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The Keep

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Trailer court water; Normal mall; Gynecology

BLOOMINGTON—NORMAL

25c

POST AMERIKAN

Sept. 1978
Vol. VII No. 4

The
sordid story
of Home Rentals
SEE PAGES 10-13



I'LL CALL
RIGHT NOW!

HERE'S
JUST WHAT
WE WANT

OH
WOW.

GROVE ST. - 3-bedroom house;
gas, stove, water, refrigerator,
electricity furnished; 2 baths, no
lease, no deposit; children,
hippies, large dogs and other
pets welcome. \$100. Home
Rentals, Open 7 Days, 113 N.
Center, Ph. 829-6327.

MEOW.

ADDRESS CORRECTION
REQUESTED

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
PERMIT NO. 168
BLOOMINGTON, ILL.
61701

ABOUT US

Anyone can be a member of the Post staff except maybe Sheriff King. All you have to do is come to the meetings and do one of the many different and exciting tasks necessary for the smooth operation of a paper like this. You start work at nothing per hour, and stay there. Everyone else is paid the same. Ego gratification and good karma are the fringe benefits.

Decisions are made collectively by staff members at one of our regular meetings. All workers have an equal voice. The Post-Amerikan has no editor or hierarchical structure, so quit calling up here and asking who's in charge.

Anybody who reads this paper can tell the type of stuff we print. All worthwhile material is welcome. We try to choose articles that are timely, relevant, informative, and not available in other local media. We will not print anything racist, sexist, or ageist.

BLOOMINGTON

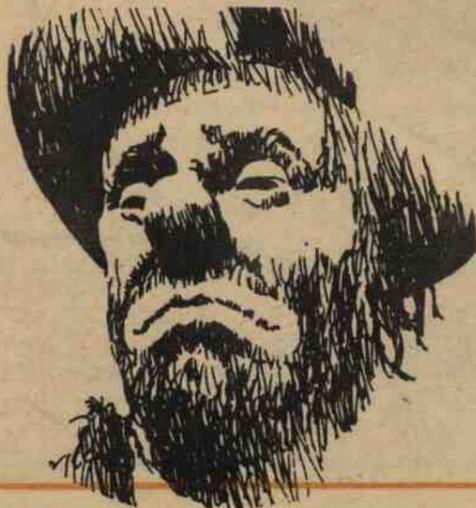
- Book Hive, 103 W. Front
- Eastgate IGA, at parking lot exit
- The Joint, 415 N. Main
- Medusa's Bookstore, 109 W. Front
- The Back Porch, 402 1/2 N. Main
- The Book Worm, 310 1/2 N. Main
- Southwest corner of Front and Main
- Mr. Quick, Clinton and Washington
- Downtown Postal Substation, Center and Monroe
- Bl. Post Office, E. Empire (at exit)
- Devary's Market, 1402 W. Market
- Harris' Market, 802 N. Morris
- Hickory Pit, 920 W. Washington
- Biasi's Drug Store 217 N. Main

Phony paraquat testing

PharmChem, the California drug analysis laboratory which has tested thousands of samples of marijuana for the poisonous herbicide paraquat, has suspended tests because of inaccurate results, according to the Berkeley Barb.

In June, the Barb reports, potheads and dealers began to suspect PharmChem's testing techniques when homegrown pot samples were reported to contain paraquat. (Only Mexican marijuana, sprayed under a US-supported program to kill the plants, should be contaminated.)

PharmChem reports that they suspended the testing after another lab confirmed that PharmChem was coming up with a lot of "false positives." ●



Most of our material and inspiration for material comes from the community.

We encourage you, the reader, to become more than a reader.

We welcome all stories and tips for stories, which you can mail to our office (the address is at the end of this rap).

If you'd like to work on the Post and/or come to meetings, call us. The number is 828-7232. You can also reach folks at 828-6885 or ask for Andrea at 829-6223 during the day.

Post Sellers

- Discount Den, 207 N. Main
- U-I Grocery, 918 W. Market
- Kroger's, 1110 E. Oakland
- Bus Depot, 523 N. East
- The Wash House, 609 N. Clinton
- Bi-Rite, 203 E. Locust
- Man-Ding-Go's, 312 S. Lee
- Mr. Donut, 1310 E. Empire
- J&B Silkscreening, 622 N. Main
- Doug's Motorcycle, 1105 W. Washington
- K-Mart, at parking lot exit
- Small Changes Bookstore, 409A N. Main
- Lay-Z-J Saloon, 1401 W. Market
- Pantagraph Building (in front)
- Common Ground, 516 N. Main
- Northeast Corner of Main & Washington

Maryland oinks!

Barbara Jean Gilbert, convicted of killing her husband, was recently sentenced in Maryland on July 12 to 8 years in prison. Gilbert, whose husband abused her for 17 years, was originally convicted of first-degree murder and sentenced to life. Her appeal overturned the conviction and she was retried and convicted of manslaughter.

The Parole and Probation Board said Gilbert's behavior has been "exemplary" since she has been out on bond. However, Judge Samuel Melky paid no heed to this. "You have inflicted pain and deprivation," he intoned before pronouncing the maximum sentence possible for manslaughter. "You have snuffed out a life. Therefore the court has the right to inflict pain and deprivation on you." ●

--Off Our Backs



Andrea's favorite graphic cfw

Yippie!



You can make bread hawking the Post-- 15¢ a copy, except for the first 50 copies on which you make only 10¢ a copy. Call us at 828-7232.

Mail, which we more than welcome, should be sent to: The Post-Amerikan, P.O. Box 3452, Bloomington, IL 61701. (Be sure you tell us if you don't want your letter printed! Otherwise it's likely to end up in our letters column.)

NORMAL

- University Liquors, 706 W. Beaufort
- Pat's Billiards, 1203 S. Main
- Redbird IGA, 301 S. Main
- Mother Murphy's, 111 1/2 North St.
- Ram, 101 Broadway Mall
- Eisner's, E College (near sign)
- Divinyl Madness, 115 North St.
- Co-op Tapes & Records, 311 S. Main
- Bowling and Billiards Center, I.S.U. Student Center
- Baker's Dozen Donuts, 602 Kingsley Cage, I.S.U. Student Union
- Midstate Truck Plaza, Route 51 North Upper Cut, 1203 1/2 S. Main

OUTTA TOWN

- Galesburg: Under The Sun, E. Main St.
- Co-op Tapes & Records, Henderson
- Peoria: That Other Place, NE Adams
- Co-op Tapes & Records, N. Main
- " " " " , Windsor Sq.
- Springfield: Spoon River Book Co-op
- 407 E. Adams
- Urbana: Horizon Bookstore, 517 S. Goodwin
- Pekin: Co-op Tapes & Records, Court
- Monmouth: Head's Up

Springfield Smoke-In!

Springfield's first annual fall harvest festival and Smoke-In will happen at high noon at the State Capitol on Sunday, September 3. (Rain date is September 4.)

This free public gathering of people defending our right to smoke, grow, and share will feature live music and speeches.

For more information or to give donations, write P.O. Box 358 in CAtham, Illinois, 62629, or call 217-789-4355.

Water problems at Mobil Land

Stuck in the middle again

How would you like to live in a house where you had to bring all your drinking water home in plastic jugs from town? At least one resident of Mobil-Land Trailer court does just that.

Mobil Land is just outside the city limits and is not hooked up to the city water supply. The trailers get all their water from a well system, and that seems to be the problem.

It seems that one resident of Mobil Land (we'll call him Fred) gets sick every time he drinks more than a glassful of water from his trailer's faucets.

So Fred takes three plastic jugs to work with him in Bloomington every morning, fills them with city water, and takes them home at night to use for drinking water.

Perhaps sick is too strong a word. What happens is that every time Fred drinks much well water from his trailer, he gets a case of diarrhea. He may not be actually sick, but he certainly feels horrible enough to go to the trouble of bringing home water in jugs every night.

Fred's young son also reacts badly to large doses of the water from the tap, so he gets city water, too.

Fred said that he wasn't the only one with complaints about the water at Mobil Land.

Boy, was that the understatement of the year!

I went to four other trailers to ask the people about their water.

"Hi. I'm from the Post-Amerikan and we're doing a story about the water here and..."

"Water! Hah! Let me tell you about the water at this place!"

The comments ranged from a laughing "I've got the dullest clothes in town, town," to a serious, "Oh, I don't drink water at home."

Here's a quick summary of the complaints I heard with some juicy quotes:

****The water stinks.**

Everyone complained that many times the water smells so bad (that rotten egg smell) that they just don't use it.

"On a bad day I can smell it at the other end of the trailer."

"If I do 3 or 4 loads of wash, the kids' room smells like sewage."

"My husband was raised on well water, but he's always complaining about the water here."

****Not everybody got sick from the water, but one woman said matter-of-factly that her two children get diarrhea "a couple times a month" from drinking too much tap water.**

Another woman told me she knows several people besides Fred who bring city water home with them, or buy water from another supplier. They either get sick from the water or it's just plain too nasty smelling and tasting to use for cooking and drinking.

****Washing clothes in the water here turned out to be not very popular either.**

There used to be a laundromat at Mobil Land, but the operator closed it down. It seems that everybody took their laundry to the laundromat at Willow Creek Village next door because it had city water.

The water at Mobil Land is apparently so hard that it leaves clothes a dingy gray or a rusty yellow.



"I've just quit buying white clothes. Inside of a month they're gray. I've got the dullest clothes in town."

One woman showed me her new sheets that she washed for the first time. Orange stains from the water ran across them. She has her own washer and dryer but now refuses to use them, and goes to the laundromat at Willow Creek instead. She doesn't want any more of her clothes ruined.

****Speaking of hard water. . . One resident of Mobil Land told me about the new hot water heater they purchased 2 years ago. One year later, they had to replace the heating element. Her father came and did it for them, and in the process scraped out a "bucketful" of crud and mineral deposits from the old element.**

The heating element of a new electric hot water heater using city water should last the life of the heater, according to a salesperson at Montgomery Ward Co.

And I saw more rings in half an hour than I saw on our bathtub in our whole career as hippies: rings of hard mineral crud on tubs, sinks, toilets, washing machines, and anyplace that regularly came in contact with the water. If it touched water, it would have a ring in two days.

Also, anything that had a filter invariably got clogged regularly.

"Water softeners are almost a necessity here just to make the water tolerable." Of course this burden is carried by the resident, not the court owner.

At this point, you might well ask, "Doesn't the state have any drinking water standards for these trailer courts?" Indeed they do. In fact, all rural trailer courts in the state that use a well water system have to send water samples to the state lab in Champaign every month.

There the samples are tested for contamination from human or animal sewage and nitrates from farm chemicals. It's the bacteria from sewage that make people sick.

So, we took a water sample from Fred's trailer and sent it into the state lab.

The verdict?

The water is safe to drink, according to the state. Their tests say the water is free of those little bacteria found in sewage and so shouldn't make anybody sick.

But some of the people I talked to said they got diarrhea if they drank too much water.

I called up the state lab in Champaign hoping someone there could clear this up.

Basically what the guy at the lab said was if the test said the water was safe to drink then it was safe. He talked about how it might be "aesthetically unpleasant" (which means it stinks, is orange, and leaves rust stains on your clothes) and that this might make people blame the water when they got sick. But if the test says it was safe, it was safe, and the state couldn't do anything.

I'm sure he was sincere and he may have test results to back him up, but we're still stuck with this group of people at the trailer court who know that when they drink too much water, they get sick, and when they don't drink the water, they don't get sick.

Well then, since neither years of complaints to the owner or complaints to the state have gotten anything done, how about asking the owner of the court, Doc Atkinson, to hook up to the city water supply? (The court next door and the one being built across the street have city water.)

Rumors about such a hook-up have been floating around for years, but nothing ever happened.

A call to the Bloomington water department by a resident of Mobil Land confirmed a recent rumor.

Apparently Doc Atkinson met with city officials sometime in June about hooking up to the city water supply. He was told he would have to come up with \$93,000 to cover the cost of installation and his share of road improvements in the area, which are desperately needed.

The resident was told not to hold his breath; that Atkinson probably wasn't going to come up with the money.

Why should he go \$100,000 in debt when he can probably keep the court full no matter how bad the water is?

So what is the end of the story? The end is that the water at Mobil Land is going to be just like it was in the beginning of the story--terrible--and the people who live at Mobil Land are stuck in the middle again.

--dave nelson •

Work on the Post

We're looking for folks to write stories. If you can write, call the Post and tell us what kind of story you'd like to do. If you aren't sure, other people can suggest things.

People who can help do layout one weekend a month are also real welcome. You don't need experience. If you can type, great!

Call 828-7232 for more info. If no one answers, leave your name and number on our answering machine, and we'll get in touch.

Slotky: Profit before Patients

Soap & Water: A viable

I do not like to go to doctors; I resent their tight-lipped-poking-prodding cold metal objects stuck inside of me. I distrust their hasty prescriptions and I can't afford their bills. I tell myself that if I pay attention to my body and (forgive the cliché) live in harmony with Nature, I will be healthy.

So when I realized that I had one of those mysterious, persistent vaginal infections, I did not immediately call The Doctor. I was having burning when I pissed and painful sex and itching, along with that generalized feeling of being not quite healthy. Examining myself, I discovered several small bumps inside my vagina. Vaginal warts, I decided. Reading through my old issues of Prevention magazine, I started applying aloe vera and vitamin E to the bumps. I started eating asparagus and massive doses of vitamin C.

I am an impatient Westerner; a couple of days into my cure, I went to the Walk-In Clinic in Bloomington. I was examined by a doctor there and told that I had cervical as well as vaginal warts and that I needed to go to a regular gynecologist to have them dealt with. A regular gynecologist; that meant Dr. Slotky. I frowned. "Can't you must take off the ones in the vagina?" I still owed Slotky \$10 from last year. "The ones on the cervix really don't bother me." I probably couldn't get in to see any other doctor for a long time. The doctor at the clinic gave me some white cream to rub on the bumps and wrote something on a slip of paper for me to give to my gynecologist. I paid the woman at the desk \$8. Two new words, unmentioned in our discussion, mysteriously appeared on the slip of paper: Herpes Simplex.

I called my friend-the-nurse and together we went through issue after issue of The Monthly Extract, a women's health periodical out of Boston, reading about herpes. I read what Adelle Davis had to say; I looked it up in the VD Handbook and in Our Bodies Ourselves. I increased my dosage of zinc and further limited my sexual activity. An elusive germ, herpes.

I called Slotky and was able to get an appointment four days later. I went through those days feverish and distracted. I live about four miles from the edge of town. My car doesn't run. On the day of my appointment, I walked to town, cutting across the cornfield--four miles of mud, barbed wire fences, and interstates. Afraid that I would be late, I hitchhiked. A paranoid hitchhiker; I secretly watched the truckdriver who stopped from the corner of one eye and then asked to be let off at the bus stop. I caught the bus the rest of the way and got there....right on time.

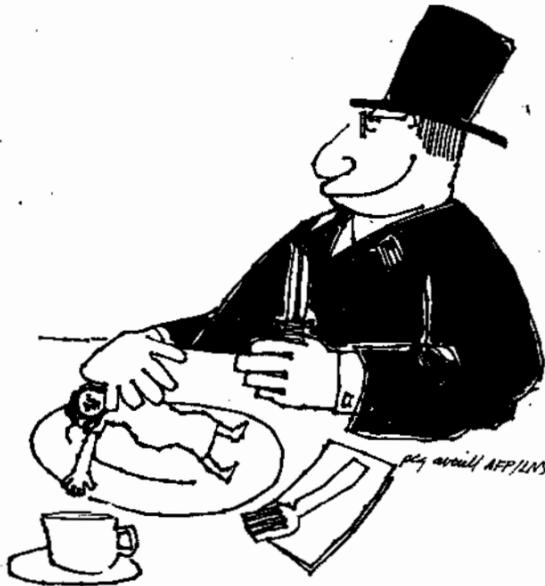
Health care = Business

I told the nurse my name. "Oh, there's been a mistake with you." She pointed down to where my name had been written on the list. It was circled. "You mean the \$10 I owe. Here it is." I paid her. "We usually don't take people once they have been turned over." I hesitated. "What do you mean, turned over?" "To the collection agency, turned over to the collection agency." She was impatient. "And we made a mistake giving you an appointment." I stood, awaiting her decision. Some very weird and distorted thing happened when they combined health care and business. I was thinking about that when she told me to sit down and wait my turn.

I've always had a very strange feeling in Slotky's eastside waiting room. The women wear matching outfits and Farrah Fawcett or Dorothy Hamil

haircuts. They sit, legs crossed, reading fashion magazines. It's hard to imagine them having vaginas or assholes.

I was tempted to walk out, but there is a particular desperation that comes with being sick and that desperation was stronger than any of my other impressions or political persuasions. The women waiting methodically flipped the pages of their magazines, licking their fingers, crossing and uncrossing their legs. I tried not to stare at them. I was having one of my unreasonable flashes of indignation. "Whores of the Bourgeois" I thought, looking at my hands. I was ashamed of my anger--automatic anger and quick assumptions, my displacement of blame on these women who waited for pap tests. Why can't we give ourselves pap test? Why can't I take care of my own warts? Who controls technology? And then: What if they won't take my check?



I had gone to Slotky for about 4 years. I was the ideal patient: a Scorpiowoman with Scorpio diseases and an insurance company to finance them. Before it had run out, that insurance company had paid him well over a thousand dollars. I was trying to reassure myself; he'll take my check. Besides, I had always defended Slotky to my womenfriends and the feminist community... Handsome Young Doctor Slotky... didn't he always call me by my first name?... didn't he have pages of writing on the most intimate details of my body... hadn't I given him a place in my most private sphere: that of my sexuality, my health, my fertility? I would wait. Besides, I hadn't been able to screw for 2 weeks.

It had been the first time my bill hadn't been paid, and besides, on that particular visit, that fateful \$10 visit, he hadn't helped me. I had sat in his private office. I hadn't menstruated in 2 months and I wasn't pregnant and I wanted to be pregnant and what was the matter?

"You should slough every month," he said, pointing to a plastic womb on his desk. Slough. I turned the word over in my head. Couldn't my irregular periods be connected to the fact that I can't get pregnant? I had been asking him questions about my infertility for 3 years and now he said: "Does he put his penis in your vagina?" (I was almost certain that he has never taken my concern seriously because I wasn't married.)

I had read that irregular menstruation could be caused by a thyroid deficiency which also can affect fertility. Had he heard anything about that? Yes, he had heard about it. Wasn't there some kind of test that could be done to see if this was my problem? Yes, there was a thyroid test. Could he do it for me? No, but he could send me to someone else who could. Adelle Davis suggests

kelp as a source of iodine which is beneficial to the thyroid. He said that that might not be helpful, that he would give me a prescription if something was wrong. A prescription for what? I wouldn't want to take hormones. "Leave the prescriptions up to me," he had replied. "But I thought we were supposed to..." I hesitated. I've never been very assertive in my doctor's office. "Supposed to what?" he asked. "Supposed to work on this together." And then, not wanting to offend him, I added, "I'll just take care of my body. I'll take optimum care of my body and see what happens." "Yes, you do that."

A familiar voice called my name and looking up, I was relieved to see my favorite nurse. She took me to the weighing station. Friendly nurse not looking so very friendly today. And I began to describe my symptoms. She looked at the slip of paper that the Walk-In Clinic had sent along with me, frowning.

No help

"You probably won't be able to have a pap test today," she said. "You probably don't have enough cash on you."

I didn't want a pap test, I explained, touching my pocket thoughtfully. I just wanted these warts removed and for the doctor to check and see if I did have herpes.

"But your records show that you're due for a pap test," she said. She was motioning to my file. I just had a pap test a few months ago at a fertility clinic that I've started going to in Chicago. Nurse-so-concerned-about-my-cervical-health surprisingly didn't look reassured about this, but instead, putting her hands on her hips, turned to face me, "Well, you'd just better take this to Your Clinic in Chicago."

"But this is an immediate problem," I said. "Dr. Slotky takes his Business more seriously than that. You can't just walk in here off the street." What did she mean "walk in here off the street"? I'd been a patient there for four years. I did not have time to think about the implications of a doctor taking his business So Seriously that he would not treat sick people who came to his office.

"Well, it seems to me that you've found someplace else to go." I explained that I do go to Chicago to deal with a specific problem that I had talked to Slotky about and that



he could not treat. "What about this?" she asked, making quick, jabbing motions with her finger to the note from the Walk-In Clinic. "I went there because it is a Walk-In Clinic. It's for people who are walking in off the street." I had found myself in the ludicrous

alternative to medical care?

position of having to search for excuses for medical treatment I'd received.

In the corner of my eye, I was aware of Slotky's white-robed back as it made its quick way into the sanctity of one of those small gynecological cubicles: a busy busy man. Not one to get his hands dirty. And isn't that how it always is? You never get a chance to confront the asshole, the proverbial asshole, of any situation. He remains safely out of view as the public vents its indignation on the secretary, the receptionist, the woman who answers the phone. It was one of these experiences of the invisible asshole, I decided.

"You haven't been here for a year," the nurse scolded me. Had my absence hurt her feelings? "I can't afford Slotky's prices." "That's what I thought." She began to soften a little. "You know, we really don't have proper facilities to treat cervical warts. In all likelihood, we would have referred you to another doctor." I didn't have time to say that I had specifically told the nurse what the problem was when I'd made the appointment. So, Slotky would have charged me 10 or 15 more dollars to make a referral, if I'd got to see him.

The nurse went on to give me the names of a couple of other "discreet" doctors who I might try to see. Discreet? And throughout our conversation, she kept making references to my "bottom" and I would pause, each time she said it, in the middle of thought to wonder: Does she think I came here for hemorrhoids? And it was in that state of mind that I walked out, herpes and warts intact and Bottom untouched.

Revelation

Two days later I went to the emergency room at St. Jo's Hospital because I couldn't piss. One of the books I'd read explained that herpes can cause the tissues to swell and make urination painful and difficult. It was an extremely uncomfortable full-bellied-to-bursting feeling. Also dangerous for the kidneys. When I explained to the nurse and the doctor there what had happened at Slotky's, they raised their eyebrows and shook their heads. "Oh, no. It was a mistake. He couldn't have known you were there. He couldn't have realized the situation."

"I had herpes one time," the nurse at St. Jo's said. A puzzling fact, hard to grasp. I've never in any gynecological treatment heard such a thing. It seemed to me an astounding revelation. "Take hot baths. And don't wear underwear." We started talking about it. And for the first time in any doctor's office, I felt a sense of reality, a sense of touching something that existed. I plied her with questions while the fact of the almost universal masculinity of gynecologists rose up as a gross absurdity.

"Would you mind going back to Slotky?" the doctor asked. I insisted that he was no longer my doctor. "We telephoned him. He said that he didn't realize the predicament and that he would see you. We explained that you'd cleaned up and he'll see you in his office if you want to go there." "Cleaned up?" "Well, his nurses seemed to think that you just needed a bath."

An amazing diagnosis. I felt the blood rise to my face and, waiting for them to set up an appointment for me with a new doctor, I had not one single sensible thought in my head. I was looking at my fingernails. I was trying to recall what clothes I had worn to Slotky's that day: was there mud on my boots? I had washed my hair. I had taken a bath...and on

and on this voice in my head carried me away to some very dark and paranoid place--a place of vaginal sprays and predisposable douches--that seems to exist of its own will, mysteriously grafted onto my consciousness. It was one of those automatic internalizations. Anger diffused by embarrassment: how can I tell this to anyone? Realization of my doctor's lack of ethics and dishonesty turned to a concern about the details of my appearance.

Can herpes simplex really be cured by soap and water? The nurse handed me a prescription for antibiotics that cost \$16 a bottle and I walked out. Once outside with myself, I let the feelings go through me and after a while I started putting names on them and the name that kept coming back was Betrayal. Why had I been so naive?

I recalled one afternoon as I lay on his table staring at the ceiling and he sat on his little stool staring into my vagina, scraping and pushing and poking and he had turned to his nurse and said, "I operated on a Big Fat Girl today." And they had both started to laugh at the image that evidently conjured up in their minds.

Why had I deceived myself about this man's integrity?

The drama having played itself out, I saw that Slotky could not very well admit to his colleagues that he had refused treatment on the basis of a

\$10 debt. In calling attention to my appearance, he shifted the focus of blame onto me. One does not argue about one's cleanliness--it is not a topic for polite discussion. Furthermore, in saying that his nurses had made this decision, he remains safely out of the picture.

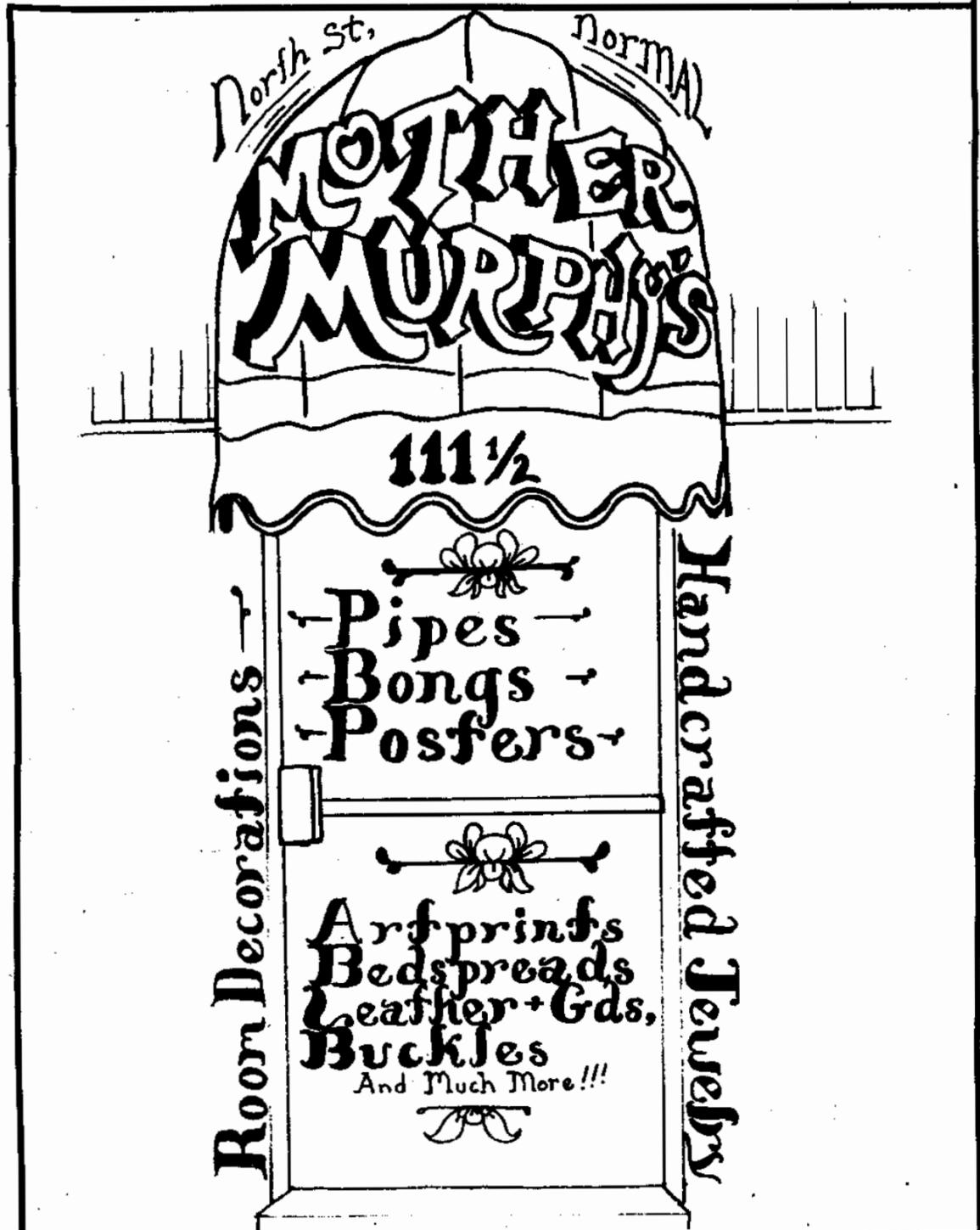
I place a value on the relationship I have with my doctor that doesn't have one thing to do with money or business or being a consumer. I think that there is an implicit trust in the relationship that doesn't have anything to do with capitalism, that stands in sharp contrast to the ethics of capitalism.

Betrayal

We should not have to function as objects to fulfill any man's greed. I don't know what they are teaching those young men at medical schools, but I have learned that we are responsible to choose carefully which doctors we go to.

We have the responsibility to make ourselves a strong and healthy race of women. Until that time when our community has a Women's health clinic, our strength lies in the information that we exchange about the care that is available to us, in the home remedies that we share, and in the decisions that we make. As individuals we have small choices; collectively, we have power. Let's stop financing our own destruction. ●

AL



Hey George, where's my doors?

Well, I thought I had heard most of the good landlord stories until this one came up. I must admit this landlord should get something for his original thinking, because who else has ever thought of taking the tenants' doors away to make them move out?

Bruce, Debbie & Eric Mitchell rented an apartment at 1002 N. School, #3 from George Chesley. They had lived there approximately 5 months and then fell behind in rent payments. Their rent was payable the 15th of each month. After they had fallen approximately a month and a half behind in rent, they got a nice letter from George Chesley stating that he would like their rent money. So far so good. But a week later Chesley called Bruce at work to say that he had taken the doors to do some repair work. At the time Bruce thought it was funny, but one of the doors had needed repair since they had moved in. Needless to say, the doors were never returned to the apartment that day nor any other that they continued to live there.

Left with no doors, Bruce and Debbie stuck mattresses in the doorways to serve as temporary doors. This did not serve to keep the cold out, however, and 16-month-old Eric caught a bad cold.

Debbie called Chesley to talk to him about the matter. She never got through to George Chesley himself but instead talked to his wife. She explained how the removal of the doors had caused her son Eric to catch a cold. Mrs. Chesley said that Debbie was acting immature, but never explained this remark.

Well, a few days later Bruce and Debbie finally found another place to live. On Friday they went out to sign the papers and by the time they got back to their old apartment their boat had been stolen. Apparently, Chesley felt he had the right to take their boat to cover the back rent. Bruce and Debbie felt he didn't have that right and

reclaimed their boat in the same way that Chesley took it.

This story is just another instance of a landlord tramping all over the legal rights of his or her tenants. In Bruce and Debbie's case Chesley's actions amounted to trespass and wrongful eviction. An argument could also be made that he violated the city code by renting an apartment with no doors, since its temperature did not meet the minimum requirements. Being below the city housing code, the apartment technically was uninhabitable, and the Mitchells had the right to refuse to pay rent

until the apartment was habitable. Chesley also broke his own lease in which he had agreed to give the tenants 24-hour notice before coming on the property. He took the doors off and then notified Bruce.

Most importantly Chesley failed to give Bruce and Debbie their constitutional right of notice. If people fall behind in rent they are guaranteed the right of a five day written notice before being evicted.

For more information about tenant rights see adjoining article. S.L. ●



Featured above is the newest style of landlord tactics: if you can't get the tenants out, take their doors. Guaranteed results.

Tenants have snowball's chance

Housing laws are stacked against the tenant but have been changing slowly. At the present time the landlord definitely has the upper hand, but there are some rights that a tenant should definitely be aware of.

If there is no written lease between the tenant and landlord, you are under a month-to-month tenancy in which a month's notice is required by both the tenant and the landlord. Don't believe your landlord when s/he says you need to be out tomorrow. (This is in a case where you are not behind in your rent payments.)

Now if you are under a lease, you do have some constitutional rights. The main right that you are entitled to is a right to notice. If you have fallen behind in rent payments, you are entitled to a five-day written notice. The written notice must be delivered to you, by mail or posted on the residence; it must clearly state that you (the tenant) must pay within 5 days or the lease will be terminated and you will be subjected to eviction proceedings.

Now if you as a tenant have broken one or more terms of the lease, you are entitled to a ten-day notice. The notice must be in writing, describe the premises, must tell you what you did wrong, must be delivered to you by mail or posted on the residence, and must state that an eviction proceeding will be taken if you don't do

anything to clear up matters.

After you have been given notice to leave and you don't do so within the five or ten days, the landlord still does not have the right to come and physically throw you out. The landlord must file a complaint with the court, and the shortest way for them to do that is under the forcible entry and detainer act. After the complaint is filed with the court, a summons will be issued to you. A summons is basically just a piece of paper requiring the respondent (in this case, you, the tenant) to answer the complaint.

The summons is delivered three days before the court hearing. At the court hearing, a decision should be made on whether you are required to move or not. This procedure will give you as a tenant a little more time to move and it will also give you a right to be heard if you think the eviction is unfair. Now if this court hearing is under the forcible entry and detainer act, the landlord can only get possession of the property; a separate suit must be filed if a landlord wants to get back rent.

Another major right that you as a tenant have is the right to live in a habitable or livable place. Your apartment or house must be up to city code. You can find a copy of the city code in either the Bloomington library (for Bloomington's code) or the Normal

library (for Normal's code).

You can technically withhold rent until the place you rent has been brought up to code. I wouldn't suggest withholding rent until you talk to your landlord first and try to get him or her to repair your place, and you are absolutely sure the place you live in is below the city code. The courts still do not look that favorably on tenants who cause trouble.

Above all else, before you sign a lease read it extremely carefully; make sure the landlord can not enter your residence at any time, that the rent amount is set for the year or the duration of the lease, that you are not responsible for all repairs, that there is no automatic waiver of jury trial in case of court eviction, and that you are not responsible for any court costs in case a disagreement comes up between you and your landlord.

If you want to look up any information on your legal rights as a tenant in Illinois, the statutes covering landlord-tenant law are mostly in Chapters 57 and 80 of the Illinois Revised Statutes. In these chapters there will be various references to other sections for specific problems. Don't become too discouraged if you can't understand the statutes because they are written with the intent to confuse. My suggestion is to contact an attorney if you have some housing problems. ●

S.L.

Anita Bryant beats out Attila the Hun

Ladies Home Journal polled high school students around the country and they named Anita Bryant and Adolph Hitler as the people who have "done the most damage to the world."

She also won, with Richard Nixon, the honor of being the person who makes them angriest. Abraham Lincoln and Eleanor Roosevelt did the most for the world, according to the students.

Billy Graham and God were named as those who had done the most for religion. God came in second.



Too bad for chickens

Medical researchers at Mount Sinai Hospital in Miami Beach say it really is true that you should drink chicken soup to speed up the expulsion of germ-laden mucus from nasal passages and to help cure infection. Any hot liquid helps, but for some unexplained reason, chicken soup does best.

Old scam, new profits

In a scam that dates back at least to the days of the Roman tax collectors, the 100 largest US power companies kept more than four-fifths of the taxes they collected for Uncle Sam in 1976.

The power companies billed their customers for almost \$2.5 billion in federal utility taxes but by using various legal tax loopholes, they paid the government only \$374 million.

Naturally, the power companies kept the rest--about \$2 billion.

--Environmental Action

Money teaches

Money talks, the cynics always said. Now it's gonna teach, too.

Goodyear Tire and Rubber donated \$250,000 each to Kent State and the University of Akron to hire permanent Professors of Free Enterprise. Jack Higgins, the new rubber prof of free enterprise at Kent State, is a retired ad agency president who's determined to "correct the many negative misconceptions about business."

Not to be outdone by the biggies, one Marion, Ohio, businessperson donated his whole shopping center to Ohio State University to pay (highly, no doubt) a free enterprise mouth piece there.

--Dollars and Sense

Converted

A "recent involuntary conversion of a 727 aircraft" gave National Airlines an extra \$1.5 million after-tax profit last year.

The "involuntary conversion" actually involved the crash of the 727 in Florida. National collected more in insurance than the plane was worth--hence the profit.

Also involuntarily converted in the deal were three people: they are now non-living entities.

--Dollars and Sense

Manipulating the clitoris

Dr. James Burt of Dayton claims to have performed 4000 operations on women--at \$1500 each--to "reconstruct the vagina to make the clitoris more accessible to direct penile stimulation."

He calls his operation the "Mark Two" and says it enables a woman to have more frequent and more intense orgasms. The operation involves relocating and lengthening the vagina and then severing a major muscle in the genital area. Burt is so pleased with his operation that he's hired a public relations firm to spread the good news. So far, no male physician is advertising surgery on the penis to help increase its possible contact with the clitoris.

--D. C. Gazette

Skimping at GM

Thomas Murphy, chairperson of General Motors, is helping to fight inflation by limiting himself to a mere \$48,000 raise this year.

Murphy announced that he and 49 other top GM officers will settle for paltry 5% raises, which means Murphy will have to make do on only \$1,023,750 this year.

--Dollars & Sense



Housing problem serious

Over one third of the people in Illinois have some kind of serious housing problem according to a new study done by the state Dept. of Local Government Affairs.

The study, which was prepared by Jane Heron, defined the following problems: overcrowding (which affects 8% of the state's households); too costly (15%); lacking adequate plumbing (4%); old and in need of repairs. A house or apartment is considered too costly if its residents pay more than 25% of their income for it.

--Post-Amerikan

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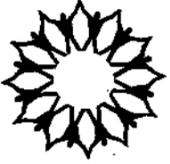
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Solar congress

The Illinois Solar Congress, a group of solar advocates from around the state, met in Turner Hall, ISU, July 15 and 16 to discuss how to advise the federal government regarding solar policy. Several unanimous resolutions were adopted, including a recommendation to separate the already agreed-upon solar sections of the National Energy Plan from those parts that are being hung up by debates on natural gas and crude oil. The items about solar energy include direct tax credits for solar energy equipment purchases amounting to 30% of the first \$2000 and 20% of the next \$8000, for a maximum write-off of \$2200.

A second resolution directed the feds to re-examine their priorities about large-scale versus small-scale solar technologies. The Solar Congress is in favor of more decentralized small-scale operations, like passive solar heat and small wind machines, and against centralized large-scale solar technologies such as power towers and solar space satellites.

Small-scale operations are understandable, affordable, repairable, and ownable, while large-scale are complex, expensive, vulnerable to sabotage, and controllable only by utilities. The solar technologies that offer the best escape from the monopoly control of the utilities are sadly underfunded, in contrast to those that would continue utility



control over people's energy supplies. Furthermore, the entire solar budget is sadly underfunded in contrast to the hard technologies like nuclear fission.

The Solar Congress elected a delegate, Leann Sowende-Brent of Evanston, to represent our state at the National Solar Congress in Washington, DC, August 4-6. The Midwest regional representative was Jim Laukes of Governors State University in Park Forest South, Illinois. Good ol' BC was an alternate delegate from Illinois. During the

National Solar Congress, Leann joined the other Black delegates to form a minorities caucus. As spokesperson for the caucus, she was effective in getting the Solar Congress to accept several resolutions relating to the disproportionate burden that higher energy prices lay upon the poor and disadvantaged.

A follow-up state-level meeting is scheduled to occur in central Illinois within a month or so. We expect that the Illinois Solar Congress will use this opportunity to form itself officially as a broad-based organization dedicated to promoting solar energy, energy conservation, and other appropriate technologies. Watch this column for detail.

Solar rollers

The Bloomington-Normal Prairie Alliance for Safe Energy Alternatives had about two dozen visitors from Amherst, Massachusetts on July 17. They bicycled here, and they were only just getting started. Their first stop was at the Seabrook, NH, atomic power plant site, where they joined 20,000 other concerned folks from around the US to protest the continued construction of the Seabrook nuke. (That plant was temporarily halted by the EPA, but the construction has now started again.)

From Normal, where the bikers rested at the Newman Center, the no-nukes caravan moved on through Peoria and Galesburg and on into Iowa. The destination was Rocky Flats, Colorado, where they were to join an ongoing demonstration with Daniel Ellsberg and others whose intent is to close down the Rocky Flats plutonium factory, which makes all the triggers for nuclear weapons.

Rocky Flats has a long history of plutonium fires and radiation spills which have contaminated the local water supply of the nearest town. The bikers, who call themselves the Solar Rollers, were originally planning to make it to Rocky Flats in time for the Hiroshima Day rally August 6, but were already two days behind schedule when they reached here. When last heard from they planned to join the demonstration about August 9. Some of the bikers are headed even further: Portland, Oregon, to help seal the fate of the Trojan nuke, which was shut down June 1 because of structurally deficient walls.

Nuked notes

The Public Service Commission of Wisconsin has recommended that no new nukes be licensed until a national radioactive waste disposal plan is enacted.

A steam pipe in the primary cooling system of the Duane Arnold atomic plant in Cedar Rapids,

IA, was found to be leaking 3 gallons of radioactive water per minute June 17. The repairs will cost Iowans \$120,000 a day for several months.

Waste precedent

In 1975, New York City banned the transport of radioactive wastes through the city. In May of 1975, the federal Dept. of Transportation upheld the ban, forcing Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island, the principal source of the poison material, to reroute the shipments through New London, Connecticut. New London has now passed an ordinance requiring each shipment defined as "large" to get a permit costing \$500 from the city's director of health. The city council must also approve each permit, while the health director can set safety standards for the shipments. New London, with a population of 30,000, is smaller than Bloomington-Normal. If they can do it, so can we. Why don't we?

Evacuation assumed

There is wide-spread misconception about how safe atomic power is. The Rasmussen Report (WASH-1400), issued in 1974, is largely to blame. It asks us to worry about meteorites but to ignore the risks of atomic plant meltdown. Even if a meltdown were to occur, the report suggests few people would be hurt. How is this conclusion reached? For one thing, the report assumes that in the event of a meltdown, 43% of all people in a 5-mile circle around the plant and in a 45 degree arc extending 25 miles downwind will be evacuated from that area within one hour of a problem occurring at the plant.

At the Clinton atomic power plant, the wind blows from the south and southeast about 22% of the time. If the wind were blowing in that



direction while a meltdown was in progress, 43% of all residents of Bloomington-Normal would have to be moved out within an hour, regardless of the weather and time of day. If that is implausible, then so is the Rasmussen Report. At the present time, there are no evacuation plans in effect anywhere to cope with meltdown. The Nuclear Regulatory Commission does not want to alarm anyone. That's nice, Isn't it? ●

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Former manager says Home

Bloomington's Home Rental Agency is a deliberate "con" designed to persuade renters to pay \$35 for lists of apartments and houses for rent, places that can be seen for 25¢ in the Pantagraph classified ad section and are often already rented, according to a former manager of the agency.

"The place is sheer profit," former manager Steve Mane told the Post-American. "We're talking of... money coming in of about \$2100 to \$2500. In a week. Take out \$400, \$500, \$600 for expenses and all the rest is sheer profit."

"All it is, is take the money and run."

Mane said that at one point in his 2 1/2 months at

Home Rental Agency (HRA) one of the owners told him: "You gotta have more con in ya. Get out and get these people in here."

HRA has been operating in Bloomington since the beginning of June. It claims to provide renters with lists of available apartments and houses in return for a \$35 fee.

"People would come into the office and pay their \$35 and almost every listing the company had was out of the newspaper (the Pantagraph)," Mane said.

"The way it worked was we would have to pick up a newspaper every morning, mark it off. Anything that was available, call the landlord up."

HRA would tell the landlords that it had some clients for the rentals and ask if it was all right to send people over. Since it charged people \$35 for its listing, HRA told the landlords it attracted "a little better class of person than the average John Doe off the streets."

"So the class of person we were going to get was going to be to (the landlords') advantage," Mane said.

In addition, HRA hinted that it would screen out people the landlords though were undesirable-- people like blacks, students, families with children, renters with pets. In fact, HRA employes often did steer these "undesirables" away from objecting landlords, even though discrimination in renting against blacks and people with children is illegal.

According to Mane, almost all the landlords fell for the HRA pitch. Letting HRA list their apartments cost them nothing, in any case.

Almost all of HRA's listings--probably 95%, according to Mane--were obtained in this way, by reading the Pantagraph's classified section and calling the landlords.

"Maybe 10% of our landlords, possibly," Mane stressed, "become an exclusive listing"--that is, listed only with HRA and not also advertised in the Pantagraph.

Even the Home Rental Agency's own ads in the Pantagraph were often duplicates of other ads placed in that paper by landlords. HRA owners would simply pick ads that "sounded reasonable" and rewrite them to get people to call the agency.

"Most of the stuff that we advertised is already advertised in the paper," Mane said.

"They make it deceiving: 'Country living, 3 bedrooms, carpeting, air, call Home Rental, ' No rent. The rent on the place is \$525 a month. People would be calling in and if they can afford that one great. If not, we'll tell them about our services, that we work with so many of the landlords, 90% of the landlords here, which is a bunch of bullsh*t. . . Maybe half."

The amount of the rent, of course, usually wouldn't be mentioned until after the potential renter had shelled out HRA's \$35 fee.

"The way they want you to come out with the pitch is: we have over 150 listings of all types in all different rent ranges, knowing full well that we don't have anything for them," Mane said.

On the day of his interview with the Post, Mane said there were no one- or two-bedroom furnished apartments available through HRA, but people calling the agency were led to believe that such apartments were available.

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Mondays

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Nine-inch pizza 99¢

Tuesdays

Mixed doubles pool tournament

Wednesdays

Half-price drinks to ladies
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tequila sunrise 60¢
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Thursdays

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no entry fee
prizes awarded

Fridays

Happy Hour 5-7
Drafts 30c

Friday-Sunday

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Home Rental helps

Home Rental Agency and its employes have helped landlords discriminate against blacks, students, families with children and other groups of people in Bloomington-Normal, according to one present and two former employes of the agency.

Former Home Rental (HRA) manager Steve Mane told the Post that the agency "can be used as a pre-screening for the landlords, but the landlords don't get charged for it. If a landlord wants a young couple--no children, no pets--you don't send anybody who has children or pets."

Mane cooperated with these kinds of demands from landlords even though he knew that Illinois law makes it illegal for landlords to refuse to rent to families with children.

Another HRA employe, named Lynn, told a Post reporter posing as a potential user of HRA's "service" that "if we have a place that won't accept kids, then we won't send you there."

Lynn, Mane and former employe Laura Gertonson all confirmed that HRA also screens potential tenants according to sex, marital status and age.

"What if a landlord won't accept blacks?" the Post reporter asked Lynn.

"Well, the landlord would tell us that over the phone, and then we just steer you away from there--it would just be a hassle," Lynn said.

"How would you find out if I'm black?"

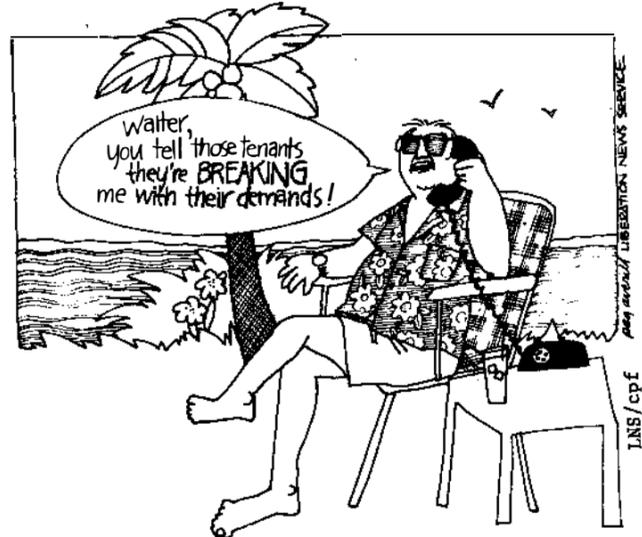
"Oh, when you come in and register," Lynn said.

"And then you would mark it down on a form."

"Yes," she replied.

Gertonson gave the Post a slightly different story.

She said that some landlords did refuse to rent to blacks. In particular, blacks she sent to landlord



Larry Lonnie soon returned after being told by Lonnie that the apartments were rented. Since renting of those apartments were being handled exclusively by HRA, Gertonson called Lonnie who told her that the apartments were not rented.

Former manager Mane resolved the differences in the two stories.

He said the HRA pitch to landlords could easily leave the impression that HRA would not send blacks to their apartments.

"What you're supposed to tell them (if landlords ask HRA not send blacks) is, 'I'm sorry, we have to send everybody and anybody.' But to keep peace, so that nobody has any problems, I would go ahead and if a black person came in I would tell them whether it would be to their advantage to go to that person or not.

"As far as the Waltons (HRA's owners) are concerned, even if you know damned well they're not going to get the place you send them anyway."

When a landlord requested "no blacks," Mane said,

Rental Agency is ripoff

page 11
Post-Amerikan
vol. VII, no. 4



The Workbook/cpf

"There was a woman looking for three-bedroom houses between \$100, \$125, \$150," Mane said, "and there's no way there's any houses out there (for that price.) You sign them up and take them anyway," pretending that HRA would help find such a house.

"The biggest part of the con would be the person would call up to find out about the (HRA) ads, OK, and the ads in the newspaper run a full week," Mane said. "By the time 90% of the people call on them, they're already rented."

HRA left apartments in its listings for five days before calling the landlords again to see if the apartments had been rented--even though HRA knew that most apartments in Bloomington-Normal (at least the inexpensive, attractive-sounding kind that HRA itself advertised) are rented in a day or two.

If HRA couldn't get the landlord, the apartment

would still be listed. Mane said that there were apartments listed for two months, simply because HRA couldn't reach the landlord.

So, many of HRA's claimed "150 listings" were already rented, and sometimes there were as few as 70 to 80 houses and apartments on the HRA lists. Yet the HRA pitch still claimed 150.

"What we would tell people was that we got 10 to 15 new listings every day, which was a bunch of bullsh*t. Most of the time we were lucky if we got four or five," Mane said.

(A Post-Amerikan reporter posing as an ordinary renter had talked earlier to an HRA employe named Lynn and been given a claim that HRA got 50 new listings each day. Mane found it difficult to believe that Lynn said 50, not 15, but the Post reporter is certain Lynn said 50.)

After hooking people with these pitches, HRA washed its hands of any responsibility for helping renters find places to live: HRA had a policy of no refunds and no guarantees.

"You'd think that, hey, for 35 bucks you'd sit down with them and go through the books (HRA's lists of apartments and houses) with them again and let them know what you know about each place," Mane said. "Instead, what you do is throw the books at them and say, here, do it yourself."

"These people are paying \$35 for listings that come out of the newspaper for the most part and that's the only help you provide them."

According to Mane, over 200 people a month fell for the HRA pitch and paid \$35 for virtually worthless information.

That adds up to more than \$21,000 in the three

months HRA has been in Bloomington.

And the fee went up to \$40 Aug. 26.

The people who run this con: Jack Walton, Marlene Walton, and their son, Brett Walton.

The Waltons also own similar agencies in Belleville and Decatur, and they just opened an office in Champaign-Urbana at the beginning of August.

"When you get behind the lines and deal with the Waltons," Mane said, "you know it's a con."

The Waltons' plan was to set up a monopoly:

"Their idea, the Waltons', was we keep working with (the landlords), we fill up their places, and within the next year the only way a person's going to get an apartment is to come through us," Mane said.

"They're just ruthless people."

Mane told the Post that he fell out with the Waltons over the issue of how much conning to do.

"I would come right out and tell them (people) who were considering paying HRA's \$35 fee, we didn't have it (the apartment they wanted). According to the company, that is the wrong thing to do. Take the money and run, more or less."

When the Waltons were managing the Bloomington office themselves, "they were pulling in 60, 70, 80 orders a week," Mane said. "When I took over it dropped off. They didn't like that."

Jack Walton told Mane, "When you take anywhere from \$400 to \$600 out of each one of our pockets, you're damn right we're mad every week."

Aug. 25, Jack Walton told Mane that he was bringing someone in to "get business back up," and Mane walked out.

"They wanted to be ripoffs and I couldn't be," Mane said.

--D. L. & M. S.

--D. LeSeure and
Mark Silverstein

landlords discriminate

he actually made such a notation on HRA's lists.

The former manager said that 10 to 20% of all Bloomington-Normal landlords will not rent to blacks under any circumstances and that 30 to 40% prefer not to rent to blacks.

His argument for aiding the illegal discrimination by landlords is:

"Bloomington-Normal is very conservative, a lot of prejudices here. So why make more hassles about it?"

HRA's assistance in discrimination was something that local landlords really appreciated, however, and they were very good at picking up the hints in HRA's "screening" pitch. Some were totally taken in.

"I had a few landlords call up and say, what the hell do you think you're doing? I asked you not to send black people," Mane said.

Although HRA policy was apparently contradictory on racial discrimination--some employees aiding landlord racism and some not--the agency was firmly supportive of landlord prejudices over sex, age, marital status, children, and students.

According to Mane, HRA actually kept different prices for some apartments--one for students and one for other people.

Landlord Walter Glaser's apartment at 1005 Sheryl Lane in Normal was listed at \$250 for families and \$320 to \$400 for two to four students. Fred Hafner's apartments listed similar price differences for families and students. (See Post Vol. VI #5 for more on Hafner.)

HRA obviously performs a valuable service for landlords who want to discriminate. By letting HRA screen out undesirables before they even see the apartment, the landlord doesn't have to deal with the unpleasant--and sometimes illegal--chore of refusing to rent to someone.

Yet landlords didn't have to pay HRA a penny.

No wonder Mane said: "For the landlords it was a damn good deal."

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Renter meets monster



MTU News/cpf

Boycott Home Rental

POST NOTE: This story was written before Steve Mane, former manager of the local office of Home Rental Agency, contacted the Post-Amerikan. So this story refers to Mane as if he were still manager. Although Mane's situation has changed, Home Rental's hasn't--it's still a ripoff--so we think this story has just as much validity as ever, as the story of one typical renter's frustration and outrage. For the inside view of how Home Rental operates, see the Post stories on pages 10 and 11.

Recently, yours truly was stuck in the dilemma, along with countless others, of finding a place to live. I consulted the good old Pantagraph to see what was available. As I screened the ads for places within my price range, I found that nearly all of them have the name, address and phone number of something called Home Rental Agency.

Well, I had never heard of such a place. I called them about an apartment that they had advertised and they gave me a little more info than the ad in the paper gave, and then told me for a fee of \$35 that I could come down and register and that would enable me to look through

all of their listings--plus I would get their secret, unlisted phone number to call and find out about new listings.

They also informed me that these services were good for one year. I was totally outraged and told them so. I told them that they were a monopoly just like the gas and electric company because people had no choice but to pay them money to find a place to live. I felt they were dominating all of the ads in the Pantagraph! (I found this not to be quite true, but there are some significant reasons why I felt this was so--read on!)

On Monday, August 7, I paid a visit to the Home Rental Agency at 113 N. Center in Bloomington. I had many questions that were quickly and politely answered by Steve Mane, an employee there. The main things I wanted to know were who were they and how long had they been in operation. He told me that, "Home Rental Agency is a landlord listing service designed to try and help people locate rental property and refer them to landlords." He says that he is in contact with 80%-90% of the landlords.

They have been in business here about 2½ months and are not a nationwide organization. They have three other offices here in Illinois, located in Champaign, Decatur, and Belleville. Steve says that since they've opened here in Bloomington they've helped over 500 persons to find a place to live and out of these approximately 100 are still looking. (A little multiplication will tell you that this operation has made over \$17,000 in its short-lived existence here.)

Steve says of the people who are still looking, "They're asking for the impossible." Still not convinced of the need for this agency in our community, I asked what kind of advantages this service provided for the landlords. Steve said, "It really doesn't help them at all."

Puzzled, I asked, "How can that be? What kind of deal do the landlords get on advertising? What do they pay you for your services?"

He replied, "They don't pay anything."

"Then your fees are paid entirely by the prospective tenants," I said.

"Exactly," he replied.

I was still puzzled by his belief that he was helping the prospective tenants rather than the landlords. Before Home Rental Agency, the landlords would pay for an ad in the Pantagraph and the public would consult the Pantagraph, which costs 25¢. Now the landlords give the listing to Home Rental Agency for free and the public

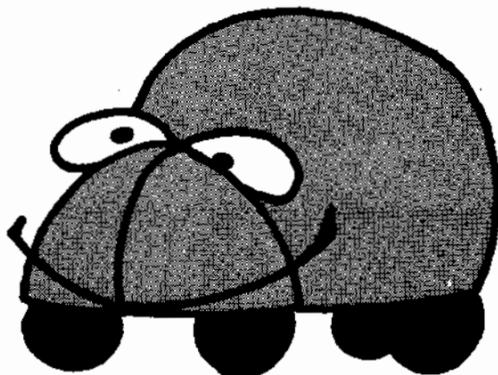
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Plus an expanded bulk food
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Normal 452-9011

Agency!

pays \$35 for the info. Very bizarre logic.

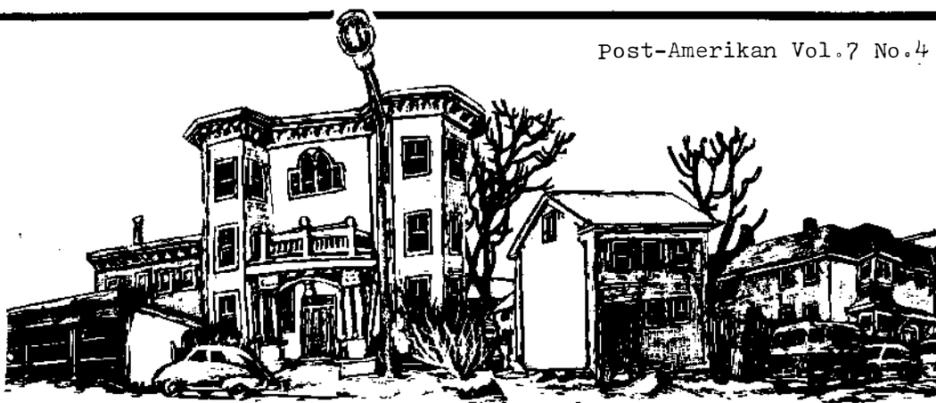
When I confronted him with this, he said that a lot of the ads that you saw in the Pantagraph (non-Home Rental Agency, of course) were phonies and he mumbled something about tax write-offs. I know little about taxes but I just told him plain and simple that I still felt it wasn't fair to monopolize the ads in the Pantagraph and thus force people to go to their agency. It was then he stopped me and informed me that Home Rental Agency never runs more than 3-5 ads in each rental classification daily and if there were more than that it was because the ads overlapped. (You are probably familiar with the Pantagraph 8 or 10 day ad deal.)

This seemed hard to believe because it seemed like 3 out of 4 places that I saw in the paper gave the Home Rental Agency number to call. I told him this and told him that I was headed to Bloomington Public Library to do some statistical research on the ads. I bade him good-day and headed for the library.

I took two newspapers from each week for three weeks (July 20-August 4) and tallied the number of Home Rental Agency ads and total ads. The following figures are averages.

Apartments furnished:		Apartments unfurnished:	
HRA	6	HRA	5.5
NHRA	44.4	NHRA	93.3
Total	50.4	Total	98.8
Houses furnished:		Houses unfurnished:	
HRA	1.33	HRA	9
NHRA	2.5	NHRA	17.7
Total	3.8	Total	26.7

These figures really had me confused. I couldn't figure out why I thought that HRA was monopolizing the ads. So



Mr. Lifework/cpf

I looked at the ads closer and noticed that none of their apartment ads that listed a price were over \$200 a month to rent and none of the houses that they advertised were over \$220 a month when a price was listed. Also no ads that I saw said "no pets." This is why I felt that they were monopolizing the ads. I automatically screened out all ads for places \$200 and up, and those that don't allow pets. When I do this, I come up with a small number of choices--and those choices seem to be Home Rental ads. My choices are made even smaller by the fact that I didn't have \$35 to give them to get

the secret info and wouldn't give it to them if I did.

Because of the Home Rental Agency, the whole landlord-renter communication process has undergone a complete transformation, and, as usual, you, the consumer, are paying for it. They entice you with the ads showing the lowest rent rates in town. They trap the people who need that \$35 the most.

Boycott the Home Rental Agency!
Sabotage their operation!

--S.O.

Employees ripped off, too

It's hard to tell whether the Home Rental Agency rips off its customers or its employees more.

When Laura Gertonson went to work for Home Rental (HRA), she was told she would be making \$150 a week.

She made barely half that.

Gertonson got a base salary of \$50 per week plus a commission for getting people to pay Home Rental's \$35 fee. She got \$2 if she talked a renter into coming into HRA's office in downtown Bloomington and another \$2 if the renter actually paid HRA's fee.

"It was the worst job I've ever worked in my entire life," Gertonson said. "I was almost ready to go back to waitressing."

"The idea is for people working there to con the people coming in, because that way you make

more money," said former manager Steve Mane.

HRA employees were supposed to make their pitch even to the most frustrated, hopeless, desperate people, people who couldn't afford to pay HRA's \$35 fee and get no help in return.

Yet those are the very people HRA aimed its ads at--people looking for low and medium-priced housing.

"I saw so many families who just kept coming back and back--no one would rent to them because they had kids," Gertonson said.

She began violating HRA rules. She gave people listings outside of their specifications, like letting pet owners find out about "no pets" apartments. "I'd tell them the landlord didn't want pets, but maybe they could talk to the landlord about it."

Gertonson also tried to help people without making them pay the \$35. Knowing that most of HRA's listings were advertised in the Pantagraph, she would suggest, "Well, have you looked in the paper?"

Mane agreed about the strain on HRA's employees: "The biggest part of the con is you build up a person's hopes for (an apartment), knowing damned well they're not going to get it."

He, too, began to give people more information than the HRA owners allowed. Occasionally, he even called up landlords to see if an apartment was still vacant before a renter had paid HRA's fee.

But he still maintains, "You weren't really lying, you were just conning them."

Mane's more flexible morality may explain why he became manager and why he made more money than Laura Gertonson.

She averaged only \$80 per week, which is less than the \$96 she would have received if she had been paid minimum wage.

Mane made \$130 to \$150 as a regular employe and \$200-\$240 as manager when he got his regular pay plus an extra dollar for every \$35 fee that anyone in the Bloomington office conned from an unsuspecting renter.

Of course, Mane had been in sales before and "knew pretty much how to pitch somebody."

HAVING A PARTY?

Medusa's has a wide variety of triple-X rated adult movies for rent: 8 mm, Super 8 mm, Super 8 mm with sound, and videotape.

MEDUSA'S BOOK WORLD

109 W. FRONT
BLOOMINGTON

Normal malled!



Wanna buy a duck??

Miles of sleepwear, demi-boots, Silver Plated Spoon Rings, Get Fresh Wipes, Flex Balsam Conditioners, and Dial-a-Style Mist Stick Expandable Curler/Stylers.

Mall!

It sounds like something a PO'd grizzly bear who's just discovered the Alaska pipeline nose-first might do to the president of Exxon.

Malled!

Normal's fate, scheduled for completion April 1, 1980.

"After more than a year of wheeling and dealing with the closest cooperation of city officials, I've malled Normal," hot-shot developer Vernon Prenzler proclaimed Aug. 4, thus ending years of speculation over whether the temple to Department Store god Carson Pirie Scott would be built in Bloomington or Normal.

"Oh boy, are we glad!" cheered Normal Mayor Rootin' Richard Godfrey, who was pleased to have beaten out the competition.

Imagine. Competition for the bubonic plague.

But Bloomington was so eager to have just a part of Prenzler's plague that council members were considering digging up some roads around the Eastland Mall and building new ones a few yards away, for improved traffic patterns. A couple of million bucks to please the great

Department Store god Carson Pirie Scott.

The road contractors laughed themselves silly--in private--but hardly a giggle was heard in public.

This story is worse than a paranoid trip after six days on booze, speed and peyote.

Even the good Doctor of Gonzo, Hunter S. Thompson, wouldn't suggest in print that Normal, Illinois, was going to kick back \$1.5 million in sales taxes to Prenzler & Co. for the privilege of being malled.

Nobody would believe him. But then he writes about politics and drugs. This is real estate.

Just you drive out East College Avenue to Towanda Avenue and look around behind the stunningly beautiful Eisner's/Osco

"A shopping center has got to be one of the best investments known to man."
--a vice president at Citibank

Drug building. By April 1, 1980, there will be buildings, roads and sewers there.

Real estate.

"Just listen to this deal. I'll give you eight acres, 348,480 square feet of prime land, free," says Prenzler

OK, Vern, I'll take it. I'll build the temple to Carson Pirie Scott. But there's some strings.

I need a road out onto the Beltline. I'm sure the state engineers can be persuaded to change their minds. But

I don't need as many parking places as the city wants.

And Ward's has got to build a new store next to mine. A temple's got to have the right kind of neighbors.

"Sure, sure," says Vern the developer. "Rootin' Richard'll love it."

Vern knows he can make big bucks by selling little plots around the new mall to restaurants and renting little shops to people who want to hawk kits for bronzed ashtray coverlets.

Besides, Vernon Prenzler, as natty as he looks standing next to fashionplate Rootin' Richard, doesn't run the only developing game in town.

Jack Snyder's been getting a lot of press the last couple of years on the stuff that's been coming out of his darkroom. Not to mention Bielfeldt, Hundman, and the people from Kansas City who are behind Eastland.

The local boys all got ties and lumberyards and play Monopoly, of course, but this is still free enterprise. Big profits can still bring competition.

By the way, a developer is someone in a three-piece suit who looks at cornfields and sees parking lots and tax-fed sewers. Usually, developers can accomplish this without help from illegal drugs.

But what the hell kind of visions did Rootin' Richard have?

Money, Money & Success.

Rootin' Richard, who works hand-in-fashion-handwear with the three-piece suiters who make money 'outside' of

continued on next page-->

BOOK WIVE

103 W. FRONT BLOOMINGTON

NEWSPAPERS & MAGAZINES

COIN & STAMP SUPPLIES

COMICS

GREETING CARDS

SMOKES

ADULT NOVELTIES PAPERBACKS

5 AM-6 PM MON-SAT
5 AM-12:30 PM SUN.

828-3422

The gallery

Summer Good Times

COUPON

\$1.00 OFF

(WITH THIS COUPON)

on any large or family, thick or thin crust pizza.

Good thru Sept. 20

COUPON

111 e. beaufort normal

King Kong buys blow dryer!

government, is the type who drools at larger tax bucks.

So Prenzler and the city staffers write out some numbers that add up to an extra \$400,000 a year in taxes for a malled Normal, and Rootin' Richard salivates.

With a little help from his friends in the state highway department--in the

"Nothing gets in here unless we want it. We simply don't want anything to interfere with the shoppers' freedom to not be bothered and have fun."
--developer of Greengate mall, Philadelphia

form of a multi-million-drool-dollar cloverleaf for West College Avenue on I-55--Rootin' Richard can close a public seance with glorious visions of more major developments in west Normal.

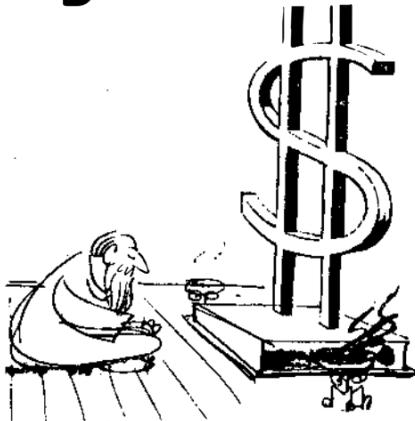
"Let's build a sewer," he roots. "Let's shell out a million and half for Prenzler's paradise."

What's Rootin' Richard care if downtown Bloomington dries up and blows away with the next tornado after Ward's pulls up stakes and sidles off to greener cornfields?

His image building is only supposed to create hallucinations north of the Bloomington-Normal boundary.

Downtown Bloomington's fate doesn't give Prenzler any grisly flashbacks either. Remembering that Eastland's arrival from Kansas City decimated downtown business 10 years ago gives him no paranoid willies.

What the hell. It's like the rush of good speed. The Feds'll pour dough into Bloomington, the city'll pay to bury the



rotting remains of yesterday's developer's feast, and Santa Claus's second cousin Urban Renewal will hold a bargain basement sale of pre-owned real estate.

You don't need somebody who plays their Beatles albums backwards to help you figure out who's going to be snapping up the bargains.

Malled!

Bummed out? Bored?

Let's go to the mall.

I mean what kind of parent can object to an afternoon at the mall? All those old people with the glazed eyes, they don't shoot up on the mall's benches.

No creepy Asiatic religions to confuse the twice-born and the Catholicly communed. Nobody pushing underground newspapers or even mayors.

The hours are always regular and the laxatives always on the proper shelves. Ye Olde Fashionable Funeral Fingerwear Shoppe opens promptly at 10 like everyone else, and it's not going to start selling baked goods because the

mall already has its quota of Bake and Book Boutiques.

The signs are always tastefully eye-appealing, and the muzak never runs amok because every temple to consumer satisfaction has the same Muzak Emergency Service phone number posted next to the audio mush dispensers.

So what if you buy a lovely olive holder you never knew you needed. You're helping maintain the high sales volume that pays for the high cost of maintaining the perfectly controlled environment of today's rationalized mall.

The state gives back part of the sales tax on your olive holder to the city, who can refund it to Vern Prenzler to build more malls. Groove on it.

Or think of the olive holder as the price you paid for the privilege of purchasing the good life on the mall's private property. A ticket to Fantasyland Mall.

Not even a daytripper could imagine that private property would be worth much if it weren't profitable.

Face it. You should be grateful to be malled.●

--D. LeSeure



DIVINYL MADNESS

115 North Street - Normal phone 454-2521

Reg. 7.98 LP's 5.48 or 3 for 15.62

All pre-recorded 8-tracks and cassettes

only 5.71 or 3 for 16.43

We have an excellent selection of Jazz, Soul and

OUR HOURS

Mon-Thurs 10-9

Friday 10-7

Saturday 10-6

Sunday 1-6



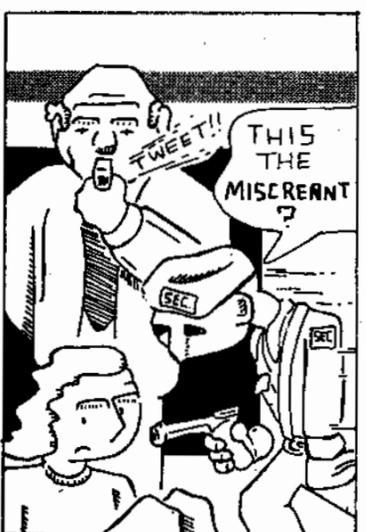
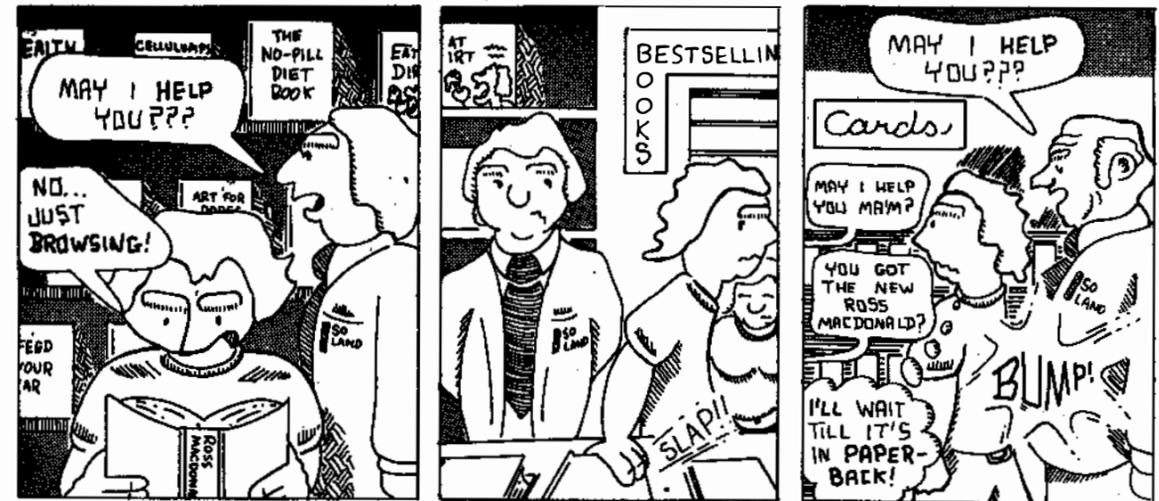
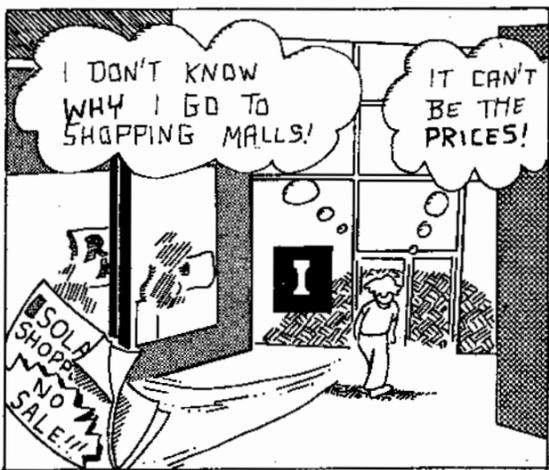
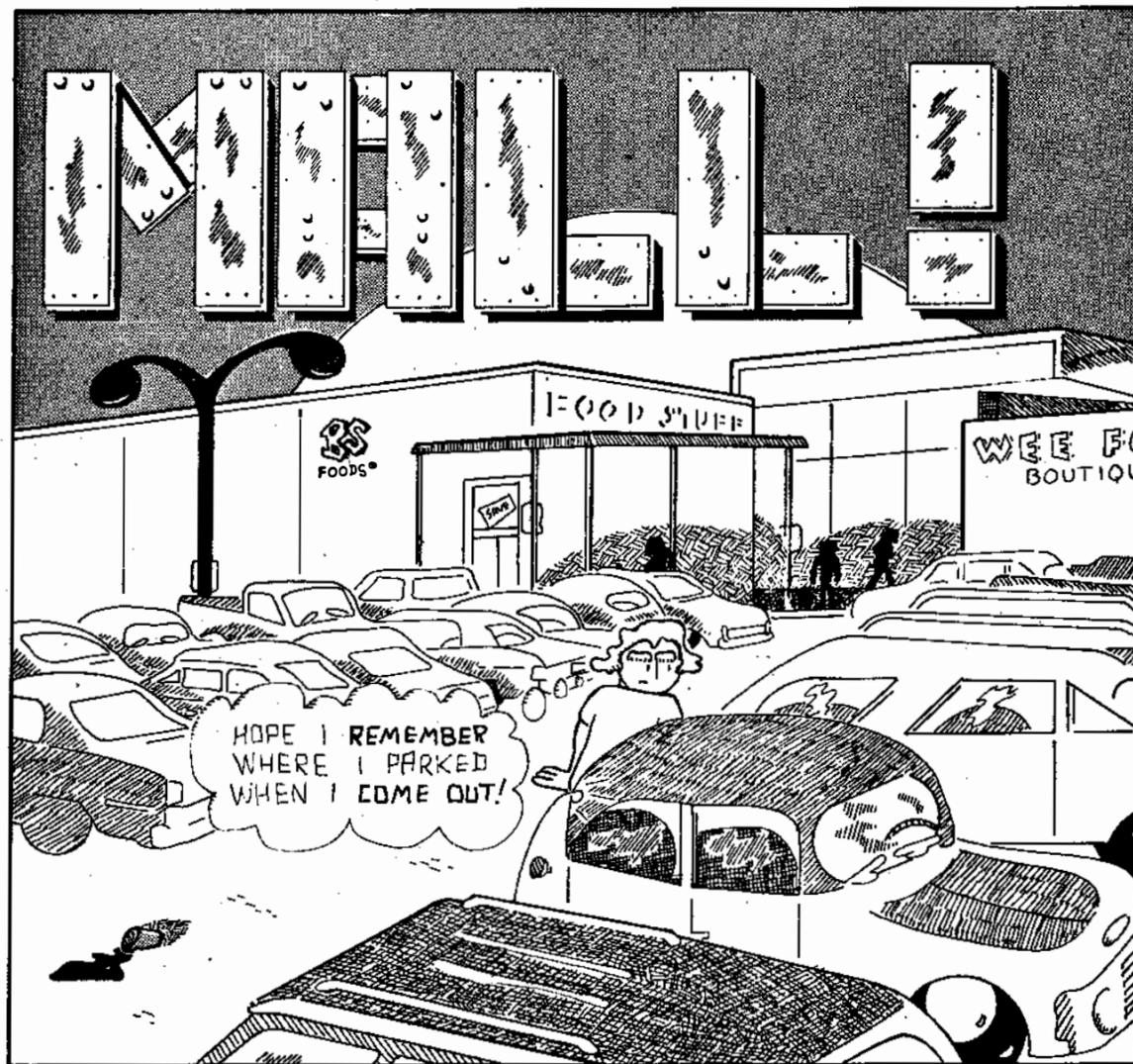
Come play basketball and make good music with the home team!

NO X-TRA COST!

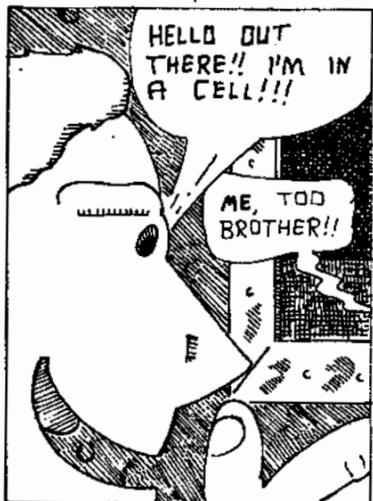
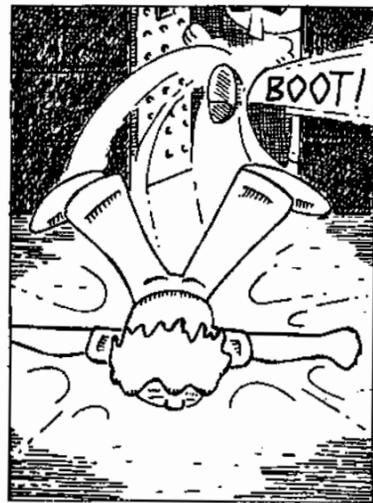
We will special order any album in print

NO X-TRA COST!

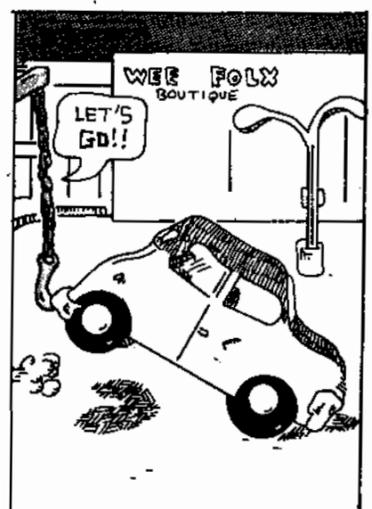
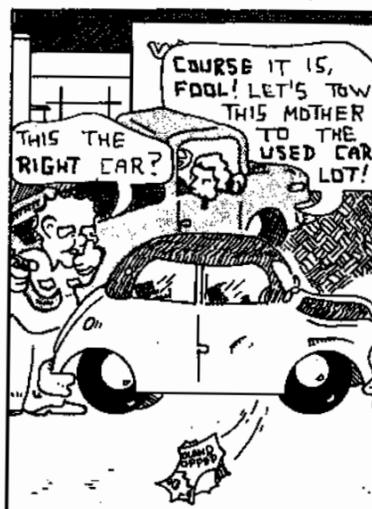
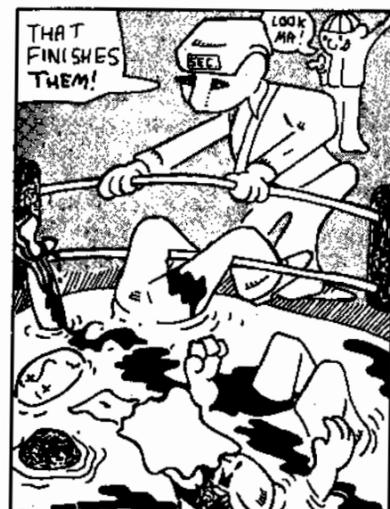
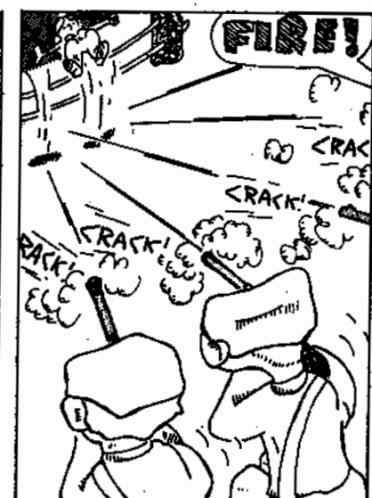
We are Bloomington/Normal's ONLY not-for-profit record store. We're here to get the music from the artist to you as cheaply as possible. Basically, that's it. Except we buy and sell used records. We have magazines, blank tapes (all 4 leading brands), record care equipment and all yer local radical gossip. We have piles & piles of cut-outs, regular weekly sales on selected new releases and the home grown atmosphere that makes us your community not-for-profit record store.



...ON TO 2



...AND FINALLY!! +



END!

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letters

Undercover scum

Dear Post:

I had the pleasure of reading your paper and it gave me great pleasure to see that somebody had the nerve to expose one facet of scum which exists in our society: the undercover agent.

I, for one, can readily appreciate this, because I'm presently locked up in the Southern Ohio Correctional Facility, for a direct sale, to a so-called friend, who turned out to be an agent. This was five long years ago.

Because I did this scum a favor, a chain of events took place: not only did I lose my freedom, but my family and the so-called friends that I had.

So you have my thanks for exposing this scum because maybe you have prevented someone from falling prey to them and ending up in my position.

Easy,
Gregory

P.S. If anyone would care to establish a warm and meaningful correspondence, I would love to hear from you. Especially if you're for-real people...

Mr. Gregory Jones #137-820
PO BOX 45699
Lucasville, Oh 45699 •

disco dancing was good for the masses and Phoebe proved it by teaching two people to dance who never thought they could.

I agree that most people want friendship instead of screwing without preliminary conversation. If people wouldn't worry about what our culture provides, and try friendship, they wouldn't need disco entertainment centers and three-piece suits. •

--Dyndsdaie

Disco defended; polyester's the pits

Dear Post,

Dyndsdaie's abusive comments on disco and Saturday Night Fever last issue have inspired me to write my own rap on the disco scene.

I'm a kind of disco dancer that I suspect is pretty common--I've never been inside a disco. I took a disco dancing class at the Y, cleared the furniture out of my dining room, and taught my friends. I bought the Saturday Night Fever album, too.

Probably more than 20 people have learned to disco dance from me or from other people I've taught. We find that disco can have all the joy, spirit, and humor of any other traditional folk dance. At least two people who were previously convinced that they could never dance a step are now Hustling and Shuffling with the best of us.

I do agree with Dyndsdaie's criticism of the exploitive and impersonal sex, the emphasis on fashion, and the barriers to communication at disco entertainment centers. But these things aren't built into disco dancing itself. Years ago, when I used to go to the Red Lion to dance to hard rock music, I had the same criticisms of that place: it seemed like everyone was desperately and mindlessly looking for someone to go home and screw, preferably without any preliminary conversation.

I don't think that's what people really want. A lot of people are desperate, but not just for sex. Most people want friendship, but our culture just doesn't provide a lot of

opportunities for grownups to make friends. It also discourages men from showing their sweet and affectionate qualities to other men and to most women. Maybe dancing at a disco gives people a superficial sense of intimacy with their partners and the other dancers--maybe we don't have much practice at developing real intimacy, even though that's what we'd actually like. So we take a weaker polyester version, and are never quite satisfied.

These are the ideas I saw expressed in the Saturday Night Fever movie. Remember when Travolta asks, "Why don't we ever talk about the feelings we have when we dance? Why don't we ever have those feelings anywhere else?"

I think those are the questions we should ask. They're hardly the words of a robot. •

Sincerely,
Phoebe Caulfield

Phoebe Caulfield's letter is basically good except I don't think that Phoebe is a common disco dancer. The common disco dancer (if one can be defined) would go to a discotheque to dance. The common disco dancer probably wouldn't want to move his/her Nelson Brothers furniture. It might get scratched.

I never said that anybody was a robot. (Although....) The dance steps certainly are robotic, and I don't think there is any joy in the bump. Only bruised hips. I did say that

The Best in Live Entertainment 7 NIGHTS A WEEK! Weekly Happenings

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
NO COVER	BEER & WINE specials NITE	BUCK \$1 COVER NITE	GIVE AWAY NITE (albums, T-shirts)	HAPPY HOUR 4 pm-7 pm (Super drink specials & live music. Open till 2)	TAKE A BATH! (use soap, then come to the J. Open till 2)	BLUE GRASS & FOLK NITE

PLUS LIVE MUSIC EVERY NIGHT!

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HAVANA DUCKS

Sept. 8, 9, 19 & 26



Sept. 1, 2 & 21



Sept. 12



THE JIM SCHWALL BAND

Sept. 22 & 23



FENTON ROBINSON

Alligator Record's Bluesian

Sept. 29 & 30



FOR AN UPDATE OF LAY-Z-J ENTERTAINMENT, CATCH THE "NEWSBLIMP," 4:19 DAILY ON FM 106.

All music provided by NEW AGE MUSIC (827-5481)

LAY-Z-J SALOON
1401 W. MARKET 827-9484

Nursing home care inadequate

Post Amerikan:

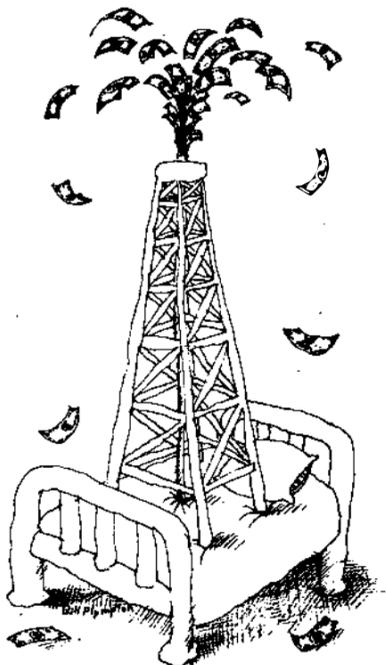
In late May, 1978 after bleeding for a month, my wife Chris made an appointment with Dr. Sun San Lin. She went to Dr. Lin because she had been told by a nurse at her place of employment that she could get in there without having to wait 3 or 4 weeks for an appointment.

Dr. Lin saw her the following day and hospitalized her the same day. She had a D & C the following morning plus some tests. A few days later after receiving the results of the tests, Dr. Lin told Chris she had to have a hysterectomy. It was scheduled for June 12th and Dr. Lin told Chris to go to Mennonite on June 9th as an out patient to have the necessary lab work done. While she was at Mennonite, she was asked about insurance and she informed the office that she had no insurance.

By the time Chris arrived home an hour later, Dr. Lin's receptionist had already called with the message that the surgery was postponed because "Dr. Lin couldn't get an assistant." Chris had been bleeding 6 straight weeks by then and was anxious to have the hysterectomy. She called Dr. Lin's office 3 or 4 times to see if the surgery had been rescheduled.

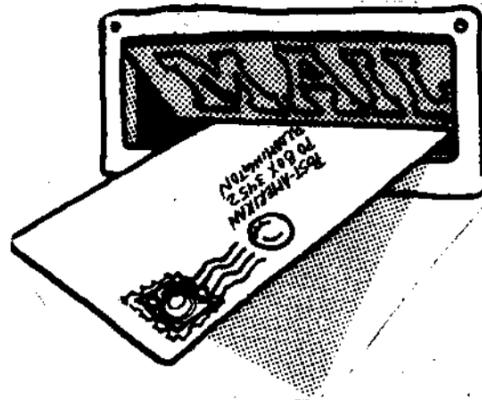
Chris had never been on Welfare, so she did some checking and found she could get a MANG (Medical Assistance, No Grant) card. This came through in early July so her surgery was rescheduled for July 11. Chris informed her supervisor at Three Oaks Nursing Home in Lexington that she was going to have surgery and would be off work for 6 weeks; the following day she was fired (over an incident she shouldn't have accepted responsibility for in the first place.) She was told she had to move out of the mobile home that she rented from the Nursing Home. That blew her having the surgery.

I had just had surgery in Nevada on June 5th so there we were with no jobs and no place to live and both of us unable to work. I had only been in Illinois since the 10th of June but I had heard enough about Three Oaks to know that I didn't want Chris working there anyway, so we moved back to Nevada. The more I thought about it the more it pissed me off. Chris is



penalized by not being able to collect unemployment benefits for several weeks because she was fired.

I wrote a letter to Illinois Nursing Home Commission and told them several things I thought they should know about Three Oaks. The main thing that upset me was that Chris was left in charge of the Nursing Home several nights a week on the 11-7 shift instead of a nurse being on duty. I have never heard of leaving 2 aides alone in a nursing home in charge of 49 patients. The 2 aides are responsible for seeing that all patients are up, washed, dressed and ready for breakfast by 7:00A.M. They start getting the patients up at 5:30. Many can take care of their own basic needs, but there are 15 or 16 that you have to wash, dress, lift into wheelchairs or whatever other assistance is necessary, plus changing wet and dirty linen and remaking the beds. The usual procedure was to assist the patient to the bathroom and to wash and dress them while they sat on the toilet. Chris had assisted a patient to the bathroom and the patient had been sitting on the toilet for over 10 minutes with no intention of getting up.



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Chris turned her back on the patient and the patient stood up unassisted and fell to the floor. Chris helped her to her feet and placed her in a wheelchair so she could be checked by the day nurse when she came in a few minutes later. Chris filled out the necessary reports regarding the incident. Nothing was said regarding the incident and Chris continued to work. July 3rd she notified her superiors she would be going into the hospital. July 4th was her day off. July 5th, one of Chris' friends, a Shelter Care Patient, came to our trailer and told Chris, "I hear you aren't going to be working anymore." Chris thought she meant the following week when she went into the hospital.

Chris was told "Your name is crossed off the schedule and there is a note on your time card." She went immediately to the Nursing Home and sure enough, she had a note saying she was fired. We had been hearing rumors for several days that a new nurse, a Vietnamese, was coming to work and the Nursing Home wanted the trailer for her, but nothing was ever said to us about it. Chris was upset after her having



Akwasasne Notes/cpf

worked at Three Oaks for nearly 17 months, she could have been called into the office instead of having a note stuck on her time card. They pull some dirty tricks at Three Oaks; they probably have a higher turnover of employees there than McLean County does. Chris worked countless double shifts, her days off, and sometimes 18-22 hours straight, and she worked any shift she was called in to work.

I don't know how many times Chris bought toilet paper or took toilet paper from our trailer over to the home. I gather that there was hardly ever paper in the bathrooms so that meant a lot of patients running around with dirty bottoms. Some of the patients have water pitchers in their rooms but most have no glass to drink the water out of--that is, if someone bothers to fill the pitchers.

Chris had a friend that was an aide for 2 years and was asked to be housekeeper and after a few months she was fired. She didn't get called into the office or a note on her time card, she was called at her home one evening and told not to bother coming in the next day. That's kind of chicken, in my opinion.

The patients clear the tables and do dishes unless the state inspectors are scheduled to come that day. The problem there is they are working for free and if the state found out, they would insist that the patients be paid for the work they are doing.

One wing of the nursing home is infested with large black bugs. Chris said many times she would get ready to dress a patient and there would be bugs in bed with them or in the clothes she took from the closets. One aide quit for just that reason.

Chris feels she owes some loyalty to Three Oaks because she has several friends among the patients there. I don't feel that way. I think the place should be investigated and I intend to write the congressmen from that district in Illinois and the governor if necessary until someone takes some action. •

Rick Schaffer

MAN-DING-GO'S



Lisa Lunford



Jan Rimbej



Michael Thomas,
Owner & Manager

• JEWELRY • CLOTHING
• MUSIC • PARAPHERNALIA

MAN-DING-GO'S

312 S. Lee, Bloomington

828-2114

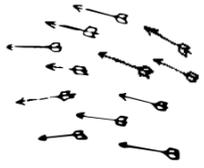
Monday -
Saturday 10-9

Sunday 12-6

5 years ago ...in the Post

The September 1973 Post-Amerikan stays just barely within cosmic range. I urge you to go to the library and read it, because it truly reveals where our heads were at in our weirder moments.

First, there's three full-page comic strips: one, concerning a hippie who tries to rent a (Watergate) hotel room from a paranoid desk clerk, begins thus: "Here we are in the Jungyard of existence, trapped in a timeless frame of illustrated greed!" (As the hippie walks down the street giving this rap, he passes a sign in a window: "Special Apocalypse Sale," and a lit billboard saying "I will die soon.") Another comic called "Ain't Funnies" shows a hippie getting hassled by a redneck. The hippie tears the redneck out of his pickup truck and beats him soundly,



then reminds us in the final frame, "Remember, kids! A culture worth having is worth defending!"

A third comic, from Rising Up Angry, shows an angry tenant punching his fist through the cardboard wall of his apartment-- straight into the face of the slum lord, who was spying on the other side of the wall.

On top of such oddities, there's an open letter to Richard Nixon asking him to please look at the camera more often when giving speeches on TV; an open letter to the governor calling for laws against not only "the Loose Morals, Loose Language, and Loose Sex of Others," but also against "offensive ideas" in general; Crazy Rock (an

examination of rock and records done by contemporary loonies") which riotously reviews the Bonzo Dog Band and Firesign Theatre records; "The Philosophy 110 Failure," which closes "Time Wasted is Time well spent"; and Because There's Hope, a science fiction comedy in which commas are used instead of apostrophes (you can understand it if you're stoned enuf).

Summing up the general out-of-control atmosphere of the paper are the four lessons from the Yippie Alliance for Compulsory Cannabis Consumption and Cultural Defense:

1. Don't take no sh*t!
2. Tell it like it is!
3. Don't compromise your politics, and
4. The Alliance Motto:

Remember kids--

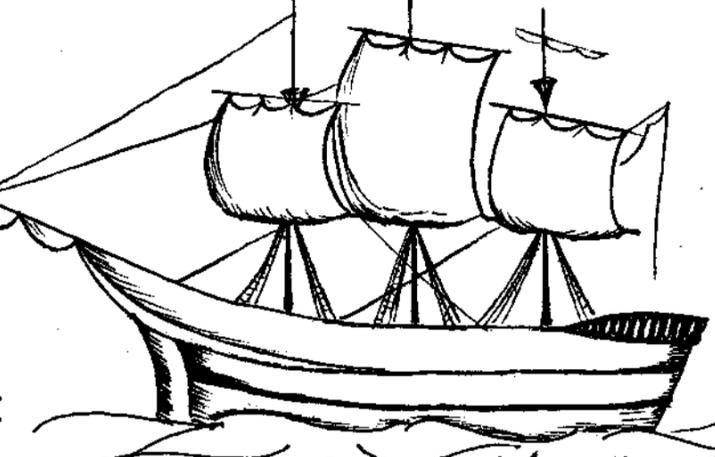
When you're out smashing the state...
Keep a song in your head,
A smile on your lips,
and a lid in your pocket.

Yes, there are a few recognizable Post stories as we know them today: How the city of Normal stifled a unionization movement among public employees; how the dirty bookstore got busted again on orders of a politicking state's attorney; how leafletters supported the farmworkers' lettuce boycott at Eisner's in Normal.

But in general, it looks like September 1973 was a month for laughter, for believing that if we were just crazy enough and outrageous enough, we could change the world. An ad soliciting new Post workers says that those of us putting the issue out needed a rest. Maybe that was it. . . maybe not. •

--Phoebe Caulfield

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Guess Who's Coming Out ?

What can you say about a 30-year-old Air Force sergeant who decides to come out of the closet? Not much. At least last week's TV movie about Leonard Matlovich didn't have a whole lot to say about gay folks.

"Sergeant Matlovich vs. the U.S. Air Force" was one of those homogenized, sanitized products that you expect to see on commercial television. Even so, it almost didn't make it. The movie was ready for airing last season, but NBC officials couldn't get up enough courage to put the thing on until the dog days of August, where they hoped, apparently, it would be lost among the summer reruns and the lowest viewing audience of the year.

I really wonder what they were afraid of. Leonard Matlovich is so clean, courteous, brave, and reverent that he might be mistaken for Robert Young. Well, that's not entirely fair--the man did show admirable courage in challenging the military's discrimination against gay people. What I can't understand is why he bothered.

The story of Matlovich's confrontation with the Air Force had all the elements of good theatre--conflict, controversy, a serious theme. I can see why they wanted to make a movie about it. And the production was well done; it had structure, pace, and intelligent performances. Brad Dourif projected all the determination and sincerity that it must have taken for Matlovich to take on one of the most homophobic institutions in our society and try to get them to accept his homosexuality. As an exercise in gallant futility, Matlovich's effort made a provocative, if somewhat puzzling social drama.

Then why was I dissatisfied with the production? Well, it wasn't the movie so much as Matlovich himself that troubled me. The political implications of his actions are disturbing, and the TV dramatization only highlighted his questionable position.

One of Matlovich's main defenses was that his sexual preference did not prevent him from performing his duties. Although the sergeant was a race relations instructor at the time he came out, there were numerous flashbacks to Vietnam to show that he could stand up under the pressures of battle. Much was also made of Matlovich's military decorations, especially his Purple Heart.

The conclusion seemed pretty clear to me: a gay person can kill as well as any heterosexual. I suppose that's true, but it's not a message I like to see broadcast. There are a great many other things about gay people that could have been said.

That brings me to my second objection: Matlovich was the only gay person we saw. Except for a brief scene in a gay bar--one man was reading (in a gay bar??) and the other was a deep-voiced professor--the movie had as



much gay atmosphere as Anita Bryant's living room. Matlovich's sexuality came up only in the dialogue. I didn't expect to see the sergeant in bed with his commanding officer, but he might have been allowed a gay companion or two.

And then there was the matter of Matlovich's motivation. He was consistently represented as honestly believing he could win. He really wanted to stay in the Air Force! Now I can get into forcing homophobes (people who fear gays) to accept gays in their midst, but I'd have been a whole lot happier if Matlovich had not been shown as so politically naïve. I think he really did see himself as a civil rights test case, but the movie worked hard to neutralize that impression.

The military's objection to homosexuals in the ranks is that they will destroy order and undermine discipline. To which I say, "Right on!" Leonard Matlovich seemed to be saying, "I'll be a good little gay boy and not cause you any trouble." What kind of gay consciousness is that?

Finally, I have to say something about Matlovich's Catholicism. A lot of emphasis was given to the man's devoted service to the church. Every time they showed him saying his rosary or assisting with the mass, I wanted to shout: "What about the 2,000 years of oppression and persecution, Leonard?"

The man is a devout Catholic and the son of an Air Force colonel, and you can't change the facts, I guess. But I definitely felt the script dwelt on those matters, in an effort to make Leonard Matlovich as acceptable and palatable to straight society as possible. In other words, the film played it safe. It was a conservative propaganda piece that scrubbed up a homosexual and took away most of his gayness in the process.

I really am more divided about this movie than the above comments suggest. I think it's great that a gay person is the central character in a serious drama that doesn't kill him off or make him a villain or show him to be an irresponsible neurotic on the road to certain suicide. And the film did contain several scenes that dealt sensitively with the problems of coming out and the heavy emotional burdens that ignorance and misunderstanding place on gay people.

I'm surprised that they made the movie at all and that it was actually shown on network television. Since it'll be at least 200 years till the Jill Johnston story makes it to TV, I guess I'll have to settle for the tepid tale of "Mat" Matlovich and his straight friends. Ho-hum. ●

--Furdydurke



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Post-Amerikan interviews

"I didn't get down on any of these people that was busted. I liked all of them."

"If someone wants to get high, let 'em get high."

Hard to believe that the person who made these statements in Mick Yeitz, a MEG informer who was responsible for a large batch of busts in late 1975.

Why did he turn informer?

In his own words, "The reason this whole thing started, I was just terrified of going back to prison."

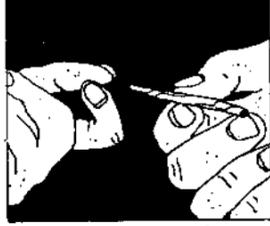
The Post recently interviewed Yeitz, and we gained some insight into his motivations, as well as into the twisted personalities of the MEG and IBI agents he worked with.

Yeitz wasn't originally recruited as a drug informer. After 20 months in jail, he settled down to serve his parole. Three weeks later, two friends borrowed his truck, supposedly to move furniture into a new apartment. The friends took the truck and pulled a burglary that night. They weren't caught, but Yeitz's truck was spotted, and

Yeitz was hauled in the next morning. His parole was sure to be revoked.

Scared, and angry that his friends had used his truck and got him in trouble, Yeitz ratted.

To prove that Yeitz had no involvement in the crime, county deputy Wally Hetman told Yeitz he must help



an undercover detective buy the stolen goods from the two friends who borrowed the truck.

That detective turned out to be MEG agent Ford ("Skip") Conley, who at first didn't even tell Yeitz that he worked for MEG.

Yeitz later realized that Hetman (who, like Yeitz, grew up in Chenoa) had pegged him as a valuable drug informer because of all his contacts

in Chenoa--and because he was so vulnerable. The threat of going back to jail kept him in line as a MEG helper.

Conley--later joined by undercover IBI agent Jerry Singer--quickly got around to telling Yeitz he must help arrange drug buys, as well as stolen-goods buys, to show his good faith.

Yeitz says, "Things kept snowballing, and I said, I want out, and they said, well, you just ride along a couple more times, make sure everything's cool."

Drinkin' and drivin'

Riding along with Conley and Singer was quite an experience. Conley, a prime asshole (see "Portrait of a Narc, "Vol. IV #8), bought a 12-pack of beer the first time he drove Yeitz to try to buy back the stolen property. No one was home, so the officer and the informer drove around town for hours drinking beer. These men send people to jail for sitting at home smoking pot.

Yeitz says that he, Conley, and Singer often drank beer while driving

Robert 'Bobby' Lickiss Jr., MEG Agent

Pictured here is MEG undercover agent Robert "Bobby" Lickiss Jr., who joined the secret marijuana police on April 15, 1978. We took this photo less than a month later, but delayed printing it until the Post-Amerikan could get enough evidence that the photo was indeed Agent Lickiss.

Lickiss made the headlines in late June when Michael Boyd of Monmouth was busted for attempted murder; he allegedly tried to stab Lickiss. According to reports, the man suspected Lickiss of being a MEG agent, and tried to buy back some marijuana Lickiss had purchased from Boyd's friends. Lickiss refused to return the pot, and the attack allegedly followed.

Press coverage of the attempted murder focused

on the Post-Amerikan, the Post's publication of narc photos with the attack. The Peoria County Sheriff called a special press conference, showing reporters copies of the Post-Amerikan and calling the publishing of narc photos "dangerous." (The TV stations broadcast closeups of the narc photos, thereby reaching millions more people than the Post-Amerikan could.) The Peoria sheriff claimed that the Post-Amerikan was "obviously" receiving leaked information from some law enforcement agency, and promised an investigation. (We haven't heard anything more, yet.)

Although the Post published photos of eleven undercover operatives in late May, the only MEG agent who got attacked had never even had his photo published (until now).

According to Lickiss' testimony at Boyd's late July preliminary hearing, Boyd was suspicious that Lickiss was a MEG agent, and asked to look in the trunk of Lickiss' car. (Since MEG agents carry locked evidence boxes in their trunks, the Post-Amerikan suggested this narc-spotting technique in its June issue.)

The attempted stabbing never got very far, Lickiss admitted. Boyd's knife never even penetrated the MEG agent's clothing. Lickiss shrugged Boyd off, pulled his service revolver out of his pants, and finally identified himself as a cop. Boyd ran away, according to testimony, but was later picked up.

At the time of the attack, Lickiss was living undercover in a Monmouth apartment. After the attempted stabbing, Lickiss moved back in with his parents, at 810 LaSalle, in Marquette Heights. The phone number is (309) 382-3321.

At the time he testified in late July, Lickiss looked similar to the photo reproduced here, though his beard is reportedly longer now. ●



MEG Agent Lickiss

(photo taken May, 1978)



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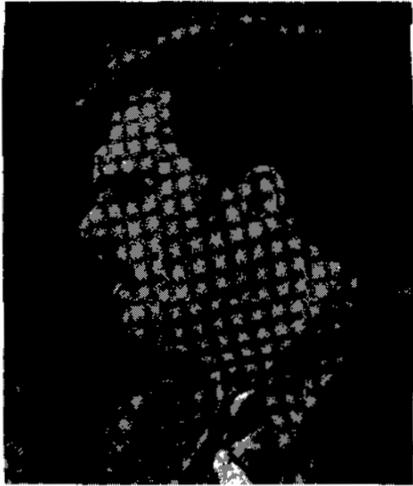
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former MEG informer

from town to town, and sometimes hit the road "really loaded."

Follow that car!

Conley was into fancy cars, and once he hoped to arrest a certain Chenoa man saying, "Let's bust him, cause I want his car. If we can get him selling out of his car, we get the car, and I wanna drive around in it."



Agent Ford Conley (above) was forced to leave MEG in 1976, after an ACLU-prompted investigation uncovered questionable tactics. IBI Agent Jerry Singer (below) also worked with informer Mick Yeitz in the summer of '75.



Both Singer and Conley were totally gun-happy. Yeitz never saw them without at least one gun in the car.

Sometimes the car was an arsenal: Jerry would have a gun under the seat and one in his pocket, Ford would have one strapped on and one stuck in the front of his pants, and they had an automatic in the glove compartment and a high-powered rifle in the truck. They led Yeitz to believe these were their own guns, not police guns.

The two law enforcement officers would pull their guns out in the car all the time. They'd aim at stop signs, other cars, trees, and talk about "blowin' the mother----er up."

Conley would say, "Let's ride around to Sunnyside and shoot some niggers."

The agents had fantasies of shooting things--they talked about it all the time. Driving to a victim's house, Singer said, "If we have to, we might just bust the door in. Let's go in there with our guns in our hands and shoot the place up."

The agents' violent fantasies had their effect on Yeitz. "I think I was getting programmed into believing that if things didn't go along their way, they'd shoot ya."

The agents also fantasized about collecting a fund to pay Yeitz to frame up Mark Silverstein, a Post reporter who often covers MEG outrages. The MEG organization would come up with some money, McLean County Sheriff King was likely to kick in, Jerry Singer offered to kick in, and Conley said, "I'd give you fifty bucks out of my own pocket."

So much for class war

Wally Hetman, who recruited Yeitz in the first place, directed Conley, Singer, and Yeitz's pursuits according to his own concept of who was a "degenerate and should be put away."

He formed this concept from living in Chenoa with some of them all his life.

He gave Conley an index of people to watch, to see who they went to visit, who knew who. Yeitz says that Hetman was particularly hot to bust two Chenoa men whose fathers are rich, out of long-standing personal envy.

That's exactly the kind of surveillance we should fear: the kind that's based on vague ideas that so-and-so is a "degenerate," or hangs out with a bad crowd, knows the wrong people, writes the wrong articles, makes the wrong enemies--enemies like Wally Hetman, who because of MEG has the power to spy on people.

And we should fear the kind of pressures that make a man turn against long-time friends (and strangers too), to save himself from prison.

And we should fear law enforcement agents who are living out some sick macho TV image at the cost of other people's welfare.

And we should turn that fear into anger, and never submit, and never stop fighting.●

--Phoebe Caulfield

Postnote

POST-NOTE: In early 1976, when the Post-Amerikan first photographed Mick Yeitz, he denied any connection with MEG. But soon after his photo was published, Yeitz telephoned me and said that MEG agent Ford Conley had just called him, and had offered Yeitz \$500 if he could nail me on a drug charge.

Yeitz hinted that he would tell me more about his connection with MEG, and we scheduled a meeting. He didn't show up.

In August 1976, Yeitz was subpoenaed to testify against one of the friends he'd busted. I talked with him, and he agreed to tell the Post-Amerikan the full story of his work for MEG-- how he was pressured into informing, what the narcs were like, etc. He said he had a lot to say, but wasn't free to talk until he was done with parole.

That took a couple of years.

In July, 1978, I finally interviewed Yeitz about MEG. It had been 3 years since the events he was talking about, and he was fuzzy about some of the details. In writing this story from the tape of my interview, Phoebe Caulfield selected the details Yeitz was most definite on.

I spent seventeen months in the penitentiary myself. I can understand how intensely Mick Yeitz dreaded being sent back, especially for something he didn't even do.

I can understand the pressures Yeitz felt, but I don't agree with his decision to give in to them. Instead of one person (Yeitz) doing time unjustly, a whole bunch of people wound up doing time.

Eventually, we have to build a community that is strong enough and tight enough and together enough to withstand the system's attempts to split us apart and pit us against one another. In part, that means people who are isolated and vulnerable and subject to pressure must get more support. In part, that means building a stronger ethic of community, strengthening, deepening and spreading the awareness that we have to stick together, that we can't betray our brothers and sisters.

Until then, there will be more like Mick Yeitz, partially victims themselves, but ready to become victimizers. And as the Mick Yeitzs create new victims, the ripples of betrayal and distrust spread out, eventually touching us all.●

--Mark Silverstein

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Legend of Biel Test tube baby makes good

From the Legend of Biel is one of the most beautiful and moving books I've ever read. It is the story of one girl's growing up, and through her story we begin to understand the mysterious society of her alien planet, MC6.

Biel's experiences are somewhat like those of Alice in Wonderland. She accidentally ends up far from home, encountering hostile people and situations and learning to understand the contradictions and eccentricities of her world. The tone of Legend, however is serious rather than whimsical.

Biel also differs from Alice in that she is accompanied on her journeys by her female mentor, Mikkran. Poor Alice's only friend was the pitiful White Knight in Through the Looking Glass, who loved her but could only travel with her for a very short part of the game. Mikkran not only loves Biel, she also has her act considerably more together than the klutzy White Knight. Mikkran is Biel's teacher and protector.

And so a large part of the book's thrust is toward Mikkran and Biel's relationship. As a fetus, Biel is part of an experiment that she is not strong enough to handle. After she is born, she goes into a coma and almost dies. She recovers but is profoundly traumatized and, still only a tiny infant, wanders away across the desert. Mikkran follows her and takes care of her, although Biel at first is unaware of Mikkran. And so with Biel ignorant of her culture and Mikkran cut off from it, they begin their relationship.

Biel and Mikkran's culture is a much freer one than that of the team from Earth whose visit to MC6 opens the novel. It is also less militaristic and has less centralized authority. These things the reader learns in passages with the emotional force of poetry. Legend's author, Mary Staton, is exploring many of the same issues that Ursula K. LeGuin does, but more subtly.

This style fits well with the tone of the MC6 society, which is so subtle that it is, to the Earth team, invisible.

Staton uses Biel's wanderings to investigate most of the questions that fascinate writers of utopian or progressive science fiction. How will people interact in a freer society? How much centralized authority will there be, and how will it be administered? What is the responsibility of the individual to society, and vice versa?

Staton's novel is different from a lot of like-minded works not only in its dream-like mood but in her choice of main characters. Not only is the focus on a relationship between two females, but one is a child and one an adult. This brings up much more directly the attitudes of the MC6 society toward children.

society is powerful. (There are certain elements of suspense in Legend, so you can blame anything puzzling in this review on that.)

Like Anarres, the planet of LeGuin's "ambiguous utopia" in The Dispossessed, MC6 cradles an imperfect utopia. And like the hero of The Dispossessed, it is apparent that Biel will eventually change the direction of her society, adding to the growth of its consciousness.

I can think of three criticisms of Staton's exceptional first novel. One is not so much a criticism of Legend specifically as a dissatisfaction with the whole clump of serious,

**"If something can be conceived it can be accomplished.
Will you join us?" --from From the Legend of Biel**

And their attitudes and behavior are certainly unique. On one hand the development of children is much more controlled and ritualized; on the other, children are much more free and self-directed.

The way that babies are birthed and children raised on MC6 hinges on the orientation toward a fantastic, never-fully-explained blending of the

scientific and technological with the mystical and intuitive. Staton is very elusive about how things actually work on MC6, which is all right with me because everything else she's writing about is so spell-binding. One thing is clear: the MC6

utopian fiction I've read: it's humorless, by and large. I always enjoy humor in a serious novel.

My second criticism of Legend is that the frequent flights from what is stylistically conventional into more poetic or experimental regions were sometimes too much for me. Usually, though, I appreciated them.

My last and most major criticism of the book is that the first 25 pages or so in no way prepare us for the action and most of the themes that follow. They also don't prepare us for how good the rest of From the Legend of Biel is.

--Alice Wonder

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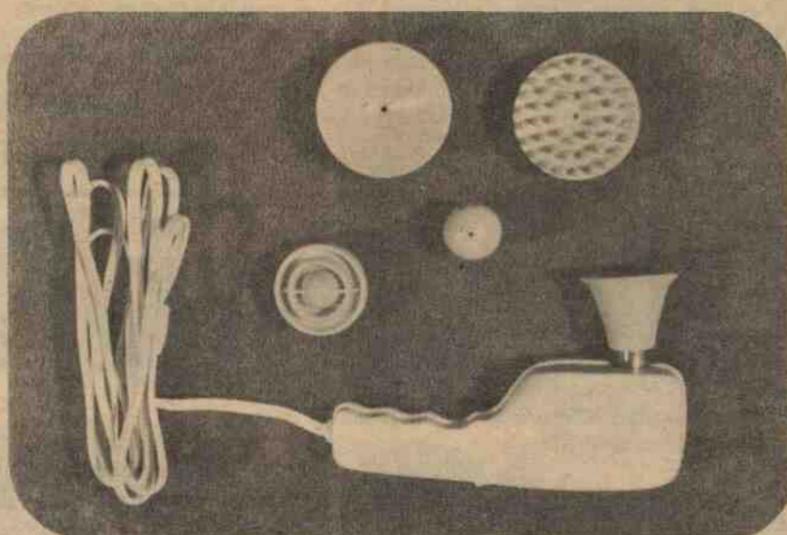
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small changes update

Over the past month the Small Changes collective has been facing the consequences of being a small, alternative bookstore struggling in the belly of the Amerikan beast: Big Business. What that means is that we are facing a time, energy, and money crunch.

Financially, our sales have not been great enough to maintain our stock. To reverse this trend, we have borrowed some money. A small part of this fund is going to increased publicity--mainly leafletting. We're spending the rest of the money on new stock.

We have already received a large number of books with lots more science

fiction, womin's novels, and food and cookbooks. We've also received more wymmyn's albums. We hope this will help boost our sales!

Another financial problem is salaries. From pledges and other donations over the last year, we have been paying one of our workers/collective members a small salary-\$110/mth. To keep the store staffed, we need to increase our salary fund. So, we have sent out a new batch of pledge letters asking people who can to donate a small amount of money each month. We have already received several replies. Thanx!

The existence of Small Changes Bookstore is largely due to continued

community support. Lots of people have given us encouragement, energy, money and ideas, as well as buying books from us.

Since we are currently in a time-energy crunch, with three of the five of us working or going to school full time, we've decided to use our community support for all it's worth. So, we have drawn up a list of things you could do for Small Changes if you have a little time, even less money, but lots of interest:

1. leafletting the town and the campuses
2. painting a Small Changes Bookstore sign on our window
3. constructing or scrounging a record bin
4. constructing or scrounging book holders to display books in the front window
5. telling people about Small Changes
6. donating used books
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Mike Arteman

How culture

"Rape Culture" is a film about fantasies and conditioning. It does not concern itself with what the victims of rape can do to avoid being assaulted; it concentrates on the forces that generate rape and the myths that support it.

This film views rape as a cultural phenomenon, an act of aggression used by males to dominate females and, to a lesser extent, other males (mainly in same-sex rape in prisons). In other words, the film confirms Susan Brownmiller's thesis that rape is a "conscious process of intimidation by which all men keep all women in a state of fear."

"Rape Culture" presents its statement about rape and sexual assault in a collage of three types of materials: comments by women, comments by men, and film clips from movies and newsreels.

The sequences from popular films make up the most interesting and, perhaps, most effective feature of the presentation. These clips show--quite clearly and unambiguously--how and why our society continues to do so very little about rape.

Since the means of shaping cultural beliefs are controlled by men, the ugly truths about sexism and male domination are easily and consistently dressed up in

acceptable images. Rape, the ultimate form of sexism--and therefore the most revealing form--has received the most clever and bold beautification: it has been mythologized into an heroic deed. As the film clips in "Rape Culture" demonstrate, rape has been turned from a brutal act of violence into a display of splendid manhood. Even the victims are grateful.

Rape Hollywood-style

Consider this sequence: attractive Vivian Leigh (Scarlett O'Hara) tells handsome Clark Gable (Rhett Butler) that she will not be cornered by him; but, despite his drunken condition, he strides manfully after her, kisses her passionately, sweeps her attractively into his arms, and carries her up an attractive staircase into, we presume, a very attractive bedroom. The next scene is the crucial one--a docile but obviously pleased O'Hara stretching contentedly amidst the fluffy bedclothes. You see: no pain, no blood, no bruises. Just good, clean sexual sport, and a satisfied woman the next morning.

If that's a bit too glamorized for you, try the rape scene from "Straw Dogs." The clip that was used in "Rape Culture" is too disgusting to describe extensively, but the strategy is worth noting. Some realism is introduced: the victim (attractive, of course) gets slapped around and has her clothes ripped off; the rapist is dirty and needs a shave; the woman screams and pleads. But does she pass out from fear or throw up on her sweaty assailant or bite his ugly nose? Of course not--realism can't be taken that far. Instead, she quickly (and predictably) begins to writhe sensually in an almost embarrassing display of sexual pleasure (even the rapist is momentarily taken aback). Cut to the image of a flickering flame, bring up the violins in the soundtrack, and you've got yourself a male fantasy-myth.

The two myths that "Rape Culture" examines are that women want to be raped and that the male hero can dominate any woman any time he wants to. The proof that these myths have been successfully sold to the public comes in the comments of the two men who are interviewed at the film's beginning. In response to the question "What is rape?" one man-on-the-street repeats that tired old false analogy about not being able to thread a moving needle. The other defines rape strictly in terms of female provocation--to him rape is women wearing skimpy clothes; male violence plays no part whatsoever.

The other comments from males are more extensive and a good deal more intelligent. They come, primarily, from a group of black prisoners at the Lorton (Va.) penitentiary, who have formed a consciousness-raising group to talk about rape. Although the prisoners' comments seem rotely rhetorical and somewhat rehearsed, they exhibit an awareness about rape and their own conditioning that is downright revolutionary.

Admissions

These men make admissions that most males in our society would never own up to. One man admits that he has committed rape even though he's never been convicted of the crime: he knows that a man can rape his wife or girl friend.

Others express the view that rape is not a sexual act, but a desperate extension of masculine power. They have come to see that their "Male programming" includes a devaluation of females and femininity, an attitude that accommodates the psychological and physical abuse of both women and less powerful men.

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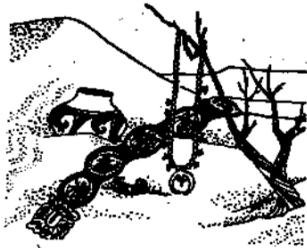
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supports rape

The group's leader talks of same-sex rape in prison and points out how this behavior exposes the dominance motive that underlies all rape: men who were exclusively heterosexual have little trouble in assaulting their fellow prisoners sexually. Such acts establish their dominate positions in the inmates' power structure. Like women, the male victims of rape offer little sexual satisfaction; they serve, rather, to prove the rapists' strength and power.

Another male who makes revealing comments in the film is a convicted rapist, a white man from a middle-class background. He suggests that his actions against women were his way of getting revenge on society--he says that he was trying to humiliate women in the same way that he felt he had been humiliated (as a "loser" in a success-oriented culture). This man also admits that his fantasies about raping women never worked out the way he imagined they would. As a dupe of rape myths, he expected the women to tell him that he didn't need his weapon, that he was the lover they had been waiting for all along. When such reactions weren't forthcoming, he had to get his enjoyment from making his victim plead for mercy.

Women on rape

The women who speak in "Rape Culture" offer an articulate counterpoint to the various male views of rape. Their remarks not only analyze and refute the myths, but they also confirm and extend the insights that come from the prisoners and the convicted rapist.

A more personal kind of commentary is given by an unidentified woman from an anti-rape group in Boston. She projects the pain and distrust that come from working with rape victims. Her concern for the vulnerability of women and the traumatic impact that rape and the threat of rape have on male-female relations coincides with the contention of one of the prisoners that men must learn to deal with women in non-aggressive, non-proprietary ways.

The woman from Boston also points out that females are susceptible to the myths about rape, too. She understands that it is logically inconsistent for someone to want to be raped (since rape, by definition is against the will of the victim), yet women can still have rape fantasies, she contends. This is possible because women have been conditioned to be vulnerable (to dress in constricting clothes and shoes) and to be attractive (provocative)--in short, to be victims. From these dictates of fasion and social convention, it is only a short distance to wanting to act out the victim role completely. In a culture where women are taught to be defenseless sex objects, rape is a predictable outcome.

Mary Daly, author of Beyond God the Father, presents a sophisticated argument about the connections between rape, genocide, and war (the "unholy trinity," she calls them). She believes that the rape of women is associated with other forms of violations and humiliation: the rape of the land, the oppression of blacks and other minorities, the violence and horror of war. In her comments about the bloodbath of Bangladesh, where 200,000 women were raped, Daly repeats what Susan Brownmiller has also established about the relationship between rape and war--namely, that sexual humiliation is an instrument of war, an effective weapon for carrying out the total subjugation of the enemy.

In its overall effect "Rape Culture" is an impressive film. It conveys a very disturbing message: the vicious crime of rape is tolerated because it is easier for us to believe the myths than the truth, because it is more comfortable for us to blame the victim than the rapist, and because it is simpler for us to do nothing than to challenge one of our most traditional social patterns (dominate male/submissive female).

What the film implies is that the end of rape will involve a fundamental shake-up in the way women and men relate. And these revised attitudes, if they come about, will surely produce some basic changes in the way our society operates and organizes itself. In other words, rape is a revolutionary issue, and those of us who believe in radical social change must make its elimination one of our top priorities. ●

--Furdydurke



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ISU's Labor History Week

Everyday life strikes again

Presidents, potentates & the powerful are usually the characters we study in our history classes. We learn of the Vanderbilts, the Rockefellers and the Nixons, but only rarely do we glimpse into the everyday lives of common people

And for common people, everyday life has not always been easy. Things like the eight-hour work day, forty hour week, or minimum wage are only recent developments in history, not granted through the goodness of the wealthy or the rulers, but fought for and sometimes died for.

The heroes of this struggle, people like Joe Hill, Mother Jones, John L. Lewis, and Walter Reuther, rarely appear in our history books. But thanks to them, everyday life is a little safer and saner than it was 30 or 60 years ago.

Labor organizing was the method used to win these rights. Since before the American Revolution, working people have banded together and organized to demand what they justly deserve.

To honor and remember these victories, martyrs & struggles, ISU will hold a Labor History Week in the week following Labor Day, September 4.

Every day at 12 noon and at 6 p.m., films will be shown in Prairie Room E of the ISU Union. And every evening at 7:30 p.m. a speaker or special program will be presented, through September 8.

Opening the program on Tuesday, September 5, will be 2 films which trace the history of working people in America. "The Inheritance," produced by the Clothing Workers, traces America through the eyes of immigrants and the children of immigrants, contrasting the conditions of tenements and sweat shops of the 1900's with the country's great wealth. "If you don't come in on Sunday, don't come in on Monday," a recent general history film by the Packinghouse Workers, will also be shown.

That evening Dr. William Adelman, Vice President of the Illinois Labor History Society, will present a slide-lecture on "Carl Sandburg--Spokesman of Labor".

On Wednesday, September 6, "Fighting for our Lives," a history of the efforts of the United Farm Workers in their struggle to win rights for migrant workers from 1965-1975, will be the 12 noon & 6 p.m. film in Prairie Room E.

That evening's presentation, at 7:30 p.m. in Fell Hall's Formal Lounge, will be the award-winning film, "Harlan County, U.S.A." which

documents the long and violent battles in Kentucky mining country, focusing on a 30 year struggle with the Duke Power Company and the United Mine Workers.

Thursday, September 7's noon films will be "Union Maids" & "Testimony".

"Union Maids" is a narrative by three Chicago area women, now retired, who were rank-and-file union activists of the 1930's. Interspersed with their narratives is a newsreel footage of the actual events.

"Testimony" is filmed interviews with employees of the J.P. Stevens Corporation's Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina plant. Stevens has fought unionization for years, and is presently the object of a nationwide boycott.

That evening Barbara Merrill, midwest director of the Stevens boycott, will speak in ISU's Union's Founder's Suite at 7:30 p.m.

The final films at noon on Friday, September 8, will be "Packingtown" & "Stockyards: the end of an era".

Both films highlight the Chicago stockyards, various union battles there, and the ethnic groups which made them.

There will be no 6 p.m. showing Friday night.

The program will be closed by Utah B. Phillips, a freight-hopping hobo, Catholic worker, member of the Industrial Workers of The World (IWW--"the Wobblies"), and an excellent folk singer. His concert at New Friends of Old Time Music will be at 8 p.m. in the Prairie Room of the Union.

All films will be shown at both 12 noon and at 6 p.m. in Prairie Room E of the Union. Almost all of them have won documentary awards, and all will give insights into the people who risked their lives for a better world for all.

See ya there,

Solidarity

MgM •

Sexual assault myths

- MYTH: Most rapes occur in dark alleys or to women who hitch hike.
- FACT: Over 1/2 of all rapes committed occur in a residence.
- MYTH: The media has blown the occurrence of child abuse out of proportion.
- FACT: It has been estimated that over 30,000 children in ILLINOIS are sexually abused every year.
- MYTH: Any women can prevent being raped.
- FACT: Most women have the double difficulty of not knowing how to defend themselves in the first place as well as thinking that any form of aggressive behavior displayed by the female is a worse crime than being attacked.

The RAPE CRISIS CENTER deals with all types of sexual assault. For more information, call PATH at 827-4005 and ask for the RAPE CRISIS CENTER.

Emphasis Week -- Rape Sept. 18-21

TOPICS OF DISCUSSION:

- Monday (18th) -- Information Concerning Rape
- Tuesday (19th) -- The Sex Offender
- Wednesday (20th) -- Avoidance and Resistance
- Thursday (21st) -- Sexual Abuse of Children

Meetings will be at 7 p.m. in the Community Room at St. Joseph Hospital. The public is invited.

A 2-day training session will be held Saturday, September 30 from 10-5, and Sunday, October 1 from 12-6 at the Campus Religious Center. Those interested in becoming a volunteer are welcome to attend.

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The revenge of the grungy people

Since I'm the most hysterical Post-Amerikan reporter (and the only one, I think, who's ever written an article that Post staff members deemed Too Nasty to Print), I'm often the target of people droning mindlessly away about Objective Journalism, as though O.J. were something that belongs to the Pantagraph and not the Post-Amerikan.

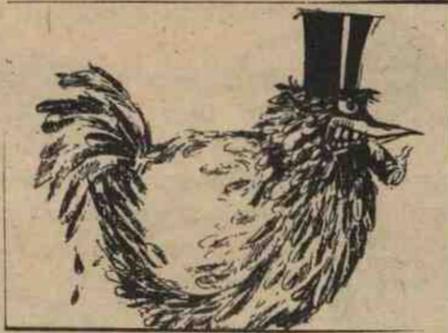
So I really resent it when the Pantagraph runs an article that is so whacked off the wall and blown through the floor that it's hard for me to believe everyone in town is not out on the street clutching the newspaper in one hand and pointing at it with the other, wildly screeching, "Did you read this article?"

The editorials, I guess we get used to, or we'd be out there clutching, pointing, and screaming 3 times a week. But one article, thinly disguised as a news story, blotted the pages of the Pantagraph on July 20. The story is titled "Grungy apartments key to underground" (note how subdued--only the Post-Amerikan is sensationalistic).

The first part of the article asserts that there are more than 60 grungy apartments that harbor runaway teenagers. That statistic comes from a reliable source: "a recent unofficial

count of known apartments" (you should've seen what they came up with when they unofficially counted the unknown apartments).

These "grungy places," populated by "grungy people," are located in downtown Bloomington and the area west of there, some mysterious source told the Pantagraph, and "drugs and alcohol are often available at these crash pads," unlike, I suppose, the runaways' homes, where drugs and alcohol are unknown.



The article goes on to quote several self-styled social service types, who even admit that kids are often right to run away from bad home situations, and say they'd like to see a safe place for them to run to.

But kindness, sympathy, protectiveness--these could never be the motivations of grungy people on the near west side, implies the Pantagraph. (Although I've

never noticed those qualities misting the air of the east side either, have you?)

No, these grungy people want to get a kid doped up for thrills. After all, their apartments are dirty: what can you expect? The Pantagraph story says "it wouldn't be uncommon to find a 15-year-old runaway girl staying with a male keeper 22, 23, or 24 years old."

Gasp. Shudder. This is the Pantagraph's way of telling you that they're probably doing You Know What.

No mention of the fact that many 15-year-olds run away specifically because of a father, uncle, brother, or other male keeper at home who's doing or trying to do You Know What. No mention of the fact that runaways are beaten up at home.

The story settles for "family problems" as the cause of runaway teenagers, in spite of the fact, also in the story, that 90% of the runaways here are from institutions.

This is not objective journalism. This is shoddy journalism, with a misleading headline, hazy sources, incomplete analysis, class prejudice, thoughtless parroting of so-called authorities. This is. . .well, it's grungy.

● --Phoebe Caulfield

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Gone today ... Hair tomorrow

--Amanda Ziller

One of the nicest signs of my growth in the feminist movement is the growing out of my natural body hair. I'm talking about the hair on my legs and armpits, those poor areas that used to get lathered and shaved or chemical-creamed several times a week. If you are a somewhat typical Amerikan woman, you've probably been through the same ordeal.

Remember the horror of a bad case of the nubs, those prickly little ugly scratchy half-grown hairs that stuck out of your pantyhose and just felt awful? And remember the excruciating pain when you zapped your freshly-scraped armpits with deodorant? And that's not to mention nicks, cuts, slices, or ingrown hairs. Why should we subject ourselves to annoyance and pain just to continually shave off hair that's going to grow back anyway?

There is no reason, except to fulfill the media fantasy of what women are supposed to look like. And women, in that fantasy, are frighteningly alike. The idea that all women should have smooth, hairless legs and pits is the idea that there is only one standard of beauty for women.

That is, men can have varying degrees of hair on their bodies; they are accepted or rejected on a more individual basis. But the media strips women of our individuality by dictating that in order to be beautiful we must all have the same amount of body hair. None.

While there are no good reasons for shaving off your natural body hair, there are some commonsense reasons for keeping it. Besides saving yourself from the previously-mentioned agony, you'll save time and money. In addition, your body hair acts as natural insulation. It keeps you warmer in the winter, and in the summer it draws your perspiration away from your skin so it can evaporate and cool you more quickly. And best of all, it looks really hip and revolutionary once you're over the idea that it shouldn't be there. And that doesn't take long at all.

So if you haven't done it already, try it. Let your hair take its rightful place on your bod. Have hairy armpit contest with your friends or consciousness-raising group. In fact, you may want to start a women's group to support each other through the initial stages of razor withdrawal. I have several friends who successfully broke their blade habits that way.

Why be a prisoner of Gillette when you can be furry and free? Liberate all armpits! You have nothing to lose but your nubs.



looks like a sleepy, serene community.



If you listen to the city fathers, the Pantagraph, the civic boosters and the phony speechmakers, you would think we lived in a 1930's Hollywood set. But let's look behind the scenes. Each month since April 1972, the Post-Amerikan has been denting that serene facade, printing the embarrassing truths the city fathers would rather overlook. Take another look at Bloomington-Normal. Subscribe to the Post-Amerikan.

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