

Eastern Illinois University

The Keep

The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

12-1988

Volume 17, Number 4

Post Amerikan

Follow this and additional works at: https://thekeep.eiu.edu/post_amerikan



Part of the [Gender, Race, Sexuality, and Ethnicity in Communication Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), [Publishing Commons](#), and the [Social Influence and Political Communication Commons](#)

FOR LIBERALS WITH INQUIRING MINDS!

Bloomington-Normal

Dec 1988 - Jan 1989

25¢

POST AMERIKAN

Vol. 17
No. 4

FIVE TOP POST AMERIKAN PSYCHICS REVEAL THEIR

PREDICTIONS for 1989!



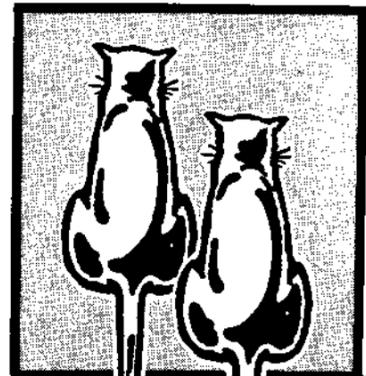
Ms. Hippie



Phoebe Caulfield



The Balrog



Blanche and Stella

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE . . .

ELVIS

MUTANT,
SPACE
ALIEN,
OR
BOTH ?



RANDY
RUBBER'S
INCREDIBLE
SEX
SECRETS !!

... AND MORE!

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

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

Post

Bloomington-Normal

Amerikan



In this issue:

- On the cover: Our introduction to this issue's theme--satire. We have some delightful satire scattered throughout this issue. Your job--should you decide to accept it--is to determine which articles are satire and which are serious.
- Page 2--This table of contents and other good page 2 stuff.
- Page 3--The Post Amerikan's Xmas card to you and your children.
- Pages 4 & 5--And in the pink corner... a look back at National Coming Out Day and the Balrog's search for a soul orgasm.
- Pages 6 & 7--Skeet Floyd risks all as he descends into the straight underground. Also, a picture of Jesse Helms.
- Pages 8 & 9--Junk food and junk journalism.
- Pages 10 & 11--Racism, axe-swinging, and braving the depths of the Post Amerikan office.
- Pages 12 & 13--Trying to make the world a better place: Missouri peace activists and Guatemalan students.
- Page 14--Chocolate bars aren't as innocent as you think--especially when they're from Nestle.
- Page 15--Your favorite Post personalities peer into the future.
- Pages 16 & 17--Righteous gifts for rich hippies.
- Pages 18 & 19--Community news, letters, and classy-fried ads.
- Pages 20 & 21--Illiterate signs and kinky comics. Also, Ms. Hippie's advice about serial weddings and dental heart-altering.
- Pages 22 & 23--RAF tries to have a good time in Terre Haute. Men and women are created equal--except in divorce court.
- Page 24--The last word on "The Last Temptation of Christ"--we hope!



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
 Phonenumber (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: _____

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 Wednesday, Jan. 18. 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 issue is in your hands thanks to Anna-Maria, Bill (coordinator), Bumper, Deborah, Jason, Larry, Laurie, Pita, Richard, Scott, Sue F., Sue L., Susie, Tim, and others we probably forgot to mention.



One Day
in the Lives
of American
Children

16,200 women get pregnant
2,753 of them are teenagers

1,099 teenagers have abortions
367 teenagers miscarry
1,287 teenagers give birth

666 babies are born to women who
have had inadequate prenatal care
695 babies are born at low birthweight (less
than 5 lbs. 9 oz.)
44 babies are born at very low birthweight (less
than 3 lbs. 5 oz.)

72 babies die before one month of life
110 babies die before their first birthday



27 children die because of poverty
9 children die from guns
5 teens commit suicide

849 teens become sexually active
609 teenagers get syphilis or gonorrhea

1,868 teenagers drop out of high school

988 children are abused
3,288 children run away from home
1,736 children are in adult jails

2,269 children are born out of wedlock
2,989 children see their parents divorced

36,057 people lose jobs

SEASON'S GREETINGS

from the Post Amerikan staff!

(Statistics from the Children's Defense Fund,
reprinted from The Progressive Review, Oct.
1988)





Reflections on National

October 11, the first formally organized National Coming Out Day (NCOB), has come and gone. Did we accomplish anything?

As we've reported in our last two issues, lesbian women and gay men were asked to "take their next step" in the ongoing coming out process on October 11. Each step further away from the infamous gay closet would make the gay community more visible to the general public. As Jean O'Leary, executive director of National Gay Rights Advocates (NGRA), points out, "People would just have to deal with us just like [they do] with blacks or women or any other group that they can see."

According to NCOB organizers, the response far exceeded everyone's expectations. There were over 200 official group sponsors, providing conferences, workshops, parties, rallies, dances, and demonstrations.

NCOB received major coverage in the popular media. The Boston Globe carried a front page article and USA Today had two separate items. NCOB made it to the nation's airwaves via CNN, National Public Radio, and the internationally syndicated "This Way Out." But the biggest television triumph was that the October 11 Oprah Winfrey Show was dedicated to National Coming Out Day, with over 20 million viewers learning that the gay community will no longer remain closeted.

Some city governments recognized NCOB. There was a city sponsored census of gay people in Philadelphia. The mayor of Nashville officially declared October 11 to be Anti-discrimination Day.

Then there were the smaller statements throughout Amerika. 460 Dallas lesbians signed their names to a newspaper advertisement. Pink triangles decorated the University of Wisconsin's Bascom Hill in Madison. Ten same sex couples in Nashville applied for (and were denied) marriage licenses.



Jean O'Leary

And what did I do (besides my usual blathering in the Post)? Well, first I had my National Coming Out Day poster framed. The folks at Wonderlin Galleries spent half an hour with me going over various suggestions to best show off this bright yellow, orange, green, and purple poster featuring a figure kicking open the closet door and stepping out. If the appearance of the word "gay" on my poster bothered them, it sure didn't show. (And by the way, they did a m-a-a-ah-velous job.)

My other major NCOB activity was responding to a homophobic attack appearing in the pages of Digital Audio, of all places. I don't know if my letter will be published in D.A., but the original offensive letters and my reply are reproduced elsewhere on this page. It makes for interesting reading--it's truly amazing how incredibly prejudiced, offensive, and just plain stupid some people can be.

So did my actions and the countless other "next steps" across the country make any difference? I'd like to think so. But even if they didn't, it doesn't really matter, for those steps sure felt good.

--The Balrog

Sources:

NCOB mailing, October 31, 1988.

Robert W. Peterson, "Assessing National Coming Out Day," The Advocate, Issue 512, November 22, 1988.

*** ** ** ** **

The following two letters appeared in the "Readers' Forum" in the December 1988 issue of Digital Audio and Compact Disc Review:

Gay rights?

I am always gratified to discover that there are others who are as enthusiastic about the compact disc medium as I am. But I hadn't realized that gay men spend a great deal of disposable income on CDs until I read Mark Kouts' letter in the September issue ("An Ebullient Endorsement," p. 90).

No doubt middle-class gay men aged 20 to 40 generally have a higher amount of disposable income than the overall population. The entire breed of middle-class males in that age group (the so-called "yuppies") have an

In search of a soul orgasm

The New York City

The New York City Gay Men's Chorus (NYCGMC) was established in 1980 with Gary Miller as music director. The fledgling non-profit organization made the following statement of purpose: "To make music for the education, enjoyment, and cultural enrichment of our audiences and ourselves, and to be identified as an organization of gay men who are making a positive contribution to the entire community."

I doubt if anyone in the NYCGMC could have predicted its overwhelming success. Peter Davis in New York Magazine said that the NYCGMC "is rapidly developing into one of the country's major choral organizations." The NYCGMC's first recording on the Pro Arte label, a selection of traditional Christmas music entitled "A Festival of Song," became the label's all-time best seller. The group is now embarking on a European tour, performing in London, Amsterdam, Cologne, and Paris.

A recent article in Mandate magazine describes the experience of a NYCGMC concert as a "soul orgasm." When you hear the NYCGMC sing, "Suddenly you are allowed to believe that oppression can be dismantled, that recognition and acceptance are possible. And you surrender yourself to that dizzying, transcendent moment when all evil disappears and optimism floods your psyche."

In search of my own soul orgasm, I recently acquired the NYCGMC's second effort on the Pro Arte label, "New York, New York--A Broadway Extravaganza." Pro Arte went all out on this 1984 recording of theatre and pop songs, making it all-digital and putting it out on compact disc in 1987.

It's fun to put this disc on the CD player, turn out the lights, have a glass of wine, and be serenaded by the



GARY MILLER, Music Director of the New York City Gay Men's Chorus.

NYCGMC. You drift to a different time and a different place, hearing a majestic piano accompanying dozens of gay men in tuxedos. The voices are strong and masculine, molded into delicate harmonies. Without apology, the lyrics are tender and romantic. When it's not live, you don't quite reach that soul orgasm, but you get damn close.

This disc is a must for Stephen Sondheim fans. In addition to the hopeful "Our Time," there is a gorgeous medley of five Sondheim songs (some of which remain unpublished). This medley, masterfully arranged by Larry Moore, includes "Silly People" (which was cut from "A Little Night Music"), "All Things Bright and Beautiful" (cut from "Follies"), "Take Me to the World," "Not While I'm Around," and "There Won't Be Trumpets" (cut from

CLUB
PHORIAN
DISCO

733 SW ADAMS,
PEORIA 'IL
676-9030

FINEST GAY ENTERTAINMENT
IN CENTRAL ILLINOIS

OPEN NIGHTLY 'TIL 4 A.M.

PRESENT THIS AD AT THE BAR
FOR A DRINK. LIMIT ONE PER
CUSTOMER PER NIGHT

Coming Out Day



above-average amount of disposable income. But I'll concede that gay middle-class men may be particularly likely to have a good bit of money to spend on non-essentials. After all, gay men, with a few exceptions, don't have families to support, and they frequently share living expenses.

Heterosexual men and women who have children are producing, raising, and educating the future citizens and leaders of our country. What can gay men and women point to with pride as their legacy to the generations who will come after us? I would much rather sacrifice some CDs in order to raise my two sons to be productive members of society, than acquire a greater amount of disposable income by participating in a lifestyle that is disgusting and immoral. If Mr. Kouts really finds it necessary to



drag about his perverted way of living, let him do so in a men's room somewhere and not in the pages of an otherwise fine magazine.

Robert A. Bookman

Jilted lover?

It always seemed strange to me why hardly any women read D.A. or write letters to "Readers' Forum." It is strange because women are the undisputed bitches and moaners of the world; of the solar system; of the galaxy; of the universe. All the wooing about the ERA and how they have been denied certain rights, yet they refuse to utilize the right of free expression accorded by D.A. Could it be a matter of IQ or apathy? Or maybe they would rather be spending time spending that alimony check. Why don't more women pay attention to D.A.? My personal opinion is today's female can't tell the difference between a tweeter and a bucket of Billy Beer...

Joseph Centofanti

The following is the Balrog's reply, mailed to D.A. in honor of National Coming Out Day:

Gay rights!

The ugly, homophobic remarks made by Robert A. Bookman in the December 1988 issue of Digital Audio must not be allowed to go unchallenged.

Mr. Bookman refers to the gay lifestyle as "disgusting and immoral" and a

"perverted way of living." This is, of course, rubbish. Homosexuality is not the norm, but it is certainly normal. Culture after culture has shown that a sizable proportion of the population (roughly 10 percent) will always be gay. It is a sad commentary on our society that one person's love for another is described as "disgusting" or "perverted."

Mr. Bookman asks, "What can gay men and women point to with pride as their legacy to the generations who will come after us?" Lesbian women and gay men are everywhere, making substantial contributions in all areas of our society. Personally, I am proud of the legacy I leave behind through my professional work as a teacher and my private work in fighting for civil rights. If one must attempt to describe the legacy left by gay men and lesbian women, the words "love" and "compassion" must be prominently featured--as anyone who has seen the majesty of the AIDS quilt can testify.

Mr. Bookman points with pride to his two sons as the legacy he leaves for future generations. Mr. Bookman, if one or both of your sons turned out to be gay, would this mean you had failed in your legacy? Unless your answer is, "Of course not," I pity you and your sons.

Finally, my thanks go to Digital Audio for printing Mr. Bookman's letter and the equally appalling sexist tripe from Mr. Centofanti in the same issue. Their two letters serve as strong reminders that we must continue to fight the hatred, prejudice, and bigotry which still linger in our nation.

William V. Weber

Gay Men's Chorus

the musical "Anyone Can Whistle").

One of the tracks from the pop music category is "Sometimes When We Touch." As Skeet Floyd pointed out to me, this has to be one of the sappiest love songs of all time. The liner notes suggest that "it is treated sensitively in an extended choral setting." Well, it's still sappy, but fun to listen to. Lines like "I want to hold you until the fear in me subsides" and "At times I'd like to break you and drive you to your knees" take on new meanings when sung by the NYCGMC.

(Admittedly, this song is not any sappier than some of the lines I've used in this review.)

The final track is the NYCGMC's theme song, "New York, New York." Set the CD player on repeat, crank up the volume, and get ready to do those Rockette-style high kicks. For me, this was the definite highlight of

the disc. Frank Sinatra, eat your heart out.

The recording is richly orchestrated throughout. At rare occasions it is in fact over-orchestrated and detracts from the voice of the chorus (especially on the first track, "Great Day," where the brass is competing with the chorus), but generally the result is a full and luxurious support of the chorus.

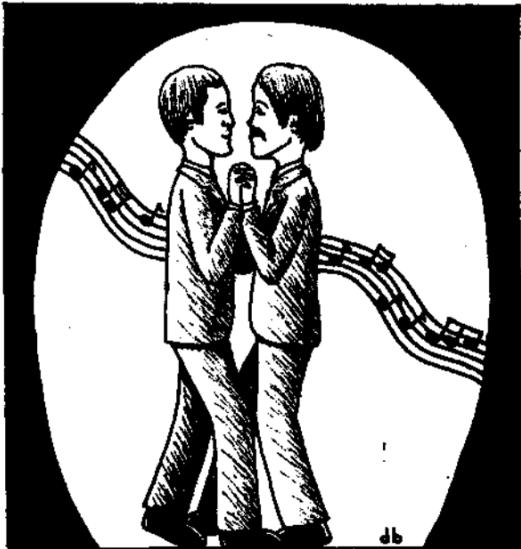
If you're interested in this recording, it's not easy to find since the word "gay" is right there on the cover. I was finally able to order it through the Ladyslipper Catalog (which, by the way, is an excellent source of winter solstice gifts for that hard-to-buy-for feminist or lesbian friend). Write P.O. Box 3130, Durham, NC 27705 to get a copy of this catalog.

--The Balrog

Sources:

Stan Leventhal, "Of Soul Orgasms and the New York City Gay Men's Chorus," Mandate, December 1988.

Special thanks to Linda and Casey for sharing the Ladyslipper Catalog with me.



Overheard in the Post newsroom:

"Hey, Phoebe, LVD, this makes three music reviews in a row! Does this mean I have a regular feature?"

"She-e-it, once in a row's enough for a regular feature around here."



OPERATION RECYCLE

We recycle:

- Newspapers
- Corrugated cardboard
- Non-glossy office paper
- Container glass
- Beverage and food cans
- Plastic milk jugs

Make a difference for our environment.

Call 829-0691 (Community Action) and find out how!

McLean County's only not-for-profit community recycling center

829-0691

1100 W. Market
Bloomington, IL

- Drop offs
- Buyback
- Recycle drives

Cruise

It wasn't hard to find the underground straight world. Actually, it found me—at a local grocery store. When I took the time to look around me, it was clear that the place was crawling with straight people. And most of them didn't care who knew.

Blatant hets

"Do you like Poison, or what?" An odd question, I thought, considering I was getting ready to buy my dinner at the deli. Here was the chance I was waiting for. I had just been approached by a straight woman. She peered over a sampler plate of garlic bagel chips and pimento spread. "Do you like heavy metal?"

She proceeded to tell me how she once dated the lead singer of Poison, and how she couldn't wait for the upcoming concert at Peoria's Civic Center. Within minutes, she let it be known that she had an extra ticket and was looking for a date. "All of my friends are going with their boyfriends, so like I really don't want to go without a date."

The store was crowded, and I was surprised that she was so open about being straight. But as I walked up and down the aisles, I realized that there was no reason for her to be shy. It was obvious that most of the shoppers were straight. Many pushed carts with small children.

Watching how these children were carefully placed in the shopping carts led me to discover some of the secret straight sex signs and signals. You can tell a lot about what a straight person likes by the children. Are they in the cart? In the child seat? Are they secured into the seat by the small seatbelt? Or are they trailing slowly behind the cart?

Yes, my trip to the grocery store was quite informative. It was on campus, though, that I got my really big lead... a friend with connections in the straight underworld told me he knew a guy who might be willing to give me a face-to-face interview. Personal information—my final quest.

The Interview

It's 4 o'clock in the afternoon, just before the happy hour crowd usually floods the small pub a few blocks from campus. Randy Stone (not his real name) is eating a cheeseburger and fries, finishing the last swallow of his third Dad's Rootbeer. He sits at a small corner booth for two. It's dark—the only booth with no Budweiser light swinging overhead.

Randy typifies any man who might be seen eating a late lunch at the pub: stonewashed Levis, crewneck sweater, hightop Reeboks. His brown leather bomber's jacket hangs on the hook next to the booth, partially obscuring his view of the pub—or the pub's view of him.

But Randy is like those who frequent this pub for another reason.

Randy is straight.

Post Amerikan: I have to tell you, Randy, that I was a bit surprised to get your message on my answering machine. A week ago your reply to my request for an interview was "absolutely not." Why the sudden change?

Randy Stone: Yeah. This wasn't easy. I have to be real careful, you know. It's just not real cool to be talking to a journalist about being straight... that still sounds weird, "being straight." I don't say it very often. Never to anyone I don't know. Guess there's a first time for everything, huh?

PA: When did you first realize that you were straight?

RS: I've always been straight, I guess. I always knew. But just like now, I've always had to be real careful about it. I pretty much kept to myself when I was in high school. There wasn't much of an outlet for the straight kids where I grew up. Like, I really wanted to play football, but I saw what the guys in the marching band used to do to the football players—you know, the name calling, the sick jokes. So I didn't participate in a lot of school activities. I remember I went to this one football game. The team was out on the field, killing time before the band's halftime show. And this one guy—he was pretty well-known for picking on the football players—stood up in the stands and started playing his flute, right in the middle of the second quarter. The crowd cheered him on and started clapping along. It was really awful.

PA: Did you have any straight role models when you were growing up?

RS: I think my Dad is straight. I'm really not sure why I think that. It really doesn't matter to me, though.

PA: When did the fact that you are straight really hit home?

RS: I guess it was just about a year ago. A friend of mine was having a party at his fraternity house. He said, "Come over. I know you'll have a really good time." Then he winked and nudged me with his elbow. I think he always knew I was straight.

PA: What happened?

RS: I'll be perfectly honest with you. There were girls there.

Straight Line

Have questions? Need support?

Call

555-ISTF

Sponsored by the ISU Straight Task Force



"Janie, I've decided to go straight."

PA: Were you attracted to them?

RS: Yeah. I didn't talk to any of them or anything. I just sat back and watched them talk and dance with the other guys at the party. For the first time, it seemed o.k. It gave me a lot to think about.

PA: What's the hardest part about being straight?

RS: It's the little things. I mean, why should I have to worry about people seeing me buy a Bruce Springsteen album? I walked up to the counter with "Born in the USA" in my hands, and people actually started talking and pointing. All I wanted was some good straight music about straight people. And just because I listen to The Boss doesn't mean I'm straight or anything. I just happen to be.

PA: I want to go back to the question I asked you at the beginning of the interview. Why the sudden change in wanting to talk to me?

RS: I guess I realized that it was time to come out. I mean, I hope that anyone who reads this will feel a little more comfortable with talking about being straight. But I think I really did it for myself. I really do.

--Skeet Floyd

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

Gannett newspaper chain

I predict that 10 years from now three Illinois college students will be cringing that they accepted 1988 scholarships from Gannett—America's largest newspaper chain. The students were Christopher Blake Wills of the U. of Illinois, Urbana, and Sonya Jan Young and Jeordan Marcel Legon, both of Northwestern U.

These 3 were among 58 college students nationally whose photos were featured in national Gannett ads that appeared, among other places, in the Columbia Journalism Review. They shouldn't apologize for taking the money—scholarships are often the only way many can finance a college education—but they will owe apologies to the human race if, after graduation, they go to work for a Gannett paper—such as the Illinois ones in Rockford or Danville, or any others in the chain.

For an honest journalist to work for Gannett, it can be argued, would be like a concert violinist working for Muzak or a sharpshooter working for the Ku Klux Klan.

Here's how sorry Gannett can be.

Exploiting reporters

1. It will exploit its people. Gannett is known for low wages and reluctance to give raises. But its tightness goes beyond that, as reported in the January 1988 issue of American Photographer. It seems that David Peterson, of the Gannett-owned Des Moines Register, had been named six times as Iowa Press Photographer of the Year. He wanted to take off and do a feature portfolio of the farm crisis in Iowa, complete with farm foreclosures. Gannett said no! So Peterson applied for and got a \$10,000 grant from the Nikon camera company and the National Press Photographers Association (NPPA). He then took a leave of absence, telling his editors he was going to do the pictures he wanted to do and asking if the Des Moines paper would be interested. Knowing Nikon could peddle Peterson-quality pictures to other papers, Gannett finally agreed to use any pics Peterson shot on his own time with the grant.

When he finished, Gannett ran his portfolio, without paying him a bonus and without telling readers the photos had been made possible by a grant. The paper, having been bludgeoned over the head to take the pics against their will, then had the gall to nominate the pictures for the Pulitzer Prize for feature photography! The paper won the award, and then, in the paper and in the final Gannett financial report, bragged about the Pulitzer win but refused to mention the Nikon and NPAA grants or that Peterson shot the footage on his own time!

After that win, Gannett bragged that the papers in its chain had won 37 Pulitzer Prizes. What Gannett neglected to say, but what American Photographer noted, was that 27 of the prizes came BEFORE Gannett bought the papers.

Killing investigative stories

2. Gannett will ignore a vital story if it feels readers might not be grabbed by it. Here's a horror story from the book Death in the Nursery by James Manney and John C. Blattner.

In 1979, a Gannett reporter named Carlton Sherwood discovered that handicapped newborns had been allowed to die at Johns Hopkins and Yale-New Haven Hospitals. He wrote up the story, but his editor refused to run it or send it out over the Gannett wire service that reaches the Gannett papers and TV stations.

After winning a Pulitzer Prize on an unrelated story, Sherwood, thinking his stock might have risen, again wrote up the handicapped story. And again Gannett killed it.

The consequences of Gannett's action were tragic. In 1982 came the famous Baby Doe case in Bloomington, Indiana, in which a spina bifida



baby was allowed to die even though four sets of people had offered to adopt her and let her have life-saving surgery.

Gannett owns three papers at Marion, Lafayette, and Richmond, all Indiana cities less than 120 miles from Bloomington. Does anyone really believe the medical and legal communities of Bloomington, Indiana, would have been so eager to kill off Baby Doe if Gannett had run Sherwood's expose in all its papers?

But the real horror came in 1984 at Children's Memorial Hospital in Oklahoma City. There, 24 spina bifida babies were allowed to die. Some parents sued, because they were not told of surgery that could have saved their children. Interestingly enough, the parents not told, the lawsuit claims, were usually black and poor.

The sordid business was exposed, before the suit, from Feb. 21-23, 1984, on CNN news during a special investigative series produced by none other than Carlton Sherwood, who had left Gannett.

Now we can agonize. What if Gannett had run Sherwood's original stories? Gannett owns KOCO-TV in Oklahoma in addition to the newspaper in Muskogee, Oklahoma. Would doctors at Children's Memorial have let those spina bifida babies die if Sherwood's stories had brought national attention to infanticide? Would doctors' killing hands have been stayed by the thought of Gannett outlets nearby?

Courting advertisers unscrupulously

3. The chain can be anti-consumer. Gannett carries ads for so many gambling tout sheets that the NCAA barred Gannett's USA Today from the press boxes of the NCAA national championship basketball tournament.

Topping that off, the July-August 1988 Columbia Journalism Review reported what the Gannett-owned Detroit News did to appease restaurant advertisers. The paper knew the restaurants were often upset by reviews from the Detroit Monthly magazine of their food and service. So the News found out who the critic was and ran his picture so he'd be identifiable.

So now, when the critic arrives at a restaurant, the establishment knows who he is and can crank out—unknown to the critic—food that is better than the regular customers get.

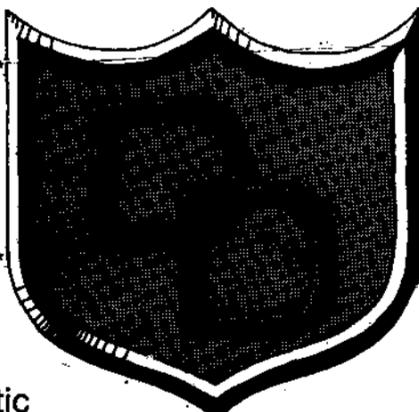
Empire building

4. Gannett, unlike the New York Times or Knight chain, doesn't really believe in local autonomy for its papers to determine the needs of their communities. The March 1985 Harper's told about a November 25, 1984, meeting in Miami between a group of Gannett editors and Gannett's national chairman Al Neuharth. One editor noted an order had come down that all papers were to carry a story on how Gannett, particularly its USA Today, was covering the national political conventions. The editor, citing a pre-Neuharth policy of local autonomy for Gannett papers, asked about the order.

Neuharth replied, "I think it's unfortunate that any editor would be unhappy about using two or three inches of space to promote [note he didn't say report] what the Gannett News Service and the Gannett Company and USA Today were doing at the conventions. Ordering you to do it was a mistake because you should have been smart enough in your infinite and autonomous wisdom to run the story."

Diesel Dick's

we specialize in
GM diesel car repair



complete automotive
and truck service

foreign and domestic

508 N. Madison
9:00 am-5:30 pm
828-1714

gas and diesel

and honest journalism clash

This is disturbing because Gannett, as reported by the United Auto Workers in its booklet "Ammo, the Media Business," operates more than 90 daily papers, 38 weeklies, 8 television stations, 16 radio stations, and had corporate director interlocks with Bank of America, Dupont, General Motors, Eastman Kodak, and Gulf Oil, to name just a few.

After hearing the above exchange, how eager do you think a Gannett editor would be to investigate unsafe GM cars or any pollution by Dupont?

Skewing priorities

5. Gannett worries more about how its papers look than how well they cover the news. The Feb. 2, 1987, New Republic told in "Invasion of the Gannettoids" of one editor who said of Gannett, "Nobody said you're not doing enough investigative reporting or not enough on pollution in your community or about the homeless. They basically said how come your weather map is fuzzy? How come your photo reproduction is off here?"

The same article quoted Peter Adams, a former USA Today reporter who jumped to the Orlando Sentinel, as saying, "Sometimes you felt like you were working at Tass."

The fear is so bad that the Honolulu Star-Bulletin, a Gannett paper, ran nine (9!) photos of Neuharth

during a publishers' meeting held in Waikiki Beach, the Columbia Journalism Review reported.

Good reporters decide Gannett is not the place to work. As mentioned earlier, Pulitzer Prize winner Sherwood left. Five years after winning a Pulitzer, Dick Cooper left the Gannett-owned Rochester Times Union for the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Setting a bad example

6. The Nov. 7, 1988 Wall Street Journal had a story about this, headlined, "An Editor Quits on Losing End of Old Struggle." William Kovach quit as main editor, after pressure by the Atlanta Journal-Constitution, even though he had brought the paper its first Pulitzer Prize in 20 years!

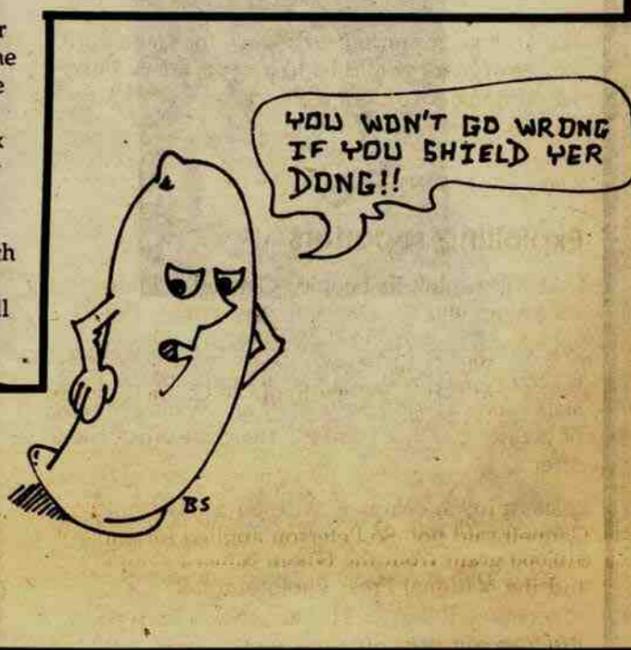
In addition, just last year, five Journal-Constitution stories were finalists in the Pulitzer judging. But Kovach had committed two sins: he upset advertisers, and his papers didn't look like Gannett papers. The situation moved Ben Bradlee of the Washington Post to say of the Cox chain that runs the Atlanta papers, "they (Cox) don't want a strong independent editor."

As the Wall Street Journal reported, "Mr. Kovach says he was under pressure to make the paper more like Gannett Co.'s popular USA Today, full of short stories and bright colors."

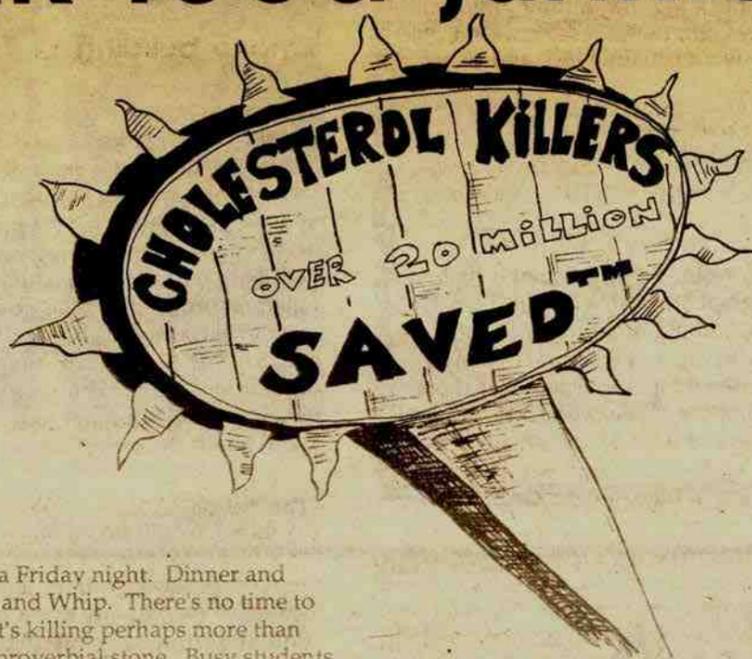
The Wall Street Journal said, "Mr. Kovach wanted a Journal-Constitution that looked to papers like the New York Times for inspiration. Cox Enterprises, Inc., the paper's owner and a pillar of Atlanta society, wanted another USA Today."

--Steve LaPrade

The next installment of this examination of Gannett papers will include a look at the chain's anti-union stance. Look for it in the next Post Amerikan.



Junk food junkies



The laundrymat on a Friday night. Dinner and Dairy Queen. Wash and Whip. There's no time to shake your snake. It's killing perhaps more than two birds with one proverbial stone. Busy students eat, study and wash their clothes. The smell of detergent and deafening sound of video machines versus washing machines is enough to turn Colonel Sanders in his grave. However, if they can hold down that food, they can endure anything.

Many students' eating habits operate on the "I'm hungry—time to fill up!" mentality. Food serves the purpose of filling the stomach only. I observe this prevalent species in and around the ISU campus. Tonight it is the laundrymat—an arena where the whole idea on nutrition has all the appeal of a disconnected video machine.

One of the few who is missing by the waiting table tonight as I write has an innovative and interesting dinner prepared from a conglomeration of many take out tasties. For starters, one large hamburger (Burger King vintage, I presume) accompanied by a large serve of crinkle cut potato chips, all smothered, literally, with Flora Hayes yummy cream and pickle sauce. To top it all off, a large plastic cup filled with wait-for-it... Diet Coke to wash the shit and shaboodle down. The lard-laden stomach and puffy red face are large enough neon signs to show that this isn't the first time he has bombarded himself with such unprocessable chemicals.

Surrounded on all sides, ISU is held hostage to a sea of posts, punths, and plastic neon signs erected to be larger and taller than the last, catch the eye or hungry passers-by. They are the symbols, the TM's (trademarks) of a junk food culture.



BURGERS FOR BREAKFAST

At first sight, I mistook the University for a massive experiment on the long term effects of junk food on trendy teens and the reaction of the psyche to large plastic monoliths. So where is the University? After digging for no less than a week through MacDonald's wrappers, half-eaten and/or digested Burger King burgers, dried thick shake, chicken wing bones, and a occasional Vidette, I finally found my department.

The University would do well to invest in a large neon nametag, "X Marks the Spot," instead of living in the shadow of the stomach bandits.

There is something synonymous with the American mentality and the race to build the largest and brightest neon signs. Biggest is best. The design concept shows all the aesthetic awareness and sensitivity akin to trying to cook a souffle with a nuclear meltdown.

The majority of students appear to have slipped into the jet-junk food society with little or no awareness of the food and its poor lack of nutrition. I recently asked a student who had returned with an armload of beefy burgers for breakfast, "Why this food?" His response was without hesitation. "It's quick and cheap. I can't afford the time or money to prepare food." I took a moment to point out that he probably wouldn't be able to afford a by-pass operation when he turned fifty, either.

There appears to be very little alternative to the "Fastest Food in the West" besides, perhaps, the home kitchen. However, this presumes the cook has not only the ability to cook, but also the knowledge of how to consume a balanced diet. And who, or what, is balanced in normal? One thing is for sure, the fast food foreplay that surrounds ISU is neither balanced nor stimulating to the palate.

Perhaps the idea of nutrition could be squeezed and marketed into a fast food format. "Bean Bits" (TM) or "Mung Bean Munch" (TM) could be a line from a fast food chain that accommodated the idea that food should at least try to please the palate as well as provide some form of nutrition. I can see the fifty foot macrame sign beaming out across campus: "Cholesterol Killers—Over 20 Million Saved."

Maybe not.

But what do you expect in a country with an endless supply of junk mail?

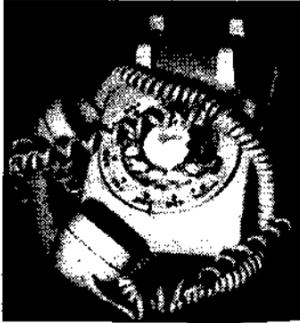
--H. D. Lipid (Fuzznut)

The continuing saga of the Post Amerikan answering machine

Hello, is anybody in there?

A few issues back, I reported on the Post's problems with our ever-troublesome answering machine. (See "Hello, Is Anybody Out There?" PA Vo. 16, No. 5.) Sometimes it would answer the phone but not bother to greet the caller with a message. Other times it would answer and pleasantly welcome the caller but not bother to record a message.

In sheer desperation, we started our "We Sure Love To Hear From You Fund" to raise enough bucks to buy a new answering machine. After six months we had collected an even \$4, all from a reader named Banana. We declared the fund a success and robbed our savings from the last (and immensely successful) Post benefit to get the remaining \$59.99 for the new answering machine.



We had decided to go all out on this answering machine. After all, the vast majority of the Post staff is now (gasp!) over 30 (!) and feeling in need of greater creature comforts than our office has to offer.

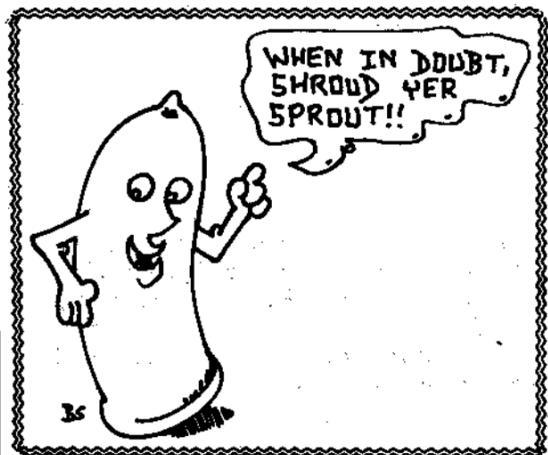
You see, the Post is literally put out of one of our staffer's basements. (Can you think of a better place to put out an underground newspaper?)

We love our little office, but it is occasionally cold and sometimes damp. It's tastefully decorated with strips of well-covered flypaper, and it houses a lovely collection of spiders and unmentionable debris from catboxes. The bathroom is usually cleaner than the rest of the place, since the toilet occasionally floods and forces someone to mop. The refrigerator is an excellent source of new and unknown lifeforms, but you must wear a gasmask when opening it. Miscellaneous paraphernalia from ghosts of Post Amerikaners past cover the bulletin boards, including the infamous dog biscuit (now green and moldy) that one fan sent us in response to our house ad.

(Thank goodness we're a volunteer organization—we couldn't even pass an OSHA inspection.)

One now-departed staffer used to periodically hose down the office, but no one has dared to take over that job. After working long and hard to complete what could always be our last issue, we never quite have energy to try to clean the place. Only the rare appearance of a gullible new staffer improves the quality of our working conditions.

So we decided we just couldn't continue to regularly meet in our office, working on dangerous and unpredictable electrical equipment with our tootsies nestled in pools of murky water. To make it easy for us to get our messages, we got

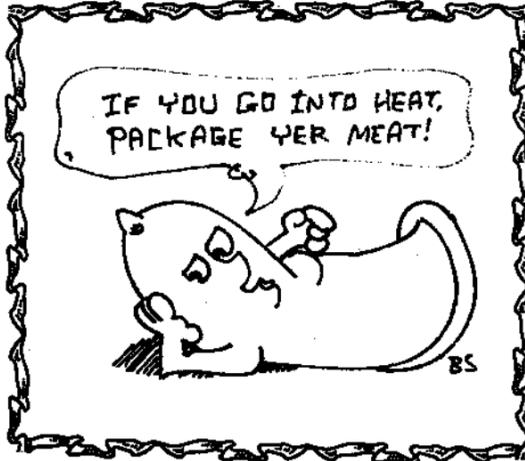


one of those fancy, expensive machines which allows you to phone in from elsewhere for your messages.

We thought we had it made. But there was just one problem with this plan. To get our messages over the phone, we have to have touch-tone service. We discovered that the Post only has rotary service, so we couldn't use our nice, new, expensive toy as planned. If we were to get our messages, someone would—dare I say it?—actually have to brave the depths of the Post Amerikan office alone.

We have staffers that will stand up to the Reagans, the cops, the contras, the queer-bashers, and the Pope. But when it comes to going into the Post Amerikan office alone—well, we're brave and tough but we're not stupid! We've read Stephen King.

So we... uh... kinda forgot about our poor little answering machine. People calling our office learned from our machine that our deadline for this issue was Sept. 15 and started to think that the Post had finally met its demise. (Sorry, Jack!) Other people refused to believe we had self-destructed and called once or twice a day. (Sorry, Tim!)



babbitt's closet



merry Xmas from the babbitt's

mon-sat 12-6 pm
104 north st.
454-7393

Still more people thought we were purposefully neglecting them, avoiding them, or just plain didn't like their voices. (Sorry, Larry!)

After calling an emergency meeting, we determined that this situation cannot be allowed to continue. To raise the funds to get touch-tone service (a big 95 cents a month), we're starting the "It'd Be Really Neat to Have Touch-Tone Fund." We're expecting this fundraiser to be an even greater success than the one for the answering machine. Then we promise we'll start listening to (and maybe even answering) our messages again.

Let's just hope we don't need a touch-tone phone, too.

—The Balrog

—encompassing; nor is it alleviated by simple-minded disdain. It is the result of a capitalistic socialization that places value on faceless consumers rather than unique individuals.

Those youths who have thus far been sucked into the consumer mentality which says "you are what you buy" (whether what they are buying is a Bon Jovi record, a greek jacket, styling mousse, or a tie-dyed shirt), need friends who will help them to redirect their energies, not contempt from those who know better.

Skeet asks all the wrong questions. Who cares what anyone's hair will look like in ten years? The importance of the dead follicles which protrude from one's head has been overrated since long before the days of the charming "let it grow" hippies. The question isn't what anyone's hair should look like; the question is why do so many of today's youth opt to buy their "statement" at a local hair/image designer at twenty to fifty dollars a pop, and how can we best open their eyes to the shallowness of letting advertising campaigns of any kind dictate one's desires.

And the question isn't "do they just say no." Most of them don't. The question is what kinds of drugs do they choose to experiment with and

Reader Response

Careful with that Axe, Skeet

After reading Skeet Floyd's bitter, judgemental tirade *Back to School—Again*, which amounts to little more than a blanket condemnation of ISU students, it was a real treat to embrace Phoebe Caulfield's gentle romp down memory lane (*A Rush of Memory*).

What Skeet conveniently forgets as he carelessly slashes out at the latest arrivals on ISU's campus is that since they were ten years old, they have lived under the cloud of Reagan's everyone for him/herself greed-a-thon. Sure, some haven't bothered to question the sickeningly shallow, grab-the-brass-ring mentality of the past eight years. True, others have embraced it. But come on, Skeet, the "blanditude" you refer to is not all

Discovering what's NORMAL

I was raised in a politically progressive home. My childhood was not, therefore, that of the average American boy or girl. I have vivid memories of accompanying my parents and brother to demonstrations against the Vietnam War, to civil rights rallies, and to other left-wing "family activities." I still remember one particular occasion when just ahead of me in the line a long haired couple marched. The woman had a blond ponytail that was down to her derriere. I was quite surprised to find out from an older and wiser friend -- he must have been about sixteen -- that the "woman" was a man, and, indeed, the boyfriend of the shorter haired gentleman. I was also informed that they were famous, though they were surely not well known to me. The average American child does not grow up following in the footsteps of Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky, literally or figuratively.

I was raised in a large liberal city. So when I was first offered a job out here, in an area that I assumed would be both extremely rural and extremely conservative, my friends and I laughed. Me? In a place named *Normal*? Might I protect my sanity and integrity by wearing a T-shirt inscribed with the word "Ab-?"

Mixed with my laughter, however, was an apprehension that had been nurtured by my upbringing on the left. Not that my parents had done it intentionally, mind you, but they did leave scars. Their experiences, especially during the fifties, had left them afraid of those enclaves of conservatism, the South and the Midwest. As far as they were concerned, Jews -- even non-practicing outcasts such as myself -- and Blacks, too, of course, were safer staying in the metropolitan havens of the east and west coasts: New York, Boston, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. This fear -- which at times is closer to paranoia -- spilled over into me, causing a strangely mutated form of sixties child: at a time when many of my friends were into "travellin' cross country," I was terrified to do so.

Well, I took the job. And before I even had a chance to experience anything horrible at

all out here in Conservoland, I met the crew at the Post-Amerikan, and my fears about those inevitable encounters with fundamentalism, political conservatism, and racism vanished completely.

Until one day at work . . . when I mentioned, in the course of a conversation with a co-worker, that I didn't believe in God. Her look of incredulity was unsettling. "You mean you don't believe in God at all?" she questioned in disbelief. "Well I," she continued, "just can't accept the fact that we are supposed to have evolved from *apes*." When I left work that day the fears that my new-found friends had so successfully quelled were re-emerging with new vigor.

Other frightening comments on the existence of God, the inferiority of Blacks and women, and the inherent superiority of the United States began to creep into people's conversations with me. It amazed me that these co-workers assumed I would agree with them merely because I, too, was white, male, and American.

The depression I was feeling reached a new level recently when a co-worker showed me -- accompanied by a broad grin -- a supposedly humorous "Nigger Employment Application." This mock work application wasted no time diving into a cesspool of some of the most vulgar slurs I had ever seen in print. From the space at top where Black applicants were to fill in their "most recent name," to the "pledge" at the bottom where they declare that they "swear the above statements is bin answered to do bes ob mah ability," the document was thoroughly degrading. It covered every category of stereotype that a white racist could dredge up: physical appearance (Do not attach photo as you all look the same), birth right (Place of birth: Zoo___ Cotton Field___ Back Alley___ Animal



"First, take 20 years and learn this intricate tool."



Hospital___), hygiene (Check Most Recent Illness: Sickle Cell Anemia___ Syphilis___ Crotch ___), intelligence and level of education (Check Machines You Can Operate: Gumball Machine___ Pinball Machine___ Toilet___ Afro Comb___ Electric Afro Comb___), and work ethic, asking how much income the applicant has received from theft, girls, gambling, and welfare scams. The form also includes an often seen white male hangup: it asks the male applicant to fill in what he wants most out of life other than white women. It goes on later to list a full thirty pejoratives for Blacks, and asks the applicant to check those by which he or she wishes to be called if hired.

The most frightening section of the entire form, however, was the one entitled "Other Skills or Abilities." The list includes some common stereotypes: "field hand," "shoe shiner," "bus boy," "running target," and "pimp." What is so disturbing, though, is that it also includes "civil servant," "blues singer," "freedom marcher," and "reverend." Are these terms supposed to be pejorative? Is it supposed to be demeaning to be a performer of American music? Is it un-American to fight for freedom?

I was furious when I was shown the form and let my anger be known -- yes, there is a time for righteous indignation. Yet at the same time I was once again reminded of how deeply affected we all are by the sickness surrounding us: every once in awhile I found myself stifling a chuckle at a "funny part."

--Soto Bito

why. Are today's youths looking for mind-expanding alternatives which may aid a meaningful search for self, spirituality, and social stance, or are they simply settling for becoming comfortably numb?

Furthermore, the question isn't "are they capable of challenging an opposing view with more than 'I don't think so.'" Of course they are. The question is what views are they challenging and why. Do they challenge the "if it feels good, do it" selfish me-ism which prevailed in the 70's; the "let's get a high-paying job and snort some coke" yuppie mentality of the 80's?

There is an awful lot that must be challenged as the curtain finally comes down on the Reagan years. The type of deeper-than-thou snottiness voiced by people like Skeet won't help these challenges to be made by today's youth.

Only a compassionate recognition of the prevailing mind-set with which these young people have been indoctrinated will be able to help and guide them toward a questioning rather than passive mentality. My plea is that we reach out, not lash out. It's the only way to begin to change the ills which abound in our society.

--Syd Huston

Conformity Axed Again

SIGH. I'm sorry, am I depressing you? It's just that--no, never mind. Well, OK. When I was in high school, everybody dressed alike, looked alike, talked alike, thought alike. Deviant that I am, I winced when my mother bought me an IZOD shirt or Levi jeans or, God forbid, high-top tennis shoes. I wanted to be different! "Better to be a black sheep than just one of the flock" was my theory. "It's OK, dear. Just endure it now. When you get to college, things will be different."

Well, where the hell are the simple joys of different-hood?! Everybody here looks just like everybody else here, and worse yet, they look like everybody in my high school! What happened to the "hot-beds of liberalism"? I came here looking for Mike and Elise Keaton and got a college rampant with Alexes and Mallorlys.

Granted, there are a few people here who deviate from the norm, but even these people tend to fall into the "let's all be different together" syndrome. Maybe this is why everyone here wants to vote for George Bush. He is EVERYMAN, and he speaks to these raving conformists.

Am I complaining too much? I'm sorry, it's just that I've gone from being a wide-eyed optimistic freshman to a nihilistic, eternally jaded, Mark-Twain-had-nothing-on-me-for-cynicism senior.

I now live very near to a fraternity house. Last night a mob of sorority females came and did cheers outside the frat house. Ah . . . the ultimate in college conformism: Dress in identical sweatshirts and sweatpants, stand in a large, amorphous group, and talk in sync. One wonders what would happen if one of them decided to shave her hair and become a Trappist monk in Tibet somewhere. One seriously considers sending Trappist pamphlets to the sorority house. One chides oneself for not being tolerant.

So, anyway, there's my big gripe, and I'll now return my head to the sand. If anyone has any suggestions, answers, sympathy, I'll take it. But, please, no "it's OK, dear. Just endure it now. When you get to graduate school, things will be different." I can't stand the disappointment a second time.

The Mad Vet

Open letter from cor

Defendants were instructed never to refer to anything pertaining to religion, politics, morality or their motivation . . .

November 9, 1988

Dear Sisters and Brothers,

In recent weeks, during two trials, six Missouri Peace Planters were convicted of multiple counts of criminal trespass. We believed that the power of love is stronger than the power of nuclear weaponry and so we dared to defy the U.S. policy of nuclear madness. We emerged from court with our convictions intact: the real crime is the possession and threatened use of nuclear weapons. Before offering an account of pre-trial activities and "a tale of two trials," we begin this update with a word of thanks to a wide network of people for your support, hope, and love. You've helped Missouri Peace Planting '88 sustain ongoing resistance to weapons and war preparations that lurk beneath the fields of Missouri. That resistance has assumed a variety of forms.

Ultimately, sixteen separate missile launch facilities were occupied during seven different non-violent direct actions spread over the weeks between August 15, 1988 and October 4, 1988 (see last *Post Amerikan*). The latter date marked the feast of St. Francis of Assisi, which Rev. Jerry Zawada celebrated by re-entering a missile silo site to continue reclamation of the land for God and God's creatures. In doing so, Jerry forfeited his bond and dwelt in prison until the conclusion of his trial on November 2.

Pretrial actions

After thirty days in the Cass County jail, Duane Bean and Kathy Kelly bonded out in order to begin, with Katie Willems and her Irish wolfhound, Fallin, an eight-day pretrial fast and vigil at the University of Missouri Kansas City campus. "Bones, Not Bombs," proclaimed Fallin's sign. Also decorating the peace fast site were 1,000 paper cranes, assiduously folded by

Ariel Glenn during the first two weeks of her month-long sojourn in the Cass County jail. In other pretrial activity, Kansas City supporters helped arrange a broad range of education and outreach opportunities. We were particularly moved by an early morning vigil, entirely planned by local high school students, at missile silo site M-11. Here is an excerpt from the statement they issued that day:

This vigil is an expression of our concern--concern for the destruction, potential and actual, that this missile silo represents. . . We feel, as young people, that it is our responsibility to let people know about this threat. It is our generation that will have to bear the brunt of this gross and ridiculous buildup of weapons.



The young people's statement represents a sincere and well-founded grievance. We entered the missile silo sites to petition for redress of grievances caused by U.S. military madness. Our petition and beliefs should have been presented to juries of our peers. This was, unfortunately, not the case.

Federal law guarantees a jury trial only if the maximum sentence for any one charge exceeds six months. The seven defendants were each charged with multiple counts of destruction of government property, each of which carries a maximum of one year, and with multiple counts of trespass, each of which carries a maximum of

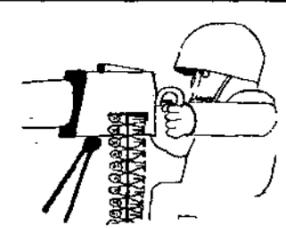
six months. In late September, U. S. attorney Robert Ulrich dropped the destruction charges against all but Bonnie Urfer. Consequently, Duane Bean, Gail Beyer and Kathy Kelly lost their right to a jury trial even though they could be jailed for as long as 2-1/2 years for the multiple trespass charges.

International law

On October 17, attorney Delaney Dean represented Gail, while Duane and Kathy appeared *pro se* (defended themselves), before Magistrate Calvin Hamilton. Judge Hamilton listened carefully to all defense testimony. We urged the court to recognize that upholding the legitimacy of genocidal weapons while condemning a non-violent protest against the weapons recalled the Biblical critique: *You strain at a gnat, yet swallow a camel.*

We appealed to a hierarchy of laws which we believe take precedence over the law that protects U. S. Air Force property. Our appeal to International Law was brilliantly substantiated by testimony from Professor Francis Boyle, author of *Defending Civil Resistance Under International Law*. We also cited our first amendment right to assemble peaceably for redress of grievances and, ultimately, our obligation to the divine law of love. Judge Hamilton adjourned court for fifteen minutes before returning with the verdict--guilty on all counts.

Only days before when Dorothy Eber, Ariel Glenn, and Jerry Zawada went to trial, they were amazed to learn that they would be allowed a jury trial but that they would be denied any opportunity to present a necessity defense. On October 31, attorney Henry Stoeber represented Dorothy and Jerry, while Ariel appeared *pro se* before U. S. District Court Judge Joseph Stevens. Defendants were instructed never to refer to anything pertaining to religion, politics, morality, or their motivation as they conducted their defense.



sporting well-worn tennis shoes, a false mustache, and a baseball cap pulled down over his sunglasses. He has his arm draped around the shoulders of a thin, dark haired woman, dressed as a skeleton with a painted face.

"No," he answers, shaking his head vigorously, "there is no democracy in my country."

"President Cerezo and the Christian Democratic government are just a public relations cover for the military dictators?" They both smile at my question.

"Si, tiene razon (Yes, you are right)." He hesitates for a moment, his eyes scanning the crowd. "Today we can protest because it is *La Huelga de Dolores*. Wearing disguises and staying together in a crowd, we can denounce the army. Tomorrow, who knows?"

The Death Truck

Later that same evening, gunmen in civilian clothes fire on the demonstration, seriously wounding two students. Government security forces, according to numerous eyewitnesses, make no attempt to detain the brazen gunmen as they flee the scene of the crime in a vehicle without license plates. The following day the AEU (Association of University Students) headquarters at San Carlos is put under surveillance by suspicious-looking men. Bomb threats are called into the AEU office.

The student movement in Guatemala: fighting for its life

"It is painful to acknowledge that in Guatemala we are not living in a democracy, that we are forced to flee into exile for the simple reason of trying to make improvements in the society."

—Antonio Calan, Guatemalan Student Leader, March 1988, the day before he fled into exile.

Thousands of Guatemala residents, smiling and applauding, crowd the sidewalks and lean out shouting from the windows and balconies, as masked student demonstrators from the University of San Carlos parade in the bright sunshine through a working class barrio in the central city. A short distance away, behind a wooden police barricade, heavily-armed, camouflage-clad soldiers look on impassively, while the police radio squawks in the background.

Carrying handmade placards and banners ("The People Are Angry," "The Rulers Are Criminals"), dressed in Mardi Gras type costumes—ranging from police and military uniforms to suit and tie bureaucrats to bloody cadavers in white sheets—the thousand-strong column moves through the streets, chanting defiantly "Down With the Military Assassins," and "The People United Will Never Be Defeated." On the perimeter of the demonstration, a student in white face dressed as Uncle Sam hawks copies of a radical newsletter put out especially during *La Huelga de Dolores*—a traditional student satire-celebration held on the Friday preceding Holy Week. At the head of the procession, four black-hooded pallbearers carry a wooden coffin, emblazoned on the side "The Death Of Democracy." "Does this demonstration mean there's democracy in Guatemala?" I rather facetiously asked of the demonstrator, a young man dressed as a priest,

Convicted peace activists

Each made valiant efforts to present a truthful defense to the jury, but the judge regularly sustained the prosecutor's objections. Although testimony about their motives was deemed irrelevant, the prosecutor's questions about who helped the defendants get to the site and cut the locks were considered relevant. Refusal to answer those questions netted Dorothy two contempt of court citations, and one each for Jerry and Ariel.

Courtroom demonstration

The first time Stevens directed Dorothy to answer the question about who drove her to the site, almost the entire courtroom audience stood up and said, "I did." Maryknoll Father Vic Hummert, a longtime peace activist in Kansas City for the trial, said, "We all stood up in unison. It was like a little choir."

Stevens threatened to have everyone who stood arrested if the demonstration continued and later threatened to have the courtroom cleared and the back doors locked. It was edifying to watch Henry, Dorothy, Ariel, and Jerry consistently communicate their love for peace and truth amid such harsh and frustrating conditions.

Following the trial, one juror told Ariel, "Most of us agree with you, but the judge's instructions left us no choice. We don't want missiles any more than you do."

In sum, at the first trial we were allowed to say anything because the judge was confident that nothing we could say would affect his pre-judgement. At the second trial, defendants weren't allowed to say anything for fear that their testimony would affect the prejudices of the jury. Justice was stifled throughout both trial proceedings. Once again the U. S. public lost the chance to participate in debate about nuclear weapons.

A white panel truck with polarized windows chases and tries to run down an AEU activist as he walks off the campus. A suspiciously similar white panel truck, according to the daily newspaper *La Hora*, has been involved in no less than 15 abductions and murders. When *El Panel de La Muerte*, the death truck, as it came to be known at the university, was finally pulled over, it was being driven by six Treasury Police officials, in effect a government-sanctioned Death Squad.

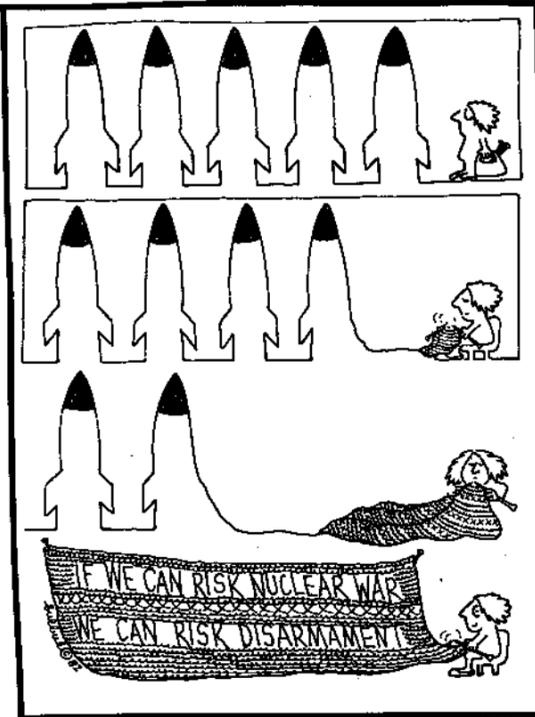
A Guatemalan judge in the case, after being kidnapped (along with a lawyer colleague who was murdered) later dropped the charges against the six Treasury Police, who, according to the national press, were under the overall supervision of President Cerezo's own former personal body guard, Oscar Diaz.

"We must not forget," a human rights activist in the capital recently told me, "that this nightmare is happening in a country that Reagan and Bush have lauded for its 'return to Democracy.'" A country which is annually receiving 150 million in aid from the U.S., while Western Europe, Israel, Taiwan, and South Africa are providing even more money and arms.

At least seven University of San Carlos student activists have been kidnapped and murdered during the past school year. Not far from the AEU office, a wall mural commemorates Oliverio Casteneda (murdered in 1978) as well as hundreds of student martyrs of the 1980's: "You can massacre our leaders, but as long as the people exist, there will be revolutionaries."

On the day following *La Huelga*, a group of right-wing thugs defaced the mural. Since the fall of 1987, an average of 100 civilians per month have been assassinated or disappeared by right-wing Death Squads. "There are no political prisoners held by the government," according to the Christian Democratic Party President Vinicio Cerezo. The

The task of subjecting nuclear weaponry to public control remains formidable. As we went to trial we were especially aware of the imminent danger to humans, the earth and her creatures caused by the government's ongoing release of massive amounts of radioactive contaminants from nuclear weapons plants. This criminal behavior is a clear indication that nuclear weapons take precedence over all other values.



reason for this is simple, according to human rights organizations that have visited the country: the military and government security forces torture and murder every "suspect" they take into custody.

Since the CIA-directed overthrow of Guatemala's democratically elected government of Jacobo Arbenz in 1954, the country has suffered through 34 years of terror and political repression. Out of a population base of just over eight million people, 140,000 persons have been murdered—including massive numbers of student, labor, Indian, and campesino grassroots leaders. Amnesty International and other human rights groups rate Guatemala as the worst human rights violator of the decade in this hemisphere.

Thirty-nine thousand of these victims have been disappeared—that is, their bodies have never been found. Because of this murderous repression, most of the political opposition of Guatemala has traditionally been forced to organize itself in a clandestine or underground fashion.

The University Students Association (AEU) only recently has taken the dangerous step of organizing openly again, marching in the streets and displaying its banners in massive trade union and campesino demonstrations in Guatemala City and Quetzaltenango. The AEU has publicly joined the UASP (Union of Labor and Popular Action) federation, a broad nationwide coalition of peace and social justice forces—encompassing just about the entire aboveground opposition in Guatemala. Since January 1988, the UASP has successfully organized to negotiate with the popular movement.

Students mobilize

In spite of the continuing reign of terror, the student movement is advancing and getting stronger. In early July, 1988, the AEU helped Guatemalan high school students launch a successful student strike in four of the country's departments or states. On July 6, thousands of frustrated high school students built street barricades outside of their schools and fought running, pitched battles with riot police to demand that the government provide badly needed educational funds. In retaliation, police opened fire on the student strikers.

Obedient airmen

As of this mailing, Ariel, Dorothy, Jerry, Duane, Gail, and Kathy are out on bond as they await sentencing. During the first trial, several airmen testified that they were unfamiliar with the rules of warfare and their duties under International Law. Two of them even said that they would obey a command to keep silent about, for example, the massive release of radioactivity at nuclear weapons plants. Perhaps we should be given a room at Whiteman Air Force Base and sentenced to six months of community service educating these people about what they are doing.

Whatever the type or length of sentence, we remain hopeful because we believe, as Ariel so gently testified, that the power of love is stronger than the power of nuclear missiles.

We look forward to a fruitful harvest.

Sincerely,

Ariel, Jerry, Dorothy, Bonnie, Gail, Duane and Kathy and the Missouri Peace Planting support group

On August 4, 40,000 protesters marched on the National Palace in Guatemala City. After five students were arrested by the National Police, irate demonstrators burned the main door of the legislative assembly building, built barricades in the streets, destroyed a city bus, and blocked traffic in the center of the city. The protests ended with the freeing of the five students that afternoon. On August 8, further demonstrations in Guatemala City and six provincial capitals brought out 100,000 people.

When Indian exile leader Rigoberta Menchu returned to the country for a week on April 18, 1988, and was promptly arrested at the airport, thousands of students mobilized within hours, and a mass street rally was held in front of the courthouse where Menchu was being held. Swelling international protest forced the government to release Menchu, prompting military officers, furious over her release and the activities of the "subversive UASP," to attempt a military coup two weeks later. In response to the attempted coup, the U.S. Congress increased military aid to Guatemala—a paradoxical move, considering the army's bloody human rights record.

The AEU is not only working on national issues like human rights and economic justice, several of its leaders said in an interview given this summer to *Report on Guatemala*, but also on student concerns like lower tuition and better university facilities. By North American standards, most of Guatemala's 60,000 university students are incredibly poor, with average combined family incomes of \$120 per month. Classes are overcrowded, textbooks are scarce and expensive, and facilities and equipment are overextended. Most students have to work at minimum wage jobs—20 cents an hour—while they try to study. After graduation, any type of decent job is very hard to obtain; "unless," as one liberal arts graduate told me in Antigua, "you are willing to work for the military or the Death Squads."

As AEU leaders explain, there can be no economic improvement for students without a corresponding economic and social advance for the exploited majority of the population.

As long as the militarized economy is geared toward continuing its U.S.-backed twenty-eight-year-old counter-insurgency war against the guerrillas, instead of finding a negotiated solution—as the left-wing guerrilla federation, the URNG has called for—nothing will change.

Orejas

There are government spies, *orejas*, or ears as they are called, planted throughout the campus—including identifiable infiltrators inside the AEU. For a student to stand up and demand his/her rights or to support the rights of others, like the

Continued on page 14

GAM (Mutual Aid Group for Families of the Disappeared), is tantamount to risking their lives. As in neighboring El Salvador, there are no groupies or hangers-on in the ranks of the student activists. Like the sixties student movement in the United States and Latin America, the current struggles of the AEU are a direct threat to the reactionary Establishment.

Their alliance with the Indians, human rights groups, embattled trade unionists, campesinos, liberation theology Christians, and poverty stricken barrio dwellers is the nightmare of the Generals and the CIA—as well as the only possible solution to the ongoing Guatemalan Holocaust.

On July 22, 1988, a group of twelve heavily armed men, believed to be members of the security forces, forced their way into the house of Oscar Monterroso, a law student at the University of San Carlos and a leader of the AEU. Oscar Monterroso, along with a USAC agronomy student, Adrian Guerra Roca, were in the house at the time of the attack. Oscar Monterroso managed to escape and subsequently denounced the Death Squad that shot Adrian Guerra Roca and then dragged him away to an unknown location. Five days later Roca's mutilated body was found by a roadside outside the town of Palencia with seven bullet wounds.

In spite of the dangers, the AEU continues to organize. The group has several ambitious undertakings in the planning stage, including a health clinic and a housing assistance center for the poor, but they lack necessary funds for the projects. In a recent statement, AEU spokespersons asked foreign solidarity groups to help them raise money. They also hope to start a radio station and an audio-visual center to facilitate political education. On October 14 the AEU called on students to support 500 staff members at San Carlos University who went on strike and occupied the main university building, as part of a protest action against the university's realignment of pay scales.

Only Jesse Jackson among the major presidential contenders in 1988 called for a cutoff of U.S. aid to the Death Squad Democracy of Guatemala. Guatemala solidarity activists from Minneapolis stressed recently during a radio talk show their hope for increased unity and effectiveness on the part of the peace and social justice community: "What we need to do is unite behind a call for cutting off all aid to all repressive regimes and mercenary forces in the world—South Africa, Israel, El Salvador, the Contras, Guatemala, etc. The only thing the Bush administration will listen to is a mass resistance movement—a movement that is united and determined. A movement like the one students are building in Guatemala, El Salvador, and throughout the Third World."

For further information on Guatemala solidarity efforts contact NISGUA (Network in Solidarity with the People of Guatemala, 1314-14th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005).

—Jon Reed

Boycott Nestle!

Don't buy that candy bar! Look at the label first —if it says Nestle or Beich, please pick another brand.

In case you've not heard, the Nestle boycott has been reinstated.

Why a boycott?

For seven years there was a world-wide consumer campaign called Infact that brought corporate formula grants, like Nestle, to their knees. (Even United Methodist Women's Society supported Infact!) The World Health Organization (WHO) finally forced the corporations to promise to stop marketing formula inappropriately overseas.

Unfortunately, watchdogs have found flagrant violations since WHO guidelines were signed. WHO guidelines were an attempt to keep formula producers from pushing their product in third world countries.

A recent letter from boycott organizers explains it best: "Free samples of infant formula actually create a physical need. Once bottle-feeding is begun, a mother's own milk begins to dry up ... and without pure water, refrigeration, and the means to sterilize nipples and bottles, infant formula is deadly" (ACA letter, Oct. 1988).



Babies die of diarrhea, vomiting, infection and dehydration. The disease they die of is officially designated "bottle baby disease." The cause is PURE CORPORATE GREED. Mother's milk, with its digestibility and natural immunity, is far superior and costs nothing.

As you see apple-cheeked children on Nestle's fall Toll House cookie ads, know also that children are dying from Nestle's other products. I'd rather see a lot more Stouffer's Lean Cuisines being sold here to yuppies to keep up the corporate profits, wouldn't you?

For more information write Action for Corporate Accountability, Suite 230, 3255 Hennepin Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408-9986.

In the meantime, don't buy Nestle-Beich!

—Local Birth Activist

Nestle boycott list

Chocolates

Nestle's Crunch; Toll House Chips; Nestle's Quik; Hot Cocoa Mix; Choco'lite; Choco-Bake; \$100,000 Candy Bar; Price's Chocolates; Go Ahead Bar

Coffees and Teas

Taster's Choice; Nescafe; Nestea; Decaf; Sunrise; Pero

Wines

Beringer Brothers; Los Hermanos; Crosse and Blackwell

Cheeses

Swiss Knight; Wispride; Gerber Cheeses; Old Fort; Provalone Lacatelli; Cherry Hill; Roger's

Packaged Fruits, Soups, Etc.

Libby's; Stouffer frozen foods; Souptime; Maggi Soups; Crosse and Blackwell; Beech Nut Baby Foods

Hotels and Restaurants

Stouffer; Rusty Scupper

Miscellaneous

L'Oreal Cosmetics; Nestle Cookie Mixes; Deer Park Mountain Spring Water; Pine Hill Crystal Water; Kavli Crispbread; McVities; Keiller; James Keller & Son, Ltd.; Contique by Alcon; Ionax by Owen Labs; Lancome

From Whole Birth Catalog

Giants target babies

International Childbirth Education Association president Jeanne Rose is mad at the makers of Similac, and she isn't going to take it any more! Ross Laboratories are still marketing hospital gift packs for the definite bottlefeeder, but since that figure is going the way of spats wearers, new free Similac samples are being paced for the mother who will "probably" breastfeed. Yet a third present of more formula and a bottle will go to the definite breastfeeder. Same violation of the WHO code, different packaging.

Rose was told that Ross Laboratories is not bound by law to honor the WHO code. So she urges ICEA members (and there are thousands) to protest to hospitals that act as unpaid advertisers of inferior infant food, from Ross or elsewhere.

From Compleat Mother

TATTOOS

BY
Solo

103 E. MULBERRY..
BLOOMINGTON...

PH. 827-3737

OPEN NOON TO 6:00
FRI. 12 TO 8:00

CLOSED SUN. + WED.

COUPON

1 FREE SMALL
TATTOO (FROM PRE-
SELECTED DESIGNS)
WITH PURCHASE
OF A TATTOO.

DEC. ONLY 88

What's the National Enquirer got that we ain't got?

Post predictions for 1989



While looking at the state of our subscription list, we were trying to figure out why a quality newspaper like ours doesn't sell as many copies as the National Enquirer. Then, the answer suddenly came to us. The Enquirer starts every year by surveying famous psychics so its readers will already know all the important news for the new year. Hey, it's a great time-saver to be able to skip MacNeill-Lehrer. So we at the Post have polished up our crystal ball to provide you--our all-important readers--with this valuable service.

The Balrog has long been famous for his uncanny accuracy in predicting the future. His psychic abilities appeared early in childhood, when he correctly predicted that--despite his mother's wishes--he would turn out "that way." For 1989 and beyond, the Balrog predicts:

--Jim Bakker, Jimmy Swaggart, and Marvin Gorman will announce that God has revealed to them that His true name is Charlie. The three evangelists will then co-star in a revival of "Charlie's Angels" in which they will use their sexual allures to lead sinners to Christ, Son of Charlie. The new series will run on CBN, the "Charlie Broadcasting Network."

--As his first official duty, Vice-President elect J. Danforth Quayle III will announce a major new initiative in the war against drugs. Quayle will tour Amerika to personally guarantee that no marijuana is growing on the nation's golf courses.



In 1989, a close shave for Michael Dukakis, while George Bush forgets his pledge.

--President George Bush will not once utter the Pledge of Allegiance during his first year in office.

--Under the new leadership of Lee "Sound Bite" Atwater, no Republican will be allowed to think for over thirty seconds.

--Willie Horton will not be paroled in 1989.

--The California Raisins' amazing rise to stardom will be abruptly ended in 1989. Noticing that there were no women in the original group, a National Enquirer reporter will start the rumor that the California Raisins are gay. This will cause Hardee's and other advertisers to cancel the Raisins' contracts. The Raisins' last television appearance will be on the Oprah Winfrey Show, where they'll discuss how to have safe gay sex without genitals.

Our ever-popular Ms. Hippie is a world-renowned psychic, which she finds to be of enormous help in writing her advice and etiquette column. Ms. Hippie gained international attention when she correctly predicted the style and color of Cher's outfit for the Academy Awards ceremony. Ms. Hippie

offers the following insights on what the future holds for some of our favorite personalities:

--In 1989, it will be conclusively proven that Elvis Presley is not a mutant.

--In the year 1999, it will be conclusively proven that Elvis is not a space alien.

--In the year 2009, it will be conclusively proven that Elvis is dead.



Will Vanna sell her last vowel on "Wheel of Fortune"?

--Actress extraordinaire and spelling bee champ Vanna White will be driven insane when the word "syzygy" appears in a "Wheel of Fortune" puzzle.

--Geraldo Rivera's face will be bloodied once again when fisticuffs break out during his television special "Creole Cooking: Overpriced Cuisine or Satan Worship?"

--Pope John Paul II will suffer a severe bout of depression in 1989. Psychoanalysts will discover the cause to be a deep-seated resentment against the late Pope John Paul I. Pope John Paul II felt obliged to take the previous Pope's name due to his short time in office, when all along he had wanted to take the name Pope Waldo Magoo I.

Blanche and Stella are two cats with extra-sensory perception who frequently team up to write the informative and entertaining "Underground Vegetarian." Their psychic abilities were discovered when they correctly predicted that they would be the inspiration for the characters in "A Streetcar Named Desire." Blanche and Stella warn us



Little Sharon Batts and her hit song "Dear Mr. Jesus" will be God's instrument of torture for Oral Roberts in 1989.

to expect the following events in the new year:

--Despite overwhelming odds, long-time staffers Deborah Wiatt and Ferdydurke will each write a Post Amerikan article in 1989.

--Oral Roberts will reveal Charlie's 1989 fundraising plans for ORU and the City of Faith. Should he fail to raise \$10 million, Oral will be condemned to listen to "Dear Mr. Jesus" for all eternity.

--Jerry Falwell's plans for Liberty Village, a retirement home to be built on Liberty Mountain next to both Liberty University and the new facilities for Thomas Road Baptist Church, will continue on schedule. However, one major scheduling snag will disrupt the project. Residents of Liberty Village will refuse to die on schedule, ruining Falwell's fundraising plans for the new retirement home.

--Certain that they were the cause of his defeat, Michael Dukakis will shave off his eyebrows. People will then start mistaking him for Richard Gephardt.



Margaret Thatcher, the "Iron Lady," will go all out to prove she's "steel" sexy.

--Not to be outdone by Liz Taylor, Margaret Thatcher will come out with a new line of perfumes in 1989.

Phoebe Caulfield is best known for her uncanny ability to rant and rave intelligently about the most trivial of events. Phoebe's psychic powers came to light when she correctly predicted that Gen Tel would once again f*ck up her telephone bill. Phoebe's mental prowess has revealed these amazing future events:

--In the year 2019, former Post Amerikan staffer Mark Silverstein will be nominated to the Supreme Court. This will create the most heated confirmation hearings since those for Judge Robert "What Right to Privacy?" Bork. However, Judge Silverstein will successfully gain a seat on the Court, creating the first liberal majority in over thirty years. The new court will immediately request to rehear the infamous 1986 Hardwick case which gave states the right to regulate blow jobs. Despite a conservative uproar led by aging homophobe Pat Buchanan, the Court will finally recognize a person's constitutional right to sexual privacy. The new liberal majority will issue the Court's first one-sentence ruling, simply stating, "Hardwick and the Rehnquist decision had something in common--they both sucked."

--Christ, Son of Charlie, will not return in 1989.

--In 1989, Ronald Reagan's brain will be discovered, alive and well, living in Argentina.

--Raisa Gorbachev will commit a major faux pas in 1989 when she greets First Lady Barbara Bush by saying, "You must be so proud of your son, the President."

--Compiled by the Balrog

**My Mothers
Potato Masher**
Makes heavenly
mashed potatoes with
minimal effort. \$129 (5.00)



Improve your mind
Enhance your lifestyle
Preserve the quaint traditions of mostly non-white artisans

Let's all shop by mail

For a while now, I've been coming home at the end of a long day to find my mailbox stuffed to the throat, like a Christmas turkey, with yuppified mail-order catalogues. Some of them offer a mind-boggling variety of high-priced gadgets, knick-knacks and thingies, while other catalogues are ludicrously specialized in their products—selling only chic picture frames, or nostalgic radio accessories, or packages of cheese and sausage nestled in Easter grass, wrapped in cellophane and plaid ribbons, which have a shelf-life of fifty years or two nuclear wars. Then there are those which peddle Irish gewgaws, or doggie decorations, or kitty curios, or one-use kitchen appliances, or fancy blankets with French-sounding names, or toys for children which appeal only to adults, or mahogany handled tools for rich people who will never use them! Mercy!

We've entered a new, eminently more highbrow era of shopping by mail. Used to be only the el-cheapo merchandise that was sold through the mail, like nose-hair clippers and stuff that relied on the fact that you couldn't actually see it to be bought, like plastic pointsetta shower curtains. Remember when mail order specialty catalogues were about the size of the T.V. Guide and illustrated with badly drawn sketches and dorky photos? Who could forget the photo of the woman holding a dildo against her cheek with the caption "Vibrating Massage Relaxes Even Hard-to-Reach Places"? Or the old clumsy drawing of a personalized straw doormat which read "Your Family's Name"? Those days are gone, and although you might still be able to order nose hair clippers, they will now be called F. Scott Fitzgerald Gold-Plated Grooming Snips, and cost you \$39.50.

These slick new yuppie mail-order merchandisers are relentless in their sales techniques. They obviously have advertising psychologists, English majors and designers with fine arts degrees on the payroll. They peddle their wares with despicably slick graphic design and razor sharp advertising copy. They



**Louis XIV's
military muscle.**
\$59 (3.00)



make you feel dissatisfied with what you have. Gluttonous. Like no matter how good you have it, it could always be better with just this one little item.

... The best chefs say goodbye to dull knives with the **Chef's Choice Deluxe Knife Sharpener with Triple Diamond Honing Action**, \$79. . . The sounds are at once soothing and mysterious—six pure ringing tones in ethereal harmony—**Woodstock Mahogany Windchimes of Partch**—hand-rubbed with Danish oil—\$69 (and it looks just like the one your nephew made in Basic Materials 101). . . **Mahogany Door Wedge**—Doesn't this handsomely understated door wedge (a doorstep—understated? Naw.) suggest the luxury of a stately, manorial home?—\$16.50... **Leather-Bound Hostess Book**—an invaluable record keeper and planner for your special dinner parties which contains table plans with space for notes of menu, wine list, guests and seating arrangements, flowers, hostess's dress and jewelry, \$50.



Pet Odor and Stain Eliminators \$46.00

The crafty mail-order mongers of "the good things in life" use several strategies to appeal to the current "neo-renaissance" yuppie penchant for the trappings of the fine arts and sciences. They are namedroppers of the worst order, linking their products with the likes of Leonardo, Chopin, and Madame Curie. You'll notice the luminaries they mention are always dead and incapable of putting up much of a fuss over this insulting misrepresentation. In fact, thumbing through these yuppie catalogues pretty much eliminates the need to study the arts and sciences in traditional texts.

This stunning album is based on an original design by the Royal Bookbinder to Louis XIV. An adaptation of the original famous figure sculpted by the French sculptor-painter Degas. Gyroscopic forces were first observed by Isaac Newton in the 18th century, and gyroscopes have intrigued people ever since. Guts is hand-sculpted and hand-cast by a firm that has been individually crafting gyroscopes since the turn of the century. . . Chief Joseph was an American hero, and this blanket symbolizes Indian concepts of bravery and strength. . . When friends compliment you on your flask, you could mention that it won a British Design Council award, or you could propose a toast to the revival of fine pewter craftsmanship.

Modern Ming Vase
The ancient Ming vase shape is made modern with light, elegant glass. Fits in beautifully with any decor. Designed and blown by traditional craftsmen in West Virginia. Measures 8" tall.
\$30.00



These yuppie entrepreneurs are also big on the "hand-finished," "hand crafted" malarky. They want you to think of a spry, gray-haired old man lovingly rubbing out the finish of your mahogany doormat in his quaint little cottage workshop, or a winsome beauty glazing your terra cotta platter at an outdoor pottery shop in a colorful Mexican village. You are urged to think of yourself at a patron of the arts—a veritable latter-day Medici. By possessing these artisan's "hand-made" items, you become a part of their honest, time-honored craft. You are enabling them to do what they love—your gray-haired old Welsh craftsman doesn't want to be on the dole any more than your winsome beauty wants to be a prostitute in Tijuana.

So, you say, what crawled up my butt and turned sideways? I don't have to look at these catalogues—why I don't I just throw them away, you ask?

Well, I just want to know, who are these yuppie entrepreneurs and why do they think I am one of their devotees? Don't they know I drive a ten-year-old car without windshield wipers? That I haven't been to a hairdresser since I was five, when I was the flower girl in my cousin's wedding? That my glassware consists of mason jars and Arby's glasses? That my underwear is so dependent on safety pins that people think I'm playing finger-cymbals when I walk by?

To be honest, working on this article has forced the writer into certain self admissions. Truth is, I had to think hard to come up with even a few critical differences between myself and the yuppies I ridicule. And, pain of pain, I must fess up that my ten-year-old car is a Volvo. And now that I think about it, I have been to the hairdresser—but only once, I swear.

So I ask myself—why do I get offended by these catalogues? Is it because, betrayed by my Visa card, I have been identified as a yuppie by some computer? Is it because I fear that now, so identified, I will be compelled by the suggestion to fulfil that profane? Or am I, like those neighbors who are so hot about "environmentalism" I really am full of products just out my "ethic philosophy" radical, opposes such flagrant materialism? Well, as you say, proud and already gutted, all of these things are true.

I admit it. I have lusted in my heart after a pair of cast bronze dolphin brooches, solar powered garden lights, elegant satin scarves covered with peacocks and palmettes, a sterling silver Scottish whiskey flask, and yes, even hand-embroidered silk charmeuse underwear. I hate locking my Visa card in the strong box on the top shelf in the pantry, but until this crisis of yuppie lust passes, I'll be piously repairing my brassieres with safety pins and cursing the day those smut peddlars got bulk-rate permits.

Post Amerikan Gifts of Distinction



Phone sex is safe sex. In this age, why worry? Talk dirty while luxuriating in the bath, with the Sony SportsPhone™. The raised membrane keypad feels cool and smooth against your face. Includes handy phrasebook. \$219.

The luxury of pure silk...made practical in a sleeveless undershirt and boxer shorts.



Tired of shit-streaks on your Levis? Revive a quaint custom! As pictured above, Men's Underwear are enjoying a comeback. Protect your favorite jeans and sweatshirts with these lightweight traditional garments. White cotton, \$99.50.

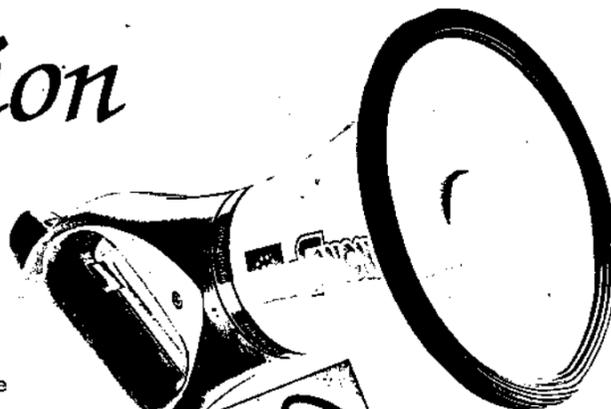


Horrifying vision reminds you each morning: "I'm glad I've got a beard!" Faux shaving mirror in gleaming stainless steel reflects the MBA you-that-might-have-been in gruesomely realistic detail. Mounting hardware incl. \$44.96.

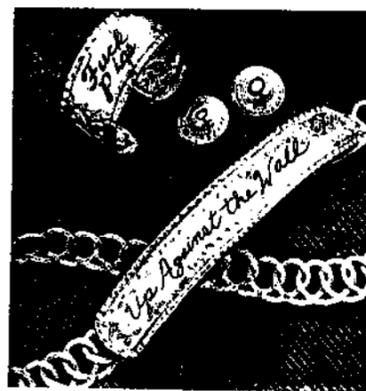


Don't come home hoarse from those Weekend Demonstrations! You won't be just another voice in the crowd with the Fanon Power Megaphone - complete with Outside Agitator's Phrase Book-- Includes such truisms as: "Hell, no, we won't go!" "1,2,3,4, we won't fight your bloody war!" "2,4,6,8, organize to smash the state!"

\$335.



For reliability in critical situations, officers of the New York Police Department carry Fanon Courier megaphones.



Classic Jewelry

Real Hippy jewelry with a Classic flair. Handcrafted in 18k gold for lasting beauty. Engraved with choice phrases:
up against the wall
Fuck Pigs
Yours in struggle
bracelet, belt and earrings \$595.



Don't let last night's Gallo go to waste just because your company passed out! Solid pewter wine corks let guests "know where you're at" and add distinction to any table. Available in peace sign, womyn's/myn's symbol and clenched fist. \$43.95.



Surprise your friends this Halloween... go as a Straight Woman! Complete ensemble includes pearls, wig, dental work, jewel-neck sweater, plaid box-pleated skirt, and handy phrasebook ("How's Mark doing in law school?" "Julie's really busy with the Alpha Zeta rush," etc.). Set, \$246.99.



Uppers? Downers? A simple slip could be fatal. Rest assured with Braun's Reflex Control Drug Timer for those pesky midnight decisions. \$59.95

Community News



Hispanic Resource Directory available

The Hispanic Resource Directory is the single most comprehensive guide available and includes extensive information on 951 local, regional and national Hispanic organizations, associations, research centers, academic programs, foundations, chambers of commerce, museums, government agencies and other groups in the United States.

The term Hispanic is used to describe a diverse group of individuals, including persons of Mexican, Puerto Rican, Cuban, Central and South American, and Spanish descent. The 19,000,000 Hispanics comprise the fastest growing (and youngest) segment of the US population. The United States now has the sixth largest Hispanic population in the world. Between 1980 and 1987 the Hispanic population increased by thirty percent, compared with six percent for the non-Hispanic population. It is estimated that as early as 2010 Hispanics will become the largest minority in the United States.

With about 2,250 entries, this is the only comprehensive directory of resources about Hispanics and is designed to assist Hispanic Americans, library and information centers, researchers and scholars, government officials, service providers, the business community and others interested in this large and important population.

The book was prepared by Alan Edward Schorr, the author of ten reference books including Directory of Services for Refugees and Immigrants. He is a prominent member of the American Library Association.

Encourage your library to write to:

The Denali Press
Reference and Scholarly Publications
PO Box 021535
Juneau, Alaska, USA 99802-1535

Aids benefit a success

The AIDS benefit concert held at The Gallery 6 October was a great success. Sherrin Fitzer and Martha Burk of the McLean County AIDS Task Force wish to thank Kup Tchong, Joy Knapp, *Post Amerikan*, all of the bands, and anyone else who made the benefit possible.

The benefit concert made about \$500.00. Fitzer said that the money will be used to "continue AIDS education against fear and ignorance."

Group home smashed by County Board

The tumult and the shouting had died on Kaleidoscope's recent attempt at opening a replacement group home in rural Carlock. Despite a unanimous recommendation by the county board's committee, the board itself denied the agency the special use permit needed to open a residential facility for adolescents in the country. At this writing agency officials have reportedly been looking back to Normal for a likely spot to open its fourth group home.

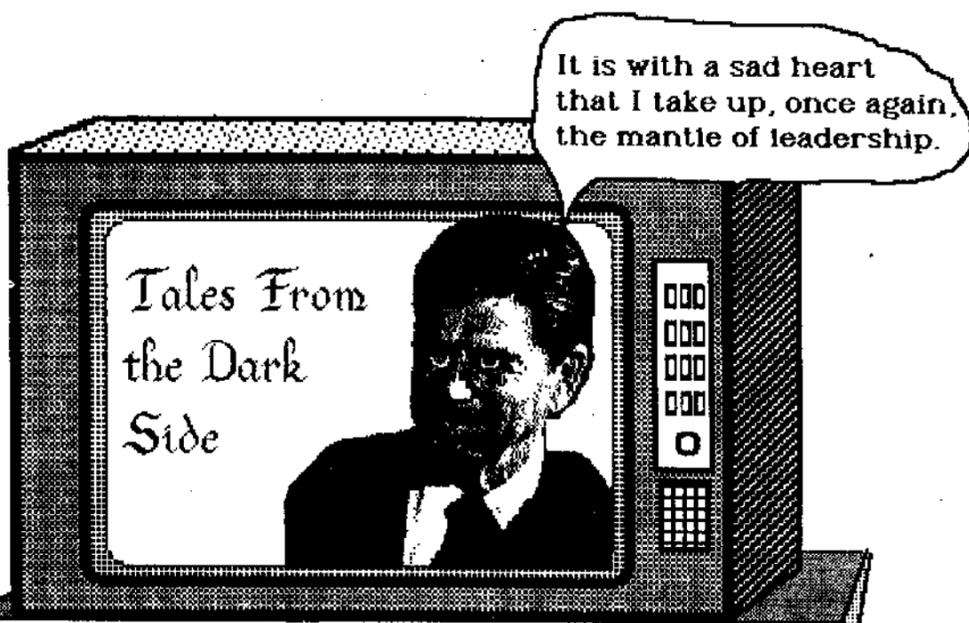
But, of course, the story isn't fully finished: the McLean County Board's decision to downthumb the country group home was a political one, one that flew in the face of two weeks of hearings and due process, but it ain't over yet. Farmhouse owner Davis, who was set to make a couple of bucks selling the group home to the Big K, has since filed a lawsuit against those board members who voted down the permit, and the word is that the man's got a case. Even if Kaleidoscope never buys the Carlock house, Davis's suit should give

local politicians second thoughts about voting on the side of the NIMBYs. But McLean's County Board isn't the only body that's come off badly in the midst of the group home dispute. Let's not forget the Pantagraph (whose editorial board felt the need to print two --count 'em-- editorials attacking Kaleidoscope plans) nor one-note Democratic candidate Ken Kashian (who used his role as agency opponent as the sole point in his recent unsuccessful bid for Gordon Ropp's representative slot) nor Ropp himself (who reportedly called in a few favors among board members to help get the permit defeated).

All of the above were more than willing to pander to Kaleidophobia at the expense of 1) the agency's very real moves at changing its own controversial policies and 2) the continuing growing need for residential child care in the country. Too bad folks can't be sued for being assholes.

Is it Prime Time Yet?

It was with a solemn face that Dan Rather announced the fatal accident in which President Bush and Vice President Quayle were killed in a golf cart explosion while on the nineteenth hole in Palm Springs. Though the circumstances were tragic and the details sketchy, the network felt that it could not interrupt normal programming and so resumed the evening's telecast. But the horror had just begun...



Letters:

Dear Post,

Peace be upon you all my brothers and sisters to whom it may concern. I am a man in prison. I am very poor in prison. I don't have any money at all and no family at all. But I would like for someone out there to please send me a free newspaper. Also, I would like to have my name put down on a free mailing list for issues of your newspaper.

Love, old man,
Brother Dahou!

Post replies:

Put your mind at rest, Brother Dahou. You're on our mailing list as of today.

Grant may keep you warm

Mid Central Community Action, Inc., has received a grant to administer the 1989 Illinois Home Energy Assistance program in McLean and Livingston Counties. Starting Nov. 1, Community Action has accepted applications from the elderly, handicapped, and households that have their primary heat source disconnected or whose delivered fuel in the tank is down to 10% or less.

The program was available beginning Dec. 1. Applications are taken on a first come, first served basis, by appointment only.

The Illinois Home Energy Assistance Program (IHEAP) provides one-time financial assistance to income-eligible households to help meet the rising costs of home energy. Grants range from \$130 to \$495.

The income guidelines are:

Family Size	30 day income	Annual income
1	\$601	\$7212
2	805	9662
3	1009	12112
4	1214	14562
5	1418	17012
6	1622	19462

An overdue bill or cut-off notice is not required to apply for the program. Households may also be eligible even if their utilities are included in their rent, except families living in subsidized housing.

Contact your local Community Action office, in McLean County at 923 E. Grove St., Bloomington, (309) 829-0691, and in Livingston County at 731 E. Madison St., Pontiac, (815) 844-3201.



Community News

Midwifery update

On November 17, the Jihan midwifery case was heard before the State Supreme Court in Springfield.

Maggie Jihan was charged with practicing midwifery without a licence. The catch is that lay midwifery is not officially recognized, and there is no licensing or certification procedure.

For all of us who support full legalization of midwifery and freedom of choice in birth care, November 17 was a landmark day. I'll write when we hear the decision.

--Local Birth Activist

Midwives
Make It
a Labor of
Love

Freedom of choice in recycling

Taking recycling to the people is what a community recycling center is for, and Operation Recycle offers a variety of choices to make recycling convenient including 8 twenty-four hour drop-offs, recycling drives and a six-day-a-week buyback.

The drop-offs are located at 923 E. Grove, the K Mart parking lot, the Zayre's parking lot, Rollingbrook Park, and 501 E. Stewart Street (Morris Tick Co. parking lot) in Bloomington and at Maxwell Park, Hoose School, and the ISU lot at Locust and Main in Normal.

Recycle drives are held on a Saturday every 5-7 weeks at the Sears, Eastland lot and the ISU lot on the SW corner of College and Main. Future drives are October 8 and November 21. All drives are held from 9am-3pm.

A large variety of material can be recycled at the drives and drop boxes. These items include newspapers, corrugated cardboard, non-glossy office paper, beverage cans, food cans, container glass, plastic milk and detergent bottles, and grocery sacks.

At the buyback which is held Mondays through Saturdays at the Operation Recycle warehouse, 923 E. Grove, recyclers can sell their newspapers, container glass and beverage cans, and all other recyclables are accepted.

With the amount of garbage being produced per capita per day in the US steadily rising (from about 3 pounds in the 1960s to around 6 pounds in the 80s) and with the recognition that all landfills have drawbacks as a solid waste disposal method, recycling has gained importance as a disposal alternative.

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

Governor says, "Manage your waste!"

A surprising victory for environmentalists occurred when the Illinois State Legislature passed a series of solid waste management bills which Governor Thompson has signed into law.

The bills include one which will require counties of over 100,000 population (this includes McLean) to develop a short and long range solid waste management plan by 1991. All plans are to include a goal of 25% recycling by 1995.

Another bill recreates a landfill surcharge on all landfills in the state and raises the state surcharge rate to 60 cents per cubic yard. A previous surcharge bill with a 45 cent per cubic yard charge was thrown out in the courts, but the new bill addresses the court problems.

In addition, the new bill does not have the sunset provision included in the previous bill, so the state may continue the surcharge for as long as is necessary. Funds from the surcharge will be used to finance recycling research and grants and solid waste management planning.

In addition, the bill gives counties the ability to add their own local surcharge of 45 cents per cubic yard until 1991 and 60 cents per cubic yard after that.

Other bills in the package include one requiring that no yard waste be deposited in landfills after 1991 and one requiring that 5 major state office buildings initiate recycling programs.

Passage of the new bills came as a surprise because the session of the legislature was designated as a time to take care of old business. The bills should offer further impetus to the solid waste management study currently being conducted by Bloomington, Normal, and McLean County.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ *Classy Fried Ads* ★

★ ★

★ Are you socially minded, radical even, non-smoking, fun, into the alternative? ★

★ If so, you could be the person to share our house. Rent \$133, plus third utilities. ★

★ Phone 828-2271 for more details...It's a groovy place..... ★

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Black Kiss comics reviewed

Sex styles of the rich and sleazy

Vortex Comic's *Black Kiss* is, page for page, one of the pricier comics available on the already upscale comics shoppe circuit: ten pages of black-and-white storytelling wrapped in plastic (just like one of them costly photo mags at your local dirty bookstore) for \$1.25. But that hasn't stopped it from attaining its own avid fannish readership.

At a time when sexually explicit material is considered both underground and risky, when black-and-white comics have lost their luster in the comics marketplace, when superhero mutant comics still dominate, writer-creator Howard Chaykin has managed to build an audience for a surly noir tale of blackmail, murder and obsessive sex. Conventional wisdom would've bet against Chaykin succeeding at his venture, but this is the man who included a blow-job sequence in a *Blackhawk* comic. Chaykin occupies somewhat of a charmed position in the mainstream comics world (bolstered by his skill as a draftsman and scripter) as a wiseguy and a moneymaker, which is why you'll see comic shop managers who wouldn't dream of cracking open an R. Crumb underground rhapsodizing about Chaykin's equally personified fantasizing.

The plot of *Black Kiss* owes much to the seedy Jim Cain-inspired paperbacks of the fifties, with their engagingly low-rent heroes, provocative and double-dealing women and interchangeably brutal cops and thugs. In it a pair of near lookalike lovers (one of 'em a big-busted B-movie

queen from the sixties) scrambles to retrieve an incriminating piece of film from their vengeful blackmailer, using fall-guy hero Cass Pollack to ferret out the tape's whereabouts (the plot takes him through some kinkier corners of the Catholic Church hierarchy).

Entangled in the plotline are a group of mob hitmen (the most prominent of which has a thing for one of the lookalikes) and corrupt cops, all looking for Pollack (who in the interest of plot complication has falsely been accused of murdering his wife). Chaykin cuts his story from character to character on a page-by-page basis generally, and with the short page count per issue, it's taken about four issues for a full sense of story to kick in. But with all the sex 'n' violence crammed in, not too many fans've complained yet.

Chaykin's sex is fetishistic and more than a little inhumane (in keeping with the genre, the operating adjective is "sordid") but visually striking. Much of the appeal of *Black Kiss* for most of its readers derives from the sight of an artist who got his start in basic mundane supercomics getting his rocks off in semi-adulthood. In strict terms this has translated into sequences containing: a pederastic priest anally entering a prostitute who's pretending to be both underage and blind; on-the-road fellatio; a three-way sexual liaison between our hero and the aforementioned lookalike lovers, where it's revealed that one of the above is a hermaphrodite.



All of the sex is transitory and frequently followed by shocking violence. Everybody betrays everybody. If there's any redeeming social significance in the above, I've so far managed to miss it. In Cainland, nobody has redeeming social significance.

Chaykin, for all his Frederick's of Hollywood art sense, is too misanthropic to be called plain sexist, though there are plenty of readers who are going to be turned off not by his explicitness but by the way all his characters callously assess one another. Still, *Black Kiss* has its dedicated coterie. It could be, with sexual paranoia at its peak, that comics like *Black Kiss* are safe sex for the single hetero fanboy. That's okay, as long as nobody takes Chaykin's world-view seriously. If they do, God help 'em when they try to venture into the world of real-life relationships.

-BS88

(*Black Kiss* is an adults-only title, so don't even think of trying to buy it, kids!)



Metropolis Books

1203 A Main St.

Normal 452-2144

Good selection of
UNDERGROUND, NEW WAVE,
and ALTERNATIVE

If we don't have it, **WE'LL GET IT!**

We also carry Marvel, DC, import comics, graphic novels, books, t-shirts, and role playing and board games.

Bring in this coupon for a 25% discount!

Coupon good thru 1-31-89

The "other" literacy problem

We have a literacy problem in Bloomington-Normal's upper class, and it shows up all around us. It's not as sad, not as disabling as the literacy problem among the underclass, the poor, or the elderly, but it is a literacy problem. In fact, it's an illiteracy problem.

Consider the following:

THE PEOPLES BANK

THE DOCTORS OFFICE
Open 8 to 8 everyday

PARKING FOR
RESIDENCE OF
408 W. WILLOW ONLY

These are, in the purest sense on the word, illiteracies: that is, they indicate a confusion between the written and the spoken language.

One at a time: THE PEOPLES BANK—What on earth can that mean? Does it mean a bank belonging to THE PEOPLE (that great Marxist word!)? Wow! a real revolutionary spirit in the B-N banking community! Well, on second thought, probably better not get our hopes up on that one. Hm. Does it mean a bank belonging to THE PEOPLES—all the various peoples, the ethnic and racial categories of humanity, of the earth? Exciting idea: a trans-racial, trans-geographic, politically visionary bank right here in town! ... Probably not.

I've got it. It means that THE PEOPLES [do in fact] BANK. Of course, that's it: they're reminding us, in a short sentence, that THE PEOPLES BANK. I wish they would have the grace to put a period at the end of the sentence, however. (And in fact it's probably not true that THE PEOPLES BANK.)

If THE PEOPLES BANK, then we should be relieved to know that THE DOCTORS also OFFICE.

Or we could believe that the bankers and doctors are following the style of G. B. Shaw and leaving out all apostrophes as superfluous. We could hope for our doctors and bankers to read G. B. Shaw. And for world peace.

We could hope that the DOCTORS OFFICE sign is yet incomplete, and that it is bound to say

THE DOCTORS OFFICE
Open 8 to 8
EVERYDAY ATTIRE WELCOME

or something like that.

We could hope that the Willow St. landlord is being gently humorous to claim that a residence may park instead of its residents.

But realistically, we must assume that our doctors, bankers, and landlords—who would probably never say ain't—are fumbling the written word.

Every day.

—Zoey and Phoebe



Dear Ms. Hippie:

Dear Ms. Hippie:

Your column has given me so much comfort and confidence in various trying social situations that I am moved to seek your advice about a problem in etiquette that has caused me considerable concern lately.

In these days of serial marriage, can you tell me how many times one should feel obliged to attend the wedding of a close friend? Of a family member? Of an acquaintance? And while you are steering me straight on this issue, could you also stipulate how often one must provide gifts for the happy couple? Please answer soon, as I have just received an invitation to the third marriage of the daughter of my next-door neighbor.

Eternally grateful,

Hudson Socialite

Dear Hudson Socialite:

In the old days, wedding gifts were supposed to help the young, struggling couple "set up housekeeping." Towels, dishes and small appliances were the preferred wedding gifts. Perhaps a tasteful decorative item like a crystal bud vase which the bride would keep in her china cabinet for the rest of her life.

But nowadays, when they belly up to the reception table for a second or third helping, one can't help but compare them to the trick-or-treaters who carry a change of Halloween masks with them for return visits to the houses with good candy.

These days, savvy gift givers should sum up the couple's chances and give a gift that will last the duration of the marriage—like a box of baking soda for their refrigerator (three or four months and it stinks again). For your neighbor's daughter with the itchy ring finger, perhaps a delayed subscription to *Bride's* magazine, to begin in 1990, would be appropriate (though more expensive than a box of baking soda).

Happy shopping,

Ms. Hippie



Dear Ms. Hippie:

My fiance is a devoted and passionate lover, a lively conversationalist, and a continually amusing companion. However, he claims that the only time he has feelings of romantic love for me is when the dentist gives him laughing gas. Do I have cause to worry?

Signed,

Laughing It Off

P.S. He gets his teeth cleaned four times a year.

Dear Laughing It Off:

Hmmm... you could locate a source for nitrous oxide so he could read sonnets to you between convulsive fits of giggling. But Ms. Hippie thinks this romantic love business is way overrated. Four boxes of cheap chocolates a year seems like enough to me.

Love and dental hygiene,

Ms. Hippie

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 3452, Bloomington, IL 61702.



THE GREAT EWOK

AT SOLO'S TATTOO SHOP

— SELLING —

HARLEY DAVIDSON LICENSED PRODUCTS

T-SHIRTS, LEATHER, RINGS, BANDANAS

SLAVE BRACELETS ETC.

ALSO

FINE TURQUOISE JEWELRY

15% OFF FOR DEC.

103 E. MULBERRY — PH. 827-3737

TREASON'S GREETINGS FROM

THE POST AMERIKAN!

Order a Post Amerikan T-shirt before January 1, 1989 and get a free one-year subscription!

YES! I want to take advantage of the Post Amerikan's unprecedented generosity. Here's \$9.00 for the T-shirt and by gosh, I'm going to receive a free one-year subscription. And it just occurred to me that these would make great gifts, as well. Hmmm...

Send my T-shirt to:

SIZE (PICK ONE)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send my subscription to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



For the love of animals



There are events in one's life that inexorably change the course of that life, and then there are others that just make you veer a little. I would thus categorize the PETA Animal Rights 101 seminar which I attended with two Twin City friends in Terre Haute on Nov. 5th.

Don't get me wrong—I count it as a very enlightening experience, and am glad that I attended. The seminar most certainly addressed its goal: to educate animal rights advocates in organizing public awareness. The booklets are slick and professional, the speakers were skilled in their presentation. . .yet I'm not doing cartwheels. Let's start at the beginning and seek self-revelation.

Sherrin, Mindy and I pulled into Terre Haute at 11 p.m. on Friday, found a motel and unwound. We were up at 6 a.m., cleaned up and dressed, and ate breakfast at the Larry Byrd Inn. This establishment deserves an exposé all its own. But, in consideration of time and column inches, suffice it to say that its menu featured hardboiled EGO in shades of Celtic green, served by fresh-scrubbed college kids in referee stripes. (If your tastes appreciate a heavy-duty sports motif, with hundreds of photos of Larry from infancy thru immortality watching you eat, and a life-size cardboard cutout in the lobby welcoming you to his hostelry, I urge you to travel to Terre Haute, or visit the soon-to-be completed Chicago branch. The color green will take on a whole new meaning.)

We found Indiana State University with ease, parked and walked to the student union. On checking in, we were issued a booklet entitled *Becoming an Activist*, as well as an *A-R 1010 Workbook*. About fifty people had already arrived, and as we made our way into the room, I was glad to note the broad diversity of ages, genders and ethnicity.

Tables of books, buttons, bumperstickers, T-shirts and other movement detritus were set up at the back of the room, and the volunteers manning the tables were doing a brisk business. I wandered back to peruse the wares, bought a few things, and hit the free lit table. Every aspect of the animal awareness issue was featured in the

fliers, newsletters and pamphlets that covered the tables. One thing I'll say for PETA: there's not a harder-working group of animal ethics educators around.

Sue Brebner began the seminar. As Outreach Coordinator, Sue produced both the handbooks, travels nationwide to these seminars, and is a very effective advocate. However, there were times when I felt she was trying to rub my nose in the "movement," and I wasn't buying the spiel. For one, I did not appreciate the way she shamed us into viewing the video torture filmed in labs and factory-farming. My natural soft-heartedness invokes a tendency toward flight, but her admonition that seeing these things would make us better activists glued me reluctantly to my seat. I just lowered my eyes, and wished I could as easily avert my ears.

A lot of the information was familiar, but I was surprised to learn of the many movement "no-no's" that I'd never considered before. Cruelty-free living was the first thing she covered. Did you know that wool is a bad thing? I guess that I had pastoral vision of sheep gamboling in the meadow, but never reckoned with the reality of factory-farming and the disregard for individual animal's welfare. Not only that, but coyotes and wolves and Australian dingoes (most wool comes from Down Under) are summarily slaughtered to halt predation.



How about silk? Nope—after those little worms spin their cocoons, they're boiled alive. Or goosedown? It's a slaughterhouse product. Animal exploitation, especially in food production, is a very big PETA proscription. Vegetarianism is urged to all members, for the welfare of not only the animals but the humans as well. 50% of all antibiotics are fed to farm animals. A vegan diet is much healthier—lower in fat, no cholesterol, with heart attack reduced by 90%. Twenty vegans can be fed from the same amount of land used to feed one meat eater. Ecologically, the land would benefit if we all changed to a vegan diet.

But there's where I dig in my heels and grit my teeth. I have been an omnivore for a long time, and though I'm aware of all of the horror stories, I am not yet ready to forego milk or eggs or animal flesh. Perhaps some day, but not today.

It was about this time in the seminar that a commotion began in the back of the room. A well-dressed man had gained entrance to the hall, snagged a seat, and refused to leave. Sue tried to bring the audience attention back to the matter at hand, but this interloper was a hostile distraction. Campus police soon arrived to oust him, as the room applauded. Sue explained that he was Dr. John Corrigan, a local researcher, and that if he had payed the \$20 entry fee, he would have been welcome to stay. But he wouldn't pay, and thus had no right to remain.

The next area of discussion just happened to center on vivisection. Each year, millions of lab animals suffer untold torture, not only for "legitimate" health research, but to test household beauty products. The fact is, most of this represents scientific fraud. Due to metabolic differences, the results of tests performed on dogs, rabbits or other creatures are unreliable. There are alternatives, such as human cell tissue cultures and high-tech computer programs like Humtren, developed by a lab at Los Alamos and available to the public.

Researchers have created the mistaken promise of better health through experimentation. Yet, the US ranks 14th in infant mortality and 17th in life expectancy. 80% of the world population relies on herbalists, not an ego-bloated medical community. Prevention through changes in lifestyle is the key to public health.

After a short break, Carol Helstosky explained how essential research and investigation are to advocacy. Federal and state anti-cruelty statutes regulate different aspects of animal rights, and each advocate has free access to these statutes. The Freedom of Information Act offers a wealth of data on any research facility which receives federal funds. There are tools out there to combat senseless cruelty, but it takes dedication and sacrifice, and the guts to follow through.

At that point, lunch was served at a nearby campus religious center. If this was an example of a vegan diet, I could be converted without too much argument. Lasagne, salad, garlic bread, chocolate cake and Tofutti—not bad at all. I know that I was not the only omnivore in the group, and heard several positive reactions to the meal.

After we returned from lunch, the best part (in my opinion) of the whole seminar was presented. Carol Burnett (no, not that one) is Director of Communications, and is responsible for media relations and publications. This was one savvy lady. She has 18 years' experience as a newspaper reporter, editor and freelance writer. So I believe her when she says: "Media doesn't have to be fair. Media always has the last word. No government regulation can force media to do anything." (At that point, I felt very fortunate to be allowed to write for the *Post*, the best example of "free press" around.)

The media section of the seminar was very concise and complete. I was rather surprised to find that the A-R movement uses the *War Resisters League Organizer's Manual* for effective tactics in the education trenches. Not only were print, radio and video media covered; the effective use of demonstration and campaign was also revealed.

The last few minutes of the afternoon were devoted to "networking," and I exchanged names with young people who had traveled from throughout central Illinois. Finally, we viewed the public service announcements which PETA has produced for TV. You've



probably seen them--Mike Farrell, Rue McClanahan, pets forsaken and forgotten. But you probably haven't seen this one; PETA is having trouble even buying airtime. Scenario: haughty high fashion models walk down runway, sporting full-length fur coats to obvious delight of David Roth-esque distorted audience. Suddenly, blood gushes down from inside of coats, oozing and splattering and trailing as the models mindlessly retreat. Not the stuff for prime-time network, but I requested a copy to give to ISU's TV station.

Sherrin and Mindy rejoined me for the trip back, and as is to be expected, the journey was filled with promises to change our lives and create a cruelty-free existence. But, maybe the conversations had as much to do with my unease as the seminar. The fact of the matter is that animal rights has so many different issues involved that what is acceptable to one proponent is anathemic to another. I'm not into organized religion, and some A-R credos are too rigid for me. I hope that it isn't necessary to buy into all the hype, because it will alienate too many good people. Animal rights promises to become more and more a public issue, and it needs as much support as we can offer.

I will continue to speak out as my conscience dictates, and if you, Gentle Reader, have a difference of opinion, speak up. I welcome your feedback, and need to know what matters to you. Also, if you would like more complete information on the PETA seminar, leave word for me on the Post answering machine, or write to me at the Post, P.O. box 3452, Bloomington, IL 61702.



--RAF

The skin game

The holidays have brought out the "fur" in people. Not only are coats a big item, now you can buy such frivolous things as mink teddy bears. Venture stores are offering a mink teddy for \$10 with each \$50 worth of gold purchased. And this yuppie sounding establishment, Webster Dexter & McGee in Peoria Heights, pictures a toddler carrying a toy bear with the caption "Mink has no age." I wish that mink never had any age.

Then, there's the Groenewold Fur & Wool Co. of Forreston, IL that's been soliciting raw furs.

If you're free any Monday until Jan. 2, and want to stop by Busy Bee Corner Restaurant in Goodfield between 3 & 4 PM, you'll see piles of murdered animals before they become the stuff that (fur) dreams are made of.

On Fur-Free Friday after Thanksgiving, thousands of activists across the country picketed stores which sell furs. In NY, Bob Barker told 2,000 activists that in Europe, animal supporters spit on people wearing fur. "I'm happy to say that they run the same risk in New York

City now," Barker said after one woman admonished him when "one of your people spit on me!" Barker replied, "Only one?" In Boston, marchers carried signs reading "Fur--The Ultimate Sadist Symbol."

The Humane Society of the U.S. offers posters, brochures and stickers that focus on the shame of wearing fur. If you are interested in obtaining any of this information, contact the Society at:
 HSUS Fur Campaign
 2100 L Street, NW
 Washington, DC 20037

 In the next Post issue, look for a readers' opinion poll on animal rights. I'd like to learn what issues are important to you.

RAF, with thanks to People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals



Herbs • Spices • Fruits • Vegetables • Nuts

Common Ground

NATURAL FOODS

516 N. Main St.
 Bloomington, Ill. 61701
 829-2621

Juices • Books • Snacks • Teas

Soaps • Coffees • Breads • Beans

Lowest price on gourmet coffee beans in town
 Cruelty-free products--no animal testing
 Wide variety of spices--considerably lower priced than packaged brands
 Wide book selection--health, cooking, vegetarian

Vitamins • Grains • Flours • Shampoos

The myth of equality

FACT:
 With an all-time high of 1.2 million American marriages ending in divorce each year, for the first time in history a couple marrying is just as likely to be separated by divorce as by death.

FACT:
 In the first year following divorce, statistics show that while men's standard of living rises an average 42%, for women and their children it drops a sickening 73%.

FACT:
 Almost one female-headed family in three is poor; about one in eighteen families headed by a man is poor.

FACT:
 Women receive child custody in 9 out of 10 uncontested divorce cases. Support was awarded only 59.1% of the time.

FACT:
 A 1984 survey by the Census Bureau revealed that only half of women received the court-ordered child support due them. A quarter received only partial payments; and another quarter received nothing at all.

FACT:
 A Colorado study found that two-thirds of fathers are ordered to pay less each month for child support than they are spending on car payments.

FACT:
 In 1983, 13.9% of divorced women were awarded alimony. Of these 23% received none of the alimony due them. Among those receiving payments, the average amount was \$3,980 a year.

FACT:
 Non-custodial fathers' defaults on child support payments have cost their children \$4 billion a year.

NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund
 From The Progressive Review, Oct. 1988

Film

Musings of an Ex-Xian

On Sunday afternoon I went--the first Sunday it was in town. I didn't want to miss it. I wanted to go on Sunday. I wanted to give the theater owners and the creators of the film my money on Sunday. I wanted to pass the picketers and appall them with my blasphemy on Sunday. I didn't really want to see it, The Last Temptation of Christ. I just wanted to go.

I walked from the parking lot into the theater. The picketers were facing the other way. I had vaguely hoped that one would confront me about my godless behavior so that I could spit out some yet-unformulated venom. No one paid any attention to me. Their signs read "Jesus is not a wimp" and "Would you want Jesus to see you here?" and other profound things. They must have hauled that first sign out of a pre-Republican-convention pile and scratched out George Bush's name. Reading the second one, I thought, the Jesus I learned about can see me here.

On to the cashier: "One for The Last Temptation of Christ," I boomed out. She routinely sold me my ticket. Some guy tried to sell me popcorn and soda at the ticket counter. I went into the auditorium expecting to be alone.

But no. It was old home week. I saw 8 ACLU or literary or artistic types I hadn't run into for years and a couple of familiar faces I was pleased if surprised to see, as well as a bunch of people I didn't know.

OK. So the lights went down and the movie began.

Blonde, hot, and bloody

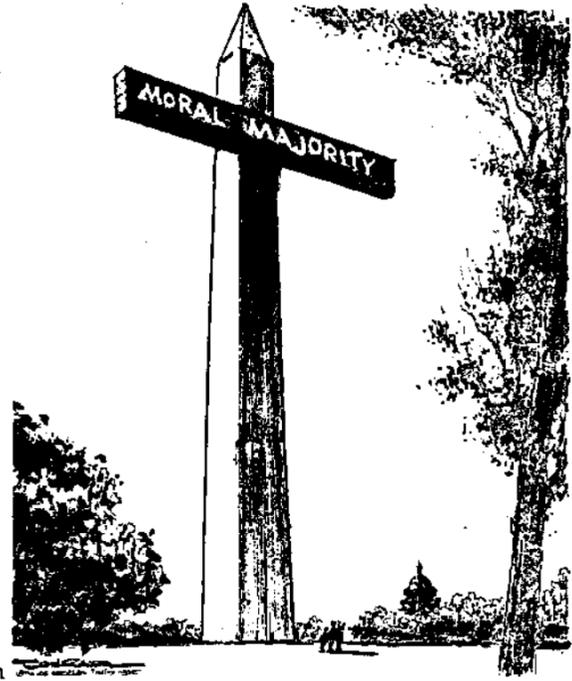
It was a visually interesting movie. It made some interesting choices in the treatment of these stock characters. The Christ was amazingly blond-haired and blue-eyed in a film that amazingly had run across some middle-eastern-looking actors during casting. Having him choose to be a crossmaker, trying to make God hate him and therefore not choose him, was poignant foreshadowing.

The Judas was a fairly traditional Judas--a deeply committed Israeli revolutionary, though more intellectual and personally admiring of Jesus than some Judases I've seen. There was more blood than I prefer to see, but portraying scourging and crucifixion would be difficult without it.

By now you know from other sources that Jesus has sex with Mary Magdalene in the fantasy sequence only after they are married and that the Last Temptation is the temptation to be a normal, ordinary person, not the temptation to have sex (when that temptation happens early in the movie, he's not even tempted). But I couldn't just compare the film with other literary, film and stage representations of the Passion that I had read or seen.

Bible and brains

As an answer-seeking teen, I attended an American Baptist church where the Sunday school teachers and youth group leaders encouraged me to read the Bible and use my God-given brain. The miracle that they wanted me to accept was that Jesus, a human being just like me, had, through the help of God, accepted the burden of all of humankind's sins, suffered enormously, and died on a cross so that I and any other person could have eternal life in the presence of that God.



"Fine! Now let's get on with the crucifixions!"

I read the Bible. It said that Jesus did not easily or lightly accept the burden, that even in his last hours he asked God to find another way to atone for humankind's sins. It said that with Jesus came a new covenant, an agreement between God and the world based on love and not law. Watching Martin Scorsese's movie reminded me of the lessons I had learned among those loving and gentle Baptist teachers and youth group leaders. It reminded me of why I had joined the church.

Preachers, hypocrisy, education and experience later, I no longer accept the miracle nor the outgrowth of the movement whose roots are so compassionate, but whose fruit is so violent and bitter.

When I left the theater, I couldn't help thinking that the picketers had been duped. And I had, too. They should have been in there watching the movie, and I should have stayed home--or been in the next auditorium watching Imagine.

-Maggie

Mom of 2 survives 12 days in cellar by biting her nails and reading post amerikan...



STOP WASTING YOUR TIME ON THOSE NASTY LITTLE HABITS AND TAKE OUT A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE POST AMERIKAN, THE READING MATERIAL FOR THOSE MOMENTS OF STRESS. AND AT \$4 IT'S CHEAPER THAN THERAPY.

LET YOUR BODY BE IN TUNE WITH YOUR MIND AND ORDER A POST AMERIKAN T-SHIRT AT ONLY \$9. BE PROUD OF YOUR NEWLY DISCOVERED KARMA.

Name: _____ Address: _____ City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Size: S M L XL

Name: _____ Address: _____ City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Cut out this coupon, as neatly as possible, and send it to Post Amerikan, P.O. Box 3452, Bloomington, IL 61702 NOW!