

Eastern Illinois University

The Keep

The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

10-1990

Volume 19, Number 3

Post Amerikan

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INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING: ANTI-CHOICE FINANCES AND TAX FILES



POST AMERIKKAN



BLOOMINGTON-NORMAL

Volume 19

25¢

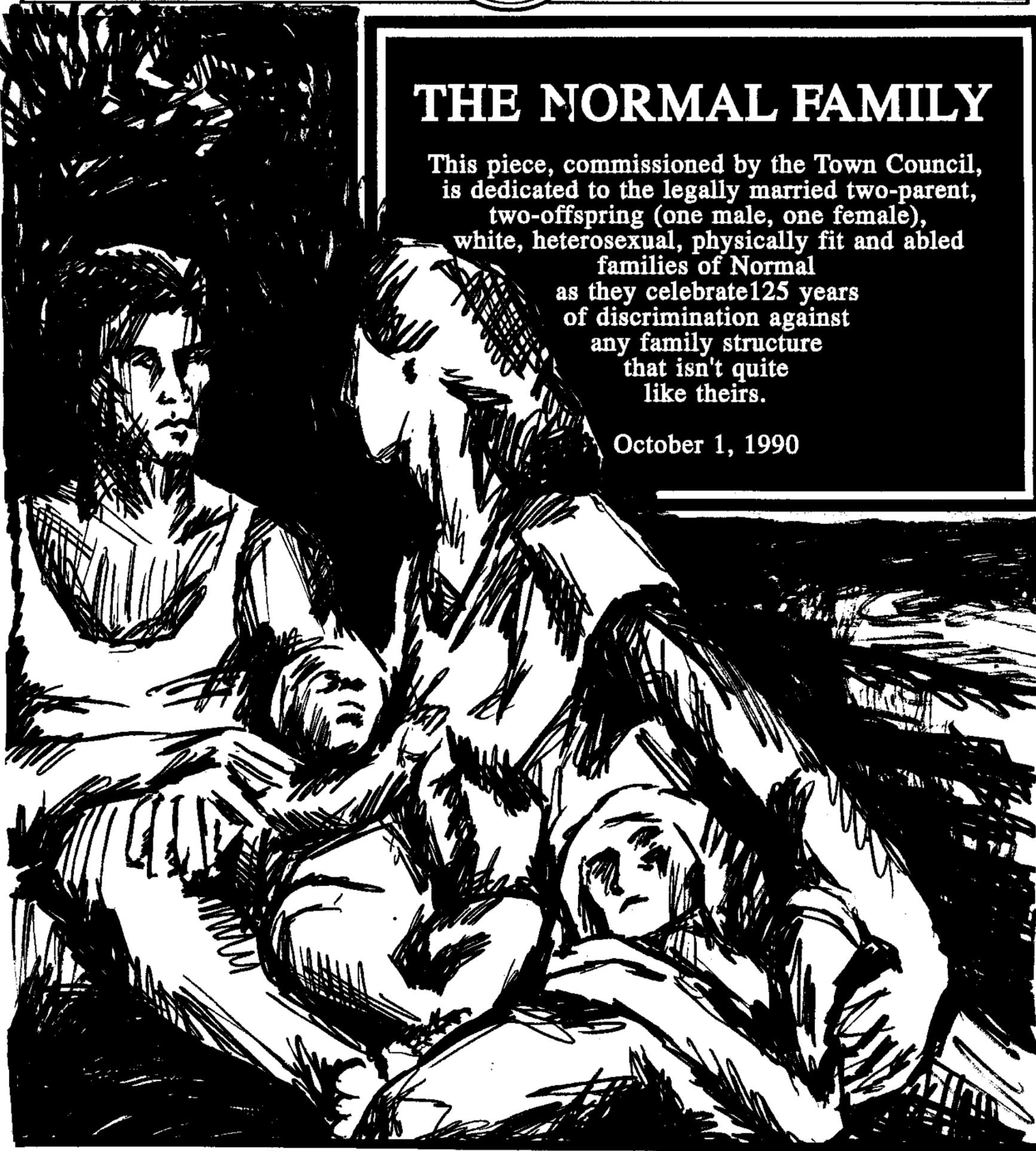
Number 3

October/November 1990

THE NORMAL FAMILY

This piece, commissioned by the Town Council, is dedicated to the legally married two-parent, two-offspring (one male, one female), white, heterosexual, physically fit and abled families of Normal as they celebrate 125 years of discrimination against any family structure that isn't quite like theirs.

October 1, 1990



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BLOOMINGTON-NORMAL

Volume 19 Number 3

October/November 1990

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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 new 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 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*.

What's your new address?

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: _____

Post sellers

Bloomington

- Amtrak Station, 1200 W. Front
- The Back Porch, 402 N. Main
- Bakery Banc, 901 N. Main
- Bloomington Public Library (front)
- Bus Depot, 533 N. East
- Common Ground, 516 N. Main
- Emerson and Main Streets
- Front and Center Building
- Hungry House, 103 W. Jefferson
- Law and Justice Center, W. Front
- 100 N. Lee Street
- Main and Miller Streets
- Medusa's, 420 N. Madison
- Mike's Market, 1013 N. Park
- Mr. Donut, 1310 N. Park
- Pantagraph, 301 W. Washington
- The Park Store, Wood and Allin
- People's Drugs, Oakland and Morrissett
- Red Fox, 918 W. Market
- Susie's Cafe, 602 N. Main
- U. S. Post Office, 1511 E. Empire
- U. S. Post Office, Center and Monroe
- Upper Cut, 409 N. Main
- Wash House, 609 N. Clinton
- Washings Well, E. Front

Normal

- Avanti's, 407 S. Main
- Coffee World, 114 E. Beaufort
- Hovey Hall, ISU (Front)
- Midstate Truck Plaza, U. S. 51 (north)
- Mother Murphy's, 111 North
- North and Broadway
- White Hen, 207 Broadway
- Subway, 115 E. Beaufort

This issue of *Post Amerikan* is brought to you by . . .

Scott and Deborah (coordinators), Pete (layout coordinator), Vince, Dino, Philip, Shadd, John, Greg, Peter, Susie, Jane, Michelle, Bill, Bumper, Ralph, and the many, many others who keep us going with their endless support.

Good numbers

ACLU	454-7223
ACT UP/CI	827-4005
AIDS Hotlines:	
National	1-800-AID-AIDS
Illinois	1-800-243-2437
Local	(309) 827-4005
Alcoholics Anonymous	828-5049
Bloomington Housing Authority	829-3360
Childbirth and Parenting Information Exchange (CAPIE)	827-6672
Clare House (Catholic workers)	452-0310
Community for Social Action	452-4035
Connection House	829-5711
Countering Domestic Violence	827-4005
Dept. of Children/Family Services	828-0022
Draft Counselling	452-5046
Lesbian and Gay Resource Phonenumber	438-2429
HELP (transportation for senior citizens, handicapped)	828-8301
Ill. Dept. of Public Aid	827-4621
Ill. Lawyer Referral	1-800-252-8916
Kaleidoscope	828-7346
McLean Co. Center for Human Services	827-5351
McLean Co. Health Dept.	454-1161
Mid Central Community Action	829-0691
Mobile Meals	828-8301
Narcotics Anonymous	827-3898
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
<i>Post Amerikan</i>	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

Deadline

The next deadline for submitting *Post* material is **Monday, November 26, 1990**

Material submitted after the deadline will probably not get printed in the next issue.



Community News

News from Voice for Choice

On September 21, 1990, the Illinois Supreme Court ruled that representative Penny Pullen (homophobic and anti-choice) won the Republican primary. The State Board of Elections had previously ruled that pro-choice challenger Rosemary Mulligan.

Be sure to punch your ballots correctly lest some election judge be allowed to determine your intent.

* * *

Which Candidates are pro-choice?

Senate: Democrat Paul Simon
Republican Lynn Martin

Governor: Democrat Neil Hartigan (as long as it's a popular stand)
Republican Jim Edgar

If you would like to collect signatures and petitions supporting introduction of the "abortion pill," RU486, contact us at 828-3108.

The City Services Committee of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors voted to allow for research, testing and the eventual legalization of RU486 in the city and county of San Francisco.

* * *

A number of local businesses made contributions to the McLean county Christian Action Councils' "Run For Life '90." Voice for Choice is concerned that that same Christian Action Council is the largest anti-choice lobby in this county. All proceeds from the Run went to the Christian Action Council, therefore all donations to the event aided their efforts to oppress women.

We are asking people to talk to the owners of those businesses that contributed and express their concern. Voice for Choice will be sending letters to each of them. If you would like a list of sponsors and contributors to the "Run For Life '90," contact us at 828-3108.

We'd still like to work with others to hold a human rights march--Spring perhaps? Call us if you're interested--828-3108.

* * *

Operation rescue may soon be the focus of a lawsuit. It seems that they stole the name "Operation rescue" from a California-based P.O.W./M.I.A. group.

AIDS Awareness Week

Monday, October 1, 1990

Conversation with Tom Metcalf, president, National Association of People With AIDS, 8:00 p.m., ISU Galleries

Tuesday, October 2, 1990

WJBC, 1230 AM, broadcasts "Problems and Solutions," from 1:35 p.m.-2:30 p.m.

Tuesday, October 2 to Sunday, October 14, 1990

"Art/AIDS: A Creative Dialogue"--Art exhibit at ISU Galleries. Reception Tuesday, October 2, 7:00 p.m. Artworks in a variety of media. Artists participating in the exhibition--Dan Addington, Cynthia Africano, Sheila Asbell, Danelle Dvorak, Joann Goeszinger, Peter Howells, Sebrom Kendrick, Patrick McDonnell, Christina Nordholm, Peter Spooner, Anna Maria Watkin, Ralph Webb, and Laura Zingrabe. Reading by Curtis White, 8:00 p.m., ISU--For more information, contact Peter Spooner at (309) 438-5488)

Wednesday, October 3, 1990

Open Forum: AIDS and The Local Community-- 8:00 p.m., ISU--Fairchild Lounge, Public invited.

Thursday, October 4, 1990 8:30 p.m.

Benefit Concert for the McLean County AIDS Task Force. The Gallery, 111 E. Beaufort, Normal. Suggested donation--\$4.00. Performers--Tom Townsend, Caulk, Stumpwhoopt

Friday, October 5 to Sunday, October 7, 1990

Eastland Mall Health Fair

Tuesday, October 9, 1990 7:30 p.m.

Reading by David Wojnarowicz, ISU Galleries. Suggested donation-\$2.00 to benefit McLean County AIDS Task Force

Unitarian Church, 1613 E. Emerson

Saturday, October 13th



TICKETS
Concert & Dance \$10
Concert Only \$7
Dance Only \$4

This is a Safe Space

Concert Begins at 7:00 p.m.

Dance Begins at 9:00 p.m.

Did you know that according to their receptionist, the "counselors" at the Crisis Pregnancy Center have no education or training in counselling? Gee, we wonder if the word "malpractice" is new to them. We certainly hope that the "counselling" they provide does not harm any women seeking real assistance in sorting through their legal options.

* * *

Call Domino's main office after 5:00 p.m. and let them know why you don't buy anti-choice Domino's pizza. Just because Domino's delivers they think they can force the rest of us to deliver too.

Life-Cil offers peer counseling

Do you need someone to talk to? If you do, LIFE-CIL, a non-profit, community based organization serving people with disabilities in McLean, Ford, DeWitt, and Livingston counties, is now offering a free Peer Counseling service.

These counselors have been fully trained by LIFE-CIL staff to handle most every day situations. The service is open to any disabled person, by appointment.

For more information or to schedule an appointment, please call vicky or Ann at LIFE-CIL AT (309) 452-5433.



Letters

You like us-- even when we screw up

Dear Friends at the *Post Amerikan* :

Thank you for the renewal notice--you're right--I had forgotten about renewing the *best* publication I receive. Please accept my check for a year's renewal and a small contribution.

Last year, when I first subscribed to the *Post*, I sent a very small amount of extra money--about enough to cover the cost of a second subscription. Well, somehow, I ended up getting *two* copies of the *Post* every other month.

While this was nice (I gave the extra copy to various friends) it was not my intent. For the extra money this time please do *not* send me extra copies of the paper. Use the money to keep up the good work that you people do.

Sincerely,

Sandy Pottorf



Prison brutality in Texas

Dear Editor,

I thank you for printing the letter I wrote to you and I thank you for sending me a copy of your paper. I didn't receive the paper, but I got your letter. See, there is something I forgot to tell you. Part of Bill Clements unit is a psychiatric unit and the other part is a regular population unit and the part I'm writing you from is psych.

Well, I can only tell you about what I see from my cell. See, I'm locked up 23 hours a day and what reports I get, I get from other fellow convicts.

Now, on 8/15/90, inmate Daniel Campost was coming back to his cell. An officer started pushing him into cell doors and said to the inmate "You fucking mental case, get against that wall." Inmate then said to the officer you don't got to talk to me like that, then the officer slammed inmate into the wall. The inmate then turned and struck out at officer Turner in defense. This is just a case of officers harassing inmates. Needless to say they beat the inmate down and put him in a strip cell, which means just shorts and a blanket, nothing else, and that they also gave him a free world case for assaulting a guard, when he only was trying to protect himself from this officer's attack.

See, officers will go around messing with these inmates just so they can get them shot up with drugs. They also have got inmates here who are not even psych patients, but because the wardens on other units didn't like them, they sent them here.

Oh yes, there's an inmate named Smith that lives five cells down from me. I can't remember the date, but he had a team of guards suited up in riot gear hidden behind a door so that he couldn't see that [they] were out there waiting for him. As far as our glorious country's 8th and 14th constitutional amendments, they're being violated. These officers and nurses and doctors are going right along with the violation of our civil rights.

On July 29 or August 4, there was an inmate put in a strip cell with drugs injected into him. But what's bad is that the inmate was put in there butt-ass naked with the air conditioning going and he had to stay in that cell for seven days, eating peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and no blanket to keep himself warm. Every time he started to raise hell about getting a blanket, they just left him in there longer.

Hey, editor, I don't know if this is the kind of stuff your looking for, but people have got to know what happens to these people and myself. On 7/28/90, these people denied me my food and fed me two sandwiches for three days without a doctor or any justifiable reason. On 5/24/90, I was assaulted by a team of five officers in riot gear. As far as medical attention, I got a scan on my left leg from where I had an infection which I could not get treated, because there was no medical doctor. Medical and psychiatric are understaffed.

Now you tell me what kind of person, subjected to this kind of cruelty, wouldn't try to get word out to people in the world. If this is what you want, then you can print it. But if you don't, it's alright. I thank you for your time in reading this letter. May your paper make a better country. We're here in solidarity with the rest of the people who want better things.

Signed by the inmates here in Bill Clements Unit: Freddie Grey, Jerry Miller, Michael M. Hout, John Griffin and myself, Dominic McConnell.

P.S. and Daniel Campost, D. Smith

Thank you

Dear



Ms.

Hippie

Dear Ms. Hippie:

I turn to you now because, outside of two or three dead white males of the Greek persuasion, you are undoubtedly my favorite philosopher. Recently, while mindlessly flipping channels with some Sophia Non Philo frat friends from bygone university days, I perchanced upon a driver safety program which, in its viewer quiz section, asked the following question: what should one do if a ball were to roll out into the street, directly into the path of your advancing vehicle?

"Brilliant!" we chimed in unison. "In one stroke they have taken a typically mundane driver education program and transformed it, raising it to the lofty heights of philosophical query. For, after all, musn't one now discuss the relative probabilities of the ball having acted of *its own volition* in coming down off the curb, versus the possibility that there was a human agent involved!?" Words moldy from disuse - a priori, ontology, dualism - flooded my long dormant brain, and I became blinded by the frenzied bloodlust for the philosophical kill. My friends and I sat down, eager to begin an exciting evening of Appollonian debate.

Then, suddenly, it dawned on me. A puzzling problem had arisen. Quite annoying, in fact. You see, Ms. Hippie, in answer to the above question the program proffered, amongst other suggestions, the following: *Remember, wherever there's a ball, there's a boy.* At first I thought, "How quaint!" but then realized how problematic this answer was. After all, isn't the driver sure to become befuddled if the young human chasing the ball out into the street turns out to be not a boy, but a *girl*? What should the driver do *then*? Demand of her an immediate sex-change operation? After all, did not the wise old saying above exist *before* she chose to run out into the street? Or merely admonish her, instruct her to be more thorough in her study of wise old sayings? Or maybe the driver should magnanimously buy her a doll? Or, better yet, demand that she leave her parents in search of better role models?

Please understand, Ms. Hippie. I am not *in the least bit angry* at this *impertinent* young woman for exercising her free will with such *horrible* indiscretion, for leaping so *stupidly* into the path of a hurtling hunk of steel. But - and this is surely the more important issue of the two - she has, after all, callously clouded what might otherwise have been a thoroughly *clear* and enjoyable evening of armchair philosophizing.

Tell me, Ms. Hippie, are my priorities correct? Do I have the right to be miffed? Oh yes, and, to get back to the original question, what *should* one do if a girl runs out in front of one's car?

Sincerely,

Former philosophy student of the old white male variety



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(Community Action)
and find out how!**

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

829-0691

923 E. Grove
Bloomington, IL

- Drop offs
- Buyback
- Recycle drives



Dear White Boy:

As a feminist, Ms. Hippie regards philosophy and history with some suspicion. After all, as they have been traditionally defined, these intellectual diversions aim at mastery, control and domination.

And look where *that's* gotten us!

But Ms. Hippie knows that "reality" is after all only what we as a society (or you, as a former member of the Western Division of the Philosophical Boys' Club) agree that it is.

Consequently, she understands that you cannot feature a *girl with a ball*, running uncomprehendingly into the path of your urban assault vehicle, any more than you could feature a *boy without a ball* but *not running* into the face of oncoming traffic to retrieve it.

Be honest with yourself, even if you can't be honest with Ms. Hippie. Aren't you really miffed with that "impertinent girl," as you sniffingly refer to her, because she's crashed through your gender-specific assumptions about which sex carries—or chases—the ball?

Isn't your nose truly out of joint, even though you are a former philosophy student of the D.W.E.M. (Dead White European Men) variety, because you see that girl as representative of all those "impertinent girls" who no longer have any hesitation about joining the philosophical ball game?

Ms. Hippie wishes to be charitable with you, White Boy, because she understands that you too are a product of your culture, which in your case has been further defined by the Western philosophical tradition.

You persist in clinging to this linguistically-based assumption even in situations where realistically speaking, your assumptions simply do not encompass the situation as it is. You have grown accustomed to thinking that only boys can have balls, despite all evidence to the contrary.

Or perhaps your anger at that "impertinent girl"'s intrusion derives from unconscious castration anxiety. Are you perhaps afraid that she, and by extension all women who intrude where traditionally they haven't featured, is after *your* and not merely *her* ball?

So the next time a girl runs into the path of your car after her ball, do what Ms. Hippie does.

Brake hard. Pull over. Turn off the ignition. Sternly admonish her that no matter what the boys may tell her, balls aren't so important that they're worth risking getting turned into a road pizza.

No doubt she will prove an intelligent child, and will agree with you that (a) anything so easily lost can't be all that important and (b) even if she *does* lose her ball, it very likely can be replaced for a mere pittance at Target.

A word of friendly advice, White Boy. Ms. Hippie cautions you to *restrain your anger* and *resist* the urge to illustrate for the "impertinent girl" what she *could've* looked like if you hadn't been able to stop in time by *then* running over her ball. Otherwise, she may grow up to do the same to yours.



Dear Ms. Hippie,

I am a guppie, a gay urban professional, and I have been wondering lately if there is an equivalent term for women in similar circumstances. For example, would my lesbian colleague be referred to as a *luppie*, a lesbian urban professional? Also, I have heard the term "lipstick lesbian." What does this mean and how is it applied?

—Big Fish

Dear Big Fish,

Ah, those superficial, derogatory anagrams, the legacy of the eighties, Ms. Hippie's personal favorite on her list of modern annoyances.

And now cosmetics!

Ms. Hippie quickly becomes impatient with anagrams like "guppie," "yuppie," and "dink" because they reduce her readers to little more than high-potential target markets that are more easily identifiable to advertising agencies. So Ms. Hippie urges you to resist further capitalist exploitation by refusing to identify yourself as a "guppie."



However, if you *must* resort to anagrams, try "lippie." Ms. Hippie prefers the company of women, whether straight, lesbian or flexible, who are bad, unruly and not prepared to take any shit.

But not all lesbians are politically right-minded, you see. In fact, Ms. Hippie must admit that she occasionally encounters lesbians who are *not* feminists, hard though that may be to believe.

The problem, Big Fish, is that one cannot necessarily identify low-consciousness lesbians by outward signs, such as whether or not they wear make-up and fashionable clothes. But it seems to us that terms like "luppie" or "lipstick lesbian" imply that one can judge a woman's politics solely on the basis of her fashion statements. Ms. Hippie numbers quite a few "lipstick lesbians" among her friends and acquaintances, and therefore is in a position to argue otherwise.

A case in point. Ms. Hippie recalls encountering number of "lipstick lesbians," all as carefully made-up as Alexandra de Markoff cosmetics' models, at various women's bars in San Diego, Long Beach, Chicago and San Francisco. Ms. Hippie particularly recalls the stunning forty-something woman she saw one night when she'd gone dancing at San Diego's "The Flame."

The woman in question happened to be slow-dancing with her (female) date, and Ms. Hippie, waiting for her *own* date to finish touching up her mascara before they hit the dance floor, had little to do but scan the crowd with exasperated disinterest and loud sighs of boredom.

This woman—except for hair and eye-color a Patricia Charbonneau clone—first caught Ms. Hippie's attention with a waft of her subtly applied "Obsession" perfume. Ms. Hippie, glancing over in her direction, approvingly noted the woman's striking outfit—pale olive leather pants and matching silk camisole top, complemented by just the right touch of gold jewelry. (Ms. Hippie subscribes to *Vogue* herself.)

Ms. Hippie then noticed this woman wore a lipstick of the most extraordinary rose shade, one which flattered perfectly her smoky, vaguely Egyptian, eye-makeup, and which in turn wonderfully set off her enormous hazel eyes. She had also carefully applied a clear gloss over her lipstick, thus emphasizing their full, voluptuous lines, the gloss blending with the warm rose shade to pick up the flashing, refracted beams of the disco ball.

Ms. Hippie saw this same woman at a Gay Pride Parade a few days later, marching under the banner of "Lesbian-Feminist Nurses of Long Beach." And she was as beautifully, as appropriately turned out and made up then as she had been on the dance floor of "The Flame."

So you see, Big Fish, one must not assume that a lesbian in lipstick is politically unconscious, or for that matter closeted, as terms like "lipstick lesbians," "girlie girl" or even "luppie" sometimes, however inadvertently, might imply.

More than likely, the average "lipstick lesbian" is a woman who realizes that she's going to get hit on by men anyway, no matter what she wears, and since she enjoys using cosmetics and wearing something besides flannel shirts and jackboots, etc., then she may as well dress as she damn well pleases. And anyone who questions her politics because of her appearance better reassess the quality of thought that goes into her/his own political judgment.

Or, as Ms. Hippie heard one woman spectator say to another at another Gay Pride Day March in Washington, D.C.:

"Say, aren't you helping us organize that new Lesbian Mothers' Rights organization in Laguna Beach? Care to help with a babysitting cooperative? Could you lend me your compact? What a coincidence! You use Chanel's No. 23 lipstick too? What *was* your name again?"



Post Amerikan benefit rocks

You may have wondered how the Post keeps afloat. Sometimes we do, too. We have some faithful advertisers that help, and we encourage you to patronize these firms often and liberally. Private contributors frequently bail us out of crunches. And sales from stores and red boxes pay for normal operating costs of the office.

What puts the fun in fundraising, though, is throwing benefits like the one on September 13th at the Gallery in Normal. The pictures on this page chronicle the event, which could have set Jesse Helms' jowls aqriver. We heartily thank Kup Tcheng, owner of the Gallery, for offering us the ideal space, and all the fine musicians who donated their time to make the world a better place.



Tom Townsend began the evening's festivities with his mellow cello, putting everyone in the mood for finally kicking in their TVs.

Post workers' attitudes of supreme self-confidence and mental health reflect their outlooks on the paper's future.



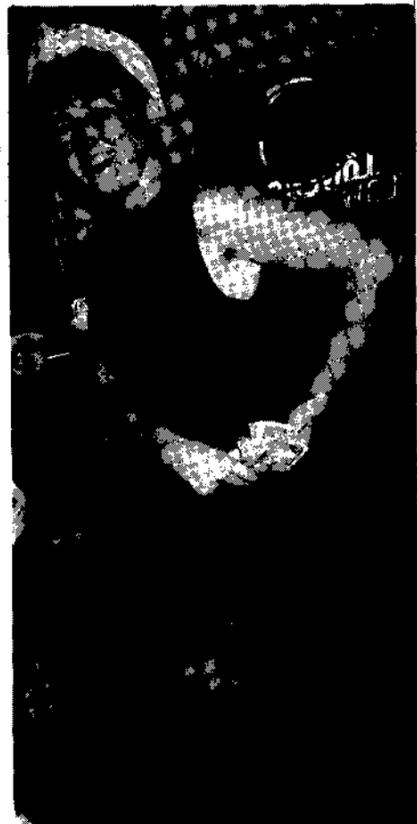
Sweet Polly played its own special, ineffable, unnameable sound, specific yet vague, concrete yet abstract, stark yet colorful.



Stumpwhoop wound up the night of high-consciousness debauchery with its danceable blend of smoky country and hot pop. If you didn't blissfully go home with the wrong person, it surely wasn't their fault.



Post worker Angela served up some politically correct analyses--and evidently got tipped handsomely for them!



Post Toasties demonstrate the positive benefits of conscientious dental care.



A side business of renting crutches proved quite profitable!



Defenders of Earth:

Will the real terrorists please stand up?

In 1980, a small group of disillusioned environmental activists, fed up with bureaucracy and compromise politics, formed a group called Earth First! (always with the exclamation point). This radical group was one manifestation of a minority philosophy in Western tradition known as Deep Ecology—a phrase coined by Norwegian Philosopher, Arne Naess in the 1970's.

Basically, Deep Ecology said that all life, not just human life, had intrinsic value and a nature-given right to exist. This was a slap in the face to all those followers of the anthropocentric paradigm who believed humans were the highest and most important form of life on Earth, and that the value of nature should be determined by its usefulness to humans.

Since its formation, Earth First!ers have engaged in everything from guerrilla theater and demonstrations to many acts of civil disobedience including blocking bulldozers and tree-sitting.

But this past summer was to be Earth First!'s most ambitious action as they organized "Redwood Summer". The plan was to bring together thousands of environmental activists from across the country in peaceful protest to draw attention to the ruthless destruction of the last remaining "old growth" forests in the Pacific Northwest.

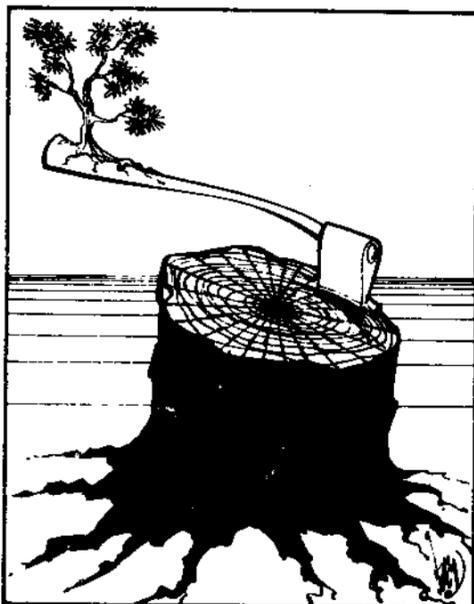
Participants even had to undergo two days of nonviolence training before the demonstrations to ensure that there would be no violence. But something went very wrong! The protestors were peaceful alright, just as planned. However, it seemed their opponents followed quite a different philosophy.

On the morning of May 24, a pipe bomb exploded in the car of Judi Bari, a member of Earth First!, and an organizer of Redwood Summer. Bari and another Earth First!er, Darryl Cherney, were in the car at the time. Bari was impaled on a car-seat spring—the metal pierced her flesh to the bone.

This incident really should not have been too much of a surprise to her; after all, she had had death threats in the past—but the police refused to investigate. In another incident, Bari had been followed in her car by a logger in his truck which had been blocked by an Earth First! demonstration. The truck rammed Bari's car knocking it off the road. Her kids were in the car with her. The police dismissed the incident as an "accident."

But in the case of the car-bombing, the police finally acted. Yes, Bari and Cherney finally saw the American justice system at its best as they were both arrested for "transporting an explosive device." Is it just my biased perception, or do the "good guys" appear to be on the loggers' payroll?

Fortunately, other Redwood Summer activists had it a lot easier. They only had to deal with sexual harassment, being assaulted with rocks, wood chunks, and in one case an axe handle. Some protestors even underwent forced head shavings by those morally, upright, unbiased, defenders of justice we call the "authorities." (who are currently under investigation by the American Civil Liberties Union for harassing activists).



The most ironic thing about all of this is that Earth First!ers have been labelled "terrorists" by their opponents! Evidently, in the eyes of these loggers, standing in front of a developer's truck on his way to bulldoze some of the last remaining stands of old-growth forests in this country, or pulling out survey stakes, is comparable to the bombing of a Pan-Am passenger plane. But if Earth First!ers are the terrorists, then why are they the ones getting bombed!

Other so-called terrorists such as Greenpeace have had similar problems. On July 19, 1985, the Greenpeace flagship, Rainbow Warrior, sunk after an explosive device was set off on the ship. In this case it was the French government who was behind this attempt at making the evil eco-terrorists pay for their actions. Oh, but I'm sure the wife and children of Fernando Pereira, the photographer who was killed in the explosion, understood the necessity of this lesson in civilized behavior.

But the Greenpeaceers did not learn their lesson. Again in December of 1989, these terrorists were once again spreading their wicked ideology as they protested the U.S. government's testing of the Trident II missile off the coast of Florida.

I'm not sure why the U.S. government had these powerful explosives since its usually only the terrorists who use those sort of weapons. Perhaps they were planted? But anyway, fortunately for us, two U.S. Navy warships rammed the Greenpeace ship repeatedly, gauging to large holes in its side. Incidentally, all of this happened in international waters. I just thank God that I live in a country that knows when to violate international law to protect us from terrorists.

It seems the F.B.I may be helping to fight these evil eco-terrorists as well. In fact, they spent over two million dollars on a campaign aimed at discrediting Dave Foreman, co-founder of Earth First! F.B.I officials have been recorded saying, "Foreman is the guy we have to pop to send a message."

Despite all of these attempts at disrupting terrorists activities, these backward uncivilized pagans are still coming on stronger than ever. That is why this car-bombing was so necessary. Yet some anti-patriots are in an uproar over the alleged treatment of eco-terrorists by the authorities. In fact, such noted terrorists groups and individuals as Friends of the Earth, The Sierra Club, California Congressman Ron Dellums, Earth Island Institute president Dave Brower, and The National Organization for Women have all drafted letters calling for an investigation of F.B.I and Oakland police conduct in the car-bombing case.

Sarcasm aside, I think it's pretty scary when a government resorts to McCarthy style tactics in order to discredit ordinary citizens with legitimate complaints. Granted they are not called communists anymore—that war is over. Now you get labeled the "T" word. Anyone who speaks out against the senseless destruction of our planet is a suspect. So beware! They could live next door you. They may be your best friends. Some are in the classrooms warping the minds of your kids. You may even work for one!!!

Indeed, we have entered a "new era", as David Chatfield, chairman of the board of Greenpeace in the U.S., has put it. An era which has "substituted the Green Menace for the Red Menace."

--Nature Boy

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IT MAY BE THE MOST IMPORTANT WEEKEND OF YOUR LIFE!



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University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign

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Gay/Lesbian News

Take your next step: NCOD is Oct 11

Wisconsin court refuses to hear case on gay classifieds

Wisconsin Supreme Court Refuses To Hear Case Regarding Gay Classified Ads: Lambda Legal Defense Outraged as High Court Refuses to Extend Civil Rights Protection

In a decision that could have the effect of severely diminishing major civil rights protections in Wisconsin, that state's Supreme Court this week refused to hear the appeal of a gay man and two lesbians who claim they encountered discrimination by the Green Bay Press Gazette which refused to accept their classified advertisements because their announcements contained the words "lesbian" and "gay." The Press Gazette is owned by the Gannett Co., the largest media conglomerate in the country.

In 1982, Wisconsin became the first state to pass a state-wide gay rights law. The statute at issue prohibits discrimination on the basis of race, sex, sexual orientation and other categories by businesses and places of public accommodation.

In the case, *Hatheway v. Gannett Co.*, a mid-level appellate court took a very narrow view of the law, refusing to prohibit a newspaper from discriminating against any individual who wishes to advertise their business, goods or services in the classified adds.

The case arose when Jay Hatheway attempted to place a classified advertisement in the Green Bay Press Gazette for his group, Among Friends. The ad stated, "Gay/Lesbian referrals for medical, legal and professional assistance for rural Wisconsin. Write Among Friends." At around the same time, a lesbian couple, Peggy and Tracey Vandever, were hoping to start a business selling sweatshirts and submitted an ad to the Press Gazette stating, "Unique, screen-printed sweatshirts with gay/lesbian slogans."

The Press Gazette rejected both ads because of the inclusion of the words "gay" and "lesbian," and informed the Vandeveres that "we just don't print those kinds of ads." There is no broadly circulated gay and lesbian paper in northern Wisconsin which would otherwise allow Hatheway and the Vandeveres to let the community know of their services.

The court has turned its back on an important means of communication and business transaction for lesbian and gay people," commented Mark Borns. "In Hatheway's case, the Among Friends newsletter may have been the only way the gay community could learn of supportive medical professionals and services for life-threatening illnesses such as AIDS."

The Press Gazette's lawyer, David Lucey of Milwaukee, argued that the paper assumed Hatheway's ads were nothing more than sex solicitation ads and were thus inappropriate for a "family newspaper." Despite clarification that the ads were not for sex, the paper has still refused to accept announcements.

By refusing to review the case, the Supreme Court has approved a very narrow construction of the law by a lower court which could result in more wide-spread discrimination throughout the state.

A dissenting judge in the case noted that "the bill presumes that every homosexual is unfit to be an adoptive parent or to provide foster and day care." Judge Souter, while offering no legal reasons for his support of the bill, showed himself willing to disregard scientific data showing no adverse impact on children of gay parents, and to defend a decision clearly based upon personal biases and uninformed stereotypes.

Lambda believes that if courts will not stand up to prejudice and will not vindicate the rights of minorities and individuals, then the liberty of all is threatened. Certainly gay people need the protection of courts willing to contest anti-gay discrimination instead of deferring to social hostility, ignorance and bigotry.

Lambda believes that the indispensable qualifications for an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court is vigilance on behalf of individual rights and insistence upon equal justice. Judge Souter's record makes clear that, by such a basic standard, he is unqualified.

Copies of Lambda's testimony is available upon request.

Lambda Legal Defense offers opposing testimony at Souter hearings

Lambda Legal Defense Offers Opposing Testimony At Senate Nomination Hearings For Judge David Souter

Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund has been invited to testify at the Senate Hearings on the nomination of Judge David Souter for appointment to the U.S. Supreme Court. Lambda's Legal Director, Paula Ettelbrick, will represent the group and will voice our strong opposition to Judge Souter's appointment.

Lambda Legal Defense has fought in the courts for 17 years to combat discrimination and judicial prejudice against gay people. We oppose Judge Souter's nomination primarily because of his concurrence in the decision of the New Hampshire Supreme Court barring gay and lesbian people from becoming foster or adoptive parents—a decision reached in defiance of well supported testimony that there is no evidence of a "correlation between a homosexual orientation of parents and the sexual orientation of their children."

National Coming Out Day (NCOD) will once again be observed this October 11. NCOD is designed to encourage gay, lesbian and bisexual people to enlarge the circle in which they are "out" about their sexuality.

October 11, 1988, was declared the first National Coming Out Day by a group of approximately 200 gay community leaders who gathered in Virginia in February 1988. The goal of NCOD is to increase the visibility of the 20-30 million gay people in the United States. If all non-heterosexual people would come out to their family and friends, well over 70% of the population would be reached.

NCOD is designed to help build stronger and more open communities. Being invisible is unhealthy for gay, lesbian and bisexual people, and for society as a whole. Being invisible fosters misunderstanding and bigotry. Being invisible robs younger generations (gay and straight) of role models, access to alternative points of view and opportunities to grow up with dignity. The impact of NCOD, and the grassroots efforts and media campaign that surround it, can be enormous.

October 11 was picked as the date for NCOD to commemorate the 1987 March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights. That march was a milestone for more than 600,000 people who attended it and for the gay community nationwide.

One theme of NCOD is "TAKE YOUR NEXT STEP." This is intended to let each individual take the step in the coming out process that is most appropriate for him or her. It also stresses that coming out is not a singular event, but an ongoing process.

The other theme, which is tied in with commemorating the 1987 March on Washington, is "take the message home." NCOD is not about gathering in one central place each October 11, but about being more open in the workplace, in the schools, in local communities and in families.

In conjunction with NCOD, the Gay And Lesbian Alliance at Illinois State University will hold its semi-annual Gay/Straight Rap at 8:00 pm on Wednesday, October 10, at 112 Fairchild Hall on ISU's campus. GALA will also be selling NCOD buttons and stickers to help "take the message home." For more information, call the Gay and Lesbian Resource Phoneline at 438-2429.



OCTOBER 11



G A L A
GAY AND LESBIAN ALLIANCE
ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY

To Contact Us...



438-2GAY



ACT UP targets ISU professor

After years of inactivity on the part of Illinois State University, action has finally been taken by an outside group against perhaps the most controversial professor currently on staff.

ACT UP Central Illinois has targeted Leger Brosnahan, in the English department, for action. The action is based on Brosnahan's use of an unauthorized survey in his classes and his alleged bigotry and discrimination against gay and lesbian people, Jewish people, and people with AIDS.

The survey was brought to the attention of ACT UP/CI by one of Brosnahan's former students. She responded "Jewish" to the survey's "religion" question. She claims that, based on that response, Brosnahan identified her as Jewish and gave to her only an article entitled "Why a Jew Can't Be a Liberal," and that Brosnahan verbally accosted her. Further investigation uncovered a series of such incidents, most revolving around the personal information sought by the use of the survey.

The most serious allegation against Brosnahan is that his use of the survey violates ISU's "Guidelines for the Use of Human Subjects", which are administered through the university's Institutional Review Board. If any survey meets all of three criteria, the survey must be submitted to IRB for approval. The criteria are:

1. observations are recorded in such manner that the human subjects can be identified, directly or through identifiers linked to the subject.
2. the observations recorded about the individual, if they become known outside the research, could reasonably place the subject at risk of criminal or civil liability or be damaging to the subjects' financial standing or employability.
3. the research deals with sensitive aspects of the subjects' own behavior, such as illegal conduct, drug use, sexual behavior or use of alcohol.

ACT UP/CI has signed statements in its possession which indicate that Brosnahan's survey meets all three criteria. What follows is an excerpt from one such statement, which has also been filed with ISU's Affirmative Action office.

"On Monday, August 20, 1990, I was in attendance of English 141, Human Language, with Leger Brosnahan as professor. On that date, Brosnahan distributed a survey to everyone in attendance. The survey was designed to obtain personal information. One of the items on the survey was 'Sex Preference'.

"Brosnahan said that this information was for his personal use in what he called his role as counsellor [NOTE- according to sources in the English department, Brosnahan has no authority as either an academic or a personal counsellor]; however, no guarantee of confidentiality was made.



"Regarding the item 'Sex Preference', Brosnahan stated that he 'like[s] to know if you're gay.' He gave no reason for liking to know that information, nor did he further explain the function or purpose of the survey.

"On Wednesday, August 22, 1990, I was in attendance of the same class. In the course of his lecture, Brosnahan made the personal comment that mine was 'the unhappiest face' he had seen in a while and inquired if I was upset. To indicate that there was nothing wrong, I jokingly said that I was sort of naturally morose. Brosnahan responded, 'Well don't be. The university is a place where you're supposed to be gay.'

"Improperly making an assumption about my sexual orientation, Brosnahan immediately began apologizing profusely, stating that he meant the old, 'good' definition of the word gay, before the homosexuals had 'made it unusable'. Brosnahan then proceeded to read the dictionary definition of the word gay, including its origin as a word. After the definition 'joyful, having a zest for living', he indicated that was the definition he meant. After reading the definition 'homosexual', he stated that the 'gay libbers' had 'absolutely ruined' the word around 1953.

"Although as a gay person I was deeply offended and upset by his remarks, I chose to remain silent rather than provoke a confrontation and risk further verbal abuse."

After thoroughly researching the allegations against Brosnahan, ACT UP/CI presented its findings to Brosnahan, English Department Chairman Charles Harris, and other members of ISU faculty and staff, as well as having a statement printed in ISU's student newspaper. ACT UP/CI demanded that Brosnahan be prohibited from using the survey in future; that any past surveys be destroyed; and that Brosnahan receive appropriate disciplinary action for a professor who has violated IRB research guidelines.

Initially, both Brosnahan and Harris refused to respond to ACT UP/CI's charges until such time as each received a copy of the statement signed by a member of ACT UP/CI. Emphasizing the fact that the statement was a collective effort, a copy signed by several members was provided.

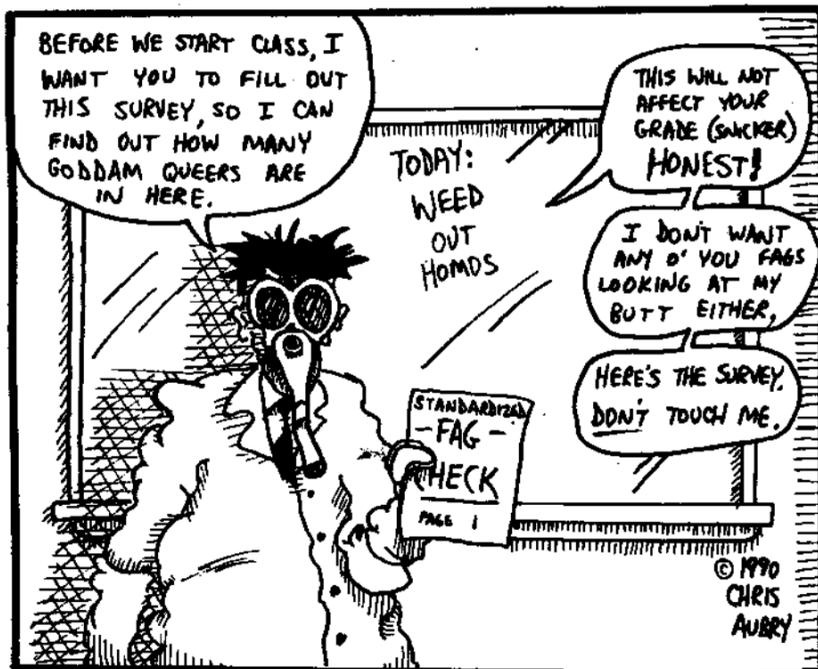
Upon receiving the signed copy, Harris issued a statement saying that Brosnahan's survey was not research and that all information was voluntary on the part of the student, and therefore IRB guidelines did not apply.

ACT UP/CI member Linda Ketcham responded, "I wonder if either Brosnahan or Harris are really naive enough to believe that students' participation in such a survey can be truly voluntary. A professor who berates students in class is hardly creating an environment conducive to mutual trust and personal choice."

Additionally, ACT UP/CI expressed concerns about students who refused to answer certain questions being subject to intimidation by Brosnahan, and the possibility of Brosnahan making unjustified assumptions about unanswered questions.

To date, no action on the part of Illinois State University regarding ACT UP/CI's charges has been reported.

--Horny Dilemma



CLUB PEORIAN

FINEST GAY ENTERTAINMENT IN CENTRAL ILLINOIS
733 S. W. Adams, Peoria, IL, (309) 676-9030

Sun-Wed: 10-3:00 a.m.
Thur: 9-3:00 a.m., Show night
Fri-Sat: 9-4:00 a.m.

Present this ad at the bar for a drink.
One per customer per night



Always the bridesperson...

The other day, I was in the bath tub thumbing through my latest issue of *The Virgin Bride* magazine, checking out the latest in bridespersons' dress patterns and the world's finest sets of matching nuptial cutlery and bed linens. Suddenly I had the strangest compulsion. "I want to get married," I said to myself.

It occurred to me that this was quite an unseemly thought. After all, isn't marriage the queen bee of all overly-venerated ceremonies in our sexist, racist, classist, heterocentric society and therefor the symbol of not only the oppression of women, but intolerance of differing sexuality and personal spiritual beliefs? Isn't the worship of marriage the center of the political Right's obsession with family and traditional family values, and therefor the one thing I must surely resist til the end of my days?

I couldn't want to get married. The thought must have come about during a moment of weakness. Perhaps there was some illicit fragrance in the "Eau de Unmolested Rain Forest—All Natural, Biodegradable Bath Bubbles" that I was soaking in, and inhalation had made me light headed. I *did* want to get married.

But why? What was it that made the idea appealing to me? I quickly set about finding the solution to my quandary. I put together a short survey and distributed to members of *Post Amerikan*, hoping to glean some advise from their vast repositories of wisdom. That was in May. As of yesterday, in typical *Post* fashion, I had received a mere two completed forms. I guess wisdom does not necessarily beget promptness. But no matter. A little well placed guilt has produced some additional valuable input and hopefully I have enough information to limit the amount of personal thought I have to devote to this article.

I broke my investigation of marriage into three basic questions. The first acknowledged that many lefties (political, I mean) do get married so there must be at least some legitimate reason to become "married", whether the marriage is a legal one (like heterosexuals can do), religious or ceremonial marriage (like many others have done) or simply a verbal commitment made to each other, informally, after passionate sex.

The second question regards the seeming need of the masses to have marriage be a part of the life equation, somewhere in between going to school, having kids (or pets), going to work, moving to Florida, and croaking over a bed of azaleas because it's so damn hot and muggy you feel like your brain is going to explode (I digress). Non-critical thinkers get married because it's the thing to do. But why do they accept the status quo?

The final question sort of addresses the lingering doubts lefties might have about marriage taking into account all the above questions. I can't think of something clever to clarify my intent so here's the question as it appeared, word for word, from the actual survey itself: "I would never get married because... or marriage could be considered politically uncool because..."

I followed this question up with a request for any additional information. Since it has taken so long to gather these surveys, I have since made up my mind about my desire to be married, which I will reveal later. I was surprised, though, to find a wide variety of opinions about that evil institution of marriage among *Post* staffers and some points of view that I had not yet considered.

Question Numero Uno: "I got married because...Or marriage is not totally repugnant because..."

LVD felt marriage was okay when and if: you must do it to claim inheritance, you must do it to gain citizenship, or you want to throw a big party for all of your friends and have your parents foot the bill.

Horny Dilemma commented that marriage is a "nice" symbol of commitment for those who need it, though I'm not exactly sure what he



Marriage...the queen bee of all ceremonies in our sexist, racist, classist, heterocentric society

means by "nice." He also feels that, taking into account our society, it provides a decent social base and legal marriage gets heterosexuals all sorts of nice tax breaks.

Ann, the one person who responded who has actually been married commented simply that she got hitched because she was in love and it made buying a house easier. She also said that her aunt and uncle wouldn't talk to her because she was living in sin.

My final respondent, Vinnie, chose to ignore my question altogether, apparently expressing his complete lack of regard for the institution of marriage. He instead chose to comment that "it's stupid to think that on one day a relationship is not committed and that sex is evil, and then the next day, after a priest/justice of the peace says a few words that the relationship is committed and that sex is good."

For myself, I think that the idea of marriage really appealed to me for a couple reasons. First, I liked the idea of my lover being accepted by my parents and relatives as part of our family, and marriage would somehow make that acceptance concrete. I also wanted to be able believe that our mutual attraction would last "forever"—though this idea is silly considering how irrational and unreliable love usually is—and that marriage was the final acknowledgement of a lifetime commitment. After I thought about my own ideas and discussed them with my friends, I realized that

marriage was neither necessary nor a guarantee of family acceptance nor TLA (that's "true love always", you square). This may not seem like a big revelation to you, but I think our society indoctrinates all of us with those beliefs and that these ideas of marriage were responsible for my initial inclination toward wedded bliss.

Il Questiono Due: "Non-critical thinkers get married because..."

Why not? It's the only decent thing to do if the birth control devices (that make pleasure without punishment possible) fail and the impregnable half of the relationship becomes impregnated. Even if half of you is not knocked up, marriage is expected by and for everyone.

LVD says that some get married because "they think it 'proves' something, and that the bond of marriage is protection against the forces that would work against a relationship. They see marriage as an ultimate goal to which a relationship necessarily moves, and at some critical point, a couple must marry or break up."

Vinnie stated that marriage reflected a lack of individuality and that non-critical folk get hitched because they have nothing better to do with their lives. (A little harsh, I think),

"It's natural," was Ann's response.

I think that for many heterosexual people, marriage is simply a fact of life, almost like death and taxes. Without it, couples are outcasts or labeled sinners and their relationship is seen as unstable and non-monogamous. Singles who let themselves buy into this frame of thought are even worse off for not being in a happily married couple. "What? You're not married yet? What's wrong with you? Are you a fruitcake?" is hollered across the Thanksgiving turkey by your Uncle Dick.

La questiono finito

In our society, marriage is politically uncool. Below are several of many reasons.

1. Our society uses it as a legal discriminatory tool against homosexuals and non-married heterosexual couples as well as non-sexual committed partnerships. As a gay man, Vinnie says he does not want to have anything to do with a system which is used to discriminate against him.
2. It implies the mutual ownership of the two partners. (LVD)
3. It represents conformity and therefore opposes non-conformist relationships. (LVD) Horny adds that marriage perpetuates the outmoded "mommy and daddy with 2.4 kids" routine.
4. Marriage is about the cultural disciplining of women—women as property. (Ann) Vinnie backs this up by mentioning such honored traditions as bride prices and dowries, still very much alive in many world cultures, though thankfully not as much in Amerika.
5. Marriage keeps divorce lawyers and ministers in business (LVD).

Ann sees marriage as once again placing women in a paradoxical position:

Don't marry so you retain your independence—your birth name—a bit of freedom; but also don't marry and your legal rights to maintenance, debt repayment, joint property ownership are severely compromised.

After supporting her ex with student loans while he was unemployed and after an amicable divorce, she continues to pay on the loans while he has the house they bought together. It seems that while he is stipulated to repay the debt within their agreement, the nature of the debt not being alimony or child support, he is not obligated to pay if he goes



bankrupt, which he soon may. Considering how unfair this *legalized* arrangement seems to be, one can just imagine the difficulties that would come about in a partnership that wasn't recognized in a court of law.

LVD is thirty one and has never been married or engaged. She has been involved in a continuous, monogamous relationship for ten years. During that time, she has lived with her lover for at least six years, though they currently live apart. She says:

My partner and I are grounded very much in the present, and try to take the future as it comes. Some people think my relationship shows a lack of commitment, but I don't recognize the magical properties of marriage that other people seem compelled to invest in (and I can't help but point out that my unofficial union has outlasted many, many more traditional attempts at staying together).

I think of marriage as a placebo; it's fine if you can manage to believe in it, in which case it might do you some good. But for myself, I prefer to take the tedious, rational view of partnering, if we may call it that. It is enough just to love and respect each other. You do right by them and they do right by you. As a friend of mine would say, why bring the state into it?

LVD goes on to mention that her point of view does not take into account a few of the standard reasons for marriage like children, and fiscal matters like taxes and property rights that some "self-deceiving couples like to point to as their rationale for tying the knot." I once again must think that the same criticism must apply to these trains of thought as applied to my initial inclinations towards married. Are parents necessarily more committed to each other and devoted to their children just because they spent a lot of money on formal wear and dinner for their closest 250 friends? And why is it that the court feels that a heterosexual partnerships deserves special legal consideration over other types of relationships?

LVD also points out that she doesn't hold religious beliefs which view marriage as a sacrament. This brings us to the most hypocritical aspect of marriage. How can persons sensitive to those who are discriminated against by our culture, in this case women, gays and lesbians, participate in good faith in a traditional religious marriage ceremony? Getting married in, say a Catholic Church, is pretty much giving a stamp of approval to the Vatican's continued discrimination and subordination of women, it's unrealistic and dangerous notion of "every sperm is sacred" and it's oppression of homosexuals. Many couples do the church thing just to please their parents, which makes the whole ceremony even more hypocritical and a charade.

You may now kiss the...

As you may have already guessed, I have cancelled my subscription to *The Virgin Bride*, refilling my bathroom magazine rack with *New Kids on the Block Comix*. None of the Kids seem likely to be married soon, if ever, so I think I'm pretty safe.

I would like to point out, though, that I still plan on respecting my close friends' decisions to get married and I will attend their weddings, at least for the time being. It is becoming increasingly difficult to ignore the hypocrisy and silliness of nuptial ceremonies, but I can manage to attend as long as it's someone else shelling out 15 thousand dollars for a boring and hackneyed service followed by a party where the most eagerly awaited ritual is the hokey pokey. I must admit, though, that it is tempting to voice my opinion to those friends who invite me to their weddings and make them understand the position my politics have placed me in and have them respect my decision not to attend. For me, I guess it'll be always a bridesperson...

Peter Doubt

A Pro-choice advocate's trip through the tax files of well-known anti-abortion organizations: The spiders from Mars

As I walked toward the State of Illinois building in downtown Chicago, I was reminded of how Adlai Stevenson III compared the State of Illinois building to Big Jim Thompson. "They're just the same," he said, "too big, too expensive, and they don't work."

I was on my way there on a mission from god and my companions in arms at the McLean County Voice for Choice. We were getting just a tad sick and tired of the boycotts made in the name of Jesus against "subversive" companies like American Express and J.C. Penney which give money to Planned Parenthood and similar organizations. We had decided it was time to be proactive, try to find out just who was giving money to the anti-abortion cause, and do a little more boycotting of our own.

Thanks to our tax laws, not-for-profit organizations are required to file an annual statement of their income and expenditures, and all of these reports are available to the public. All I had to do to look at the tax files of the likes of the Christian Action Council, the Illinois National Right to Life Committee, Eagle Forum, Operation Rescue, and Concerned Women for America was battle the State of Illinois building and some faceless bureaucrats.

The faceless bureaucrats I feared were, in fact, not so very faceless - I was greeted by a pretty woman who was a prodigious gum chewer - but were in fact very bureaucratic. I found tax records for the Illinois Right to Life Committee, the Concerned Women for America Educational and Legal Defense Foundation (who are they educating and defending and why, one might ask), the Illinois Federation for Right to Life, and the Eagle Forum Educational and Legal Defense Fund (ditto the above question). Surprisingly, there are no tax records for the Christian Action Council in Illinois or for Operation Rescue of Illinois - either they do no fundraising in this state (!?), they forgot to file as a not-for-profit organization, or they are actually filing as a for-profit organization (you choose the one most likely to strain credulity...)

I had hoped to find lists of names for donations over \$1,000 from some version of Budweiser of Illinois, Inc. or Good's of Kewanee - I failed in that particular mission. What I did discover are enough details to break through a few of the myths surrounding the anti-abortion movement, a number of good tips on how to raise some money, and at least one instance of purely shocking behavior.

Myth #1: Anti-abortion groups are grassroots organizations which operate on very little money. Despite what they would have us believe, this is utter unadulterated hogwash. The Illinois Right to Life Commission has enough operating capital to hire an executive director at a salary of almost \$24,000 per year. (Gee, Linda, maybe next year, okay?) In 1986, this group brought in almost \$100,000 for 4 fund raising events alone. The Eagle Forum Education and Legal Defense Fund reported net assets in 1989 of \$584,820. They hold shares in Exxon (60), Kroger & Co. (4600), Kimberly Clark (44), Merck (174) and Con Agra (150), among others. Merck, of course, is a pharmaceutical company (not engaged in the manufacture of contraceptives as yet - and maybe the company never will be) and Kimberly Clark is the friendly company that price gouges on there-is-no-substitute "feminine hygiene" products (those very ones that allow women on TV to wear white and run through fields with their

boyfriends). The Illinois Federation for Right to Life (Alton, Illinois, mind you) reported revenues two years ago of over \$126,000. (Just for comparison, the McLean County Voice for Choice has a bank balance hovering around the \$80 mark).

Myth #2: Anti-abortion groups are law-abiding. The Illinois Right to Life Committee had problems with its tax report for 1987, and had to pay a \$650 penalty.

Self-serving Tautology #469: The stated purpose of the Concerned Women for America is "to preserve, protect, and promote traditional and Judeo-Christian values through education, legal defense, legislative programs, humanitarian aid and related activities which represent the concerns of men and women who believe in these values." (No doubt they believe in these values so they can preserve, protect and promote their values.)

Handy Tips for Fund-raisers: Hold an auction. The Illinois Right to Life Commission did and raised \$34,077. It helps, of course, to have doctors living and practicing in Wilmette (one Dr. Bart L Heffernan to be exact) who can auction off the occasional Ming vase. Mother's Day flowers were good for about \$3,400 one year too. Golf was another big earner for Dr. Heffernan's group and brought in some \$25,000. (One imagines the Bogle for Birth Bonanza at the ol' Wilmette Country Club. I shudder to think of the wit and repartee that took place that day at "Hole 19".) Bingo is not a good idea - it lost one organization \$5,936 one year.

The Most Morally Offensive Fund Raiser Ever: the Illinois Federation for Right to Life (a group I personally have never heard of and which smacks of all kinds of icky things associated with Alton, Illinois) has hit upon the fund raiser of the century. In 1986, they spent \$26,979.12 to "provide a 3-diamond ballpark for summer league softball and baseball." The Jasper County Boys Park, Inc., listed as an affiliated organization of the IFRL, is available to all the little kiddies in Jasper County (and all the big kiddies, too) for a price. In its first year of operation, it brought in some \$50,000 in revenue. It is almost imponderable that an anti-abortion organization would establish a ballpark for "good, clean family fun" and charge the community for the right to use it. I wonder if the Jasper County softball freaks know where their money is going. I no longer wonder why the group is anti-abortion: they undoubtedly want to keep the number of softball players at a stable level. (In case you're wondering, the money is going to "develop and encourage a personal and collective sense of responsibility for all human life and to protect the right to life of unborn children.")

And finally, The Most Ridiculously Perverted Statement of Purpose Ever Written in The Entire History of the World (Or Almost): The Eagle Forum fund exists "...to defend the civil, legal, economic, and social rights of women through conferences, the media, schools, litigation and publications." Get Thee behind me, Satan.

I've decided keeping tabs on people from other planets can be a fun way to pass the time, so I have begun a subscription to *The Defender* (a newspaper of the Illinois Federation for Right to Life) and the newsletter of the Illinois Right to Life Committee. All UFO sightings will be dutifully reported to the Post Amerikan for general consumption. NaaNoo NaaNoo.

-Karen Schmidt



Junkmail - Realities, Fantasies,

and...

Do you remember those fond days when junk mail was a rather straightforward matter? If you were into sports you would end up getting a sporting goods catalog in the mail; if you were into fashion, something would inevitably come from some department store or other. And in that almost forgotten yesteryear sometimes merely getting a catalog was enough impetus to get you to buy something...sometimes, even if you didn't need it. Nowadays, we are a bit more wary, and in response Madison Avenue has had to turn up the power on the hypnotism generator.

Junkmail: The Reality

You would think that at a time when more and more people are becoming concerned with the need to recycle, with the need to curtail waste, Madison Avenue would likewise lean in the direction of streamlining their seductions. Oh how I wish my analysis were correct! Yet I am forced to laugh at my own naivete when sheaves upon sheaves of something like leaves blow endlessly into my place of work only to flutter down enticingly and nestle into my inbox. And when I finally summon up the courage to reach forward, take hold of, and rip open one of these uninvited passenger pigeons of doom cajoling me to succumb to yet the latest need, I invariably find inside not a single slice of temptation, but rather pages and pages of it, and printed in Technicolor, to boot! When I think of how many pounds of this painted and patined pigeon poo plops onto my desk in the span of a year it is truly disheartening.

What's worse is that nine times out of ten, of course, the something that they are convinced you need, in no way whatsoever relates to who you are, what you do, or how you think! Still, they seem confident that if their will is strong and their advertising slick, you will, indeed, surrender to their hypnotic power and either buy their useless product, attend their ridiculous series of lectures, or subscribe to the rag they publish.

Nowadays, however, with so many of us getting higher and higher grades in the school of hard knocks, the junk mail behemoth must ever be on the lookout for newer techniques with which to snag us, its prey. And damned if the Madison Avenue monster hasn't likewise seen the need for a higher education, and gone and taken a class in advance psychology. For its most recent snare is the most subtle to date...the almighty compliment.

Junkmail: The Fantasy

I have absolutely no one working under me at my job. I have only bosses. Yet I recently received a piece of junkmail addressed to me not as "Mr. Soto Bito, Bottom of the Pile," but "Mr. Soto Bito, *Manager*". How my heart swelled with pride: finally the quality of my work, my long hours of silent suffering, had all paid off: I was being promoted. And what of the junkmail brochure that had informed me of the promotion? What can I say -- it was wonderful, offering me countless facts on how to effectively harness the energies of the hordes at whose helm I was now to stand.

But then, just as suddenly as the joy had welled up within me, the doubts crept in: how could the company which mailed me the brochure have known, even before I did, of my sudden - and surely unanticipated by me - climb up the corporate ladder? Surely not even they are that powerful, I thought. Within seconds the fears gripping my heart became overpowering. *Could the letter have been a mistake?* I had to know the truth.

I took the portentous epistle to my immediate supervisor. He went pale, and for the first time since I started working there called me sir. Still, I mumbled, one can never be too sure, and so off we went to the office of our manager - with the supervisor walking subserviently to my rear - so as to get a second opinion. When we showed her the grand appellation embossed on the envelope she immediately smiled, shook my hand firmly, offered me a cigar, and said it would be a pleasure having me join the ranks.

Still, I told her, I somehow could not shake the gnawing feeling that something was not right. Slapping me on the back and telling me not to be such a nervous Nellie, she agreed to take me down to the President's office where he would surely allay all my fears. We showed the letter to the President who spent 10 minutes researching the situation. Then, with his deepest regrets and most heartfelt condolences he informed me that the department for which I had seemingly been chosen manager did not even exist at our company. A minor junkmail mistake? Or a major junkmail seduction?

It took a few minutes for the clouds to disperse, but when they finally did, I found that, indeed, I was still merely "S. Bito, Bottom of the Pile" My manager kindly turned away so as not to view my pain, and my still-supervisor and I headed back to our section, him striding confidently ahead.

Still, the incident was not a total loss. Though the junk mail demon had hooked me well, I did get something out of it all: the president, the manager, and the supervisor pitched in and bought me a beautiful, personalized, mahogany name plate for my desk. Even had my title embossed on it.



Junkmail: The Enlightenment

When I saw it on my desk I broke into a cold sweat. "Mr. S. Bito, Government Technician." At first I couldn't believe it. "Not again," I groaned. I immediately turned to toss it into the trash. Strangely, the letter stuck to my hand. As I stared at the already overly full waste basket, visions of travel to far away exotic places danced through my head. I hesitated. "Maybe this time it is true," I muttered. I started to slowly peel back the corner of the envelope, but as I did I had a vision of me once again standing before the President. This time, however, it was the President of the United States. He spoke to me. "Agent 001, it is with my deepest regrets and most heartfelt condolences that I must inform you that the country for which you have seemingly been chosen government technician does not even exist." The letter sailed from my outstretched hand onto the top of the bulging waste basket.

It didn't take me long to pack my things. The last item I picked up off my desk was my recently acquired name plate. I stared blankly at the title: B.O.T.P. "What a bunch o' shit," I muttered. Then a smile worked its way across my mouth. "Like they say, though, you are what you eat."

After clicking them three times, I turned on my heels and headed toward the exit sign. I stopped just before the door and paused, thinking. Glancing over my shoulder I could see the overlaid waste basket, looking so much like the proverbial camel's back. I launched Soto Bito, B.O.T.P. and immediately stepped outside into the crisp September afternoon air, only to be greeted by sheaves and sheaves of swirling leaves. I had no way of knowing, as I sailed down the street, that I had put the poor camel out of its misery, sending thousands of my namesakes - each with a title its very own - shooting off in all directions. But never mind, they used to be dangerous, but are now quite benign.

Soto Bito, ding an sich

Message to all readers: the letters to "S. Bito, Manager" and "S. Bito, Government Technician" *did* actually come to me at my office. Truth, as always, is stranger than fiction.

To stop your junk mail, write:

Mail Preference Service
Direct Marketing Association
11 West 42nd Street PO Box 3861
New York, NY 10163-3861

They'll stop your name from being sold and reduce your junk mail up to 75%.

Diesel Dick's

we specialize in
GM diesel car repair

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



complete automotive
and truck service

gas and diesel

foreign and domestic



Simon says, "Sieg heil"

Ah, the halcyon days of youth! Remember the fun you had playing all your favorite childhood games? Betcha never realized how those games programmed you to become a fascist. Yes it's true; your innocent play was really designed to transform you into a powermad bigot completely subservient to authority. Don't believe me? Consider the following examples:

Simon says— Who among us doesn't bear the deeply-hidden traumas of losing at Simon says? The object of Simon says is to mindlessly obey the commands of 'Simon', recreating menial tasks such as putting one's hands on one's hips. But only those commands which arrive through the proper channels are to be obeyed. Failure to obey without question or obeying an improperly coded order is punishable by expulsion.

They say the game is designed to refine motor skills and improve listening and attention span. You know the insidious game is really meant to enslave young minds to the will of the fiendish Simon. The game also, in demanding slavish obedience, stifles creativity and personal initiative, while programming the next generation of bureaucrats.



Duck, duck, goose— In this game, children are seated in a circle. One child, the goose, walks behind the seated children, designating each child a duck by saying "duck" and tapping the child on the head. When the circling child taps a head and says "goose," the tapped child chases the first child around the circle and must catch her before the first child can seat herself in the newly vacated spot.

This game again encourages the outsider child to look upon herself as an outcast. The only way for the outcast to gain acceptance into the inner circle is to defeat another child. This leads to the circling child evaluating herself and every other child in a negative light, in terms of how likely she is to beat the other child. By placing children on the outside, the game also encourages the formation of cliques.

Mother, may I?— In this game, one child, "Mother," issues a series of commands to other children (i.e. "Joey, take two giant steps forward"). The child addressed asks, "Mother, may I?" Mother responds with either, "Yes you may," in which case the child obeys the command; or "No you may not," and the child remains where he is. When one child reaches Mother, the game is over and that child becomes the new Mother.

Although demonstrating the importance of good manners, the game is a sham. No one can win unless "Mother" says so. Thus the child learns that ability, drive and personal initiative are meaningless. All that matters is who you know, in this case, "Mother."

Smear the queer— As if the name alone weren't bad enough. Here, a ball, usually a football, is tossed into the air. Whoever catches it becomes the "queer," and the queer must try to escape from the rest of the players, whose sole objective is to pursue the queer with the intent of inflicting bodily harm. Once this happens, the ball is thrown again and a new queer is targeted.

Besides fostering mob mentality, smear the queer teaches that the proper response upon discovering that someone is different from you is to turn on them and hurt them. Bigotry against gays is implicit in the name, and again violence is offered as the solution. It also encourages the use of a term for homosexuals which most find offensive.

And you can see why careful consideration should be given to the games people play. Perhaps those of you with children might wish to search for some non-violent, non sexist game alternatives. A nice game of Monopoly is always fun.

--Horny Dilemma



PLAYING IT SAFE(R)

1. USE A CONDOM. Avoid oil-based lubricants such as baby oil, Vaseline, Crisco, etc., as they can cause condoms to break. Instead, use water-based lubes like KY. The older a condom, the less reliable, so find condoms whose manufacturers' dates are less than three months old.

2. USE A CONDOM DURING ORAL SEX. HIV-infected cum or precum can enter your bloodstream through cuts, tears, or ulcers in your mouth.

3. USE DENTAL DAMS DURING ORAL-VAGINAL SEX. HIV is present in some amounts in vaginal secretions, urine, menstrual blood, and infection-related vaginal discharge.

4. NEVER SHARE WORKS. This includes needles, syringes, droppers, spoons, cottons, or cookers. If you must reuse works, clean them after each use with bleach, or in an emergency with rubbing alcohol or vodka, by drawing the solution into the needle, and then drawing clean water into the needle. Repeat three times.

5. AVOID SHARING UNCLEANED SEX TOYS. AVOID POPPERS. AVOID EXCESSIVE ALCOHOL OR DRUG USE. DON'T HESITATE to have intercourse with a condom or to have oral sex with a condom. Play with but don't share, clean sex toys, vibrators, and dildoes. Enjoy massage, hugging, and masturbation.

Remember, sex is good. Don't avoid sex, just avoid the virus. Learn to eroticize safer sex and you can protect others, remain safe, and have fun.

"Somebody still cares about quality."

Turn heads as you walk down the street!

CLIP-N-SEND

YES, I crave the fame and glory a Post-Amerikan T-shirt will bring me! I can't live without it. In fact I'll just die if I can't have a Post T-shirt! Enclosed is my check for \$9.00 Thank you. You've made my life worth living again.

Circle Size L XL

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Clip-n-send to Post-Amerikan, P.O. Box 3452, Bloomington, IL 61701.

not to scale



Women with AIDS: Dead but not disabled



It has been known for some time that the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) definition of AIDS is primarily based on symptoms and opportunistic infections which are seen in white gay men. A survey taken in December of 1989, in Washington, D.C., indicated that 35-45% of people hospitalized with complications due to AIDS were admitted with a diagnosis which was not within the CDC definition.

By their own admission, the CDC undercounts the number of people diagnosed with AIDS by 40%. This is a direct reflection of their restrictive definition of AIDS; and it means that over 50,000 people with AIDS have never been counted. These numbers, which are generated by the CDC, are used as a basis for developing federal budgets for health and social service benefits, among other things.

Individuals who do not exhibit CDC-defined symptoms are denied access to Medicaid, Medicare and Social Security Administration benefits (SSI or SSD), since these agencies use the CDC criteria to establish disability and as a basis to qualify for monies from these federal programs.

This translates into a scenario where an HIV positive woman with pelvic inflammatory disease often must engage attorneys and enter into a legal battle to receive SSI money. Since the average life expectancy of a woman with AIDS is 15 1/2 weeks from diagnosis to death, this woman is often DEAD BEFORE SHE IS CLASSIFIED AS DISABLED and before she can begin receiving her checks.

To qualify immediately for money from the Social Security Administration, a person must be HIV positive and exhibit one of the CDC defined symptoms. Under this scenario, the person is given a "presumptive diagnosis"; basically the benefit of the doubt that the symptom is a result of HIV infection and is disabling. The individual qualifies immediately for disability.

Many of the AIDS diagnoses fall under the 1987 (CDC revised definition) "presumptive diagnosis" category. For example, if you are a young white (self-identified) gay man with pneumonia symptoms, it is likely that health care workers will presume your illness is AIDS related. If you are a woman of any race, age or sexual orientation and you have chronic vaginal infection, the same healthcare workers using the same CDC 1987 definition are very unlikely to presume that you have an AIDS related illness.

The criteria for qualification is arbitrary, and varies from unrestrictive to strangulating, based upon the city in which you live and the degree to which effective patient advocacy programs have been put into place. The criteria should be uniformly loose to incorporate the full spectrum of symptoms and diseases which disable people with AIDS, allowing people access to life-saving funds for basic needs such as food, housing, child care and medical bills. Women should be given the benefit of the doubt about the nature of their condition, be able to start receiving disability checks immediately, and be given a period of time after receiving funds to document their physical conditions.

Women who apply for SSI or SSD with chronic vaginal infection, pelvic inflammatory disease, endocarditis, tuberculosis, etc. must be given access to SSI benefits immediately. They should have the same amount of time after benefits begin to bring medical authorization of disability. This intermediate period is often the difference between life and death for women with HIV/AIDS.

Pre-Post Amerikan Guilt

I've tried to pursue two goals over the past few years. The first is to achieve personal growth and change. I've gone through many experiences since I left my home ten years ago: I went to college to study architecture, joined a fraternity, changed my major to pre-law, graduated and became disillusioned with the world, went back to school, studied art in Italy, and most recently became a vegetarian, got my master's in painting and joined *Post Amerikan*.

The second goal is simple: no regrets. I refuse to believe I should regret any of my past thoughts, actions or experiences. I could not have done things any differently, and it doesn't matter anyway because there is nothing I can do to change the past. I must not feel guilty.

But I do feel guilty. The kind of person I was is the kind of person I now irrationally despise. Sometimes I feel that political, social, and personal enlightenment has tied me permanently to a past full of heinous crimes against others and myself for which I will never be forgiven.

Is it possible that I may never have done these terrible things had I known better? Or was I just being selfish?

So what exactly was it that I did that was so bad? Did I steal money from my disabled grandmother? Did I betray a friend's secret to the Normal police? Did I kill someone?

Well, no. But does that make my guilt any less significant? After you read more about my past, you'll think I've trivialized true crimes against nature and humanity. But my crimes were serious; crimes against myself, and everything I now stand for.

The first crime is against my ideals of personal responsibility, awareness and sensitivity to oneself and the world. I grew up free of guilt of existence. My parents taught me to be proud and sure of myself. I manifested these traits in self-consciousness and self-righteousness unmatched by any of my friends. I was most assuredly always right and a good person, while my friends were not always right and kind of bad.

I took these ideas with me when I left home and tried to place my self-righteous thoughts in the heads of others for my own advantage, entering the world of personal advancement with naive confidence. Over a period of several years, I continued to mold myself into the mainstream, virtually eliminating all of my individuality and personal creativity. These lesser traits were unimportant and impeding my social growth.

Now when I see this kind of person on the street, the sort who are only interested in themselves and how they fit into a very narrow-minded and self-centered society, I shudder and mutter foul names. This reaction has evolved almost to the point of prejudice and blind anger towards "conformists". How can they continue to care only about how much money they'll be making in three years and how long their tan will hold out this fall? They are idiots for not considering themselves privileged to be allowed such thoughts, let alone not considering the immense amount of lingering injustice in the world and how their actions serve to perpetuate evil. Sometimes I just wish I could make them see my way, make them listen to me and look at themselves critically.

But what am I talking about? Why am I so irrationally mad at individuals? Shouldn't I be made at the pre-made society that created monsters like them? Or I am I merely mad at myself for the way I was?

My second crime is also against myself and my identity. I am a gay man. I denied this to even myself until I was 25 years old, even though I had always known it. I deceived everyone; my parents, my friends and a woman I loved and who was in love with me. In fact, I emotionally manipulated this woman for almost a year, constantly trying to convince her that it was she who was having problems coping with our relationship. And I was selfish enough to believe the words myself when I told her I was not capable of love in the same way she was. All along I knew my true sexuality and was forcing her to cope with something she didn't have the slightest clue about.

Now my anger towards this sort of person grows every day. When I see someone who is most likely gay and is obviously involved in a long-term heterosexual relationship, I am filled with the most awful contempt and disgust. How dare they be so selfish and self-centered to trick someone into loving and trusting them? How dare they assume that

everything they've heard about gay lifestyles is true; that all gays are lonely, depressed, sex-crazed, AIDS infected, and incapable of dignified lives? "Fuck you and your goddamned family! HOW DARE YOU!" I say as they walk by.

I'm guilty. That used to be me. I was that closeted queer. I was that self-centered, materialistic person with no sensitivity towards the world around me. And nothing I can do will change the fact that I committed these and other crimes. If I followed this train of thought and began to regret all past "crimes" and imperfections, the very desire to continue to exist could seem selfish and politically unsound.

I was a product of my culture and now I despise what my culture initially made me and I despise those persons who seem to be following in those footsteps. But feelings like these are certainly unfair to myself and to others. I've always told myself that without my experiences, I wouldn't have gotten where I am and would not appreciate the things that I now have. Shouldn't I then be willing to anticipate that in the future, the persons whom I now despise will also become enlightened about their decadence and selfish deceit?

I've come to the conclusion that I need to put my "pre-Post Amerikan guilt" to rest for my own sanity. As difficult as it seems to be, I need to channel these lingering emotions towards positive energy. I have tried to make

reparations by being conscious of the consequences my actions and attitudes have on the world around me. I have also devoted myself to activities which will hopefully help others realize the implications of our pre-made society, and how we can all work to bring about change in ourselves and in others.

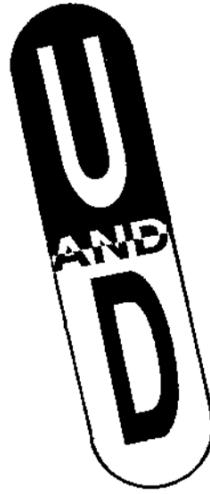
So I will continue to pursue my goal of personal growth and change. Even though I have gone through a lot, it would be naive to think that there is not more to be learned from life through new experiences. The "no regrets" goal will be a little harder. It seems that I've become someone in opposition to everything I used to be by becoming an activist, an artist and an openly gay person in a world that is more intent upon making conformists and makes everyone else the enemy.

Peter Doubt



LVD's Jersey Journal

There's no place like Home, There's no place like Home



Uppers 'n' Downers

Hi, I'm Fiona Weldon. I never wear name tags to these things because no one ever forgets my name, it's so unusual. I did my undergrad at Harvard, and I came here on a Mellon. And yourself?

Oh, I came here in a pumpkin carriage. I find melons give me gas.

From lowly Bloomington-Normal, I've come to Princeton University, in deepest New Jersey, ready to dangle from a velvet noose. I made myself come here; it was what everybody calls an opportunity of a lifetime, and I recognized it. The whole notion of attending an Ivy League school is simultaneously repugnant and desirable to me--educational advantages aside, I've always resented the upper class that supports institutions like this, but had a buried longing to see how the other half (more like quarter, or third or even eighth) lives.

But by and large, I was happy being lost in big, bland Central Illinois, a place where small ripples can have a great effect. You don't worry about

being blinded by the brilliance of those around you while everyone engages their own feverish attempts to sustain constant attention, recognition and admiration. I think I'm trying to say I liked the big fish, small pond thing. Only two weeks at Princeton and I've already become entrenched in bombastic language. Self-important wordiness, we'd say in plain English. Well, in my own defense, I'll tell you that I already had a tendency towards verbosity before I came here. That's probably what got me in.

Those of you who have recently moved to Illinois might wonder what I see in the Midwestern cornfields and strip malls that can't be compensated for in the omnipresent good restaurants and art film movie houses of the East Coast. And you'd be wondering with good reason. It's not the cornfields and strip malls that I miss--well, I do kind of miss the cornfields, agricultural chemicals aside. But the rationale that keeps me in allegiance to Bloomington-Normal has a lot more to do with what it hasn't got, making life there a sort of zen by default. Bloomington-Normal is nearly a cultural wasteland, with the exception of the universities' sporadic and poorly publicized offerings. For the most part, I liked it that way, and the great thing about living in an expanse of mediocrity is that you come to depend on yourself for making your own excitement. That's a priceless ability.

That void allowed--forced--me to pursue personal goals that I could have endlessly pushed aside for the more immediate pleasures of good restaurants and art movie houses. Not to advocate a strictly Puritan existence--why, I remember with great fondness the night when Phoebe Caulfield and I walked barefoot through a pile of assorted doughnuts (pre-Twin Peaks, of course) retrieved from the doughnut shop's dumpster and our gamely companion Mark licked the sweet, sticky remnants from between our naked toes. Whee, boy! I doubt if that experience will ever be rivalled here at Princeton.

That brings me to another important point. In a place like Central Illinois, feeling different from the general populace is particularly uncomfortable, as there seem to be fewer nonconformists of every variety,

with whom one can identify or associate. But if you can manage to find them, together you can make a life raft. Some people would rather keep themselves at a distance from this kind of mutual dependence or need, but if you don't mind such closeness, your Bloomington-Normal ties might turn out to be life-long, such as are rarely engendered by relationships based on simple restaurant and movie-going. At least I find this to be true for myself. I miss my Post Amerikan and Bloomington-Normal friends like crazy, and I have earnestly sought to remedy the situation by inviting several new acquaintances over to my pad for dumpster doughnuts, but to no avail.

So here I am, in a venerable seat of learning, thinking more about what I left behind in that sow's ear Bloomington-Normal than what's waiting for me in Princeton, the indisputable silk purse, feeling like I have no part of either.



Last night I had a nightmare that went like this: On the eve of my departure for my new life, I discovered that my beloved boyfriend was really gay and had been carrying on a double life--with the cretinous next-door neighbor--during our entire ten-year relationship. He had finally revealed this to me by way of letting me know I didn't need to come back, ever. In my despair and panic, I called my good friend and Post Amerikan compatriot Skeet Floyd to cry on his shoulder, but he was too busy welcoming the former love of my life into the queer fold to offer me comfort and understanding.

This morning I wanted desperately to call my sweetheart for reassurance, but I was afraid he wouldn't be home...

---LVD



HEY!

We Want To Buy YOUR Tapes, Records + CD's
MOTHER MURPHY'S
Rockin' For 20 Years!



Uppers . . . to all our generous friends who made the *Post Amerikan* benefit such a resounding success. Not only did we have about 100 of you fine folks turn up at "The Gallery" on September 13, but lots of you signed up as subscribers and bought t-shirts too. Thanks again, fellow travelers!

Downers . . . According to a commentator on National Public Radio's special, "The Prejudice Puzzle" (September 15, 1990), 17,000 hate crimes specifically directed against lesbians and gays nationwide have been reported for the year 1989. What's more, in the last 5 months of 1990, "gay-bashing" incidents have risen--nationally--by 122%.

Uppers . . . to the *Post Amerikan* collective for getting its act together and voting to use recycled paper as soon as possible. We are going to face an increase of 15% in our paper costs, but we feel that it's well worth it for us all to start "closing the loop." Recycled paper prices will not go down until we start buying recycled paper.

Uppers . . . to campus activism at ISU. Our first "Uppers" goes to RRAN, Reproductive Rights Action Network, for organizing "Rush to the Left." Leftie organizations in the community and at ISU met for recruiting new members and networking with each other. Also, "Uppers" to GALA, Gay and Lesbian Alliance, and friends for disrupting ISU President Wallace's Student Leadership Conference. Wallace and his assistants decided that GALA didn't deserve representation at the conference because they didn't deal with "campus-wide issues." GALA and friends disrupted the opening of the conference proving that they will not be silenced.

Feminist Primer #9

is for... racism

Racism and sexism, along with all those other oppressive, nasty, odious "-isms," such as classism and heterosexism, may be inextricably linked, but that doesn't mean that Caucasian women automatically escape the status of oppressor simply because we too are marginalized. African-American men, like other men, may need to address issues of sexism (are you listening, Spike Lee?) and how sexism affects their attitudes and behavior toward all women, particularly African-American women. But so too must Caucasian women, particularly self-identified feminists, address racism in their treatment of women of color.

If we pretend that bearing the privilege of a white skin in a racist society does not corrupt us, we become worse than naive and ineffectual in our pursuit of social justice. Nobody gets anywhere by remaining adamantly innocent, by becoming aggressively ignorant. We must take long, hard looks at our own behavior toward, for example, our colleagues--particularly women--of color.

Nowhere does there exist greater need for such reassessment than among women such as myself, professionals working in academic settings who also try to function as creditable social activists.

We need to expand our purviews--how we do our research, teach our classes, behave socially--to take into account how, however inadvertently, we assume the oppressor's position, compromise our own credibility, and help shut down dialogue among the races by making the particular concerns of women of color ancillary, tangential, marginal--a right-minded afterthought.

We must address racial issues, and we must address our (particularly our women) colleagues of color if we are to advance a single social step. That dialogue need not, *must not* marginalize our articulation of our own oppression, because by God it's real and it's vital--sexism is the taproot of all other "-isms." If, however, we exchange one system of oppression for another then we accomplish nothing than a rotation of the players in our on-going social dramas.

And that would be worse than no change at all.

--Dr. Attitude



Rachel Burger/cpf

is for... readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic

Remember stern and unyielding Miss Penburthy, ready to damn you to summer school hell for dangling your participle? Or worse, having the temerity to suggest that Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes" was a funny, bawdy poem? Or perhaps you remember the uncompromising Sister Ernestine, at the ready with her pointer, waiting to rap your butt for throwing chalk? Or send you to the principal's office for arguing against papal infallibility? Unimaginative and narrow-minded though they may have been, didn't they inculcate something in you besides your justifiable rebellion and rage? Basic skills? Skills that contributed to your decent score on the SATs? That got you into college? The admission price for a possible ticket out of your personal pocket of hell?

Sure, they may have claimed that questioning authority was a capital offense, a mortal sin. They had a tiny bit of authority, and man, they never seemed to tire of wielding it. Secretly, however, they *knew* theirs was power by proxy, and like trustee prisoners, they exercised their authority on behalf of the boys in the backroom. So if they indulged themselves in displays of their dubious, petty authority a bit too zealously, perhaps their zeal implied a deeper understanding of their tenuous social "status" and dubious cultural "power" than they dared to admit, even to themselves.

A few weeks ago, PBS ran a special documentary called "Learning In America." Addressing current and more than justified concerns that too great a percentage of the North American population cannot read a newspaper article or add a simple sum, and examining the current American public school systems' response to criticisms of their effectiveness, correspondent Roger Mudd took viewers on a tour of four different public grade schools which seemingly are beating the odds posed by shrinking tax bases, failing bond issues and a general lack of decent equipment and adequate classroom space.

The public school teachers profiled in "Learning in America"--in the poorest districts of St. Georges' County, Maryland, and Lowell, Massachusetts, and Corpus Christi, Texas--pulled up their students' proficiency exam test scores from as low as the 44th percentile to as high as the 97th, nurtured student ambitions of college and professional careers. In short, those teachers and others like them do everything humanly possible to prevent their students from becoming tomorrow's dropouts, the next generation of the underclass.

The children we saw in "Learning In America" were all engaging and enthusiastic, the administrators' strategies for providing them with a decent educational environment were all simple but clearly effective, the teachers were determinedly tough-minded as to the odds facing both them and their pupils, but yet as tough-mindedly determined to help their students learn their way out of poverty and hopelessness.

The program's message was clearly and frequently repeated--we *can* turn things around, even without buying adequate materials for the students (Not incidentally, we tacitly require teachers to buy materials themselves--*gratis*. The average public school teacher spends \$300.00 a year of her or his own, rarely reimbursed money on classroom materials), without increasing

government allocations, raising taxes appropriately, and certainly without paying the teachers decent salaries. All we need is cooperation and interest from concerned parents, concerned administrators and above all, concerned teachers.

Well, what exactly does "teacherly concern" correspond to on the list of virtues? Why is it so important? Mudd spoke of "altruistic," "selfless" "dedicated" teachers in his final commentary, and his adjectives were as appropriate to the people interviewed as they were indicative of the monstrously unjust sex-role expectations that ensnare them. "Learning In America" of did not for a moment question the validity of those expectations. Quite the contrary, by canonizing the teachers it profiled as saints, this documentary did nothing but further injustice: specifically, injustice against both women in the teaching profession and the children they work with.

The overwhelming majority of the teachers interviewed in "Learning in America" were women. However, while most of these women were themselves married, they still had much in common with the archetypal, stereotypical Old Maid School Teacher, the austere "maiden lady" who lived down the street from the house where you spent your miserable childhood and angst-ridden adolescence, a woman whose dedication to her work subsumed her intellectual energy, her personal resources, her libido, her very life.

The lives of the women profiled in that special, and their successes, like the Old Maid School Teacher's, define themselves in relative, ancillary terms. They are always putting the needs of students, community, and, we presume, husbands and children, ahead of their own. But no one for a moment suggested that perhaps, just perhaps, there might be something wrong with the picture. No one stopped to question the justice of such sacrifices, nor why women figure, both metaphorically and traditionally, as priestess and sacrificial offering.

As we do of all "good" women, we expect especially our women teachers to be obedient and dutiful. When the local school board refuses yet again to consider granting them a cost-of-living increase in their salaries, we piously agree with them that "Of course this is unfair. But think of the Children and the Common Good, dear." Then we demand that they lie back, close their eyes and open their legs.

If you should think I exaggerate, consider the situation of my old friend, Maureen Svenson, a highly qualified resource specialist working in northern California's Cotati-Rohnert Park public school district, a district that serves a largely working class-to-middle class community. As a resource specialist, she works with learning disabled children, children who clearly need a great deal more individual attention. She has only 15 students, the ideal class size for a "normal" class, but one which is double the ideal size for a "special" class. Her classroom conditions are appalling too--15 students but only 12 desks, no place to store her materials, and her classroom is literally half (and a windowless half at that) classroom.

When she got fed up with fighting a fruitless battle for improved conditions with an incompetent principal, an unresponsive board and frequently indifferent parents, she tried to transfer to a better job within the same district. Her principal then blocked her transfer, as resource specialists are at a premium. Maureen could quit and take another teaching job in a different district, but her seniority would not transfer with her. She'd lose her tenure and therefore her job security, receive only partial credit (5-10 years, maximum) for her 12 years of experience, and take a \$5,000.00 a year cut in pay.

We expect them to be ready, willing and able to work grindingly long years (40 or more, on the average) under appalling conditions in return for little respect and less money.



We expect teachers to work themselves-- cheerfully--into a poorly compensated retirement on a downright miserly pension. In California, for example, teachers are ineligible for Social Security and Medicaid benefits, but their monthly *pension* benefits max out at half their salaries. At that time in their lives when their medical costs skyrocket, we expect these people--who are again primarily women--to live on half their monthly salary.

Occasionally, one of us will look up a former teacher, say 10 or 15 years after the fact, and tell her or him that they made a difference in our lives. "I was a scared, troubled, faltering, diffident kid when I got to your class," we might say. "You encouraged me when I needed it. You inspired me. You demanded more of me than I thought I could give, and I found myself doing far more than I would have believed possible. You meant it when you said you thought I could do it. You changed my life." Having a former student go to the time and trouble of looking you up to say thank you, while gratifying and validating, hardly keeps you current with inflation or pays for medical care.



cpf

The teachers "Learning In America" featured certainly deserve to hear such words from their former students--if not tomorrow then some day, by God. These women and men *have* indeed accomplished wonderful things; they *are* dedicated and inspired; they *do* prove that it can be done. And I must say here and now that they represent many, many more equally committed, hardworking teachers all across the country. I don't wish for a moment to question their sincerity or denigrate their accomplishments.

But "Learning In America"'s prescription for ailing public school systems, cooperation and effort from all concerned--pupils, parents, administrators, and above all, self-sacrificing, *conventionally* dedicated teachers--clearly depends on the oppression of women for its success. Primary and secondary school teachers constitute the dominant culture's coolie labor force, a labor force overwhelmingly constituted by women. These women are as ruthlessly, as nakedly, as cynically exploited by their school boards and administrators as the mill girls of New England's textile factories, as the crews of Chinese immigrant laborers who laid the railway lines through the Southwest, as the migrant workers who harvest Georgia's peach orchards and California's tomato crops.

But like those other laboring masses, teachers too often resist identifying their own oppression. In the case of women, such resistance becomes doubly pernicious. As you move up the grade scale from elementary through high school to college, you encounter more male and fewer female teachers. Most elementary school teachers are women, and the majority of those women are married women, who too often see their incomes as supplementary. Not only do such attitudes implicitly denigrate the value of their work or their status as professionals (they tend to view their students as extensions of their own families), but they are amazingly short-sighted. What would they do if they were suddenly widowed, or as is statistically more likely, divorced? Suddenly that supplemental income becomes their--and their own children's--primary support.

However, when teachers' union locals propose strikes over cost-of-living increases or improved benefits or better classroom conditions, women (especially those who are elementary education teachers) are more likely to resist, citing their "duty to the children," whereas their high school teaching male counterparts are more likely to advocate militantly for the strike. Women teachers' resistance to taking to the picket line, in circumstances that so overwhelmingly justify their doing so, points to just how thoroughly acculturated women are, and how easily manipulated women are when we attempt to assert our own value.

So if you can read this article, and should be in a charitable mood, stop not merely to thank, but to *think* of self-righteous old Miss Penburthy or sanctimonious Sister Ernestine. Think for a moment beyond their rigid conformity, their uncompromising apology for socially-sanctioned instituted injustices, their inflexible, remote, but not, at heart, compassionless personalities.

Consider the tremendous weight of those social forces that led them, as women, to do perpetual penance for having intelligence and ambition and independence, that demanded they brick themselves up, like anchorite nuns in medieval convents, in the "walls" of social isolation, joyless celibacy, and the feminine mystique. Think too of the generations of women who succeeded them, less isolated maybe, with more personal freedom perhaps, but who are as cynically overworked and as thanklessly underpaid.

Think of what you and I owe to them. And if in their honor you should find yourself bowing your head in shame, then do them the justice of lifting it in rage.

--Dr. Attitude

is for... separatism

Usually when people hear the word "separatism", they say "ooh, yuck!" Louis Farrakahn, for example, is often criticized for being a separatist. My response is, "So what? What's not to separate from?"

However, I'm not here to talk about boys. Separatism is a radical feminist theory that women would be much better off without relating to men and their agendas at all. I have to say I see a lot of logic in this idea. Under heteropatriarchy women and men are trained from birth to believe that male domination, oppression, and violent control of women is normal and natural. Efforts to reform men and reform the system have had little effect on this societal oppression of women. Look at the ERA. Look at Roe vs. Wade. Look at how the court system does almost nothing to protect battered women from their battering spouses.

The concept of reform is that we have to play nice with the boys so that they'll "give" us more rights, power, and control of "the game", and it just doesn't work. To paraphrase Sonia Johnson (I think): the idea of reform is that if we stop paying attention to the boys, stop placating them, they will go berserk and kill us. But *with* us paying attention they are raping, beating and controlling us. With our eyes fully upon them they are killing us.

Now, I am not an essentialist. I do not think that men cannot change, cannot ever be anything but oppressors. But changing men is not women's job -- it's men's. And as long as heteropatriarchal culture exists, they will have very little reason to change. The whole system is rotten to the core and, and this leads to my next point about separatism: Separatists believe that in order to free women -- and everyone else, for that matter -- heteropatriarchy should be completely abandoned. If enough women refuse to support heteropatriarchal culture, it will finally collapse into much deserved oblivion.

All very well and good, you say, for women who can afford to run off to women-only land. That doesn't do much for women who have to stay in this culture to stay alive. But separatism is more than utopic escapism. What appeals to me most about separatism is that it is a state of mind. According to Sarah Hoagland, lesbian feminist theorist, separatism is a political and philosophical approach to living and to the world. It's a refusal to give one's energy to men, a refusal to accept or to invest one's efforts in patriarchy which privileges the oppression of women (and most other people).

One of the focuses of Hoagland's separatist theory is on encouraging women to become more aware of how and where they are placing their energy in ways that strengthen heteropatriarchy, and then separating themselves from those activities. They can stop devoting their time and energy to men and male institutions that don't return anything to women. Instead, they can focus it on interacting in ways that give energy and power to themselves and other women. Even if some of us have to live under patriarchy, we can do what we can to not interact in patriarchy, and by leaving it behind, instead of reacting to it, can create an ideology that supports women (and other oppressed groups) instead of privileging an elite minority.

For whoever is interested (here comes the plug), I highly recommend Sarah Hoagland's book Lesbian Ethics: Toward New Values, as well as For Lesbians Only: A Separatist Anthology, of which she is co-editor.

--The Evil Twin



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What's the NEA?

NEA stands for the National Endowment for the Arts. The following is taken from the Statement of Mission of the NEA.

The mission of the NEA is:

- To foster the excellence, diversity, and vitality of the arts in the United States and
- To help broaden the availability and appreciation of such excellence, diversity, and vitality.

In implementing its mission the Endowment must exercise care to preserve and improve the environment in which the arts have flourished. It must not, under any circumstances, impose a single aesthetic standard or attempt to direct artistic content.

Endowment activities:

- Provide opportunities for artists to develop their talents.
- Assist in the creation, production, presentation/exhibition of innovative and diverse work that has potential to affect the art form and directly or indirectly result over time in new art of permanent value.
- Assure preservation of our cultural heritage.
- Increase the performance, exhibition, and transmission of art to all people throughout the nation.
- Encourage serious and meaningful art programs as part of basic education.
- Stimulate increasing levels of nonfederal support of the arts.
- Improve the institutional capacity of the best of our arts organizations to develop, produce, present, and exhibit bold and varied fare.

A Few More Facts About the NEA:

The NEA's grants are only given after exhaustive review of the artist/organization's artistic reputation by a panel of experts in the appropriate field. For example, grant applications for symphony orchestras are reviewed by a panel of artistic directors of the top orchestras in the country. To avoid any conflict of interest, no panel member may review an application from their own organization. It is believed that in order to

encourage as wide a range of artistic expression as possible, those reviewing a particular area must be well-informed in that area. Theatre professionals may not be knowledgeable enough to judge musical talent, so musicians should be asked. It is not felt that Senators, Representatives, Business Leaders or Television Evangelists would necessarily know the art form well enough to make that kind of judgement.

In addition to artistic review, each grant application is thoroughly reviewed by a separate staff to determine the fiscal responsibility and organizational stability of an applicant organization to insure that Federal funds will be spent responsibly. For most programs, the organization must have been certified by the Government as a responsible non-profit organization for at least three years before they may apply. All organizations receiving grants are required to submit detailed (usually audited) financial statements, along with follow-up proof of compliance with grant requirements.

Most NEA grants require a "match," that is, for every dollar granted by the NEA, an additional amount must be raised independently by the organization from private sources. This greatly increases the value and effectiveness of the money spent. In addition, this encourages private contributions. Many corporations will look favorably upon arts organizations which have received grants from the NEA, because the corporation does not have the resources to do the extensive review, artistically and fiscally, of the arts organizations and they know that the NEA has.

The annual NEA appropriation is currently \$171 million. This is \$22 million less than the Pentagon spends on marching bands each year and less than a third of the cost of one stealth bomber. The average taxpayer pays 69¢ each year for the NEA. The average taxpayer will pay well in excess of \$1,500.00 for the Savings and Loan Bailout.

When the NEA was formed in 1965, there were 22 non-profit professional theatres — now there are around 400; there were 27 professional opera companies, but more than 100 today; 37 dance troupes existed then — there are 213 today.

Over 85,000 grants have been given by the NEA in the categories of Dance, Design Arts, Folk Arts, Interdisciplinary Arts, Literature, Media Arts, Museums, Music, Opera-Musical Theatre, Theatre, Visual Arts, and Arts in

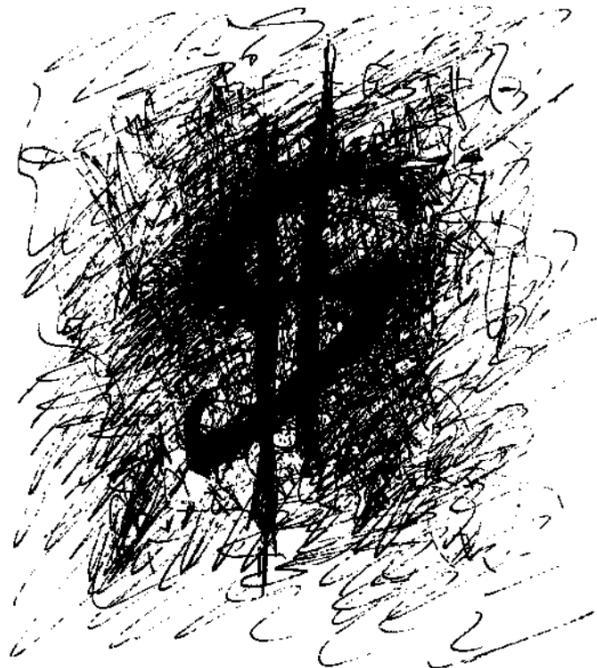
Education. These grants have directly or indirectly been responsible for the creation of over one million works of art.

A small handful of grants have been singled out by the opponents of the NEA. The average of these grants have cost the average taxpayer less than six one-thousandths of a penny.

Per capita giving to the arts by many other Governments is far above the United States — Sweden (11 times as much), Canada, France and The Netherlands (10 times as much), Germany (9 times as much), Italy (4 times as much), Great Britain (3 times as much).

Additional information about the Endowment and its programs is contained in Guide to the National Endowment for the Arts, which is available from:

Public Information Office, Room 803
National Endowment for the Arts
Nancy Hanks Center
1100 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W.
Washington, DC 20506
202/682-5400



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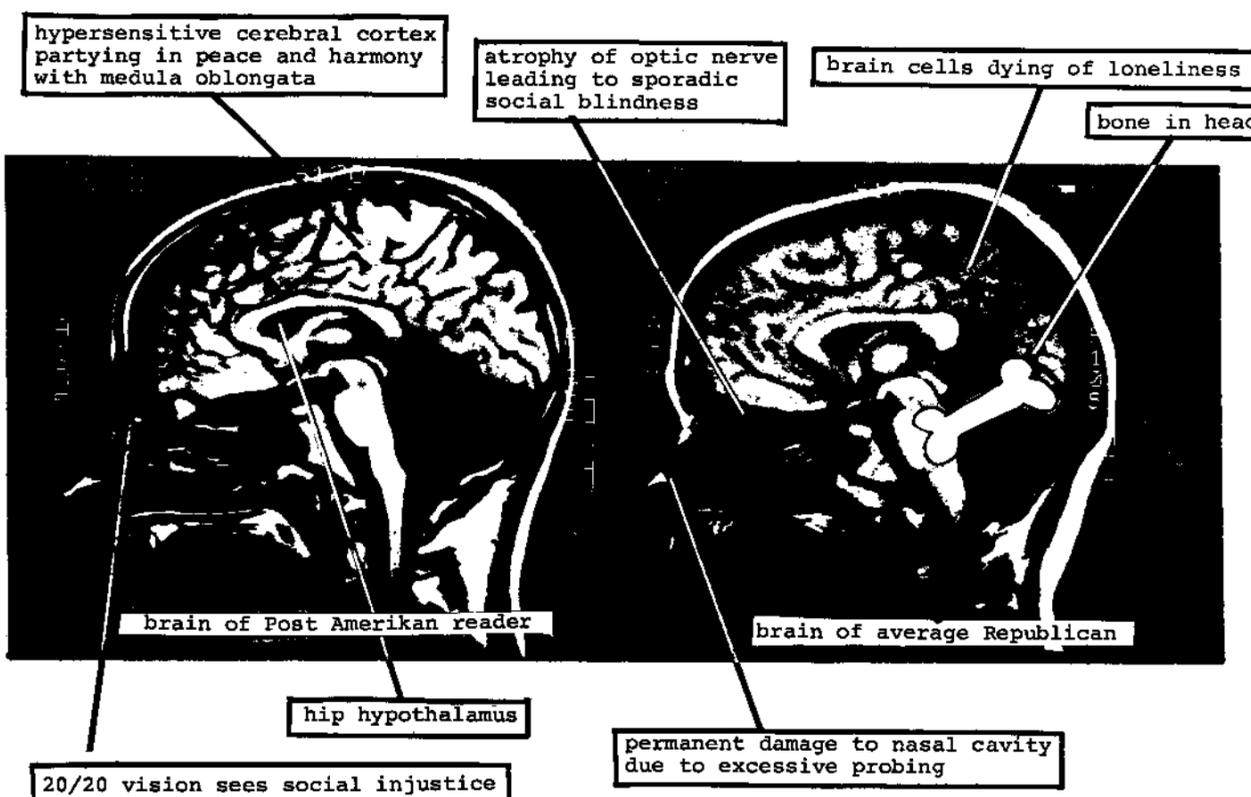
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Citizens Against Art Censorship

It's about time that people started getting upset about the arts in our country. It's about time that people got offended. Instead of proudly announcing that of the 85,000 grants given by the National Endowment for the Arts, only 20 have been controversial, we should be saying, "Why only twenty? What are we doing wrong?"

All art, at its best, is potentially disturbing to someone, in that it makes a statement about society through the eyes of the artist. True debate and controversy in the arts forces people to think, to try to discover the vision that the artist has. Boredom is the enemy of the arts, not controversy. As playwright and historian Charles L. Mee, Jr. said, "Artists belong out at the edge of society and beyond— where the pain is, where the raw nerves are, where the subtlest and most delicate and most easily overlooked things are."

(As a point of information to those who are new to the controversy, when I say "art" or "artist," I am referring to all artistic areas, including theatre, dance, music, visual arts, poetry, literature, media arts, design arts and folk arts.)

So why should artists get upset over the current controversy if, in fact, controversy is beneficial? When people decide not to look at art, that's an appropriate exercise of freedom. When people get upset by art, and try to convince others that a particular art work is offensive, that's also an appropriate exercise of freedom, and stimulates valuable thought and discussion. But, when they try to force legislation to restrict the content of art (whether it's federally funded or not), that's an attack on the freedom of others. That's what is happening now.

In fact, the current controversy is not about art at all. It's about politics, and fear, and racism. Political leaders, like Jesse Helms and Dana Rohrabacher, are using the arts to get re-elected. Self-proclaimed "moralists" like Reverend Donald Wildmon and Pat Robertson are using the arts to raise funds, and to scare people into the fold of "family values." These people prey upon the insecurities of middle-class America and their concerns about the state of society. They tell people that artists are not Real, Christian, American, White, Straight people like them. (It's no accident that most artists attacked are minorities.) They bring a campaign of fear and hate and broadcast it to millions.

One of these groups placed an ad in newspapers around the country worded as "An open letter to members of Congress," reminding them that the upcoming vote on the NEA isn't the only one they have to worry about (referring to the November elections). The ad goes on to say, "There may be more homosexuals and pedophiles in your district than there are Roman Catholics and Baptists. You may find that the working folks in your district want you to use their money to teach their sons how to sodomize each other. There's one way to find out. Vote for the NEA appropriation just like Pat Williams, John Frohnmeyer and the Gay and Lesbian Task Force want."

Senator Jesse Helms has led the campaign of hate with attacks against photographer Robert Mapplethorpe (an artist who died of AIDS, known for his striking and powerful photographs of celebrities, flowers, nudes and homosexual lifestyles). Helms said that Mapplethorpe's photographs "are not art — except perhaps to homosexuals who are trying to force their way into undeserved respectability." And conservative columnist Patrick Buchanan referred to Mapplethorpe as "the dead pervert with the bullwhip."

The good citizens of Cincinnati, having been influenced for years by moralist and S&L swindler Charles Keating, are trying to have a museum director jailed for showing an art exhibit. Robert Ach, Board President of the Contemporary Arts Center in Cincinnati described "the vice squad entering the first museum since the 12th century, except for Nazi

Germany," to seize his institution's exhibit of Robert Mapplethorpe photographs — 25 police officers "in full-dress uniform, boots to the knees" overrunning the building to serve one piece of paper to the museum and another to its director, Dennis Barrie. Donald Wildmon and the American Family Association mailed a pamphlet with misrepresented and butchered photos of works by artist David Wojnarowicz to 200,000 people, labelling Wojnarowicz a pornographer.

The so-called attacks on the arts come from people who have no interest in the arts. Not once have they discussed what the artist had in mind, or what other people see when they look at a work of art. There has been no discussion, no debate about the artistic vision. They're not interested in that, because what they're really looking for is the chance to attack people who are different.

"The voice of the dominant culture has never understood what it actually means when it so graciously legislates racial, sexual and gender equality. Subconsciously, they think they're giving everyone a chance to be just like them. A chance to live like white men. A chance to make art in the great Euro-Western tradition. They've failed to realize that few want to be like them. Rather, they want the freedom to be themselves, living their own religions, and their own cultures. Just like it says in the Constitution." (Steven Durland — Fall, 1989 issue of *High Performance*)

Attacking the arts is just a part of the larger agenda to limit differing viewpoints, but it was an appropriate place to start. Artists are seen as an easy target, because they have not traditionally been active in the political mainstream. Artists, and those who appreciate the diversity of artistic expression, have not had well-funded lobbying efforts, or huge coffers to make campaign contributions. They don't have nightly television shows where they can raise money and tell people how to think about political issues. They haven't organized letter-writing campaigns and, sadly, many have not educated themselves well enough about political realities to make themselves heard on election day.

Funny thing about freedom of expression. If you want to keep it, you've got to use it. If you

value freedom of expression, express yourself — loudly. For each letter the members of Congress receive, they assume that 100-200 other people feel the same way. Write a letter, send a postcard, talk to your friends and get them to help out.

(1.) Call 1-900-226-ARTS and for \$4.50 they'll send a mailgram to your Congresspersons expressing your concern about arts censorship.

(2.) Write your Senators and Representatives. (locally Senator Paul Simon, 462 Dirksen Senate Office Building, Washington, DC 20510 — Senator Alan J. Dixon, 331 Hart Senate Ofc. Building, Washington, DC 20510 — Representative Edward M. Madigan, 2109 Rayburn House Ofc. Building, Washington, DC 20515)

(3.) Write to: President George H. W. Bush, The White House, 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., NW, Washington, DC — Mr. John Frohnmeyer, Chairman, National Endowment for the Arts, 1100 Pennsylvania Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20506.

(4.) Help get Jesse Helms out of office. NC SENATE 90 is a Political Action Committee made up of organizations and individuals working to inform the voters of North Carolina about Jesse Helms' record of hate. If it's worth \$1 to you to never hear Jesse Helms' name again, send it in. NC SENATE 90, 604 West Chapel Hill Street, Durham, NC 27701 (919) 682-6374.

(5.) Register to vote, AND VOTE!

Tim Miller is a performance artist who applied for an NEA grant and, after having been unanimously voted a grant by the NEA artistic panel, was rejected because of his controversial work. He has written his own Artist's Declaration of Independence: "When in the course of cultural events... a government gets too big for its wing tips and tries to tell its citizens what to think and feel, it is the job of the artist to speak truth to King George Bush in a challenging and angry way..."

—Peter Guither is a member of Citizens Against Arts Censorship, an organization in the Normal-Bloomington area which is fighting arts censorship and working to support the National Endowment for the Arts through performance works and letter-writing campaigns. For more information, write CAAC, c/o Gary Wilmes, 513 E. Chestnut, Bloomington, Illinois 61701.

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Lefties get a haircut (on purpose)

It was bound to happen soon. We've been building up to this for a long time, friends. Take a look at the *Post* you're reading. It's clear. It's professional-looking. It's easy to read.

Gone are the crazy margins, the screwed up page numbers, the uneven headlines and jagged layout. But don't despair. The crazy stories, the screwed up columns with the uneven opinions and jagged sarcasm are still as strong as ever.

But still, the change is a strongly symbolic and significant one. As an icon of the Far Left, the *Post* generally changes in cadence with, if not one step ahead of, the progressive movement itself. So, when my co-workers used the same argument for changing the format of the *Post* as my parents used to recite as a reason for me to change the way I dressed, I decided it was time to analyze the state of the Left.

The argument for changing the *Post* was of course that "people will take you more seriously if you look respectable." This criticism has been around a lot longer than the *Post Amerikan*, and for some reason, I don't think that too many of the original *Post* staffers considered it too serious of an argument when the paper originated in the early seventies.

I was living in Ohio during those days, but for some reason, when I flip through the past issues and see the marijuana leaf that each cover used to sport next to the unchanging *Post* flag in issues dating back to 1971, I sort of get the impression that this group really didn't concern itself much with having normal people take them seriously.

But these aren't the seventies anymore, and by our very nature, radicals resist stagnation and are prone to fight tradition at every turn.

And this change can be seen throughout the movement, on campus and off. For example, I remember when you could tell a true environmentalist for a mile away. Half the time you could smell her or him. Nowadays, they wear ties, look respectable, and still get a whole lot accomplished.

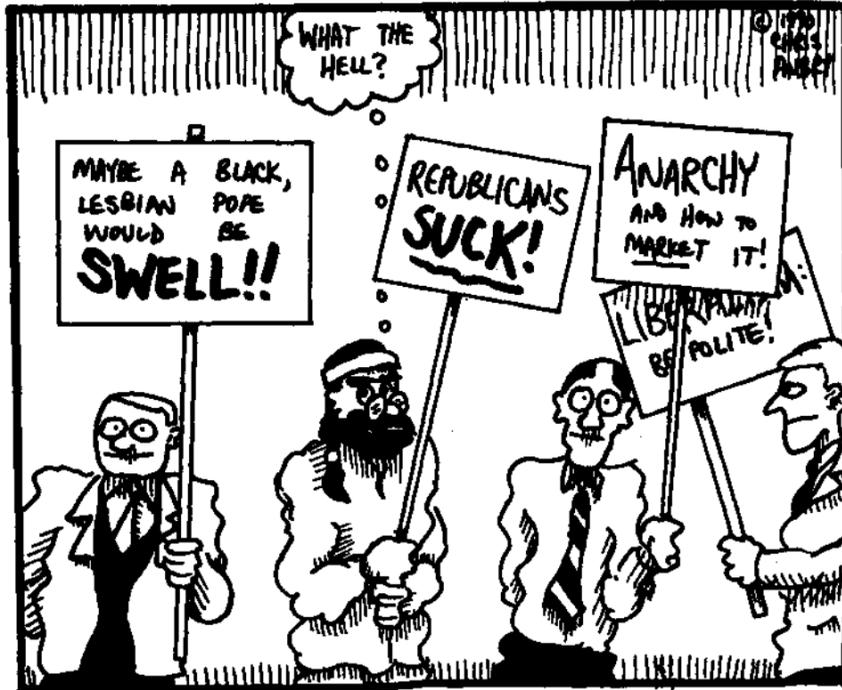
Last year at a national convention for the Progressive Student Network, a horde of us were sleeping in a Unitarian church and they apologized because there weren't any showers. Everybody just sort of looked at me funny when I said "Showers? We're Lefties—who needs showers?"

Yes, those times are over. Lefty slobs are cleaning up and the *Post* is right there with them. The inevitable questions become why this change occurred and whether a slicked up format is a positive or a negative change.

As to the first, I have a theory. One of the incredibly few links between the countless flavors of radicalism is the extreme distaste for the establishment, a hatred that is bordering on becoming cliché. The establishment is seen as oppressive, and inherently bourgeois, sexist, racist, and heterosexist.

Therefore, since we are living in the post-New Left era, today's radicals have the unique problem of deciding whether or not to reject the almost established rejection techniques of the baby boomer generation. After all, in today's world, the long-haired (or short-haired, depending on the social rules of the sex) academician and the black-clad poet are as much an accepted part of the established society as bosses in stuffed suits.

Hence, neat and proper radicals may be expressing another form of rebellion.



The question now becomes whether or not this professionalization of the movement will be good for the movement. Assuming that the progressive movement does not change its politics just because it changes its general style, one would assume that there will be good and bad repercussions.

It is true that the more "respectable" the Left becomes the more influence it will have on the public. It would be easier to elect far leftists to office if they would wear suits and ties, and it would enhance the influence of protestors, thus providing a louder voice and higher soap box for the movement.

On the other hand, the movement will run the risk of alienating those who simply despise normality. Even the slight change in the *Post* will perhaps frighten off a few nut-types who preferred the spontaneity and rebelliousness of the old format.

However, this problem is small compared to the potential danger that a style change and the added respect the style change will bring to radicalism might affect the politics of the movement.

It is possible that cleaning up the movement might be construed as a concession to the ruling class by conforming to the styles that the mainstream holds as "proper and right." Once a surface concession like this is made, however, it can snowball into greater and greater concessions.

Evidence of this can be found with examples of former '60's radicals like Tom Hayden who swore that they were just playing by the mainstream's rules for a little while and would not change their politics, then eventually started to turn into the suits they were wearing.

Also, it is a generally held belief in fact that if a person is not open minded enough to accept a sloppy appearance, then she or he is also too closed minded to comprehend the freedoms generally associated with the Left.

Therefore, this new look may be selling leftists short. Or perhaps it says something about today's Left.

As for the *Post*, however, I don't think readers have much to worry about. No matter what we look like, the *Post* ain't no *USA Today*.

--Shadd

POST AMERIKAN

NEWS FROM THE LEFT

Post Amerikan has column space available for your progressive/lefty/marginalized-in-the-mainstream-press groups and organizations.

Post Amerikan Bloomington/Normal's alternative, underground newspaper, has been the press from the left in the B-N/ISU/IWU communities for the past 18 years. Although we would like to define ourselves as "all things to all lefties," many important news items, features, and editorials that represent the many views from the left are not making it into *Post Amerikan*.

Here's where you can help. We hope to provide the progressive, leftie organizations in Bloomington-Normal/ISU/IWU regular column space for whatever newsworthy purpose they see fit. There are a number of ways that you could use this space. You could report what projects your group has recently completed or what projects are in progress. You could use the space for basic information about your organization. Possibly local mainstream news sources won't allow your organization the space to make important and necessary announcements. Whatever the case, the column space is available.

A writer from your group would be responsible for meeting our deadline with a written copy of your organization's news. **And we'll do the rest!**

We want to keep in touch with our community's left. Could you let us know who you are? Drop us a line with your group's name, address, phone number, and a contact person. This will make networking easier for all of us.

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