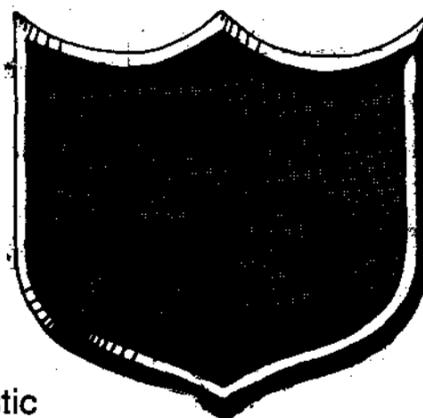
--W. Barbers

Sources: Dimensions, July, 1988; Radiance, Fall, 1988.

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# Thumbing through Quayle's back pages

The big question about Dan Quayle should not be his military service twenty years ago. The issue should be do the voters want a member of the powerful Pulliam publishing clan a heartbeat from the presidency?

Conservatives would be worried if a VP nominee was a member of the liberal Washington Post Graham family. And as a resident of Oklahoma, I can tell you many voters here would be appalled if a VP candidate was a member of the Gaylord family that runs the Daily Oklahoman (some of the reasons were detailed in an article August 28 on the front page of the Dallas Morning News).

But the Pulliam family has done some horrible things. The media needs to ask Dan Quayle if he agrees with his kinfolks' grotesque actions.

His grandparents, the late Eugene and Nina Pulliam, headed up the biggest newspaper in Arizona, the Arizona Republic, and the Phoenix Gazette. Quayle's father helped Pulliam run the papers for a time before moving to Indiana.

If Geraldine Ferraro's family was worth heavy study in the 1984 campaign, Quayle's family deserves more.

Fact: The Pulliam coverage of the 1964 Goldwater-Johnson presidential election was so biased that a statewide joke was "What did Goldwater do today? Nothing? Then put it on page one, but hold it to two columns."

Fact: On June 2, 1976, a Republic investigative reporter, Don Bolles, was severely injured when a radio-controlled bomb went off under his car as he was following up a news lead on crooked land deals in Arizona. He died eleven days later after amputations of both legs and one arm. At that time, the Republic vowed in print that "Don Bolles shall not have died in vain."

Fact: -A team of more than 30 reporters from around the country, under the banner of IRE --Investigative Reporters and Editors--came to Arizona to do a massive investigation of organized crime in the state--the type of investigation Bolles had been working on.

Instead of rushing to welcome IRE, the Republic refused to let IRE reporters have access to some clippings in the Republic library. This was reported by IRE team member Michael F. Wendland of the Detroit News in his 1977 book, The Arizona Project.

Fact: IRE, in March, 1977, put out a series of 22 investigative stories about Arizona that were

published around the country. The series reported possible organized crime contacts of several prominent Arizonans, including major advertisers and the Goldwater family. The Republic refused to run a single one of the stories! The stories triggered several investigations. Enraged Republic subscribers --having been cut off from the series--carried picket signs around the Republic building asking, "Did Don Bolles Die For Your Sins?"

Fact: The Republicans benefitted from the Arizona Republic's cowardice. Barry Goldwater won his 1980 Senate race by one per cent of the vote. Many question if he would have won if more Arizonans had been able to read the series. Emboldened by the Republic's cowardice, Goldwater threatened a lawsuit and no publisher ever agreed to put the series in book form even though no Goldwater suit was filed, and three liberal attorneys had examined the stories before they ran originally.

Fact: Ronald Reagan, who ran successfully for President in 1980, got his political start in a major 1964 TV address for Goldwater. If the series had been printed in book form, or if the Republic had offered to print it, reporters might have tried to find if Reagan had any ties to any of the Goldwater cronies cited in the series.

Fact: George Bush was Reagan's running mate.

Since the Republicans had some benefit of the Pulliam actions, was the selection of Dan Quayle a subconscious vote of thanks by Bush to the Pulliams?

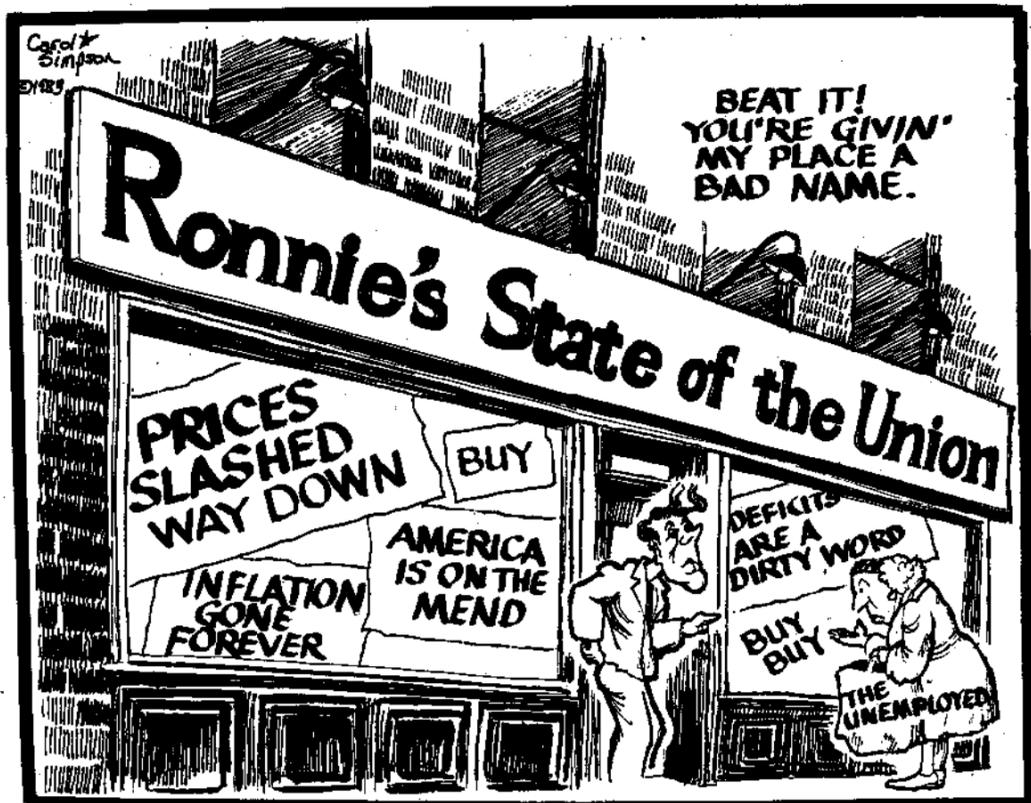
Fact: Despite the coverup in Arizona, Quayle, Goldwater and Bush have said repeatedly Democrats are soft on crime. The Pulliams were Republicans who helped launch Barry Goldwater's career.

Fact: Pat Robertson, who may have remembered the Republic cowardice and Goldwater empty suit threat, used a threatened lawsuit (later dropped) to cow critics of his Korean War performance.

Dan Quayle needs to be quizzed about his family and most important, on whether he supports coddling forces that would kill a reporter. After all, he has scheduled press conferences so people could harass and threaten newsmen as they asked questions of Quayle.

To wrap up, perhaps the Pulliam's actions in Arizona can be summed up by part of the Bible's Jeremiah, Chapter 9, verse 3, "They are not valiant for the truth."

Steve LaPrade



## Help for displaced homemakers

The Displaced Homemaker program, Suddenly Single, offers workshops, counseling, and support for separated, divorced and widowed women who must re-enter the job market.

Workshops teach women to assess their needs, plan for the future and solve day to day problems by setting realistic goals and achieving these goals. If women fail in achieving these goals, the program is a phone call away to help women try again or use a different approach.

Assertive behavior is achieved through role playing that teaches communication skills necessary to obtain information, with pride, about welfare, social security, financial assistance, housing, and day care.

Extensive written exercises are necessary to help women realize the skills they possess for the job market and assist them in preparing a job

resume. The qualified staff teaches women how to construct a job resume suited to their needs. They may type the resume with the typewriters provided for client's use, or one will be typed for them and xeroxed.

The program provides role playing to prepare women for job interviews and calls for information about education, vocational training or prospective employers.

Legal rights are explained concerning information about the mechanics of divorce, tax aspects of divorce, child support, wills, and women's credit issues. Widows and women seeking divorces are taught the process of hiring an attorney. The information an attorney will need is outlined in detail. Legal rights concerning building and keeping a good credit history are also explained in detail in this session.

Strategies for managing stress help women adjust to the different, minority role in society that changes their lifestyles.

After all the sessions are completed, the program still provides a place where women can bring all problems, fears and anxieties to people who really care.

--Evil Linn

Contact:  
Illinois Network for Displaced Homemakers  
Sangamon State University  
Springfield, IL 62794-9243  
Call:  
1-800-252-4822

# "Hey, buddy, wanna buy a bridge?"

When presidential candidate George Bush recently claimed to be an environmentalist, we at the Post Amerikan were skeptical. So we put a crack team of investigative reporters on the story and guess what we found? Ole George was telling it like it is: he really is a friend of nature and a true lover of wildlife, especially amber waves of grain and the purple mountains' majesty.

During the course of our exhaustive investigation, we also made a number of other startling discoveries. We found out that:

- The National Rifle Association has never lobbied against gun control legislation.
- The Ku Klux Klan contributed \$575,000 to Jesse Jackson's presidential campaign.
- Jimmy Swaggart has sold all of his worldly possessions and given the money to the poor.
- Nancy Reagan has an I.Q. of 196.
- Jesse Helms once dated a black drag queen.
- Pee Wee Herman plays defensive guard for the Detroit Lions.

- Tammy Bakker's eyelashes are completely natural.
- Hulk Hogan has a degree in linguistics from Cambridge University.
- Cher did not win the Academy Award for Best Actress.
- No American athletes take drugs of any kind, and only sixteen drink beer.
- Oliver North and Jerry Falwell are lovers.
- Poor people really like being poor.
- Donna Reed is a junkie.

- The Defense Department plans to cut its budget by \$30 billion and give the money to AIDS research.
- Masturbation does cause hair to grow on the palms of your hands.
- The capital of Missouri is Honolulu.
- The Andes Mountains do not exist.

Despite the significance of these astounding discoveries, our investigators were unable to find out what Dan Quayle meant when he said "Bobby Knight told me, 'There is nothing that a good defence cannot beat a better offense.'"

Oh, well, you can't win 'em all.

--Ferdydurke



## Where are the Democrats?

At the present time, there is an opportunity for the Democrats to gain a foothold in this community of Republican monopoly. Where does this opportunity exist? In Normal Township, where over a year ago, the Normal Township Supervisor, Robert Forbes, was first suspected of misuse of funds, using public money for personal gain. The situation resulted in an employee losing her job and the Normal Township Trustees and Mr. Forbes being named in a lawsuit. The Pantagraph has reported on this situation several times, yet to this date, very little has been done regarding these serious allegations. (Remember, we do have a Republican State's Attorney, and there is an election coming up.)

The time is right for these elected officials to be replaced. They cannot be replaced if we are not given an alternative. Where are the Democratic candidates? And where is the Democratic leadership?

## Dumping toxic wastes on the Third World

Exporting hazardous and toxic wastes to Third World countries is a growth industry. The exported material includes chemical-contaminated wastes, pharmaceutical refuse, and municipal incinerator ash, all of which can cause contamination of groundwater and crops, birth defects, and cancer.

Traditionally most toxic waste imports have gone to Canada, where regulations are less stringent than in the U.S. But now the most abrupt increase is in shipments to the Third World, where regulations are either non-existent or barely enforced.

The need for new overseas dumping grounds has been caused by an explosion in the volume of recorded hazardous wastes being produced in the U.S. According to the General Accounting Office, the amount rose from about nine million metric tons in 1970 to at least 247 million tons in 1984; other experts place the

figure at close to 400 million metric tons.

U.S. officials, aware of the sensitive legal and foreign policy questions involved, are reluctant to crack down on illegal dumpers. The government itself is responsible for generating a significant portion of the hazardous waste exports. One large illegal operation that was halted last year had received more than half its toxic wastes from various branches of the federal government, mainly the military.

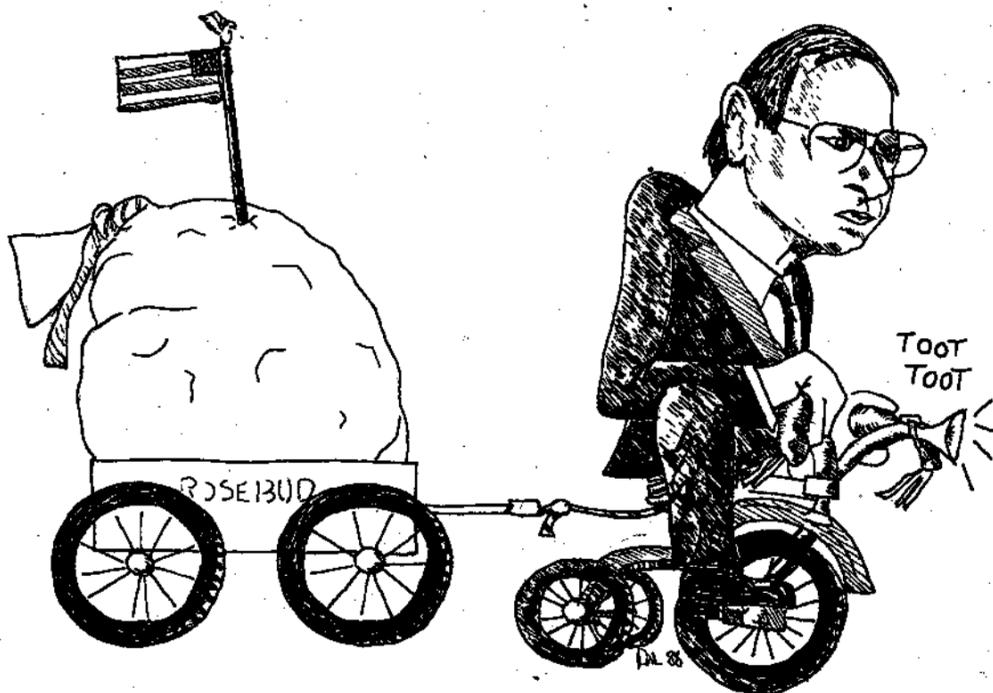
Through court records, interviews, and government documents, reporters found the following examples:

- Philadelphia is planning to ship 600,000 tons of ash residue a year from its municipal incinerator to Panama.
- L.P.T., a company with offices in American Samoa and California, is seeking approval to build an incinerator in American Samoa to burn U.S. wastes and export the ash to the Philippines.
- Western Pacific Waste Repositories, based in Carson City, Nevada, is proposing to build a hazardous waste storage and treatment plant on Erikub atoll, an uninhabited area of the Marshall Islands.

U.S. government officials responsible for monitoring toxic waste traffic claim they are powerless. "Under the federal system, we only have control over what's in the country," says Wendy Grieder, an official in the EPA's Office of International Activities. "Once it leaves, we can't do anything about it."

But exported wastes may return to haunt us. "It's possible that we could send sludge to the Caribbean and they might use it on spinach or other vegetables," warned Grieder. And since the Food and Drug Administration checks only a small portion of food entering the U.S., exported hazardous wastes could easily end up on our dinner table.

Sources: The Nation, October 3, 1987, "The Export of U.S. Toxic Wastes," by Andrew Porterfield and David Weir.



What ya got in the bag, George?



# Dear Ms. Hippie:

Dear Ms. Hippie,

Having been incarcerated for 21 months, my opportunities for, er, sexual release have been few indeed. Thus, I have fallen into the heinous habit of, uh, self-abuse.

Dear Ms. Hippie:

I have a little argument going with my ex-boyfriend Luke (not his real name) concerning break-up etiquette and I want to know your opinion. A month ago, we decided to call it quits. See, he had "gotten close" with my friend from my feminist women's group, (I'll call her Laura)--in the afternoons they would watch the soaps at her place--I wasn't invited because I didn't "know the characters." That wasn't the reason we broke up, but it will give you some perspective on what's coming up.

So he openly started sleeping with Laura and that was okay with me--c'est la vie, dig? Then I waited for a decent amount of time (I swear, it was at least two weeks) before I got together with his friend whom I had always secretly admired. But when Luke found out, he freaked--I mean he blew a gasket. And Laura won't talk to me because she says I've "damaged" Luke. I really had no idea they were going to act like this--I was just letting my hormones do the walking.

Ms. Hippie, is there any way to resolve this? I thought sisterhood was supposed to be powerful. And I thought when Luke said that we should "experience other people," he meant it. But now he says he hopes it was a good f'ck, because I wrecked his life.

Signed,  
Feeling Guilty

P.S. It was.

Dear Guilty,

Luke was "damaged" from jump, and if you never noticed, you've been to too many garage sales.

Now Laura's stuck with this '73 Vega on legs, and may she have the joy of him, blown gaskets and all. If she leaves the keys in, we know he can be stolen.

As for you, now you know the high price of free love. Luckily, it's like someone snatched a bad sack lunch out of your high school locker. You'll just have to go to the cafeteria, and maybe this new boyfriend is a perfect entree. Bratwurst, anyone?

I have some questions about this situation, but cannot go to the medical staff here as being intimate with oneself is mis-use of government property. Can you help?

1. Why, why does my face still look like a roadmap of the Himalayas when performing this activity is said to be better than galactic strength Clearasil?

2. Why do I still gaze hungrily at anything vaguely approximating "the right shape"--bananas, bedposts, chicken bones?

3. Having found myself to be such a satisfying companion, will I still be able to perform well with a partner--man, woman or dog?

Signed,  
Felicia Felon

Dear Felon,

1. Post Amerikan workers in an objective poll agreed that they learned that self-abuse created pimples rather than cured them. Is this one of the cultural differences that ultimately put you behind bars and them temporarily outside? At any rate, their complexions are not beyond reproach, make what you will of it.

2. The reason that bananas, bedposts and bones still appeal to you is a simple matter of poetic sensitivity. All begin with b, making alliteration rather compelling. Next time, fantasize about Brazil.

3. It depends on what you are intending to perform. For trapeze or juggling acts, we think men will work out fine. For productions of the major works of Ibsen, we recommend women. For begging, sitting, and heeling gigs, dogs are the creatures of choice, although many misguided women select men, with disappointing results.

(Typist's note: I've noticed however, that men are a little too good at rolling over and playing dead.)

Readers: Do problems of life in the post-70's have you in a quandary? Send your questions to "Dear Ms. Hippie," care of the *Post Amerikan*, P.O. Box 3052, Bloomington, IL 61702.



## CENSORED

### Secret documents reveal danger of nuclear accidents

Last March 11, NBC broadcast a documentary called "Nuclear Power: In France It Works," which could have passed for a lengthy nuclear power commercial. Missing from anchorman Tom Brokaw's introduction was the fact that NBC's owner, General Electric, is America's second largest nuclear power company and third largest producer of nuclear weapons systems.

One month after the documentary, accidents occurred at two French nuclear installations, injuring seven workers. The Christian Science Monitor wrote of a "potentially explosive debate" in France, with new polls showing a third of the French public opposing nuclear power. That story was not reported on NBC news. The NBC policy that produced the pro-nuclear power documentary while censoring the news about two nuclear accidents is typical of the international silence about reactor incidents, which bolsters the industry's undeserved reputation for safety.

Nuclear safety did come under fire last year, however, when the mainstream West German weekly Der Spiegel published 48 of the more than 250 secret nuclear reactor accident reports compiled by the International Atomic Energy Agency. These previously secret documents were published in English for the first time in Earth Island Journal.

Some of the underreported incidents: February 1983--Bulgaria's Kozluduj nuclear power plant lost pressure in the primary cooling system; June 1983--three of four pumps failed in Argentina's Embalse nuclear plant; August 1984--the primary cooling system in West Germany's Bruno Leuschner plant in Greifswald burst; January 1985--at Pakistan's Kanupp reactor, radioactive heavy water leaked while being transferred through a rubber hose; April 1985--radioactive water and sludge swamped two rooms of an auxiliary building at Belgium's Tihange reactor.

In several of these previously unreported nuclear slipups, "a meltdown was a real possibility," noted Der Spiegel.

A survey of official records since the Three Mile Island reactor meltdown in 1979 shows there have been more than 23,000 mishaps at U.S. reactors--and the number is increasing. In 1986, there were more than 3,000 reported incidents--up 24 percent since 1984. Der Spiegel's chilling conclusion: "Humanity has been sitting on a powderkeg as a result of reliance on the 'peaceful' use of the atom."

Sources: Earth Island Journal, Summer 1987, "Secret Documents Reveal Nuclear Accidents Worldwide," by Gar Smith with Hans Hollitscher; Extra!, June 1987, "Nuclear Broadcasting Company."

## Rape Crisis Center of McLean County

WE'RE A NON-PROFIT VOLUNTEER GROUP WHOSE MAIN PURPOSE IS TO OFFER ASSISTANCE AND SUPPORT TO VICTIMS OF SEXUAL ASSAULT AND THEIR FRIENDS AND FAMILIES.

FEMALE VOLUNTEERS ANSWER OUR CALLS, BUT BOTH MALE AND FEMALE VOLUNTEERS ARE AVAILABLE FOR CRISIS ASSISTANCE, INFORMATION AND SPEAKING ENGAGEMENTS.

If you want to talk to one of us

Call PATH 827-4005

and ask for the

## Rape Crisis Center

Attack of the killer NIMBY S

# Group home brouhaha revives kaleidocontroversy

Summertime--and along with teevee reruns, baseball, and escalating electric bills comes another Central Illinois tradition: the Kaleidoscope public hearing.

For the third year in a row (or is it the fourth--these things start to blur together?) summer's media eye was focused on the not-for-profit child-care agency. The occasion: a public hearing held by the county zoning folks concerning a request made for a special use permit to open a group home in the Carlock area. The agency wanted to replace a house that had been lost in Normal last Spring due to an electrical fire. Moving the new home out into the country (where the nearest neighbor was a quarter mile away) seemed a safe bet to the K-Scopers. But they were wrong.

They didn't take into account the close-knit nature of rural small-towners or the extent to which Kaleidoscope's group home program has become such a larger-than-life boogeyman. Part of the reason behind this phobic reaction can be linked to the agency's history: its earlier policies of accepting kids with heavy delinquent backgrounds proved too much for the Bloomington-Normal community to take. But an equally strong component lies in folks' suspicions about state government (repped here by Children and Family Services, who contract with K-Scope) and agencies in general.

Though Kaleidoscope no longer accepts kids with the kinds of histories that make law enforcement officials blanch, too many folks simply don't believe the agency's administrators when they talk about their new admission requirements. The suspicion is that as soon as the heat turns off, the agency (perhaps under state pressure) will go back to accepting those kids that got all the negative press the first time.

Since the community-based approach to treatment of the needy has grown, there's been an equally strong reaction against it. Simply put, many people don't want residential facilities next door to them; they would rather keep disenfranchised citizens (delinquent or mentally ill youth, retarded citizens, AIDS victims) out of sight in institutions than have to deal with the sight of them in their neighborhood. Sociologists have a fancy term for this trend: they call it NIMBY (for Not In My Back Yard), which is just some academic's way of calling folks hypocrites without having to use the word in their faces. Bloomington's MARC, when it tried to open its last two group homes for retarded children, ran into the same NIMBY assaults.

The chief NIMBY in the Kaleidoscope fight to date has been Ken "I'm A Real Candidate" Kashian. Ken has a knack for getting himself in the midst of agency issues, and according to several sources was the prime mover behind the move against the Carlock home. Ken and at least one politicohort reportedly combed the region in June spreading Kaleidoscope horror stories, drumming up support for an effort to thwart the agency's plans.

(Kashian has since denied any involvement in this early stage of the campaign, saying instead that he was brought in as an advisor by concerned Carlockians due to his "expertise" on matters Kaleidoscope.) Kashian is a former neighbor of an agency group home, who has puffed into a political career on the basis of the publicity he garnered criticizing the agency two years back.



What makes his involvement in the anti-group home move so interesting is the fact that Ken currently sits on the agency's community advisory board. Responding to a cry for more community input into the agency's policies, K-Scope set up a board comprised of neighbors, other social service pros, friends and foes, and included a spot for vociferous critic Kashian.

Ken's response has been to repeatedly bite the agency's hand--regularly mislabeling it a "for-profit" agency and misquoting figures, belaboring past incidents, whining about the board itself. In a board meeting after the Normal fire, for example, agency administrators discussed their plans with the board to resettle the home somewhere in the country. Later, Kashian would accuse K-Scopers of trying to hide the move from him. On the basis of his behavior since, it's a wonder the agency is willing to give him the time of day.

But Ken isn't the only politico will willing to grab the media eye with Kaleidoscope's name. County Sheriff Steve "I Can Handle My Own Kids" Briennen used the agency's rep to suit his own purposes. Having unsuccessfully fought the county board repeatedly to get funds for additional county mounties, Briennen has resorted to waving the spectre of Kaleidoscope delinquents in area folks' faces. It's a sleazily effective ploy; expect to see Briennen's deputy force expanding if the Carlock group home opens.

As a perusal through the August Pantagraph letters section shows, the proposed new group home was the hot summer issue. The McLean County Board's zoning committee's hearing was an unprecedentedly long affair, dragging through four nights of testimony and questioning.

Listening to the questions from potential neighbors, you can't help but sympathize with some of their concerns (the farm widow who worries about finding a deranged group home runaway in her barn, for instance), but the fact is that shipping Kaleidokids to Chicago or Texas only shoves the problem elsewhere. (It certainly won't eliminate the fear of assault that many of our elderly feel.)

Repeatedly throughout the hearing, agency staff testified about its tighter admission policies and attempts to strengthen supervision of its group home clients; whether members in the audience chose to accept that testimony or not probably depends on their personal political inclination.

In the end, the zoning committee wound up recommending that the agency be granted its special use permit. At this writing the County Board has yet to act on the committee's recommendation. Meanwhile, the letters to the Pantagraph continue; the NIMBYs march on.

--Denny Colt

Who  
Loves  
You  
Like  
Your  
Mama  
Do?

COMIX POSTERS T SHIRTS POSTERS JEWELRY BOOKS  
CONCERT VIDEO POSTERS BOOKS  
BUTTONS TAPES TRIES  
POSTERS POSTERS  
POSTERS T SHIRTS  
POSTERS JEWELRY  
CONCERT VIDEOS  
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1 1/2 NORTH ST.  
NORMAL, IL 61761

# AIDS AWARENESS WEEK

Midwest Conference on AIDS  
October Oct. 3-4  
Bone Student Center

For more information,

call:

(309) 438-7771

(309) 438-5669

Tuesday, 4 October 1988

McLean Co. AIDS Task Force Roundtable  
Redbird Room, Bone Student Center, ISU  
1-2:20 p.m.

Wednesday, 5 October 1988

How to talk to your children about AIDS  
For parents of children 10-16  
Normal Public Library, 206 W. College Ave., Normal  
7:00 p.m.

Thursday, 6 October 1988

Benefit Concert--The Gallery, 111 E. Beaufort, Normal  
8:00 p.m.  
\$4.00 donation  
Tickets on sale at Mother Murphy's

Featured Bands:  
Market and Main  
Zero Balance  
Mike Hogan  
Stumptwhoopt

Red Cross Blood Drive--Eastland Mall  
5-9:00 p.m.

Friday, 7 October 1988

Poetry readings and monologues and scenes  
from plays relating to AIDS  
Electric Coffee, 427 N. Main, Suite 214, Bloomington  
8:00 p.m.