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## The Keep

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The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

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2-1989

## Volume 17, Number 5

Post Amerikan

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**COPS OUT OF CONTROL! page 5**

Bloomington-Normal

Feb-Mar 1989

25¢

# POST AMERICAN

Vol. 17  
No. 5



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

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

# Bloomington-Normal Post Amerikan



## In this issue:

- In this issue: Look for our Valentines scattered throughout the paper. Cut them out to send to your friends . . . or enemies.
- On the cover: The faking of a president.
- Page 2: A cute cartoon and really nifty page 2 stuff.
- Page 3: Talk to the animals. . . don't eat them.
- Page 4: Can you take it?! The FBI and the CIA on the same page!
- Page 5: Bloomington cops step out of line. . . again and again and again. And wouldn't you know it, more phone company BS.
- Page 6: Whatever happened to those good ol' protest songs? It looks like they've moved to the letters page.
- Page 7: Community News. . . and David Bowie's lightning bolt.
- Pages 8 & 9: 'Shout it from the rooftops! Ferdurke's back with a vengeance, and the Balrog gives him a hand.
- Page 10: Just where the heck is Australia, anyway?
- Page 11: How to make out using the U.S. Postal Service.
- Page 12: Still more "how to" stuff--how to make your vegetarian happy, and how to repair your Post Amerikan.
- Page 13: The Family Page--and it's not from CBN.
- Page 14: Who buys mascara by the bucket? You guessed it, and we've got it. . . in another Ferdurke exclusive!
- Page 15: Our incarcerated reporter, Marta Helm, returns with Chapter 3 of *To Live and Die for Unicorn*.
- Page 16: You thought kids only watched "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles." And don't forget the dance.

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

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

Most of our material and inspiration for material comes from the community. The Post Amerikan welcomes stories, graphics, photos, letters, and news tips from our readers. If you'd like to join us, call 828-7232 and leave a message on our answering machine. We will get back to you as soon as we can. Don't worry if it takes a while--we don't meet every week.

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

The next deadline for submitting Post material is Friday, March 17. Material submitted after the deadline will probably not get printed.

### ON INAUGURAL DAY, THE WHITE HOUSE IS OPENED FOR PUBLIC INSPECTION



From these basement steps, you can see North's document shredder, Nixon's empty secret tape-recorder, 200 boxes of Nancy Reagan's official china, an effigy of Daniel Ortega, a bible returned from Iran, and perhaps most interesting . . . Hey! Who turned off the lights?

Click!

## BIZZARIE CYRATION

So you've seen the best that Bloomington/Normal's NiteLife has to offer . . . ARGH! Are you sick of the same sounds, sights, and MTV/pop-college scene?!

If you are searching for a little subculture (or perhaps a lot) of an underground Nite Klub *this is that, but 4 only 1 Nite!!* The lasers and fog of ESOTERIA, the artwork & design of MEDUSA'S, and the atmosphere of BERLIN. The Bizzare of Chicago! <sup>#100</sup>



## THANK X

This issue is in your hands thanks to Angela, Anna-Maria, Bill (coordinator), Bumper, Chris, Deborah, Jackie, Laurie, Mack E., Patti, Pita, Ralph, Scott, Susie, T. Tucker, and others we've probably forgotten to list.

### 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
- Displaced Homemakers.....800-252-4822
- Draft Counseling.....452-5046

- Gay & Lesbian Resource
- Phoneline (11-4 M-R).....438-2429
- HELP (transportation for senior citizens, handicapped).....828-8301
- Ill. Dept. of Public Aid.....827-4621
- Ill. Lawyer Referral.....800-252-8916
- Kaleidoscope.....828-7346
- McLean Co. Health Dept.....454-1161
- Mid Central Community Action...829-0691
- Mobile Meals.....828-8301
- McLean County Center for Human Services.....827-5351
- National Health Care Services--abortion assistance....1-800-322-1622
- Nuclear Freeze Coalition.....828-4195
- Occupational Development Center.....452-7324
- 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: \_\_\_\_\_

# Animal Rights: How far do they go?

As an environmentalist, I always read "For the Love of Animals" with interest. Although animal rights activists are not necessarily environmentalist and vice versa, the two do share areas of concern.

I personally cannot consider myself an animal rights activist, although I share some of their concerns. In the last issue of *Post Amerikan*, RAF seems to have difficulty embracing the total animal rights agenda. I can understand why. While RAF labels him/herself an animal rights activist, RAF seems inconsistent in the following ways.

## The vegetarian/vegan issue

As we know, meat in one's diet is unnecessary, since human life can be sustained on a vegetarian diet. How can those who desire the luxury of meat consumption point fingers at those who desire the luxury of fur? (I'm assuming the fur is not that of a threatened or endangered species.) It seems to me that anyone who accepts the label "animal rights activist" must also accept the fact that vegetarianism is the only reasonable lifestyle for that person to follow.

Vegans are another story altogether. Not only do these people not consume animal products as food, they also avoid the use of animal by-products—leather, wool, silk, etc. Unfortunately, that lifestyle involves the use of synthetic, man-made materials, and that trade-off means greater environmental degradation. Increases in petroleum use (that's what plastics and synthetic

fabrics are made of) mean increases in drilling, spills, toxic by-products, increases in landfill space . . . The list goes on and so does the poisoning and extinction of wild animal species of animals. I feel the suffering and/or extinction of wild animal species and ruin/disruption of natural ecosystems is much more repulsive than the use of domestic animal by-products.

## What about the environment?

Too many animal rights activists seem preoccupied with cute domestic animals and fail to see we share this Earth with many creatures, all of whom need protection. The daily cruelty to the many domestic animals is horrible, but realize that without our concern for the environment, not only do animals suffer and die, but whole species become extinct.

## Pets?

How is pet "ownership" justified by the animal rights activists? Isn't cat and dog ownership inconsistent with a vegetarian/vegan lifestyle? All domestic animals, including the horse, are slaughtered for dog and cat food use. The present method of harvest of yellow fin tuna involves the slaughter of thousands of dolphins each year, making cat food particularly offensive.

The tropical rain forests are currently being destroyed at alarming rates with an equally alarming rate of plant/animal/insect species extinctions. Not only is the capture and transport of tropical animals/birds/fish often

inhumane, but this region of the world cannot afford additional pressure on its native species.

The capture of salt water fish species involves the poisoning and, in some cases, death of coral reefs.

The recent demonstrations by activists protesting the new captured whale exhibit at Shedd Aquarium shows a rejection of the capture and incarceration of animal species by zoos for the enjoyment of humans. Logically, this should hold true for animal species captured and held as pets.

As an environmentalist, I am concerned for our planet and all its creature. Although I agree with many issues addressed by animal rights activists, I am puzzled by inconsistencies in other areas. Is anyone else reluctant to accept the label "animal rights activist" because they are also puzzled by inconsistencies and reluctant to accept the whole radical animal rights agenda?

—tlc



"This should be fun—they both contributed to his campaign."

## For the love of animals



As a wise man once said, "The times, they are a-changin'." And in few things is this more evident than the Animal Rights Movement. When mainstream publications such as *Newsweek* and *Harper's* feature cover stories on the subject; when network sitcoms like *Roseanne* discuss vivisection ethics and Dan Rather devotes *48 Hours* to "a disarming look at the state of war over animal rights"; when "Bloom County" targets both cosmetic testing and steel jaw trapping within two months' time; when even such a pro-cruelty rag as the *Pantagraph* runs three syndicated anti-cruelty items on a single day—then you know there must be some public awareness of the speciesism that pervades human culture.

But, with awareness there is controversy. The issues are diverse and tragically divisive. The common ground is littered with casualties of factional fighting. Moderate battles abolitionist, and no one wins but our pro-cruelty foes.

In past columns, I have tried to present as many different facets of the A-R issue as possible. Now, gentle reader, I would like you input on what's important to you. Please complete this opinion poll and return it to the *Post*. It covers most of those facets, but if you have additional comments or requests, jot them down (use extra paper if necessary).

I really want to know if the animal rights movement has *Post Amerikan* reader support. The poll will only take a few minutes and one thin quarter to mail. So please speak up, then send your opinions to the *Post Amerikan*, PO Box 3452, Bloomington IL 61702. Thank you.

--RAF

this ain't no bull!

Fill out the poll.

Send it in.

Give a cluck!



## Opinion Poll

### ANIMAL RIGHTS OPINION POLL

You are given a mink teddy bear as a valentine gift...

- You kiss the giver & hug the bear.
- You kiss the giver, but refuse the gift.
- You slug the giver & donate the bear to the PETA education program.

A banquet you attend serves veal roullada, broiled lobster & pheasant under glass...

- You savor every bite.
- You discreetly eat the salad & veggies.
- You berate the host, then leave.

A feral cat gives birth under your porch...

- You leave her alone & let nature take its course.
- You call the Animal Control officers.
- You raise the kittens, spay the mother & find them all good homes.

You hit a dog while driving to work...

- You keep driving.
- You call Animal Control as soon as you reach work.
- You stop, put the dog in the car & take it to your veterinarian.

Animals should be used for laboratory research...

- In any way that benefits humanity.
- In new procedures that will help save human life.
- Never.

My animal companions include:

- Dog(s)  Cat(s)  Bird(s)
- Fish  Other  None

True or False:

- I actively seek cruelty-free toiletries & cleaners.
- I am a vegetarian (eggs & milk are okay).
- I am a vegan, and eat no animal products.
- I am a member of an A-R/environmental organization.
- I write letters to elected officials & newspapers to support A-R issues.
- I am not afraid to speak out when I witness cruelty.

These issues are important to me (circle Yes or No)...

- Y N Antivivisection
- Y N Humane farming
- Y N Ban leghold traps
- Y N No hunting/fishing
- Y N Ban laboratory tests
- Y N Boycott rodeos/circuses

I consider these things abhorrent (circle Yes or No)...

- Y N Cosmetic testing
- Y N Real fur items
- Y N Fake fur items
- Y N Leather goods
- Y N Wool
- Y N Zoos & aquariums
- Y N Pet shops
- Y N Eggs, milk, honey (stolen products)
- Y N Meat, fish, poultry
- Y N Abortion

These methods of protest are acceptable to me:

- Y N Boycott
- Y N Demonstration/pickets
- Y N Civil disobedience
- Y N Terrorism

Comments? \_\_\_\_\_

Film review

# Mississippi burned



Seth Cagin, co-author of *We Are Not Afraid*, an account of the same incident on which the movie is based, elicited this comment from director Alan Parker in a recent interview: "*Mississippi Burning*" was never meant to be a movie about the civil-rights movement. I tried very hard to give it political integrity, but without losing sight of the fact that this was a feature film, not a documentary, and to succeed it must entertain millions of people. If it does that, hopefully it will provoke and educate them as well."

There are many problems with Parker's comment but the first that sticks in my craw is the use of the words "entertain" and "educate." It is not that these goals are necessarily contradictory. But they are most definitely so in this case.

This is not Jacques Cousteau playing with whales. It is the story about three civil rights workers who were brutally murdered by the KKK and various local law officers in Mississippi in 1964. The American public's aversion to brutal political truth coupled with the fact that the degree of such truth in a film is inversely proportional to the amount of profits that will be brought in virtually forces Orion Pictures, after laying out \$15,000,000, to choose the path of entertainment over that of education.

The movie does, in all fairness, present a rather graphic picture of the brutality faced in Mississippi at that time by anyone who was black. Yet, in order to guarantee itself that mass audience, it is forced to lie blatantly about the

way such brutality came to an end. It claims that it was not through the combined efforts of thousands of brave men and women of all colors who risked their lives in the struggle for freedom, but through the altruistic efforts of two white FBI agents.

This gross misrepresentation reminds us of a bitter yet often reappearing truth of history: it is often the case that the people who work hardest at getting something accomplished are placed in the shadows of people who did nothing until forced to do so. In this movie it is whites, not blacks, who become the leaders of the struggle, and worse, it is the FBI, rather than the outraged citizens, who become the force behind the changes that finally come about.

Parker's comment about what he calls "political integrity" also lodges uncomfortably in my throat. Integrity about black people's roles in the struggle? About the FBI's role?

Dan Craft of the *Pantagraph* said, "The blacks [in the film] are relegated to victim status, usually glimpsed in the moment before attack, or singing in a church, or cowering in the corner of a frame. Parker makes no attempt to characterize them as anything else..."

Likewise, Jack E. White writes that the film "relegates blacks to the background of the drama of which they were the real-life heroes. One gets no sense of their courageous struggle against violent white supremacy and second-class citizenship."

Regarding the role of the FBI, he continues, "even more twisted is the film's depiction of an FBI so zealous in its defense of black rights that it would resort to vigilantism to promote them."

A look at the FBI of that period helps to clarify how uninformed the movie really is. Again, from White, "Only two weeks before the murders, a delegation of Mississippi activists journeyed to Washington to implore federal officials to protect the civil rights workers who were flocking to the state for the Freedom Summer. Yet despite repeated appeals to the FBI and Justice Department on the night the three civil rights workers disappeared, nearby agents did not arrive in Philadelphia [Mississippi] until the next day. By then it was too late."

Parker's naivete is a little too much to bear. Could he have been unaware, when he made this movie, that "according to an agent quoted by [J. Edgar] Hoover's biographer Richard Gid Powers, during the early '60s in about 90% of the situations in which bureau personnel referred to Negroes, the word 'nigger' was used"? Could he likewise have been unaware of the fact that "until 1962 there were only five black FBI agents: Hoover's chauffeurs, houseboy and messenger"?

I remember reading an article about a black FBI man once. He was working in an office where he was surrounded by white co-workers only. He was constantly the butt of horrible and vicious pranks including the defacing of photographs of his family, telephone threats, and feces being placed in his desk. This did not, however, take place in the South; it took place in the North. And it was not in 1964; it was in 1988. And it was not some liberal black civil rights worker; it was some conservative black FBI man.

If anti-black racism is still this blatant, then the first thing I think director Parker should do is educate himself, regardless of the lack of entertainment involved, about the political and social realities of the USA. I'll be happy to send him the five dollars for the ticket.

Soto Bito

## Comic book album documents CIA thuggery

*Brought to Light* (Eclipse, \$8.95) is just the book to give to that young comic book fan who still believes that "truth and justice" still link to the "American way." A docucomic indictment of CIA practices originally produced to appear before election day, the book examines CIA malpractices in Central America (with a recreation of the La Penca bombing incident that killed a group of American journalists) and around the world (with a broad and angry diatribe-history of the agency). Presented in a back-to-back format (like one of the old Ace Doubles paperbacks), the book is based on research gathered by the Christic Institute for their recent lawsuit against several of the agency's more prominent sleazebags. As such the book is ire-raising in its reconstruction of agency denizens' bland-faced trampling of the American Constitution.

Editor Joyce Brabner along with artist Tome Yeates tackle the La Penca bombing, a piece of South American terrorism done by a false Danish journalist that conveniently got rid of

the inconvenient independent rebel Eden Pastora (who was raising too many questions about his oneime Contra allies). While the piece takes about ten pages to get into, it's a powerful bit of comic art, especially when Yeates gruellingly recreates the bombing and its aftermath. Too bad the real-life ending had to be so inconclusive: a Florida judge overruled the Christic Institute's evidence calling for further investigation of the incident.

Comic book hotshots Alan Moore and Bill Sienkiewicz take the broader view with a ranting history of the agency as seen through the eyes of a bloodlusting American eagle. Done with broadly vicious caricature and political cartoon subtlety, "Shadowplay" is pissed-off propaganda of the best sort, a long railing yell at the hypocrites and liars who've been huckstering a kinder and gentler nation. If nothing else, *Light* reconfirms my own heartfelt opinion that George Bush is a scurrilous scumbag. I mean, here's a man who devotes a significant portion of his inauguration speech

pledging to smash the cocaine empire when the very organization he once supported helped to build that empire! Who voted for this asshole, anyway?

Spliced in the middle of the book is a two-page strip by *Anarchy Comics* artist Paul Mavrides that states *Brought to Light's* central argument: the CIA is part of a secret arm of the government whose very presence erodes our nation's democratic principles. When you look at the actions of an Ollie North or an E. Howard Hunt, self-important little squabs whose ends-justify-the-means philosophy has brought disaster on the country (whether it be in the form of undermined presidencies or the wholesale sale and purchase of drugs and weaponry) you can't help agreeing.

*Brought to Light* is both provocative and thought-disturbing. It's almost enough to make you wish that comics were all still just bland fantasy.

--BS89

# At home in the police state



Extreme and unwarranted police actions are again on the rise in Amerika. This past month brought rioting in Miami prompted by a white police officer's shooting of an unarmed black motorcyclist.

NBC's *Today* show showed footage from Long Beach, California, of another unarmed man, himself an off-duty officer, being pushed face-first through a plate glass window by a belligerent cop.

These are not isolated incidents; police across this country are flexing more and more authoritarian muscle. Here are a few recent events in Bloomington/Normal:

In a neighborhood near downtown Bloomington, a woman answered her front door to find a police badge stuck in her face. All at once she was grabbed and pulled out of her door and onto her front porch.

There she was confronted by several (4-5) police, all with guns drawn, lined up against the wall of the porch. They'd brought with them one of the BPD's new toys -- a six-foot battering ram.

"Who are you?!" shouted the officer who appeared to be in charge. She answered, but the cop wasn't satisfied. "Who else lives here?" As the woman named her roommates, the cop became more perplexed and irritated. The ruckus rose.

Then the situation became clear:



It turns out these keystone cops were at the wrong address. They had really wanted the house next door.

Meanwhile, a friend of the woman was upstairs at her apartment looking out the windows at various other police officers who were hiding in the bushes surrounding the residence. They were equipped with pistols, rifles, and even an ouzi.

As the friend went down to assist the woman and to confront the police officers about their outrageous conduct, the cops were already developing an excuse: It was the woman's fault for having such a "confusing address." By the way, by the time the cops did get to the right address (next door), there was, of course, nobody home.

In another downtown Bloomington neighborhood one night two men were walking and turned the corner to find three cops pointing guns directly at their heads.

"Freeze!"



"said the cops. "Get on your knees and put your hands behind your heads!" The two complied.

This time the cops were investigating a broken window at a nearby building. Apparently, they thought they might need deadly force to apprehend the vicious window-breaker. Well, the two men they caught hadn't yet walked past the window in question.

Still, they were detained for half an hour while the cops tried to work themselves out of yet another ball of confusion. To make up for it, the men were given a ride to a local restaurant. Some consolation.

There's also been a rash of police stopping people, particularly "odd-looking" types, and asking them to produce identification. Not for any real reason--just because, as one cop put it, "there's been a lot of crime around."

These kinds of arbitrary stops have, of course, been found unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. That doesn't matter to the police.

In one recent incident in downtown Normal a man objected to the police stopping him for no apparent reason; he wound up somehow "falling into the police car" face-first, and though he then obviously needed some medical attention, the police simply deposited him at the doorstep of his apartment building.

The rising tide of police fascism needs to be resisted. Obviously, Officer Friendly is a grade-school myth. The police are there first and foremost to protect the status quo; if you're not part of the status quo, you've got to protect yourself.

Remember, beyond Miranda rights, police aren't required to be truthful about matters of law (as if they knew them). So don't allow yourself to be bullied by the cops.

First of all, remember the names of any police who confront you--this is vital to possible future lawsuits.

If they want to search your house, make them get a warrant (chances are they can't).

Learn your rights.

Don't be coerced into confessing to anything--you don't have to say a word.

You don't have to make a policeman's job any easier.

And most of all, never ever turn a friend or enemy in to the cops--the best thing the police can do is make you feel like you're one of them.

And then we'd have a policeman in every house.

-MJ

## Gay and Lesbian Groups: "We're in the book"

Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund announced today that the New York City Human Rights Commission has made a preliminary determination that NYNEX, the Yellow Pages publisher for New York and New England, violated city law by refusing to create a Yellow Pages heading for lesbian and gay groups.

In May 1988, Lambda filed a sexual orientation discrimination complaint against NYNEX on behalf of three New York-based gay groups, alleging that NYNEX's persistent refusal to include a gay and lesbian heading in the Yellow Pages violated New York City law. The complaining groups are Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD), the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center, and Heritage of Pride.

The Commission's finding and notice of intention to proceed to a public hearing, dated Jan. 13, was issued just days before NYNEX announced its agreement to restructure its New York and New England directories to allow for a sub-heading for lesbian and gay organizations. The sub-headings would come under a general "Social and Human Services" heading and would include other sub-headings for women's, disability and children's groups, among others.

In light of NYNEX's agreement to adopt a new policy, which Lambda and NYNEX lawyers plan to submit to the Commission in the form of a settlement agreement this week, it is not likely that the Commission will proceed with the discrimination complaint. "Both a legal victory in the Human Rights Commission and a satisfactory settlement agreement have been won. We hope this will encourage others to proceed with similar strategies," Lambda's legal director said.

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# Musical Reflections

January has been a month for reflection in Amerika. We have (w)rung out the old administration and rung in the new (which is also old), celebrating the mirage of change. Television specials on the Reagan years seemed as endless as "War and Remembrance." One is forced to reflect.

In the late pre-Reagan seventies, I was just discovering the connection between my emotions and that hushed, evil word, "homoSEXual." I lived with the daily questioning: Am I really gay? Gay people were invisible in my small Midwestern town, non-existent on the television airwaves. But there was understanding and release through music.

I was fortunate enough to stumble onto an interview with Tom Robinson broadcast by the local campus radio station. There was wonder, joy, and astonishment as I heard the angry chant and the melancholy chorus of "Glad to be Gay" for the first time:

"Lie to your workmates,  
Lie to your folks.  
Put down the queens,  
Tell anti-queer jokes,  
Gay lib's ridiculous,  
Join their laughter.  
The club is illegal now...  
What more are they after?"

Tell 'em!

Sing if you're glad to be gay,  
Sing if you're happy that way.  
Hey,  
Sing if you're glad to be gay,  
Sing if you're happy... this way."

And so I discovered the Tom Robinson Band. I bought "TRB Two" (1979) at the local progressive and alternative record store. Later I purchased "Power in the Darkness" (1977)--not without some fear and nervousness since the label "Including Bonus L.P. Featuring '2-4-6-8 Motorway' and 'Glad to be Gay'" was on the cover. Looking back, it's incredible how a little three-letter word could have caused so much worry.

## Fresh and powerful

These two albums physically sound old and tired, warped and scratched. But the music itself is as fresh and powerful as ever--especially that on "TRB Two."

## CD Review readers agree

# Just Say No--To Homophobia

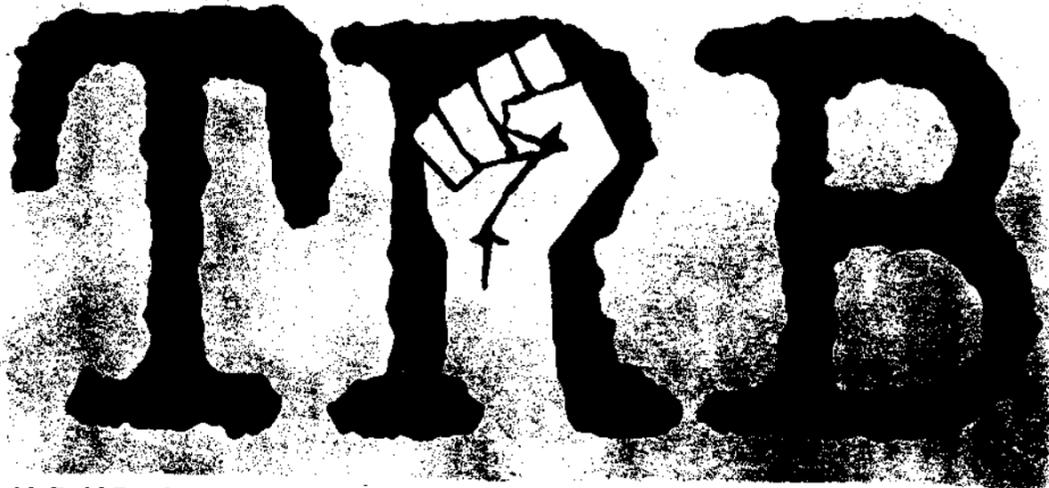
Last issue, we reprinted a pair of amazing letters from the pages of CD Review (formerly Digital Audio and Compact Disc Review).

One letter was from an outraged homophobe named Robert A. Bookman. He was berating a CD Review reader's observation that gay men and women--with their larger-than-average disposable income--make up a substantial proportion of the compact disc market. In his letter, he referred to the gay lifestyle as "disgusting and immoral" and a "perverted way of living." He also had the audacity to ask "What can gay men and women point to with pride as their legacy to the generations that will come after us?"

The second letter was some sexist tripe from Joseph Centofanti, who had a major ax to grind. He accused women of having lower IQs, being too busy spending alimony checks, and unable to tell the difference between a woofer and a tweeter:

In the February 1989 issue of CD Review, the readers let loose with their outrage. In addition to the letter from yours truly (also printed in our previous issue), half a dozen other replies appeared in the magazine's "Readers' Forum." It was glorious!

A certain magic reigns throughout this album. Start with Tom on the bass, sharing vocals with Danny Kustow on guitar. Add some incredible keyboards by Ian "Quince" Parker and a driving percussion supplied by Preston Heyman. Mix



with Todd Rundgren as the producer. The result is a powerful, emotional performance as symbolized by the clenched fist on the album cover.

"TRB Two" is on the turntable as I write this--for the third or fourth time since I started this piece. The album still overwhelms me and demands my participation. The need for change, power, sexual release, political freedom, revolution--they're all here. Songs like "Black Angel," "Let My People Be," "Bully for You," "Sorry Mr. Harris," and "Hold Out" gave me my first expression for so many long-held ideas.

Listening to "TRB Two" makes me realize that our separate causes are all part of the same struggle. Even the liner notes show this--no lyrics, but resources ranging from Akwesasne Notes, to Jack Kerouac's On the Road, to the Prisoner's Union fill the sleeve.

## Why did Liddle T. die?

I suppose the track which best typifies the album is "Blue Murder." The wailing of Kustow's guitar; a haunting keyboard solo from Parker; Heyman's steady, driving, whipping percussion throughout... these merge with Robinson's lyrics to tell the story of the arrest, beating, and death of Liddle Towers:

"They kicked him far and they kicked him wide  
He was kicked outdoors, he was kicked inside  
Kicked in the front and the back and the side  
It really was a hell of a fight..."

"So if you figure on stayin' alive  
Button your lip and swallow your pride  
Don't make trouble when your hands are tied  
Little they die..."

The frustrated musician in me knows that this is the music I wish I could create.

## Back to the future

But one day, the seventies left and took TRB with them. Sure, Tom released a couple of albums in the early '80s--"Sector 27" (1980) and "North by Northwest" (1982)--but the magic was gone. Those two albums lay down and died, both on the stands and on the turntable.

It was as if we all knew what would happen when the world retreated into its Reagan/Thatcher cocoon, lapsing into a conservative coma for at least a dozen years. The protesting, the energy, the outrage, the caring--the spirit reflected in "TRB Two"--would struggle through the exploitive eighties. The closing line from the closing track was appropriate:

"I'm gonna hold out,  
Hold out,  
Hold out to the bitterest end."

Thanks, TRB.

--The Balrog

Marguerite Shumate of Louisville, KY, noted that Mr. Centofanti needs a lot of help--and that "his problem isn't with his woofer or his tweeter!"

Rick June and Mark Brinkman of Novato, CA, tried to help Mr. Bookman with his legacy question. They provided a list of a dozen composers--including Benjamin Britten, Frederic Chopin, George Gershwin, Maurice Ravel, Franz Schubert, and Richard Wagner--who led homosexual or bisexual lives. As they noted in their letter, "We believe [these composers'] legacy is self-evident and would appreciate it if Mr. Bookman would be more informed before sharing his homophobia and ignorance with the rest of us--unless he intends that to be his legacy to future generations." That was a lovely twist of the knife, Rick and Mark.

Charles A. Finn of Oceanside, CA, found Bookman's homophobic diatribe insulting and asked, "Would a letter from a white supremacist group denouncing the historical contributions of black people be published, just because they mention [compact discs] a few times?" Charles

S. Cook of Boston, MA, also wondered about the purpose of printing Bookman's letter, informing the editor that he read the magazine "to be informed, not to be abused."

The editor and publisher, Wayne Green, replied with some disturbing preaching of his own: "You seem to be suggesting that we censor reader letters--the old Nazi book-burning syndrome... you should exercise tolerance for those who do not believe exactly as you do, whether it be about Mahler, gays, or Shiite Moslems."

Mr. Green, I would like to point out that there's a difference between editing and book-burning. Furthermore, why didn't you come up with this tolerance sermon in reply to Mr. Bookman's letter (for which you had no such smart aleck, editorial remark)? Do I smell a touch of homophobia here?

I certainly hope not, for your readers have made their stand on homophobia perfectly clear. To quote a Tom Robinson Band song, "We ain't gonna take it no more!"

--The Balrog

## SOCIAL STUDIES: TRUTH JUSTICE AND THE AFRO-AMERICAN WAY



University Galleries is pleased to present an exhibition of art by seven prominent contemporary Black American artists. Titled "Social Studies: Truth, Justice, and the Afro-American Way," the exhibition of thirty-five paintings, textiles and sculpture includes works by Beverly Buchanan (Atlanta), Dana Chandler (Boston), Robert Colescott (Tuscon), Joe Lewis (Baltimore), Bertrand Phillips (Chicago), George Pitts (New York), and Faith Ringgold (New York).

The works of these artists deal with issues such as racism, poverty, sexuality, creativity, black/white stereotypes and personal relationships.

The exhibition and a calendar of additional related events, including poetry readings, dance performances, lectures, concerts and films are planned for the month of February in University Galleries, in celebration of Black History Month.

- Feb. 7, 7 p.m. -Opening Reception, with music by Gary Gaston, Ernie Johnson and Whityn Owen
- Feb. 14, 7 p.m. -Readings by Marcellus Leonard and members of the Black Writer's Forum
- Feb. 15, 7 p.m. Paul Bushnell (of Illinois Wesleyan U.) will speak on his experiences as a part of the Civil Rights Movement
- Feb. 16, 7:30 p. -Dance Programs: Julie Salk and the University Dance Theatre perform "New Works" and Lyndetta Alsberry will perform with her students.
- Feb. 23, 7 p.m. -Michael Loudon (of Eastern Illinois U.) lecture

Robert Colescott, Bondage, 1987 acrylic on canvas, 90 x 114 inches.

Robert Colescott's wickedly humorous and sometimes poignant canvases address prevalent black/white stereotypes in American culture and often point out the radical exclusion of blacks in the history of the Western World. Colescott is among the participants in the exhibition "Social Studies," on view at University Galleries of ISU, through Feb.26.

## Letters:

To the Balrog:

I've been meaning to write to you for some time and I've finally gotten around to it.

As to your "Coming Out" article in Vol. 17, No. 3, I would suggest that a more appropriate symbol than ♂♂ would be ♂♂

I dreamt up this symbol in my teens when David Bowie was still gay and he had the lightning bolt for a symbol. He eventually turned as sour as milk and as traitorous as Benedict Arnold, but that's what acceptance in the mass media can do you. He forgot that wanting male flesh got him to his pinnacle, and all failure to him now that he's turned his back on his most faithful legion. May it never support him again.

My main point in writing is to let you know that I appreciate your articles. They are a great lift to me. I'm not "out of the closet" yet, but I've made strides that I would never would have made just a year or two ago. (For one thing I bought a poster of a barechested Patrick Swayze!) I'm a better person for it and, in part, I must thank you.

Bob Greene has written that every gay he's ever known has been in "agony." I must wonder if every gay he knows is in agony because they read his column.

I thank you for your courage and conviction. One day the world will see that love is good and not evil, and that we can all live door-to-door. I am not a Christian, but much that Jesus said was wise. And one thing he said was, "Love thy neighbor."

--From somebody who gives a quarter about every two months.

Dear Friend:

Thanks for the kind words. They gave me a needed boost when I was having severe doubts about my writing.

By the way, how do you get away with giving only a quarter every other month? Most of our machines insist on munching at least a couple of quarters before they let you have a paper.

--Bill "the Balrog" Weber

To Fanny Annie this crack isn't imaginary let's make some chips one night, yours with ketchup.



## New expanded 1989 Guide to Multicultural Resources available

Looking for a quick way to find the address of Urban League Offices, Native American Colleges, Hispanic Associations, Women's Organizations, Asian firms, or minority owned businesses? Don't have time to spend hours in the library? Then the 1989 Guide to Multicultural Resources may be just what you're looking for.

The Guide is a comprehensive collection of minority organizations, agencies, services, products and related material from the Black, Hispanic, Asian and native American communities from all across America. It is perhaps the most up-to-date Minority Resource directory in the country today.

If one of your goals for 1989 is to provide more timely up-to-date and useful information about minority organizations, then you should encourage your library to order the 1989 Guide to Multicultural Resources. The guide is available prepaid from Praxis Publications, Inc., POB 9869, Madison WI 53715, (608) 244-5633 and sells for \$58 plus \$3.50 shipping.

## CAPIE meetings slated

CAPIE Childbirth and Parenting Information Exchange offers alternatives in childbirth and childcare for parents and professionals. Children are always welcome to attend meetings. Meetings are free and open to the public. For more information call Patti Fitzgerald, 828-1735.

Monday, Feb. 13, 7-9 p.m.: Bloomington Public Library Community Room. The topic will be "Planning for a Local Birth Center."

Monday, March 27, 7-9 p.m.: Bloomington Public Library Community Room, "Women's Health and Healing."

Hit the road Jack with the crack and you better come back for more, but next time we'll suss out the hot spots!!! from a neat Marilyn. XXX (with the tongue)



## International Whaling Protest Day

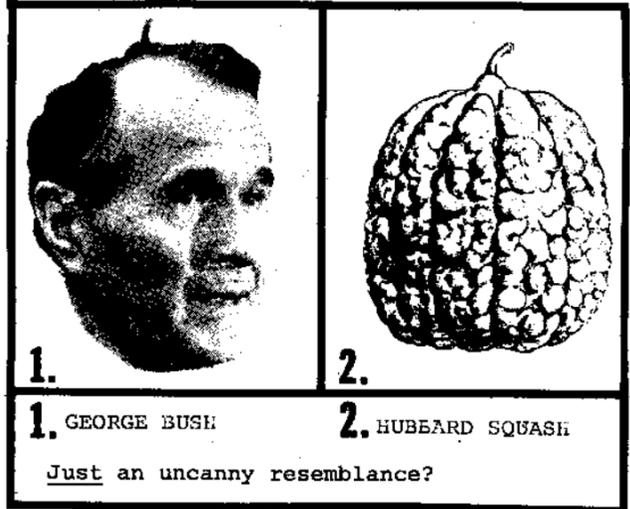
An open invitation is being extended to all local Greenpeace members, supporters, or just interested folks to attend an informational open house to recognize International Whaling Protest Day. The open house will be held on March 25, from 2 to 4 pm, at 502 E. Sycamore, Normal. A Greenpeace video will be shown, and refreshments will be served. Please join us--and wear your Greenpeace gear (T's, sweats, etc.)! For more information, phone 452-0310.



A century of indiscriminate slaughter brought the blue whale to the brink of extinction.

Just when you thought you were safe from Bill Flick

# Bush-whacking



During his inaugural address, George Bush informed us that "a new breeze is blowing" in Amerika. Uh, George . . . I don't remember seeing beans on the inaugural dinner menu.

Frankly, George, that "breeze" line is one of the worse slogans I've heard in quite awhile. But at least it's better than the one Oral Roberts was using a couple of years ago. God had told Oral that the slogan for the year was "ATTACK your LACK." God must have been having a really bad day when He dreamed that one up--maybe He had overtaxed His brain answering prayers from Peggy "Thousand Points of Light" Noonan.

By the way, this year God revealed to Oral that His slogan is "Miracles are MINE . . . in nineteen eighty-NINE." Well . . . God's getting better, but he's still no Lee Atwater.

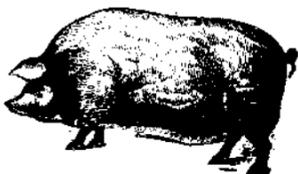
With the inauguration of George Bush, we now have "a kinder, gentler nation"--as shown by a crowd of 200 people cheering the execution of a fellow human being. Admittedly the Bundy case seriously challenges the beliefs of those of us who don't support the death penalty, but turning an execution into a celebration turns my stomach. I guess it's the Roman circuses that are setting Amerika's new kinder and gentler standard.

Despite the "Reach Out and Touch Someone" tone set during the inauguration, there's no doubt that George was fondly recollecting his "silver foot in his mouth" upbringing. Between the week-long, \$25 million inauguration party and that new \$600,000 presidential limo, I'm sure George couldn't help but reminisce about those good ol' childhood days.

By the way, George, you forgot one of your few campaign planks during the inauguration gala. Not once did I hear you say the Pledge of Allegiance--for \$25 million, I think Amerika deserved to have at least one presidential pledge performance.

But I have to admit that George did remember the less fortunate during the inauguration celebration--don't forget, this is now "a kinder, gentler nation." Everyone was so proud that the leftovers from the fancy \$1,500-a-plate dinner were given to the homeless. And they had every right to be proud--only the best of kings treats his peasants that well.

The homeless were also helped by the friends of Ron and Nancy Reagan, who showed incredible creativity in solving this national problem. The group went out and purchased a home in Bel Air to give to two of the homeless. After being kicked out of the White House, homeless Ron and Nancy truly appreciated the help. Let's see, that's two homeless people down, . . . only nine hundred ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-eight to go.



During his last (hooray!) week in office, Reagan told us that he thought some civil rights leaders actually *promote* racism so they could personally profit. Yeah, sure Ronnie, . . . all us bleeding-heart liberals are into sadomasochism. (Now if you had suggested that some *religious* leaders promote bigotry and intolerance to boost *their* coffers, you'd be on to something.)

In his farewell address, Reagan also informed us that we should place a greater emphasis on Amerikan history. This line came from the man who went to Bitburg, who turned old movie plots into historical fact, and who found the "moral equivalent of our founding fathers" in the contras.

Speaking of Amerikan history, Bush is the first sitting vice-president since Martin VanBuren to be elected president. Both Bush and VanBuren had impressive resumes--for example, both were former head of their parties. But VanBuren was a very unpopular president, for the economy plunged into a major depression just two months after he took office. Should the historical parallel continue for President Bush, we'll see "voodoo economics" turn into "doodoo economics."

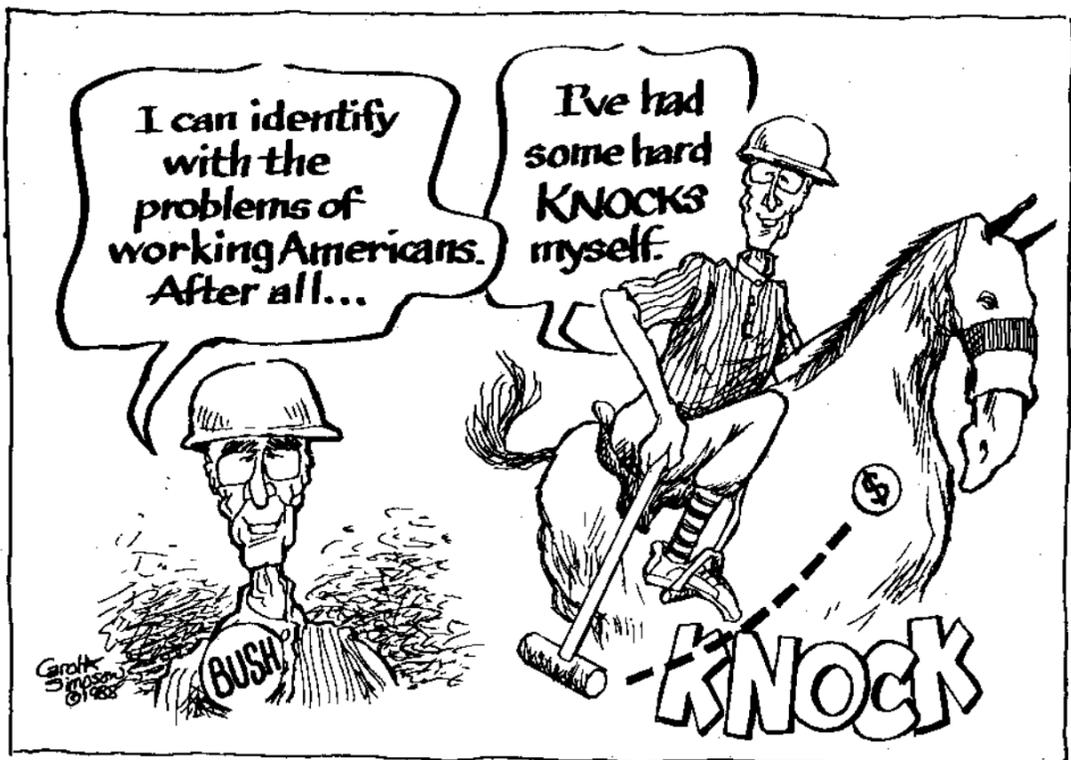
It suddenly occurs to me that Bush is developing a rather disturbing pattern here. Voodoo . . . doodo . . . Sununu?

Jack Kemp, one of the nation's last true supply-siders, has been named Secretary of HUD. Kemp's big idea is to use enterprise zones and other incentives to get the private sector to help the inner cities. Yes, it could work. But let's remember that the private sector is the one that has also relentlessly exploited workers, consumers, and the environment throughout history. With this track record, I wouldn't get my hopes up.

William Bennett is an interesting choice for the nation's new drug czar. I think it's only fair that he propose the same thing for the war on drugs that he did for education--insist that money is not the problem and beg for his budget to be slashed. (And by the way, a drug czar? Sounds a bit "Ruskie" to me.)

Ooops. Looking over the above, I see I forgot to mention Vice President J. Danforth Quayle III. Oh, well, . . . why should I be different from anyone else? But I'll say this much for Quayle--with him around, Bush's Secret Service bodyguards are breathing a lot easier.

--The Balrog



George talks to the homefolks

# Bloopers, blunders, and Nancy, too

As the Gipper and the First Lady from Hell ride much too slowly into the sunset, the rest of us are left with all those magic moments to remember. What's your favorite Reagan story?

Maybe it's the time he said he thought that missiles could be called back before they reached their targets. Or how about the time he mispronounced George Bush's last name?

How can you forget the time he visited the Bitburg Cemetery in Germany and said that the Nazi SS soldiers there "were victims just as surely as the victims in the concentration camps"? Or the time he said to the foreign minister from Lebanon, "You know, your nose looks just like Danny Thomas"?

## The Dixon dunce

Yes, it was a barrel of laughs with the "amiable dunce" from Dixon, wasn't it? If you could forget he was the leader of the most powerful nation in the world (that's his claim).

Remember the AIDS commission? Among Ronnie's appointees were the sex therapist who said that AIDS could be transmitted through toilet seats and another who charged that gay men practice "blood terrorism" by deliberately donating infected blood. And when this collection of defects actually came up with some reasonable intelligent recommendations, what happened? You tell me.

The man who still thinks that you can buy vodka with food stamps, that the contras are the moral equivalent of the Founding Fathers, and that some people really do want to live in packing crates also still believes that money spent on the military does not increase the national deficit. Reagan slashed taxes, doubled defense spending, and promised a balanced budget. Apparently, they didn't require Math for Morons at Eureka College.

(By the way, if the contras are the moral equivalent of the Founding Fathers, which one is most like Benjamin Franklin? Answer: Col. Rafael Rodriguez, who used to be in charge of the Bureau of Persuasive Interrogation for Somoza's National Guard—he shares ole' Ben's interest in the practical applications of electricity.)

## The really 'High' Court

And we can't forget those Supreme Court nominees: Battlin' Bobby Bork and the dope-smoker with the wire-rimmed glasses (does anybody remember his name?). That all had to be a joke, right?

Ah, yes, the memories. What else could we expect from a grade-B actor in the White House? Nancy wore dresses that had a higher I.Q.

And speaking of Nancy, we have to include the astrologer from San Francisco, the bitch-fights with Don Regan, the designer originals that she just "forgot" to report or return. Nancy's "Just Say No" ranks right up there with "Let them eat cake" when it comes to profound insights into complex social issues.

Nancy and Ron were the perfect couple, weren't they? The CIA airlifts cocaine into the country, and she says "Just Say No." The Congressional Budget Office shows a dramatic shift in income from the poor to the rich, and he says "I don't think it's true."

More than 400,000 families lost all benefits under the basic welfare program, subsidies for new low-income housing were all but wiped out, up to a million individuals became "ineligible" for food stamps under his administration, and Reagan says "I don't think it's true." What a kiddler!

## Voodoo ethics

Of course, while the Stars were playing "Let's Pretend" on the big sound stage at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., the supporting cast was doing an update of "Crime and Punishment." Two of Reagan's closest advisors, Michael Deaver and Lyn Nofziger, stand convicted. Another, former Admiral John Poindexter, has been indicted along with his assistant, Lt. Col. Oliver "the Shredder" North, and former Air Force General Richard Secord.

Reagan's Attorney General—Edwin "Never Been Indicted" Meese 3d—resigned under a barrage of charges and suspicions. And lest we forget:

Reagan vetoed the ethical practices bill because it was "excessive and discriminatory." Ya gotta love it!

Yes, the Reagan era brought us voodoo ethics along with voodoo economics. And what an uproarious time it was! But the movie's over; we won't have the Gipper and the Gipperess to laugh at anymore.

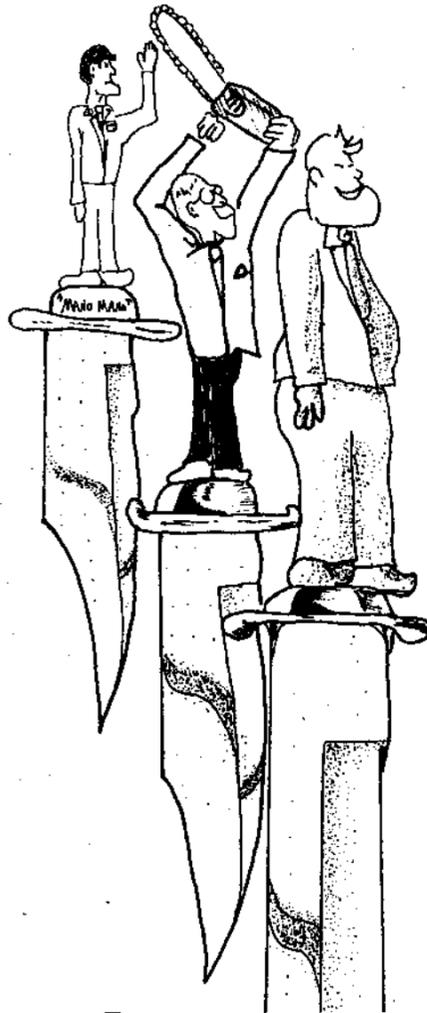
Sure, the photogenic oblivion of Dan Whatizname should be good for a few laughs, but the Hoosier Halfwit can never hope to replace Hollywood on the Potomac. He just doesn't read the lines as well.

—Ferdurdurke

Sources: Washington Spectator, Jan. 15, 1989; Ms., Feb., 1989.

## Edwin Meese, James Watt, Oliver North. Legends of the Reagan Revolution Sculptured Knife Collection

The first collection of knives ever commissioned by the Dirty Tricks Museum. Sculptured in solid brass. Tempered with radioactive waste. Genuine gold tone. Needle Sharp Stiletto point.



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If you want to talk to one of us

Call PATH 827-4005

and ask for the

## Rape Crisis Center



Thinking of you... Where's the check?

# FDA okays

# mail order drugs

Continuing in the vein of our previous shop-by-mail expose, our intrepid *Post Amerikan* staff has unearthed this golden nugget: mail-order drugs from abroad.

That's right. In a move that has enraged some and delighted others, the Food and Drug Administration has decided that American consumers may, with a physician's approval, mail order foreign pharmaceuticals for personal use, even though the drugs have not been approved in the U. S.

The announcement was made by FDA commissioner Frank Young at a gay coalition's AIDS forum. The policy really isn't new: the FDA has long allowed AIDS patients traveling abroad to bring back small supplies of foreign drugs, so long as they weren't fraudulent, blatantly commercialized or did not present an unreasonable health risk. But the news was more than welcome to the coalition since it meant that AIDS patients can now legally order such promising drugs as Japan's dextran sulfate from overseas. (A cholesterol-lowering drug, dextran sulfate reportedly blocks the AIDS virus from binding to cells in lab dish experiments.)

Some critics see this as evidence that the FDA has been overwhelmed by the AIDS crisis and has simply given up trying to speed safe, effective drugs to patients in need. Others see it as illegal—a violation of the federal drug laws that mandate safety and efficacy.

But to those afflicted with the disease, the announcement may represent their only hope, a remedy for the FDA's laborious, inexorable movement toward drug compound approval.

A look at the record shows that during 1988, the FDA took an average of 31 months to review the new compounds that were finally approved. This means that the average review took five times the official six-month limit. And of the 792 drugs that were eventually approved, only 20 were new drugs. The rest were generics and variations of previously approved compounds. On the list were three drugs for cancer, two for high blood pressure, and two for ulcers. No new AIDS drugs were approved in 1988.

But what has infuriated the medical and pharmaceutical communities most is that the new policy applies to everyone, not just those with AIDS. The only drugs exempt are some 40 kinds already proscribed by the FDA as fraudulent or dangerous. So consumers will be permitted to mail-order drugs for nearly everything from cancer and arthritis to contraceptives and perhaps even RU486, the French abortion pill. J. Danforth Quayle will quake in his Footjoy golf shoes.

RU486, which received marketing approval in France and China last September, induces abortion when taken two or three weeks after a missed period. But the risks, which include the possibility of hemorrhaging and incomplete abortions, are formidable, and no one knows whether Roussel-Uclaf, the drug manufacturer, will consider shipment to those Americans who want it. The FDA has so effectively minimized publicity about the new policy that a spokesperson for Roussel-Uclaf was completely unaware of it and thus unable to comment.

Roussel-Uclaf's silence is just fine with a federal government deliberately downplaying the new policy for anyone other than AIDS patients and the desperately ill. In all fairness, many experts are simply concerned about the possible side effects and dangers of untested compounds.

But those active in the Pro-Life movement have compelling reasons for working to block shipment of RU486. The drug, after all, embodies their worst nightmare: American women stockpiling the pill, then quietly (perhaps illegally in time?) aborting unwanted pregnancies in the privacy of their own homes.

The FDA classifies its new policy as being in a "pilot basis" stage, subject to change or cancellations at any time. Other restrictions have been imposed as well. The drug shipments must be for personal use only, are limited to a three month supply or less, and the patient must be able to name a licensed U. S. doctor who will oversee treatment, certainly the biggest hurdle of all.

Like a dog lying on its back to indicate submission, those who are desperately, incurably ill must go from physician to physician, hoping to find one brave enough or caring enough to allow them a role in their own treatment. And the odds of finding that are about as great as those of Dan Quayle getting his golf shoes on the right feet.

--Sabina



## For your information (address list of hip orgs.)

### Abortion

Nat'l Abortion Rights Action League  
1101 14th NW  
DC 20005

Nat'l Organization for Women  
1401 New York Ave. NW  
DC 20005

Planned Parenthood Federation  
2010 Mass Ave. NW  
DC 20036

### Energy Poll

Safe Energy Communications Council  
1717 Mass NW LL215  
DC 20036

### Nuclear Free Zones

Nuclear Free America  
325 East 25th St.  
Baltimore MD 21218

### Green Movement

Bioregional Project  
HCR3 Box 3  
Brixley MO 65618

Committees of Correspondence  
PO Box 30208  
Kansas City MO 64112

Green Letter  
PO Box 9242  
Berkeley CA 94709

Green Movement  
5640 Adoke Falls Place  
San Diego CA 92120

Green Party of the West  
370 Turk St. #21  
San Francisco CA 94102

Institute for Social Ecology  
Box 384  
Rochester VT 05767



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Thinking of you... What was your name again?

# Normal vegetarian cuisine

In further search of cheerful, healthy and cheap nosh, the Graduate Veggie scoured the streets of Bloomington/Normal. Fed up of cheese subs, pizza, and frozen yogurt, I was determined to find food that would satisfy a hungry tummy and not burn a hole in my pocket.

Dragging along my trusty friends known as The Boss and SM and risking death, speeding tickets and runny noses (there's no heater in my car), we ambled into Lox Stock and Bagel in College Hills Mall, Normal, where we stood in line with the business types and habitual shoppers and contemplated the menu. Would it be soup of the day, cauliflower cheese with heaps of crunchy bagel chips? Or a bagel with cream cheese of the day (chives)? The decision was going to be hard to make.

The bagels emerging from the "heater-upper thingy" looked yummy. With a colorful selection of fresh toppings to choose from, this was gonna be a tough decision. After much deliberation and what seemed an embarrassingly long time, I plumped for a filled bagel.

Oh, I must mention that they have samples of the cream cheese of the day and delicious sweet croissants temptingly put under your nose to whet your appetite. Garlic bagel, cream cheese, warmed and topped with sprouts, onion and a pickle did me nicely. The Boss ventured to the salad bar with her bowl. You should have seen the sculpture she created out of the many fresh offerings: lettuce, cauliflower, alfalfa sprouts, cherry tomatoes, cheeses, eggs... It's a good deal for \$1.75, or you could go for the refillable plate at \$2.75.

SM decided that the special of the day was too good to miss. Spinach and cheese quiche, the biggest muffin on earth, and a large drink for the special knock-down price of \$2.99. She said the quiche was "very delectable" and the muffin was as good as her father makes (she

comes from a right-on family). But if you're feeling like getting completely stuffed, go for the Combo: soup, bagel chips, filled bagel, and a drink, all for just \$2.99.

The place is clean and the service good. I like the way the food is prepared freshly in front of you by cheerful servers.

So for under \$3, any veggie can partake of a fairly good selection of meat-free goodies and not have to put up with the smell of fried flesh. Good for meat eaters, too.

One thing, though: be sure to grab plenty of napkins as you will certainly need to wipe from your face the excess from the generous slatherings of cream cheese.

## Hot tip no. 346

For happy hour participants, get down to the Gallery on Beaufort in Normal and munch away on Rangoon. No, it's not a Progressive rock band. They are crunchy Chinese style hors-d'oeuvres. You have to ask for these little cream cheese n' chive filled fried pastry morsels without the shrimp, but the staff is quite obliging. The price for ten is \$1.50 complete with homemade sweet and sour sauce (ask for this).

If you swing by on a Friday evening you can crunch away in time to the tempo of the free jazz band and act as if "Normal" is the place to be.

--R.T.Choke.

We liked the article, but . . .

## How to repair your Post Amerikan



Deborah from the National Gay Rights Advocates (NGRA) called our office last month and left a message on our temperamental answering machine. She wanted to tell us that the folks at NGRA enjoyed and appreciated our series of National Coming Out Day articles. **BUT** Deborah also informed us that there was one small problem with our story.

It turns out that the picture of NGRA's executive director, Jean O'Leary, that we had literally dug out of our files was a bit out of date. Like, uh, . . . two to three years out of date. Deborah asked us to update our files and, after an enjoyable phone conversation, she was kind enough to send us a more recent picture of Jean.

Well, we'd like to do more than just update our files. After all, we're the Post Amerikan--the paper with the world's most loyal and dedicated readership. (They have to be--no one else can put up with our somewhat laid back style.) We'd really appreciate it if you'd repair the issue in which the error occurred. Here's how to do it:

**Step 1.** Find the previous issue of the Post in your archives. (This may be easier said than done. For some of us, this means digging into that back room with the unpacked boxes, stacks of papers to file, and the broken chair you're going to fix one day. For others of us, it simply means retrieving the paper that's lining the birdcage.)

**Step 2.** Cut out the new picture of Jean O'Leary appearing on this page. Be sure to neatly cut along the dotted lines we've conveniently provided. (This is also easier said than done, depending on what you may or may not have consumed during the archive search of Step 1. Use plastic safety scissors if necessary.)

**Step 3.** Paste the picture from Step 2 over the outdated picture of Jean O'Leary appearing in the paper recovered in Step 1. Allow to dry. (The drying process may apply to both you and the paper, depending on what you may or may not have consumed in Steps 1 and 2.)

**Step 4.** Return your corrected Post Amerikan to your archives. You may now breathe easier knowing that your Post Amerikan is error-free. (Yes, I know we're asking a lot of you. Breathing easier could be difficult, depending on what you may or may not have consumed in Steps 1 through 3.)

As Bartles and Jaymes would say, thank you for your support.

--The Balrog



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Thinking of you . . .

and wondering about this discharge.

# 'Roseanne' strikes a blow for fatness

It isn't often you get to see a P-A correspondent coming out so firmly in the mainstream, but here it is: I like Roseanne.

Currently the most popular show on television (knocking off onetime ratings champ Cosby), the network sitcom works not just as a vehicle for caustic comedienne Roseanne Barr but as a bracing positive image for the size acceptance movement. Roseanne and her husband Dan (well played by the wry John Goodman of True Stories and Raising Arizona) are both fat and comfortable with their size.

They're sexually active and comically affectionate with each other--and, most importantly, unapologetic about the way they are. (Half a season in--and there hasn't been one diet joke on the show!) Teevee sitcoms typically traffic in fat jokes (even a "quality" item like Cheers has had its share of 'em); Roseanne doesn't. When one of tubeland's biggest fall stories was Oprah Winfrey's liquid diet weight loss (complete with grotesque visual aid), you can appreciate how subversive the show's basic "fat is okay" message is.

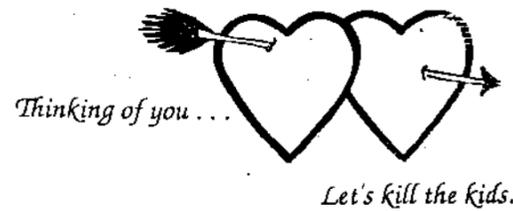
Not that the show's perfect, of course. As a family situation comedy, Roseanne still falls prey to the occasional kiddie cutes (though not as excessively as Cos does, thankfully), while the star's trademark deadpan delivery doesn't always suit the show's story demands. But in its

believable recreation of life where generic canned vegetables are a staple, where family finances are a matter of deciding which bill you can afford to blow off this month, Roseanne is unmatched. Some folks might grouse about the characters' unkempt lifestyle (being sensitive to the fat-equals-slobbishness equation), but maybe I've spent too much time around Post staffers' homes: I find the settings on Roseanne to be some of the most realistic on television. Hey, I've lived in that house!

I've also found the show to be slyly progressive in other areas: a recent episode tackled the issue of animal cruelty (replaying the recent case of the young high school student who refused to dissect a frog in biology class), for instance. The show takes for granted our awareness of class-based and sexual inequity, which is refreshing in itself these days.

I don't know how long Roseanne can keep it up: weekly show production has a way of homogenizing the most unique ideas and, to be honest, Roseanne isn't all that unique. (The fat-bashing Married with Children originally paved the way for a more realistic answer to the overly genteel Cosby/Family Ties clones.) But as long as Rosie and Dan continue to look at each other that way, with unrepressed lust in their fat breasts, I know I'll still be watching ...

W. Barbers



## Gay People's Alliance *Spring, 1989* Schedule of Events

**Weekly Meetings:** Wednesdays, 8 pm., Fairchild Hall, ISU. Everyone is welcome.

- Feb. 8- Love Connection/Dating Game
- Feb. 15- Biannual Coffeehouse and Poetry Reading
- Feb. 22- Discussion: Dealing with Gay/Lesbian Oppression
- Mar. 1- Guest Speaker
- Mar. 8- Discussion: Coming Out to Family and Friends/Self-Esteem
- Mar. 15- SPRING BREAK: No GPA meeting
- Mar. 22- Gay/Straight Rap
- Mar. 29- Bowling
- Apr. 5- Discussion: "Gayspeak"
- Apr. 12- Gay/Lesbian Book Reviews
- Apr. 19- Guest Speaker
- Apr. 26- Discussion: Gay Activism
- May 3- Ice Cream Social
- May 10- FINALS (Good Luck!) No meeting

**Weekly Events:**

- Mondays 8 pm. Women Only Group
- Tuesdays 6 pm. Gay/Lesbian Support Group
- 8 pm. Coffeehouse
- Wednesdays 8 pm. GPA meetings, 112 Fairchild Hall
- Thursdays 8 pm. Happy Hour

**Special Events:**

- Fri., Jan. 27- GPA's 15th Anniversary Ball, 8-11 p.m.
- Tues., Feb. 14- Deliver Carnations
- Fri., Feb. 17- Valentine's Party
- Sat., April 15- Toga Party
- Sat., April 29- Picnic at Comlara Park, 12 noon
- Sat., May 6- Road Trip to Madison, WI's Gay and Lesbian March

**Gay and Lesbian Awareness Week:**  
March 20-26

- Mon., Mar. 20 -Movie: "Life and Times of Harvey Milk"
- Tues., Mar. 21--Guest Speakers
- Weds., Mar. 22--Gay/Straight Rap
- Thurs., Mar. 23--Gay Blue Jeans Day
- Fri., Mar. 24--Party
- Sun., Mar. 26--(Easter)Metropolitan Community Church Service in Peoria

# Dear Ms. Hippie:

Dear Ms. Hippie:

Like many other true believers, I am forced to compromise my values when dealing with my family. Consider the following set-up.

My late grandmother's worthless husband (who thinks I'm a lazy bum) is getting remarried, creating a family dispute over her personal effects. My brother and sister-in-law (who live across the street from my parents) have been blessed with a baby boy that the family drools over--I can only think and smell "baby puke green" when I see him. My brother's in-laws live two blocks down the street--they use the insurance money from their son's accidental death to support Jimmy Swaggart's ministry.

Needless to say, such a Faulkneresque family upsets my usual calm and peaceful lifestyle. Yet family visitations seem unavoidable. How, pray tell, can I handle this delicate situation?

Signed,  
The Black Sheep

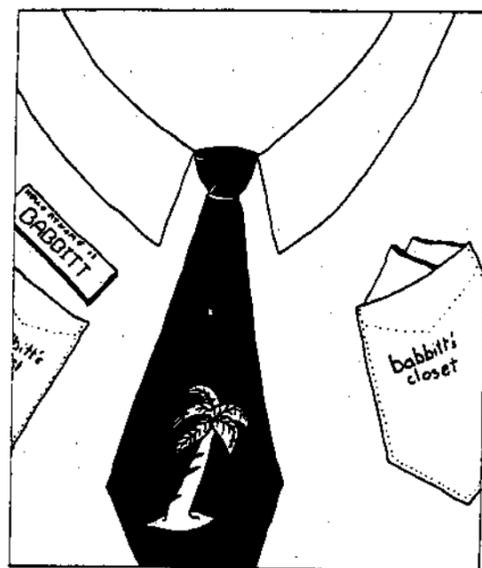


Dear Sheep,

Wow! Sounds like a sequence from "The Young and the Restless." (In fact, have you checked into whose baby that really is?) Try to see the scene as material rather than life--maybe you can humiliate the gang by selling a soap opera based on their sordid lives.

If you can't do that, I'd say you simply have to stay away. You might plead allergies or illness, but our favorite excuse is the press of professional advancement. Most families love to think of members slaving away their spare time striving toward workaholic yuppiedom. They hope that you'll someday put them in a fancy retirement community instead of the county home or the unheated attic. Let them dream: send 'em some glossy flyers from Privileged Acres when you write to say you're going to work straight through Xmas.

## babbitt's closet



mon-sat 12-6pm

104 north st. normal

# Jim and Tammy Faye er, uh, come clean

The Mr. and Mrs. Potato Head of broadcast evangelism are back on tv. On Jan. 7, Jim Bakker and the female impersonator who plays his wife Tammy Faye came back to the airwaves on a daily talk show live from their living room in Pineville, NC.

There were two astounding developments on their first broadcast: 1. They did not ask for money. For a whole hour. 2. They offered a bold explanation for all the problems they've been having the last couple of years.

I bet you're wondering how they explained away all those sexual and financial shenanigans that got them into deep doodoo with God, Jerry Falwell, the IRS, and their supporters out in tv land. Well, it's really very simple. Let me quote from the horse's orifice: "I think the devil was mad. The devil said, 'This is it. I've got to smash Jim and Tammy'."

Well, that certainly clears things up, doesn't it?

### A jealous little devil

How did Jessica "I'm Not a Bimbo" Hahn get into Jim Bakker's hotel room and into his bed? Simple: the devil was jealous of the nice, beautiful, wonderful multimillion-dollar empire the Bakkers had built here on earth, and he just had to do something about it.

And why did Bakker resign and turn his multimillion-dollar ministry over to Jerry Falwell? And why did Falwell turn on Bakker and take PTL to bankruptcy court and call Jim a queer? Yep. Satanic jealousy.

And why did the IRS investigate the PTL Club and take away their tax exemption? And why did the Justice Department slap 24 indictments for criminal fraud on Jim boy? You got it. Luciferian envy.

Now I know that you cynics out there are moaning in disbelief and derision, but if you think about it this inane explanation fits right in with what the Bakkers have been preaching all along.

### Same song, second verse

Jim and Tammy, as well as Jerry and Jimmy and Oral and Billy and Pat, all proclaim a life of diminished responsibilities. "Let Jesus come into your life and take control," they say. "God will take care of you, guide you, heal you, watch over you, help in every detail of your life." They even promise wealth and success--if you'll Trust in Jesus (and send them a generous contribution).

This latest scam is just the flip side of the control program: if God isn't in charge, then Satan is. And none of us, not even Jim 'n Tammy, has anything to say about it. If good things happen, Praise the Lord (and Pass the Loot)! If bad things happen, the Devil made me do 'em!

We're all pawns in the great Chess Game between the sky-god and his devilish adversary. As the Church Lady would say, "How conveeeenient!"

By the way, on their second show J & T asked everybody to send in \$100. Your move, Nick.

--Ferdydurke

Sources: Newsweek, 16 Jan. 1989;  
Chicago Tribune, 8 Jan. 1989.



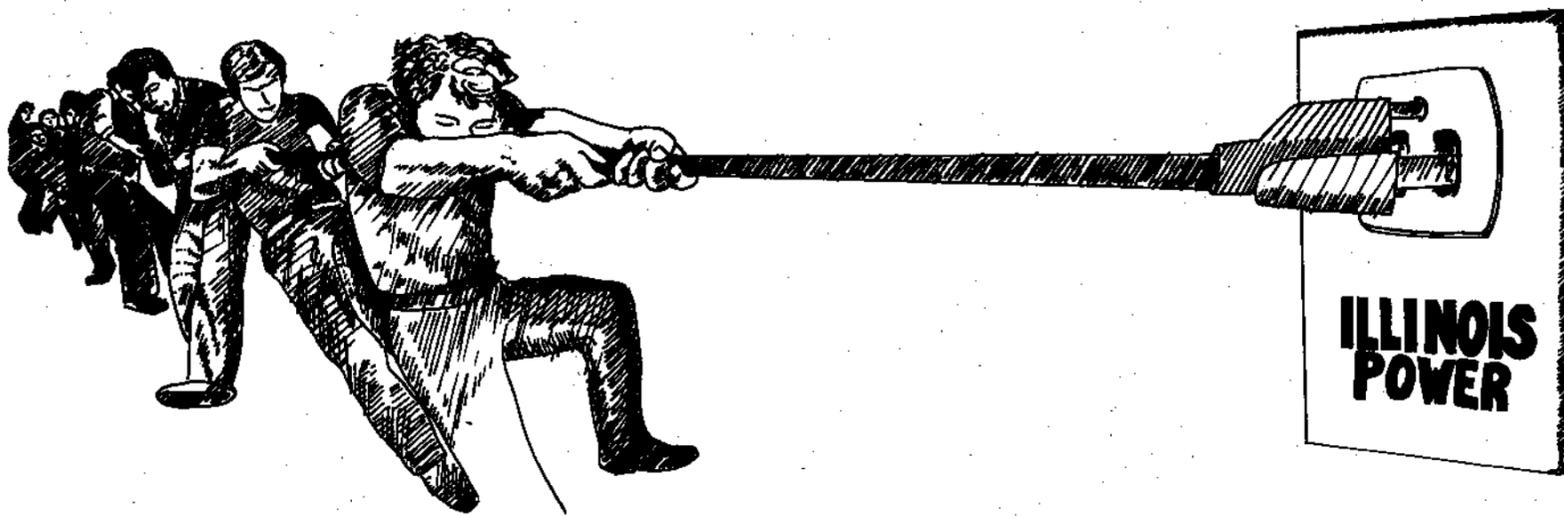
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# "And now presenting the B.(unch) O.(f) P.(ricks)!"

There's an old cliché I just made up about events that change our destiny, turning on a moment in time.

That moment, for moi, was when Hanging Judge Clarke, the Scourge of Springfield, sentenced me to four years in FCI Lexington. Talk about your downhill all the way!

The one friend I had in Greene Co. Jail who had been previously exposed to the tender mercies of Uncle Sam kept assuring me I would love Lex. Now any twit knows when you're assured you're just going to adore something, it's going to be about as much fun as jock itch, but--well, let me back up a little . . .

Ralph-the-marshel picked me up at the jail on 13 February 1987. He divested me of my handkerchief in spite of the fact that my nose was running like the Mississippi. When I ventured some choice Anglo-Saxon words on this state of affairs, he slammed me face first into the wall and cuffed my hands behind my back.

Still muttering imprecations against him, his parents, his progeny, I was thrown into the back of his car and taken to the airport.

There, leg irons were added while I was still snuffling and fuming in the back seat. Upon being curtly ordered to do so, I stepped out of the car.

Jesus H. Tapdancing Christ! Not six feet away stood another marshal with a shotgun levelled at my now-quivering navel. Thoroughly subdued, I hobbled toward the waiting plant. I walked down several miles of aisle, past 120 men, to the very first set of seats and eased myself down.

Ordinarily I could really relish being cooped up with such a large number of the opposite gender; but this was the first time I had ever flown, and I didn't trust these ignorant motherfuckers to get me off the ground, into the air, and back on terra firma again.

## How to get to Lexington

The Bureau of Prisons (B.O.P. aka Bunch of Pricks) had designated me to Lexington, Kentucky, so naturally we flew to Oklahoma City. From there, I was driven to Norman in a van so filthy, it beggars all description.

Norman made me wish I was back in Greene Co. I slept on a bare mattress, with no pillow, under a reeking blanket the size of a postage stamp. As the mean temperature there was about 30 degrees, I spent my time curled up in bed in a surly ball, hating the federal government.

For breakfast, we got cold, boiled rice--no milk, sugar, or even gravy. For lunch and supper, we were served cold, boiled beans.

The only redeeming (?) feature was the coffee which was scalding hot and strong enough to cha-cha around the room.

From Norman (may it be blown off the face of the earth) I was driven back to Oklahoma City and loaded back onto the same creaky, lumbering 727. "Now," I thought, "we'll finally make it to Lexington." Nay--not so. We flew to Birmingham, then to Harrisburg, then on to Terre Haute!

## Out of reach

As we took off from Harrisburg, I politely entreated the lady marshal to loosen my cuffs as my wrists were swelling badly. I might as well have saved myself the groveling.

It was only with the greatest reluctance that she let me go to the potty. Oh, not to the john there in the front of the plane where I was; no, I had to lurch all the way to the back to use the prisoners' restroom.

My hands were cuffed to a chain around my waist; but I struggled heroically and got my jeans and panties down and sat on the toilet.

Great Zot! The air blowing up from the depths was enough to swamp the Queen Mary. It was like pissing into a hurricane.

I couldn't even feel the urine leaving ye olde bod; but when my bladder felt empty, I cleaned up as well as my manacled hands would allow and stood up. My clothing immediately sank to my ankles . . . out of reach!

By squatting like some obscene toad, I got a death grip on my panties and dragged them up. My tight, elastic-waisted jeans, however, kept getting stuck at mid-thigh and slithering back down to my shackles.

Finally, I asked Ms. Marshal for assistance. She refused, of course, and snippily told me to hurry back to my seat.

"Lady," I said. "If you don't help me I'm going to hurry back to my seat all right--with my panties and my jeans around my ankles!"

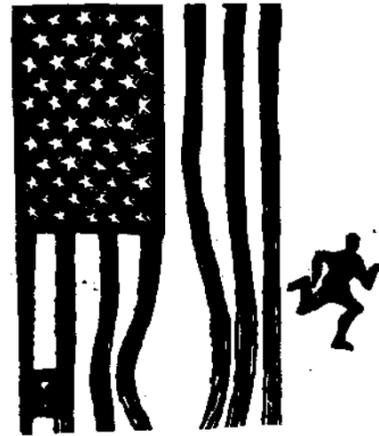
Well, she tugged the levis up, taking off a good deal of skin in the process, and I was re-seated without further incident.

## The switch

We landed at Terre Haute in a frigging blizzard. The plane skidded off the runway and my heart lurched with terror. I could just see the headlines in the Post-Dispatch: "Middle-aged embezzler incinerated in Indiana."

I clenched everything I could, pressed back in the seat, and brought the plane to a halt (thank god I was on board!).

After several eons of waiting, I was herded to the door for disembarking. I stared in horror at the ice-covered steps down which the men on the plane were sliding. The marshals reached up from the ground and helped everyone down the last few feet--the only act of kindness I've ever seen them perform.



I was then ushered to a waiting car. I thanked all that I hold holy that I was out of the blinding, stinging sleet and waited expectantly to be taken somewhere.

Finally, I saw the reason for the delay. The 100 men who had been in two parked buses were being exchanged for the 100 men from the 727. Naturally, though, this couldn't be accomplished simply, quickly, and humanely. First, everyone with a coat or blanket had to be divested of it; then they all had to be patted down and counted.

The marshals in their furry parkas and mittens kept ducking into the car to warm up while the prisoners stood in their shirtsleeves.

The muttering among the men turned into shouting, and the guards with shotguns moved in. But just when I thought there was going to be a bloodbath, a signal was given, and the two groups of felons were herded to plane and buses.

## What's love got to do with it?

At Vigo Co. Jail, my right hand was so swollen that the cuff had to be peeled out of the flesh. As the feeling crept back anew into my numbed fingers, I cursed Uncle Sam and his minions all over again in every language I could think of.

I spent three days in that Waldorf Astoria of jails before being picked up and driven down in a van to Lexington. I didn't love it from the minute I walked into A-Building; I haven't grown to love it in the 22 months I've languished here. Why, you ask?

All in good time, gentle reader. All in good time.

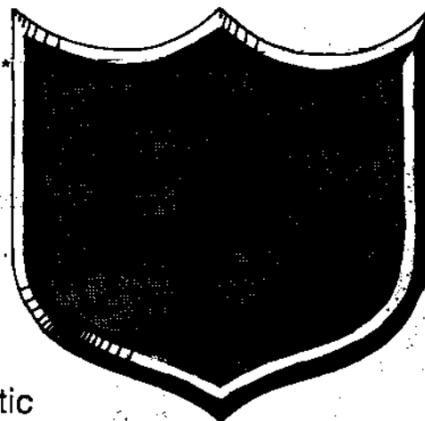
--Marta Helm



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# Cool TV for young people

Have you flipped through the channels recently to see what the boob tube has to offer young people? It's no wonder that often we militantly condemn network children's programming and boast the virtues of public television. But the folks at CBS and ABC may be onto something with their recent focus of after school special features.

CBS's "Words to Live By" and ABC's "Taking a Stand" are both excellent examples of what can happen with children's programming when someone who cares about what young people learn from television is given the power of script and film.

"Words To Live By" tells the story of two small town high school seniors, Phil and Danny, who write and distribute to the school an underground newspaper. They battle with an uptight school board. They write articles on satanism, an expose' of the evils of MSG, and a forceful editorial about how men use violence to manipulate women.

But what begins as the boys' attempts to "raise consciousness among high school students" ends in Phil and Danny's expulsion from school. The superintendent sermonizes, "It is my job to provide for and protect an environment conducive to learning." It is clear from his simple-minded prosecution, though, that what he is truly upset about is a sentence which begins with the word "suck."

At first, Phil and Danny are concerned primarily with getting the expulsion cleared from their records—both are applying to Berkeley. But after the ACLU intervenes, providing the boys with legal services, Danny and Phil learn that the "loss of rights of one is the loss of others."

"Taking a Stand" tackles the issue of a high school boy resisting racism in his small

community. The middle class, white neighborhood in which Matthew Robinson and his family live is up in arms when a black family becomes prospective buyers of a vacant house on the block.

While walking home from school, Matthew witnesses a neighbor spray painting "NO NIGGERS HERE" on the side of the house. Matthew is not alone, though. Most of the other neighbors are out in their yards on this afternoon. But no one speaks. No one really sees anything wrong with what is occurring—except for Matthew.

After Matthew tells the district attorney what he witnessed, the Robinson family is continuously harassed by the community. Their house is vandalized and their car tires slashed. Matthew is ostracized by his best friend. Matthew's sister is pressured by her boyfriend and his family to get Matthew to keep quiet. She says to Matthew, "Why did you have to make this our problem?" People begin to boycott the small club at which Matthew's mother sings, and she is fired. "Business is business," her boss explains. And finally, Matthew is beaten up one night while walking home.

It isn't too surprising, then, when Matthew wants to back out of confessing at the hearing. But when he begins to reflect on what the community has done to his family, he realizes the impact of what the community had done to the family who tried to find a new home in his neighborhood.

Both after school special features did a good job of presenting thought-provoking issues at a junior high/high school level. And it was nice to see children's programming that wasn't padded with sensationalism and weepy sentimentality.

For example, both features end on a somewhat unhappy but realistic note. In "Words To Live By," the school board settles in court, agreeing to sponsor a conference on free speech. But the school board sabotages the conference by planning it in the middle of the day and charging \$25.00 a plate for a sit-down lunch.

Four people show up to the conference. And as Matthew and his mother leave the courthouse in "Taking a Stand," an angry neighbor is waiting outside for them with the message, "This isn't over yet."

What was a bit disappointing about these shows is the fact that they were poorly scheduled as after school special features. Both were shown at either 3 or 4:00 p.m., depending on where your network stations are. But how many young people are home at these times? Even if school is out by 3:00 p.m., extracurricular activities and part time jobs conflict with these broadcast times. ABC tries to solve this problem by advertising, "Set your VCR. Watch it with your family." But, of course, this ad assumes that your household has a VCR.

If you are frustrated with what network television has to offer your young person, it might be worth your while to pick up a television listing. "Words To Live By" and "Taking a Stand" may be good indicators of a change coming about in network children's television programming. Let's hope.

Note: For those of you with upper grade school or junior high school kids, check out "Degrassi Junior High" on your public television station. It is usually broadcast late Saturday or Sunday afternoons, depending on where you are.

—Skeet Floyd

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