

Eastern Illinois University

The Keep

The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

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Home Rentals picket; MEG; Abortion; Gays; more

BLOOMINGTON—NORMAL

25¢

POST AMERIKAN

Oct. 1978

Vol. VII No. 5

**The
Springfield
smoke-in:**



ADDRESS CORRECTION
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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.

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.

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.)



Post Sellers

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, 402½ N. Main
 The Book Worm, 310½ N. Main
 South West Corner--Front & Main
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 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
 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
 Mel-O-Cream Doughnuts, 901 N. Main
 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
 North East Corner--Main & Washington

Co-op Tapes & Records, 311 S. Main
 Bowling and Billiards Center,
 I.S.U. Student Center
 Baker's Dozen Donuts, 602 Kingsley
 Cage, ISU Student Union
 Midstate Truck Plaza, Route 51 North
 Upper Cut, 1203½ S. Main

NORMAL
 University Liquors, 706 W. Beaufort
 Pat's Billiards, 1203 S. Main
 Redbird IGA, 301 S. Main
 Mother Murphy's, 111½ North St.
 Ram, 101 Broadway Mall
 Eisner's, E. College (near sign)
 Divinyl Madness, 115 North St.

OUTTA TOWN
 Galesburg: Under The Sun, E. Main St.
 Monmouth: Head's Up
 Peoria: That Other Place, NE Adams
 Decatur: Coop Tapes and Records,
 1470 Pershing
 Springfield: Spoon River Book Co-op
 407 E. Adams
 Urbana: Horizon Bookstore, 517 S.
 Goodwin

CLASSIFIED ADS

My dog needs a new home! Memphis is going crazy cooped up in a small apartment. She needs a place where she can be free to run and just be a dog! She's affectionate, obedient, and a good travelling dog. Her momma was a German shorthair pointer, and her daddy was something small and black. She's a good pointer if you're into hunting or animal watching. Call Smitty at 827-5021 (work) or 828-1573 (home). P.S. I could use a new home too, if you have room for both my dog and me!

We are needy!

The Post-Amerikan needs office supplies! If you can get hold of any, here are some of the things we need:
 Long scissors (about 9 inches) and editor's shears; whiteout for typing mistakes; typing paper (either long or short sheets); strapping tape; IBM typewriter balls; any extra IBM typewriters you have laying around at home.
 You get the idea.
 Thanks!

80's conference

The University of Wisconsin Student Association is sponsoring a conference that they call the 80's Conference. From what I understand, there will be many far-out speakers discussing the issues that are important to concentrate our energy on as we enter the 80's and possible plans of action. The conference will be at the university in Madison, Oct. 18-22.

--S.O.



City turns back on retarded people

City support for a Kaleidoscope group house for the retarded abruptly changed to a negative position Sept. 27. Supporters of the project suspect that the switch is due to irrational fear of retarded people, outdated prejudices against the Kaleidoscope social service organization, and wheeling and dealing among Bloomington politicians.

In the spring, Kaleidoscope regional director Al Spear met with city staff members Ken Emmons and Dick Turley to outline the new project.

Kaleidoscope's plan involves leasing a house at 907 N. East St. and making a home there for five or six retarded people. The group home would be a great improvement over the residents' present situations, and a great savings to Illinois taxpayers.

Presently, two of the prospective residents are at an institution in Austin, Texas, at a cost of \$118 a day each. One is at Meyer Zone Center, at a cost of \$150 a day. Two more are now at Lincoln State School.

The new Kaleidoscope program would give the people better care for \$69 a day each. The total savings would be over \$100,000 a year. The plan includes 24-hour, practically one-to-one ration staffing of the group home. Al Spear says, "We use staff where some institutions use bars and locked rooms."

Also more humane is the fact that the retarded people would be living close to their families, rather than in Texas, Lincoln, and Peoria.

When Kaleidoscope presented this clearly superior plan to city staff in the spring, they received verbal approval. The city did tell Kaleidoscope that they should apply for a conditional-use permit from the city Planning and Zoning Commission, but acted as though this were no problem.

So Kaleidoscope officials enthusiastically went ahead with the plans and leased the 907 N. East house for five years.

They were surprised and outraged by negative reports at the Zoning Commission hearing Sept. 27. The commission voted 2-2 on a motion by State Farm's Ethan Evans to deny the conditional-use permit for the house. They'll vote again Oct. 11.

Kaleidoscope officials and Kaleidoscope lawyer Bob Lenz feel that much prejudice against and fear of retarded people influenced the commission. The commission is supposed to base its decision on legal grounds, not emotional ones.



Youth Alternatives/cpf

John Stipek, who owns the apartment house next door to 907 N. East, came to the meeting with a petition from the neighbors saying they didn't want the Kaleidoscope home near them. He had 35 signatures, but one wonders how he presented the issues to the people he asked to sign. His own attitudes toward retarded people (and Kaleidoscope) were clear at the meeting when he made statements like, "I'm sure the neighborhood will be deserted in a short time," (that is, if the group home were

established). He also said that he was afraid the retarded people would climb over a four-foot high fence at 907 and come into the neighbor's yards.

Most painful to Kaleidoscope workers and to many families of retarded people was Stipek's assertion that "If you love them (retarded children), you can't pay anyone enough to care for them properly."

Kaleidoscope workers are only too aware of the agony a family feels when they find they haven't the money, free time, or skills to care for a retarded child themselves.

Ken Emmons, who seemed to support the project last spring, read selected parts of a report from a meeting of city department heads. His presentation was clearly negative. One hindrance to Kaleidoscope's plan is the city's requirement of extreme code compliance for the house. The estimate for bringing the house up to code is \$20,000. However, Kaleidoscope is willing to meet these requirements.

In fact, Kaleidoscope has a history of making improvements on the houses they lease for group homes. Kaleidoscope has records showing that Kaleidoscope houses appreciate as fast as or faster than equivalent houses in the neighborhood.

Kaleidoscope workers feel sure that some political pressure has been put on the city to cause such a change of heart. Some powerful people have prejudices against the Kaleidoscope organization and would try to hinder any of its efforts, however well-planned and beneficial. Others seem to be acting on emotional biases against the retarded. If these biases result in the end of Kaleidoscope's plan for a group home at 907 N. East St., a discrimination suit against the City of Bloomington is certainly a possibility. ●

--Phoebe Caulfield

Verna Avila, thank you

"To everyone there is given the chance to touch the lives of others, to speak of life within and around.

"To some there is given that special gift to do more than touch, but to warmly embrace others, to bring the excitement and joy of knowing that goodness that has been God-given to each individual, and to realize that the good is in concert with the gifts given to all.

"Verna, you are such a bearer of life; you have given flesh to the life in so many people. I am only one you have so embraced. But I speak in the concert of all in saying thank you." ●

--Joe Kelly

On September 14, a dear friend and former resident of Bloomington-Normal, Ms. Verna Avila, died from internal injuries received in an automobile accident. She had moved to San Francisco in June of 1977.

Verna was a Chinese-Filipina, forced from her homeland by the dictatorial policies of Ferdinand Marcos. While in the U.S., she worked hard against Marcos, and also supported American struggles, becoming involved in local issues and actions.

Most especially, Verna was an artist. Her poetry brought life to our lives, her murals and drawings enlivened our struggles. To life itself she brought art, living every moment joyously, discovering new and hidden excitement everywhere.



Her loss takes something from all of us, but she has so enriched our lives that all of us have been changed and affected by her. We live on now, not less, but richer, because of her gentle, loving, and truly revolutionary spirit. ●

Peace,
MGM

We are all hungry

with a gnawing, unending pain,
so deep we can't unburden,
so familiar we grow numb,
so near we can't run away
so real we see it in everyone.
It is the hunger of acceptance
that deodorant soaps cannot relieve;
It is the hunger for friendship
that dim-lit bars cannot offer;
It is the hunger for knowledge
that our classrooms never contained;
It is the hunger for love
that no loan can buy;
It is the hunger for excitement
that no T.V. show can satisfy;
It is the hunger for meaning
that our rip-off, profit-seeking,
competitive, consumer society
cannot give.
What does it mean
to feed the hungry?
It is to be filled with a faith-vision
that we can change...
Competition to cooperation,
consumer to sharer,
profit-seeking to love seeking.
rip-off to giving?
Is it to conquer our hunger
with hope?
Is it to put our
faith in action?
We are all hungry. ●

--Verna

Relationships

Depression: How to Dig Yourself Out

In the last 2 relationships articles, we talked about coping with being trapped in bad relationships. This one offers specific ideas about struggling against feeling depressed and guilty.

Again, we're assuming that, for the time being at least, there's no way out of the relationship. And again a lot of our suggestions are especially geared towards women who have children and not very much money.

Where it comes from

One of the theories about where depression comes from is that depression is anger turned inward. a lot of our personal experience supports that.

There are days when everything goes wrong. You've got a bunch of work to do, first off. Then you find out that the pipes under the kitchen sink are leaking. One of the kids has a cold and seems determined to set a new world record for crying nonstop. Your partner is grouchy and unsympathetic. Your income tax returns come back and they're only for half the money you expected. You end up so depressed that if you had the time, you'd sit and stare at the wall for about a week.

Some ongoing situations make it easier to get and stay depressed; moving to a new place; being poor; being unsure what decisions to make about your life; being in a terrible relationship.

In lots of situations where we could get really angry and scream and holler and pitch a fit, we turn it in on ourselves and get depressed instead.

Lots of things make it likely that we'll get depressed instead of angry. We know that much of the time it's not going to change things if we get angry and blow up. We can be angry all we want but the car repair place still won't give us our money back for a job not well done, and so on. In fact, we're often worse off after showing our anger, whether it's to a cop giving us a ticket or a partner who won't talk to us. So we get depressed.

Another thing that contributes to turning anger inward is guilt. We often think that if a marriage or

friendship isn't going right, it's our fault. Women especially learn that we have responsibility for whether a relationship makes it or not. Is he alcoholic? The love of a good woman will set him straight. Does he beat his wife or girlfriend? She should be careful not to provoke him.

Working on it

So one step toward conquering depression is to put a lot of thought into identifying why things are the way they are. What are the partners' expectations of themselves and each other? A woman might believe that if she really loved her husband and children she would never get angry and scream at them, never want anything for herself, never complain. It might help her to look at why she's dissatisfied. Is it something her husband or children do? Was the last time she was alone for more than five minutes three years ago when she was in the hospital overnight?



Even if we decide there's no way we can get ourselves out of a bad relationship or a depressing situation, it can help a lot to try to identify our feelings and where they're coming from. Feeling terrible about one's situation is bad enough; feeling terrible about one's self can be much, much worse.

There are concrete things we can do to boost our self-image. If the way we see ourselves depends almost completely on a sexual relationship or marriage, and that relationship is grim, it's past time to look elsewhere for a healthy sense of self-satisfaction.

For example, lots of people stop doing personally satisfying things after they're settled down. What makes you feel creative or useful? Can you draw or weave or fix cars or play the piano? Do it. Granted, one of the things wrong may be that you aren't uninterrupted for long enough to brush your teeth in the morning. But if there's anything you can do to get some time to do things that will improve the way you feel about yourself, it's more than worth it.

Getting friendship and support from other people can also make a tremendous difference in fighting depression. I think that alienation and isolation are usually big parts of being depressed. Getting feedback and sympathy from somebody who understands what you're talking about can be a turning point.

Finding support

You can try to find this support in a lot of different places. You may have a friend who you've run around with for years but never tried to talk to about your partner. You might work with someone you like a lot but have been shy about approaching to do something together after work. You might go out and get a job in order to meet people. You might have several casual friends who'd be interested in starting a rap group.

Another possibility for opening up communication with other people and doing some problem-solving is that of going to a counselor or joining a therapy group. There are two big problems with this.

The first is that it will probably cost you money. The second is that you could end up getting railroaded into worse shape than before by a counselor whose ideas about your situation are: 1. not the same as yours; 2. preconceived and inflexible; 3. colored by sexism; 4. stupid. But if you have an idea about what you want from counseling and can find a responsive counselor, it could be just the thing.

I'm also a firm believer in paying attention to physical stuff when trying to work up from a depression. I'm convinced that eating healthy food, getting enough vitamins and minerals, and not sending our bodies into frequent sugar shock makes us feel significantly better. And the same for exercise.

We can do more than just try to stay healthy, too. Physical activity can be a lot of fun and a good way to release stress, often at the same time. I go swimming at the YWCA with a friend every morning, and it's a wonderful way to wake up. Going with a friend also gives me a chance to talk about anything I need to.

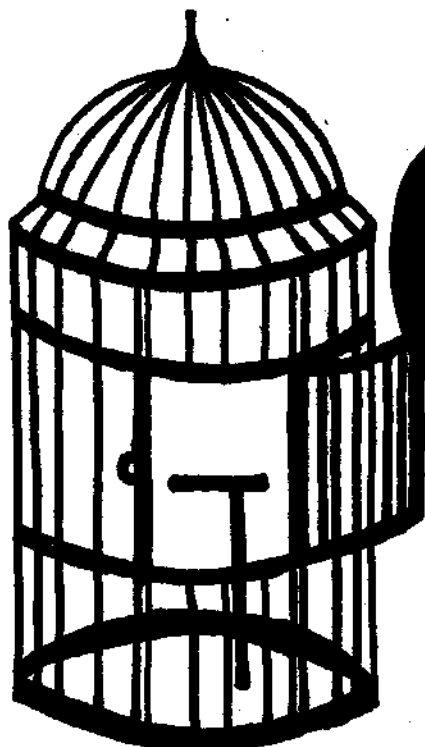
There are physical ways to let off steam when we're really angry and tense. Rather than pound pillows, I personally would rather throw ice cubes at the wall with all the violence I can muster and watch them shatter and slither to the floor. But you can experiment and come up with a favorite of your own.

The last thing I want to suggest for coping with depression is tried-and-true escapism. If you can squeeze in the time to just be lazy once or twice a week and lose yourself in a good book (or a trashy book), more power to you.

--Alice Wonder, with L. Knight, Riverfinger, and Angela C.

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What are riots made of?

-or-

Don't destroy the beehives if you crave their honey!

What are riots made of? What are riots made of? Jails, and wails, and private little hells, that's what riots are made of.

Every good beekeeper knows that bees are rather self-sufficient.

They will build their hives meticulously, search for flowers, and produce their honey.

In the most benevolent outlook possible, let us pretend that blacks were brought to America to produce gloriously rich honey for their keepers.

Now, if this tradition of bee-keeping has continued through the years, even though the keepers can no longer call the hives or honey theirs, they still are able from time to time to raid the hives of their rich store of honey. The bees, when aware of the theft, buzz furiously for a while, but usually everything returns to normal.

The problem that has arisen in the Bloomington-Normal area is a sudden decrease of beehives, and loss of access to one's own honey supply. Three separate incidents occurred within one month's time: 1) The closing of the American Legion, a black bar and dancehall; 2) the discontinuance of "Ebony Affair" by the nonpaid disc jockey, Cleve McBride, and 3) the ISU union shutting down at 1 am, thus preventing blacks from throwing parties to 2 am, as they had been doing.

It is as if a general ordinance had been passed to clamp down on black soul music and dancing. This is surprising, considering that disco music and dances are so popular among the now-learning-to-be funky whites. As John Travolta's black choreographer knows, "Where did he get that funk from?"

In other words, where are the whites going to practice their familiar habit of imitating blacks, down to their frizzy hairdos, if every place is closed down? For how can one really "get down" to the disco music at the Poison Apple, Smuggler's Inn, or, bzzzz, Josies?

Ebony Affair has been aired on WGLT for years every Saturday from 1-5 pm. It spun not just top 40 music, as charged by the static-y program director of WGLT, but soul gospel and down home rythm and blues and that doesn't count community affairs programs. The flaky reason given for ending Ebony Affair was that the unpaid disc jockey, Cleve McBride, was taking up a spot that a media student could be filling and getting work study money for.

However, after the D.J. had been dismissed, and the show cancelled until further notice, only one student qualified to spin the show. The director claimed he had nothing against the program, but his racism was unmasked, and his ignorance, too, when he stated that the same music heard of Ebony Affair could be heard on WLS. Now everyone knows that WLS is the queen of AM muzak, home of bubble gum disc jockeys, Chickenman, and songs not exceeding five seconds. Even the white students realize that FM radio was practically invented just to escape from AM chord crashes, murder news messages, and As The World Squirms talk shows.

"Just Jazz" is the replacement for Ebony Affair okayed by the WGLT director, but Millie Jackson, Ivez Andrews, funk'n cuts from the Parliment LP's and little known



soul groups will never be heard again, this side of Illinois, thanks to the illuminated radio director and the --- of the ISU students, black and white.

The American Legion was blamed for creating disturbances outside its booming walls. However, I live across from the Metropole and nothing happening at the Legion could overcome the tragicomedy taking place in and outside of the Metropole. Things get so out of hand and raucous, I have watched many participants hail down police cars and convince the confused cops to take them either to jail or home, allowing the cop to use his own discretion.

Perhaps, besides the lack of overwhelming financial support by the community, the Legion was closed because it could not, or would not supply the white community with the fodder to feed its sexual fantasies. I can remember an occasion of writing an article while sitting in the Legion, with two white businessmen clutching their drinks, desperately waiting for me or any other shapely suspect to transform into a willing lady of the night, "Voulez-vous couchez avec moi ce soir?" purring from her well-lubricated lips.

Well, nuff said, maybe when the honey supply slips to a dangerous low, and the imitators realize the originators must have plenty of hives to buzz in and out while looking for colorful flowers to pollinate, justice will be done. Meanwhile, you beekeepers ask yourselves, "What are riots made of?, and can you afford to get stung?"●

--Mcrocco Lawrence

Thursday at 7:00 p.m.

An informative program on today's exciting issue of:

WOMEN and HEALTH

Speakers and Topics

- * Dr. Darlene Weber - ISU Instructor
- * Chris Carlton - Project Oz, Drugs and Alcohol
- * Becki Abrams - Planned Parenthood
- * McLean County Mental Health Center

Time: 7:00 p.m.

Date: Thursday, October 12

Place: Wood Hill Towers
104 W. Wood Street
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**A community service program
* open to the public ***

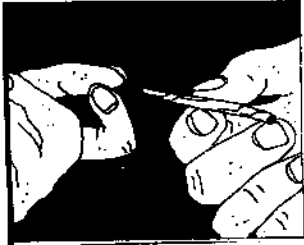
**For more information call Bloomington
Human Relations Commission 828-7361.**

Narc explains techniques

Post-Note: Following is some of MEG Agent Paul Brenkman's testimony before a McLean County grand jury in June, 1978. The questions and answers are copied word for word from the official transcript found in court files. The agent is explaining how he adopted a fake name and infiltrated parts of the Bloomington community.

Q. How can these people trust you if they never see you use the stuff or the results of having used it? They don't really know you're...

A. Well, I--like I say, I fronted myself off as being Jim Peterson and I told them my father owned a farm about five miles south of Eureka; that I lived in Eureka; that I worked on a farm because that way I wouldn't have to front off where I worked or anything like that, I just said I worked on my father's farm. That gave me an excuse to come into Bloomington from Eureka; that also gave me an excuse not to get high in Bloomington because of the fact I had to drive back to Eureka. The car I had, I fronted off as my dad's car, and I couldn't get high on dope 'cause I was afraid if I wrecked my dad's car, my dad would get on my case. So, in a case like that, I never had to do drugs with these people; and they never really expected me to. They just sold to me. I'd just say, "Well, I got to get back out to the

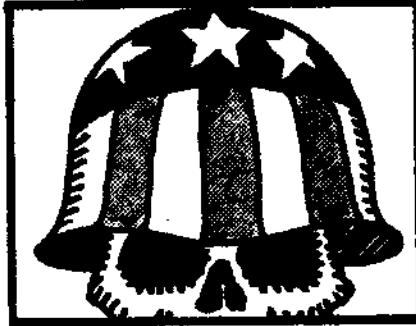


farm," and I left. Like I'd tell them that I came into town to pick up a part at the John Deere dealer for my tractor; and that I just whizzed by to see what was happening, and I'd take off again. So, really I've never gotten in the situation-- the situation at (name deleted--P-A)'s house is the closest I've ever come to having to take drugs like that, whereas I just told them I had to go

home. I had to drive back out to Eureka. A lot of people in Bloomington don't comprehend how far Eureka is from here or how you get there. I just told them that it was a good drive, so I didn't want to get all spaced on drugs because I was afraid I might not make it home.●

MEG agents quit

Always bothered by a high rate of employee turnover, the MEG undercover narc squad has been especially unstable in recent months. Several MEG agents have moved on since the Post's publication of eleven narcs' photos during the summer.



Bobby Friga has returned to his duties as a patrolman for the City of Bloomington. Another Bloomington cop has been assigned to take Friga's place with the MEG unit, but Chief Bosshardt declined to reveal the new agent's name.

William Muir has returned to the Knox County Sheriff's Department, and is no longer with MEG. We trust that this is not the same William Muir indicted for murder in Peoria in late September.

Mari Groppi no longer works for MEG either, according to her grand jury testimony in Bloomington. She stayed with the secret police only a few months.

Terry Ziegenbein has also quit undercover work for MEG. He is back with the Pekin police.

Dean Bacon, a MEG agent for more than three years, has also retired. He, too, is back with the Pekin police department.

At least one and possibly two new MEG agents have been selected from the ranks of the Pekin police department. Anyone with information on their identities should contact the Post-Amerikan.●

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MEG antics subject of another probe

The Illinois Department of Law Enforcement (DLE) will once again investigate charges of misconduct against MEG Director Jerry LaGrow, according to an announcement Sept. 29.

The DLE public information officer promised a "thorough and professional investigation" of charges made by Mike Richardson, editor of the Galesburg Free Voice.

The Free Voice and the Post-American share information about MEG, and both print photos of MEG agents.

Richardson charges that MEG Director Jerry LaGrow telephoned him in late May, and hinted that MEG would bring six drug sale charges against Richardson unless he quit printing photos of MEG agents. LaGrow said his agents had made the purchases, that the agents had passed lie detector tests.

Richardson has continued to print narc photos, and no drug sale charges have been lodged against him.

In July, Richardson filed a complaint with the MEG Board of Directors, charging Director LaGrow with misconduct. Richardson's complaint contained basically two charges: first, that LaGrow attempted to intimidate a newspaper editor from printing information by threatening criminal charges, and second, that LaGrow had actually supervised or condoned the preparation of fabricated police reports and lab tests.

Pretending to act on Richardson's complaint, the MEG board appointed a committee to investigate. The committee didn't bother to investigate

Richardson's charge that LaGrow had prepared phony police reports. Instead, the committee asked LaGrow if he had threatened Richardson, asked Richardson the same question, and then concluded they couldn't prove anything. The whitewash closed by saying that no misconduct could be proved.

In early September, Richardson took his charges to a higher level, complaining this time to Tyrone Fahner, Director of the Illinois Department of Law Enforcement, which oversees the seven MEG units in Illinois.

For more background on this investigation, see the previous two issues of the Post-American.●

RIGHT: MEG Director Jerry LaGrow. Charges that he prepared falsified police reports will be investigated.



Not in this bar, you won't

Patrons of a Chicago tavern staged an exemplary show of solidarity in late Aug., when they prevented undercover narcs from arresting one of the bar's customers.

According to the Chicago Tribune, about 20 patrons of the Cuckoo's Nest Tavern stopped the attempted arrest by beating all four narcs with fists and bottles.

The narcs were hospitalized. One lost his gun in the scuffle; another lost his wallet.

The man the narcs claimed to have purchased drugs from escaped. According to the Aug. 28 Tribune story, police were still searching for the twenty tavern customers who beat up the narcs.●

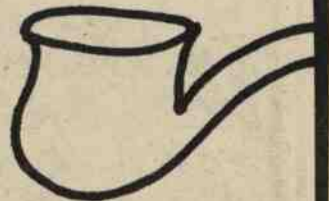
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Another MEG informer revealed



Tom Blan, Jr.

Blan worked as MEG's Confidential Source #178.

The identity of another MEG informer was revealed in court Sept. 14, in sworn testimony which also revealed some of the scummy details of the secret marijuana police's sleazy operations.

Tom Blan Jr., of 902½ University in Normal, testified that he was the MEG "Confidential Source" who set up 18-year-old Chuck Long for a MEG bust.

By the time the trial rolled around, Blan decided he was sorry for setting up his friend of several years. Blan actually testified for the defense, saying that he helped to entrap Chuck Long.

Long never made any money on any of the dope deals he did with MEG. In fact, Long wasn't even selling his own dope.

According to testimony, informer Blan and MEG Agent Ziegenbein visited Long's house, picked Long up, drove Long to a house on E. Washington St., sent Long inside with the money, and received the goods when Long came out. Then they took Long home. This happened three times.

There was no evidence presented in court, nor is there any in the court files, to show that MEG made an effort to bust the people in the E. Washington St. house. They seemed

perfectly content to bust the 18-year-old who wasn't even the dealer, who wasn't even making money on the sales.

Blan told the Post-Amerikan he first became an informer partly because "it sounded like fun" and also because he was worried about getting caught for a burglary he had done. Bloomington's Lt. Sprague set Blan up with MEG. According to Blan, Sprague's first question was "Do you know anything about any burglaries?" Blan told the Post that he thought Sprague knew he had done the burglary. Blan said he thought he had a better chance of staying out of trouble if he cooperated with Lt. Sprague and with MEG.

So law-crazy MEG lets a burglar go free in order to nail Chuck Long, who doesn't even have his own dope to sell, and who isn't even profiteering when he does get some for someone, and who, in Blan's words, "wouldn't have done it if it wasn't for me."

Actually, they may not have even wanted Chuck Long. According to Blan, Lt. Sprague asked if he knew Steve Long. Blan said he knew a Chuck Long. Sprague said to buy some dope from him, if possible.

When he first hooked up with MEG, Blan told the Post-Amerikan, they made him sign a paper. (The paper was probably the standard form where MEG "special employees" swear all over the place that they won't do a bunch of nasty things.) Blan said they just told him to sign; he didn't even know what was on the paper, and they didn't read it to him.

According to MEG's standard procedure, informers write out a short report describing what happened when they witness a drug buy. Blan testified in court that Agent Ziegenbein simply dictated the wording of what was supposed to be Blan's independent report.

Blan, who was known as MEG CS #178, says that Chuck Long was the only person he set up. Blan says he was introduced to another MEG Agent, Paul Brenkman, but they just rode around a few times without finding any victims. As they drove around town, Blan told the Post, Brenkman let Blan hold the narc's fully loaded service revolver--just the sort of professional police conduct you would expect from an outfit like MEG.

Despite the MEG "special employee's" testimony that Chuck Long was entrapped, the jury found him guilty anyway.

'Post-Amerikan cut me short' --MEG Agent Brenkman



Agent Paul Brenkman

Photos taken May 1978



Post-Note: When the Post-Amerikan published photos of eleven undercover narcs in late May, 1978, several of those agents were in the midst of their insidious infiltrations. In Bloomington, MEG agents immediately wrapped up their activities, and took what cases they had already made to the grand jury. Following is an exact reproduction of the June 9 grand jury testimony of MEG Agent Paul Brenkman, who described his feelings about the Post's photo publication.

Q. Were you getting anywhere close to main sources, the bigger individuals responsible?

A. On a lot of these people, I was working my way up. I was proving my credibility, so to speak, with these people as far as being Joe OK, nice guy, and all; big head from Eureka comes to Bloomington. People were starting to trust me, and then our famous friends at Post Amerikan came out with all these nice pictures; and I didn't think it was worth my life to come back down here again, you know, because I didn't want somebody saying, "Hey man, you're a narc." They haul you in the alley and take care of you. Thanks to the Post Amerikan I got cut short in Bloomington before I got anywhere. The Post Amerikan came out on like Tuesday, and like on that Friday, I was still down here buying drugs from people--new people that were--like I say, I spent a lot of time in the Metropole and the New Deal, and people in there started trusting me. They'd just say, "Hey, you want to buy some dust; you want to buy a bag of grass?" Like these were people I never knew before. Thanks to the Post Amerikan, I got cut short in Bloomington. That's why today, a lot of my evidence isn't back and what not for a lot of my cases because of the fact that I didn't expect to get cut off this quick in Bloomington and that's why, thanks to the Post Amerikan, things just kind of, you know, up in the air, because I didn't have time to finish up with a lot of these people and work my way up to the bigger dealers. That's because of the fact that I got cut short.

More MEG informers

Ed Farris is MEG Confidential Source (CS #175), according to testimony in the Sept. 14th trial of Carl Martin in McLean County. Farris was responsible for other Bloomington-Normal MEG arrests in June, 1978, too.

Craig Boltemeyer of Galesburg worked as a MEG informer in Galesburg in May, 1978, according to testimony in a Sept. 27 MEG trial in Knox County.

Diane Harper (CS #157), Martha Slater (CS #164) and Barbara Sprague (CS #180) were responsible for some of the large batch of MEG busts which came down in Fulton County in June, 1978.

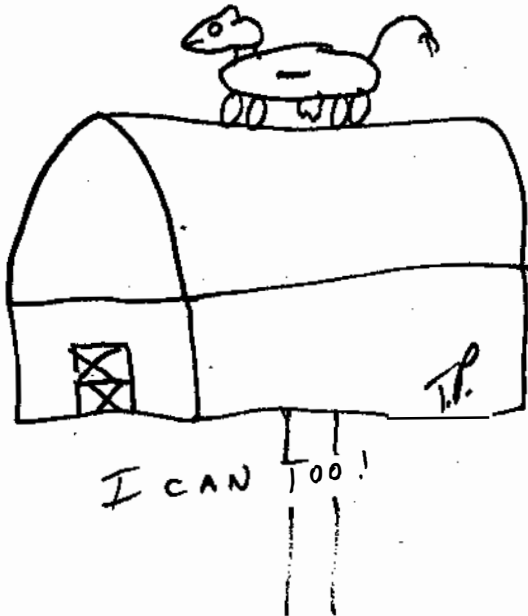
In Courthouse conflict...

Campbell cramps reporters' style

"This here courthouse ain't big enough for the both of us," said 11th Circuit Court Judge Keith Campbell, in effect, to two Post-Amerikan reporters in September.

The reporters, Dave and Tom, visited Campbell's courtroom to watch the man in black throw the book at a MEG defendant, Morris Carwile. The two were hoping to catch pix of the MEG informer responsible for Carwile's two counts of turkey sales (selling something represented to be an illegal substance).

Dave and Tom sat down in the back row of the spectators' section of Campbell's camp. Dave stashed his camera, knowing that an administrative order banned photography in the courtrooms, but Tom whipped out a steno book and began doodling, pretending to sketch the witness up front, a lab technician from Pekin. (Tom can't draw a recognizable sketch of a birdie on a mailbox, but he loves to play around.)



Judge Campbell, seeing Tom's actions, put a quick nix on the tech's rap and addressed the cavorting reporter.

"There will be no sketching witnesses in this courtroom. You may sketch whoever you want outside the courtroom. The witness may even agree to a private sitting," his honor quipped.

Tom asked if he could stay and watch the trial if he would stop dabbling in the fine arts. Nothing doing, said the bench, and ordered the bailiff to kindly escort both Post reporters from the courtroom.

The bailiff booted both newshounds out, and locked the courtroom door behind them. Really locked the door. Do you realize how odd that is?

Tom and Dave, true to Post-Amerikan tradition, wandered the hushed hallways looking for trouble. They found it in the form of two narcs sitting in a room waiting to testify. Dave had checked the administrative orders about photography before, and knew that there was no order against snapping pix in the hallways of the Law Center. So he began clicking away at agents Mark Williams and Larry Wight. Williams cordially posed, but Wight, with the help of a courthouse employee, blocked the camera and escaped to a restricted area.

Feeling somewhat better, Tom and Dave waltzed back to where Carwile was getting some LawandJustice and met up with an employee of the defense lawyer, who couldn't get in the courtroom to speak to the lawyer. Campbell told the bailiff not to let her through the locked doors.

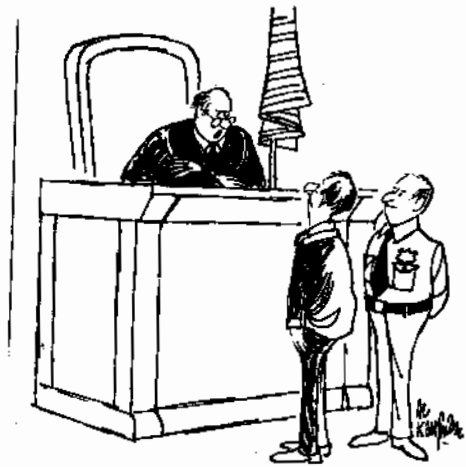
They also met up with three sheriff's deputies, one of whom took a squint at Dave and said, "I want you--and your camera!" The deputies shuffled around, wanting to filch Dave's camera but not sure how much violence they could get away with, while Dave calmly re-wound the Pentax and lobbed the film down the hallway to Neatha Morrison, the defendant's sweetie, for safe-keeping. Neatha made a cool catch and stashed the film in her bag.

Foiled but not fooled, the deputies told Dave and Tom that they were on orders from Judge Campbell to escort the reporters from the premises--that all photographic and electronic listening equipment (that means cameras and tape recorders) had to go.

Now the Post people knew that both

the bolted courtroom doors and the boot from the building resembled a hefty hunk of Oscar Meyer's, but they weren't in love with the idea of fighting a legal battle from Sheriff King's county hotel. So they made the camera connection with Neatha and hustled their photographic equipment off the premises to lock it up in their vehicle.

Ten minutes later the deputies were still haunting the hallway outside of Campbell's courtroom. They lurked suspiciously for 10 minutes or so before they decided that Tom and Dave weren't likely to turn Manson on them, and then they left. The bailiff unlocked the sacred doors to let a witness in (evidently Campbell finds that he must at least let the witnesses in, for form's sake), and Dave, revealing his nonelectronic status, asked if he could come in and watch the rest of the trial. The bailiff asked the judge, who said no. Even the bailiff, Dave thinks, thought his honor a little delirious at this point, but no is no, and ya don't argue with the judge.



"And don't go off whining to some higher court!"

Anyone who's been glued to the tube for any length of time at all knows that sketching courtroom scenes is legal as lifesavers. Dave and Tom have written a letter of complaint to the state's Judicial Inquiry Board (for all the good it'll do 'em). But as it stands now, Campbell's restriction on depiction can come down any time, so check your charcoal at the door or risk banishment to the parking lot.●

--Phoebe Caulfield

MEG Agent Mark Williams



(photo taken Sept. '78)

MEG Agent Larry Wight



(photo taken Sept. '78)

Hey folks, if you subscribe to the Post-Amerikan, you should let us know your new address when you move.

You can't rely on leaving a forwarding address at the Post Office, because 3rd class mail (like ours) isn't forwarded.

(Your subscriptions to other newspapers and magazines probably will be forwarded, because they are sent 2nd class mail.)



Springfield Riot squad busts

We arrived in Springfield on Sept. 3 in festive spirits. We had come to our state capital to attend a Yippie smoke-in on the Capitol lawn. The purpose of gathering was to make the public and our legislators aware of the need to change our current marijuana laws.

We entered the Capitol lawn carrying colorful banners. My friends and I had also brought theatrical makeup with us to add to the celebration. I had no idea that this peaceful rally and our painted faces would be misconstrued into an incident requiring the services of a fully equipped riot squad later in the day.

The smoke-in was scheduled to start at noon and by that time maybe 60 people had gathered. Don Duda, the smoke-in organizer, was running around trying to get some power hooked up so we could have music and speakers. I settled into the crowd and started talking to old friends and meeting many new ones. The crowd was growing steadily.

We brought out the grease paints and painted our faces and anyone else's who wanted it done. Joints were being passed and I saw very little alcohol. It was during this time that we noticed 5 or 6 men standing on the balcony of the Capitol taking our pictures. This continued throughout the day.

At approximately 2 pm the PA system was hooked up. The crowd was up to 150-300 people. Gatewood Galbraith of the Kentucky Marijuana Feasibility Study gave an interesting rap on the legalization of pot. Cabin Lance of New Mexico then played some of his original tunes.

About 2:50 pm I noticed four policemen talking among each other and on walkie talkies. Then one of the policemen approached Don Duda

and said something to him. Then the power was shut off.

The policeman used a bullhorn and tried to say something but I didn't understand him. Don Duda said, "They want us to leave but we're not going anywhere." Someone else told us to get close together and lock arms.

As we did this we first noticed police with full riot gear. They advanced very fast, going through some elaborate drill routines.

(A press statement issued the day before in one of the Springfield papers said they'd been practicing for a week.) Within five minutes they were standing right next to us. The crowd was chanting, "Peace! Peace! We come in Peace!"

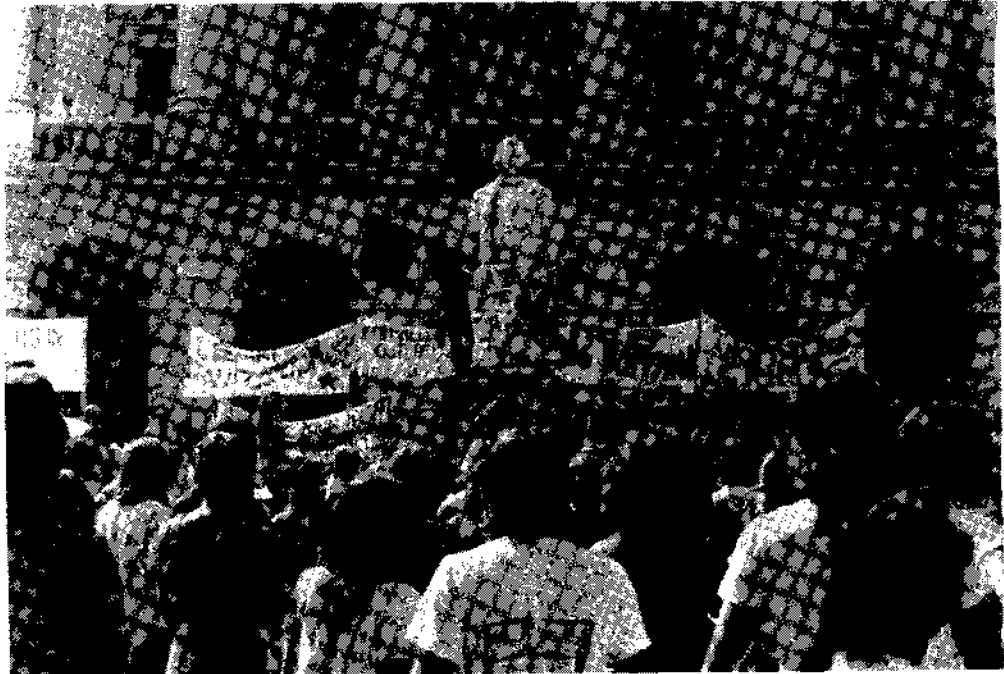
It was very tense. All of a sudden one of the undercover thugs that was present at this festive event grabbed my friend Norris up out of the crowd by his hair. I stood and saw him being dragged away. I had visions of my face being smashed into the cement. I moved to the grass.

I turned and saw them reaching for a woman's baby. This upset me very much. Partly out of fear, I left the Capitol lawn. I saw them picking people off one by one and abusing them.

I stood out in the street for awhile and yelled to the people, "This is a Nazi USA. This is a police state, don't forget it." I decided that I must find out where they had taken Norris and get some money together to bail him out if he'd been arrested.

The crowd was now moving toward the governor's mansion. I fell behind and tried to find out from the police where they'd taken Norris. They wouldn't talk to me. Finally a black undercover cop said to me, "Listen, sister. They took your friend to jail. You won't be able to get him out for a few hours, so why don't you get your ass out of here before you get busted."

I took his advice and went looking for a phone. I called some friends in Bloomington and told them that we needed some money to get Norris out of jail. Little did I know that my friends Pete, Rich and myself would



The crowd celebrates the joys of being unreformed hippies under ol' Abe's watchful gaze.



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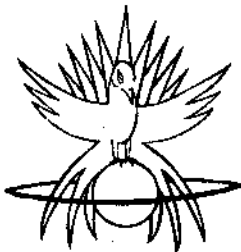
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smoke-in; 42 arrested

also be arrested and our bail would be \$500 combined.

After the phone call, I headed toward the governor's mansion but I never made it. I was arrested.

Forty-two people were arrested-- most charged with mob action. Others who the police decided were

"leaders" were charged with mob action, criminal trespass, criminal damage to state property and disorderly conduct.

The police did not read anyone their rights. Once in jail they did not allow us phone calls. The police were really nice to me but others were not so lucky. They dragged Don Duda by his arms in such a way that he said he felt his arms would be pulled out of their sockets. They smashed Stephan Gerber's face into the cement.

At an arraignment they decided not to formally charge all of us. There are still 12 people facing charges. ACLU will defend some of them.

Jail was an interesting experience. One thing the police weren't counting on was the solidarity that we had. The people that I called in Bloomington before I was arrested rallied behind us and were in Springfield within a few hours with money to get us out.

When we got out of jail we had several cups of coffee and went right to work to free our brothers and sisters that were still in jail. I met many new friends and learned a great deal about our justice system in the USA. The only mob action was by the police. ●

Free Money!
Susan O'Neal



Police busts at the smoke-in included busting heads. They also including arresting the State Journal-Register photographer who took this picture. He was released after 15 minutes.

Benefit concerts
On Sunday Oct. 8th there will be a benefit concert with the proceeds going to help legal expenses of the folks busted at the Springfield Smoke-In. Dallas McGee will be playing at the Lay-Z-J saloon 1401 W. Market. See ya there!
... And on October 23, the Lay-Z-J will sponsor a benefit concert for N. O. R. M. L., the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. The musicians will be the Cadillac Cowboys. ●



Police line up for their chance to throw dangerous marijuana smokers into the Springfield jails.



Music was a part of the good times smoke-in participants had in spite of police violence and arrests.

Unwashed hippies stage early morning bail-in

Presto Chango!

Sittin around, just back from vacation, havin a beer or six with a bunch of friends, tunin in to the tube to hear the 10:30 news of the Smoke-In, and WOW channel 19 says there's 50 people in jail, channel 17 says there's 26 and the other channel (3 maybe) gives some other number, but it doesn't matter how many they say cuz we got four down there we haven't heard from since early aft. Yeah, why aren't they back?

A call to Springfield cop shop says why they aren't back. All four sitting in the slammer for mob action and other misdeeds, a total of \$500 worth of misdemeanors, the cop says. We'll be there, we say.

ZIP. Everyone starts running around, getting out their wallets, handing each other money like some crazy dope dealer just called up saying we could get some real LSD if we could put together \$500 in five minutes. Like Beat the Clock.

Bobby finally keeps track of how much everyone's throwing in on the back of an envelope (just like the Gettysburg address, yeah). Peoples Bank 24-hour teller does its thing. Post-Amerikan has \$175 in rolls of quarters from the vending machines, and soon Bobby announces we've got it.

The Springpatch cop said we might have to wait hours for the prisoners to get processed. That means twenty of us have to go (keep our spirits up, bring the guitar, sit on the sidewalk) to Springfield, city of loud cars zooming up and down Fifth and Sixth streets with empty beer cans flying out their windows, soon to be city of nervous cops and hippie encampment all over the lobby and front walk of the cop shop.

We divide manically into car loads, gas the van, run into each other pulling out of the driveway, and hope everyone can find the city jail. (Who's got the money? What exit are we supposed to take again?)

Everyone finds it. Already some Springfield and Jacksonville hippies arriving for their friends; soon the joint is filled to overflowing with grungy-looking folks with bloodshot eyes and bad attitudes. Those cops are really nervous.

And we have to unroll every single roll of quarters and count them all out in front of the desk sergeant just to show that they're surenuf real amerikan money. Twice.

And we wait. And wait. And wait. The cops get nervouser and nervouser, try to get the boys in the back to hurry up the processing (that's mug shots, fingerprints). They don't like the guitar music. They don't like our quarters. They don't like the way we block the passage. They don't like our uppity cracks.

And when our first buddy Rich finally gets out, you know they hate the cheers and applause and hoots and hollers. You know they hate those longhair men huggin on each other.

And we wait some more--the rest of our people must be resistant to processing, it's probably all the natural food they eat. An hour later Pete squeezes through the chilling arms of The Law in his L'Anarchie T-shirt saying my f**king glasses are somewhere out there, them f**king dogs didn't even pick up my glasses where they knocked them off. We cheer and clap.

We can hear Norris coming all the way from the back of the jail, he's a noisy one, got a mouth on him that would make any Yippie proud and sensible person uneasy. He looks around and says, Hey anybody got a joint? I need to get HIGH. The desk sergeant can't believe it, and you know he's thinking just one more, they just gotta get one more of these loonies out and then they'll GO. (We're thinkin the same thing really, it's 3:30 am after all.)

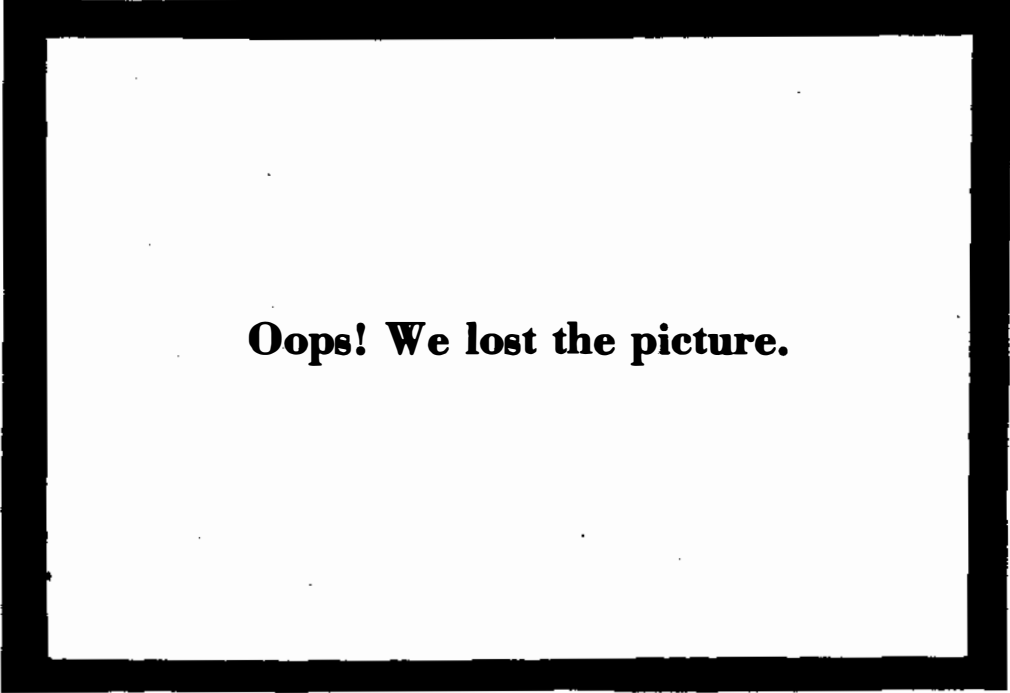
And we have another hour of gettin restless and noisy and the cops gettin antsier and pinker around the jowls and yellin at us more for our noise and our laughter and our

justly wiggly nodoubtunwashed bodies taking up space.

FINALLY at 4:20 am here comes Susan swinging down the hallway with her fist raised like an unregenerate Patty Hearst, just grinning like crazy at all of us as we cut loose with a wild ovation, and she squeaks joyously,

HEY, YOU GUYS, I'M A CRIMINAL! ●

--Phoebe Caulfield



Oops! We lost the picture.

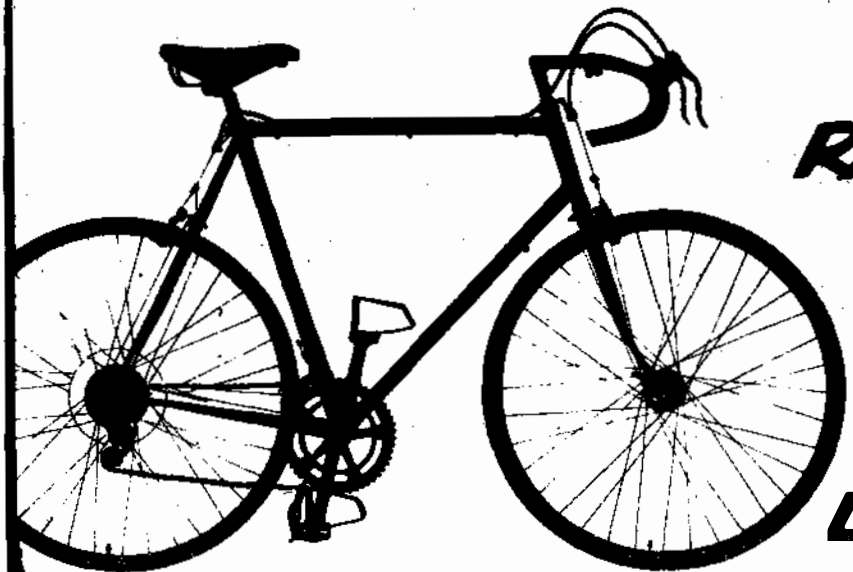
The four Bloomington folks we bailed out of the Springfield jail display glee, jubilation, mirth, and extreme spaciness.

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Letters

No smokes yet

Dear Post,

This is about the article in the Pantagraph about the smoking here in McLean Co. Jail.

It seems a friend of mine, John, cut himself after a note was sent to someone requesting a cigarette for him. If the smoking rule goes why didn't he get one? The Pantagraph says if you do some work you can earn a cigarette! So I asked a sergeant here what I could do to earn a smoke. The sgt. said nothing because the warden, Plante, has discontinued the deal and it's been discontinued for two weeks or more. I said, "But the Pantagraph said you could earn a smoke." The sgt. said when the warden said it he was gonna start letting them smoke if they earned it. Well as of today there is still no way to earn a smoke. The warden is who the Pantagraph interviewed. ●

Concerned,
Carol Beehn

In the euphemistically named "Twin Cities" of the 1970's, the hotbed of chic young action is the East Side, with its plastic restaurant strips, shopping malls and "condo" culture.

But 30 to 40 years ago, Bloomington-Normal was a far different community. Normal didn't dare deem itself a "city," with its small college of a few hundred students and residential air. And the center of Bloomington's economy was not State Farm or General Telephone, but the west-side shops of the Chicago & Alton Railroad

neighborhood bars; an inexpensive place for joking, conversation, and sometimes cynical affection.

Occasionally re-"discovered" by college students, Bingo's retained its firm neighborhood base, surviving until a few month ago, when Urban Renewal spelt death for the neighborhood strip.

It's a shame Urban Renewal feels obligated to tear down solid old brick buildings on the West Side, buildings which have meant homes, friends,

illegalities, though many older residents remember entering the "drug store" for some under-the-counter condiments.

At that time the present Bingo's was a shoe store, but after Prohibition's end (1933) a woman named Ulma DeSchamp opened a bar there, but Dave and Steve have been unable to locate anyone who knows of her. At some point the back bar moved to West Chestnut street, beginning its long years of service.

Bingo's--the end of an era

(now the Illinois Central Gulf).

The city then had a distinctly proletarian air, with its thousands of railroad workers and their families, clustered in west side neighborhoods, marching every morning out West Chestnut to shops.

The trolleys stopped at West Chestnut then; in the evenings they would line up, waiting to bring the workers home.

West Chestnut was thus an attractive place for business; and what business would be more natural than a bar, quenching the thirst of the multitudes after a hot and steamy day of railroading?

Bingo's was the bar on West Chestnut, refreshing thirsty railroaders through the years, and after the shops closed in 1948 and the neighborhood became quiet, it became a hangout for retired railroaders.

Bingo's was one of Bloomington's few

refreshments and groceries to local folks for years. But then, it's rather sinful in this automotive age for any business to be located within walking distance.

The building will soon be a shower of stone, but one thing, besides memories, has survived -- the back bar.

Dave Cruxley and Steve Ogan, two local residents, saved the ornate wood bar from destruction, in the process digging up a little history of "Bingo's."

The back bar, which held bottles, knickknacks and glasses for years, was built sometime between 1900-1910 by the Liquid Carbonics Company of Chicago, a dry ice manufacturer. The bar bears serial number 8.

As far as Dave and Steve can dig, the bar was first located in a soda fountain on West Washington, a soda fountain which may have been a bootlegger's front in the 1920's. The former owner is still alive and still denies any

In 1944 the bar's name was changed to Kenney's after owner Clarence Kenney, who sold it about 1955 to Francis "Shug" Mattlinger, who changed the name to "Bingo's" and retained ownership until Urban Renewal struck.

Dave grew up in the neighborhood, remembering Bingo's as a real center, and the bar as a part of "poor people's culture." He and Steve referred to West Chestnut as the "first mall in town," the first shopping district away from downtown.



Tenants Advocate/cpf

The back bar they removed stands over 10 feet high and 12 feet long; they had to scrape through layers of brown, green and white paint to get down to the original deep grained wood, uncovering marble tops and brass rails enroute. The bar is also equipped and insulated for ice storage, a reminder of an era before electric refrigeration.

It took over 25 friends to move it, and behind the bar they found hundreds of pennies, thrown there for good luck, the oldest dating back to 1904.

Dave and Steve are searching for a buyer, since neither has a house with a 10-foot-tall ceiling, though neither would like to see it go.

That's about all that remains from Bingo's, which Dave referred to as a "place I could count on."

That pretty well sums up a neighborhood bar, a "place that can be counted on." Regular friends, a friendly barkeep and the sounds of passing freights at the end of the block reflect an era of front-porch sitting, the corner grocery and dependable neighbors. Luckily, all these things haven't disappeared. There are still plenty of fine folks sitting on West Side front porches. But the loss of the last neighborhood watering hole is another victory for the fast-paced automotive world of the East Side.

If this keeps up, I think I'll move to Milwaukee.

--MgM

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If you think the only Nazis in this country are those who want to march in Skokie, you'd better take another look. A new wave of fascist repression and violence is building in Amerika, and its first target is gay people.

The new Hitler is an orange juice vendor and the crucifix has replaced the swastika, but the tactics are very familiar. Arousing public fear through a vicious attack on a vulnerable scapegoat, the new Nazis are attempting to grab the political power they need for their program of general repression.



The larger political goals of the recent anti-gay crusade are clearly revealed in Proposition 6, the latest neo-Nazi effort to exploit the so-called democratic process. PROP 6 will be on the California state ballot in November. (The California Constitution allows citizens to place a referendum directly on the ballot by collecting a required number of signatures.)

Like its well-known predecessor, Proposition 13, PROP 6 appeals to voters by appearing to let them decide a key issue for themselves. The initiative's sponsor, John Briggs, claims that he is offering parents the right to determine who is going to teach their children. In actuality, Proposition 6 gives Californians a chance to vent their hostilities and lose their freedom of speech at the same time.

Specifically, Proposition 6 provides for filing charges against teachers, teachers' agents, school administrators or counselors "for advocating, soliciting, imposing, encouraging or promoting private or public sexual acts. . . between persons of the same sex in a manner likely to come to the attention of other employes or students, or publicly and indiscreetly engaging in said actions."

Briggs, Bryant, and

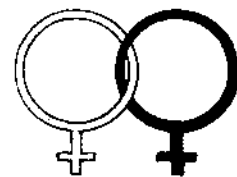
I'm being an alarmist, you say? Well, maybe, but that's what they said in Berlin in 1930. The comparison to Nazism may be exaggerated, but the general similarities ought to worry you.

Violence against gays

Not only is the anti-gay movement based on the ugliness of scapegoating, but it also seems to be encouraging street violence that is remarkably like that of the Nazi youth gangs in the early days of Hitler's rise to power. Ever since Anita began raving against gays, a sharp increase in queer-bashing has been noted in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Oklahoma City, and elsewhere. Such violence has even come to sleepy, serene Bloomington-Normal (see adjoining story).

The supposedly religious motives of the anti-gay demagogues offer an excellent justification for knocking heads: trashing infidels in the name of Jesus is an old Christian tradition.

Furthermore, it's clear that Bryant, Briggs, and their cohorts have some kind of "gay genocide" in mind. The Briggs Initiative would stifle any educational consideration of the gay lifestyle--don't even mention the word. And Bryant boasted, in her Playboy interview, that "after our victory in Dade County, we could have gotten such a momentum going that we could have wiped the homosexual out."



She also announced plans for the "Anita Bryant Ministries, which would have centers in every key city across America" and "homes" for gay people who are "really sincere in getting out of their lifestyle." That may be a far cry from concentration camps, but it's close enough to bother me. Through repression and guilt-tripping, these holy homophobes hope to make all Americans straight, just as surely as Hitler wanted a pure Aryan race of Germans.

Sacred family

Another scary parallel with Nazi Germany is in all the flap about the sanctity of the family. The Briggs Initiative justifies itself by proclaiming "This proscription is essential since such activity and conduct undermines the State's interest in preserving and perpetuating the conjugal family unit."

That seems to be a typical fascist cover: Hitler called the family the "germcell of the nation," and "Restoring the family to its rightful place" was one of his slogans. The German Nazis granted marriage loans, child subsidies, and family allowances at the same time they were stepping up their savage persecution of gays--prosecutions for homosexuality rose from 3,000 in 1931 to almost 30,000 in 1939. Fertile mothers were awarded the Honour Cross of the German Mother, while an estimated 220,000 gay people were killed in Nazi prison camps. (Grunberger, A Social History of the Third Reich)

Of course, the Briggs outrage will probably be struck down by the courts, if it becomes law. Even Warren Burger ought to be able to see the violence that it does to the First Amendment, although I wouldn't count on it. Even so, that will be just a temporary setback for the twice-born storm troopers. Proposition 6 is only one of a series of recent anti-gay attacks.

Similar legislation is pending in Arkansas and Oklahoma. As in California, the prohibition against "public homosexual conduct" includes soliciting, imposing, encouraging, promoting, etc. These laws are obviously license for witch-hunting; they also give tacit approval to

In addition, the initiative would prohibit the hiring and require the firing of such persons (people who are gay or who support gays) if the school board determines them to be "unfit for service." In teacher dismissal cases only, the initiative provides for hearings, written findings, and judicial review.

About the only thing not included is the requiring of gay teachers to wear yellow stars on their clothing (to be historically accurate, they would be pink triangles), as the Nazis forced Jews to do in pre-World War II Germany.

John Briggs, the sponsor of this charming piece of malice, is an Orange County state senator. According to New Times magazine (4 Sept. 1978), Briggs wanted to be the 1978 Republican nominee for governor but was way down on the list of the voters' choices. He saw that the "homosexual issue" was the "hottest social issue since Reconstruction." So he flew to Miami to help with Anita Bryant's Dade County campaign and to visit with the Fuhrer himself--and, sure enough, the Lord inspired him to come up with Proposition 6, also known as the Briggs Initiative.

Hermann Goering would be proud. The Briggs Initiative not only attacks gay teachers, it also threatens those who speak in favor of gays or gayness. How's that for silencing the opposition? It's worth noting that a second Briggs-sponsored initiative will also be on the ballot; it calls for broadening the death penalty.

Fewer freedoms

Even though Briggs withdrew from the race for governor five weeks before the primary, his assault on privacy, free speech, and alternative lifestyles lingers on. If it passes--and it has a good chance--proposition 6 could do more damage to the few freedoms we have than Joseph McCarthy, Spiro Agnew and the Nixon Court combined. The precedent for further controls of our lives will have been set.

If the dangers of the Briggs Initiative haven't hit you, then go back and read its provisions. Now consider the following scenarios:

--Some teacher is giving you or your child a rough time. All you have to do is bring a charge of homosexuality against the teacher: he/she admitted to being gay, it came to the attention of the student--the teacher must be dismissed, a hearing will be held and a written record will be made. So what if the charge is groundless? The charge alone will bring publicity enough to ruin the teacher's career. It's guilt by accusation. Welcome to the Wonderful World of Franz Kafka!

--As a teacher/administrator/counselor you want to speak out against Proposition 6. After all, you have a right to your political views, don't you? But if PROP 6 passes, then speaking against it becomes grounds for dismissal: opposition to the Briggs Initiative could well be construed as publicly "encouraging" gay people. The initiative contains its own gag order. And you thought Joseph Heller wrote Catch-22.

--You're trying to figure out what to teach in your classes. Better not assign a novel by James Baldwin or Mary Renault or Truman Capote. Whitman's poetry and Shakespeare's sonnets. Forget about Tchaikovsky or Michelangelo. Don't consider sex education, or home ec for boys, or auto mechanics for girls. Teaching any of these could be seen as pro-gay and be grounds for dismissal. Remember, it's only six years till 1984.

And think of all the new initiatives the Lord could inspire Mr. Briggs to come up with: Proposition 66 will provide for firing anyone who advocates using marijuana; Proposition 106 will take care of ERA proponents; PROP 606 for opponents of nuclear power; PROP 166 for refusing to be born again; PROP 666 for anyone who does anything but watch TV. Today California, Tomorrow the World!

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gay baiting and prejudice in areas beyond the public schools.

In Seattle, a group called "Save Our Moral Ethics" has succeeded in getting an initiative on the November ballot to repeal the city's gay rights ordinance. The group is headed by David Estes, a Mormon police officer who bases his action on his religious beliefs, a "pro-family stand" and some murky nonsense about "freedom of choice." "I'm against one group trying to enforce their morality on another group," says Estes, as he proceeds to force his moral values on the gay people of Seattle.

Opposition to Briggs

In the face of all this ignorance--or cynical exploitation of fear, whichever you prefer--it's hard to know what to do. If you're inclined to direct, practical action (and you have some money), you could make a contribution to one of the many groups fighting the Briggs Initiative.

Here are two that I know about: No on 6 Committee, 54 Mint St., San Francisco, CA 94103; Illinoisans to Stop Briggs, P.O. Box 11491, Chicago, IL 60611.

Beyond that, a general increase in awareness and solidarity seems imperative. Gay people are already beginning to get together in defense against the anti-gay backlash. Obviously this needs to continue. But gay people can't carry the struggle alone, any more than blacks or women can overcome racism and sexism without the active support of whites and men.

A lot of people are going to have to confront the gay issue. Because sexual matters are wrapped in fear and secrecy in our society, other minorities and political groups are afraid to identify with gay oppression or to support gay rights. And the godly fascists are quick to use these fears (after all, they're responsible for them in the first place) and to encourage such divisions: the lesbian presence in the woman's

movement is constantly being used to discredit feminists by those who are opposed to ERA and abortion.

As long as gay people are seen as a political liability, the solidarity that is needed to stop the new Nazis will not be achieved. A lot of straight people haven't dealt with their feelings about homosexuality. They still see gay people as "unnatural" or "sick" and don't understand that the fear of gayness, homophobia, is oppressive to both gays and straights.

I'm not suggesting that everybody turn gay, but I do think that many more people need to realize that feelings of love and affection for members of the same sex are not weird or exotic or even unusual. When people have dealt with their feelings about their own gayness, the revolution will be a lot closer than it is now. •

--Ferdurke

Queer-beating: It happens here

Gay men who gather together outside in Bloomington at night have been the victims of regular harassment since the last week in August.

This harassment has taken many forms: car chases, foot chases, trying to force cars off the road, hitting and pushing. Gay men's lives have been threatened, and the men have been threatened with knives. And there has been verbal harassment: "Why don't you get off the street;" "You dirty up our city;" and name-calling ("faggot," "queer," "pervert"--imagination is not one of the persecutors' strong points).

Some of the gay men involved have asked that neither their names nor the names of their attackers, several of whom have been identified, be used, because of the possibility of increased harassment.

At least twice charges have been pressed, however. The hooligans frequently kick and pound on the gay men's cars, and the first charge was the result of damage to a car that was kicked. (Brute force is one of their strong points.)

The second charge was pressed as a result of the first. The queer-bashers were trying to coerce information out of one of the gay men about the identity and address of the man who had pressed charges. They were shoving him around, had taken his keys, and so on.

Another time, one of the gay men who was being chased in his car drove to the police station to press charges. Police told him that he could not do so because he couldn't name his tormentors, in spite of the fact that several of the thugs had gathered on the police lawn.

When the man went out and got back into his car, one of the group of attackers put his fist through the gay man's car window. He went back into the station and was once again told that nothing could be done.

When the first charge was filed, police were very cooperative, but it is the impression of at least one of the gay men that since then cooperation from the police and state's attorney's office has lessened.

When called after an incident of harassment and asked to patrol the area, police sometimes do. At other times police drive up to groups of the gay men and tell them that if

they don't stop littering (there have been complaints), they'll be hauled in for loitering.

One of the gay men suspects that the police may be getting tired of dealing with the situation, and points



"Why don't you act like a man?"

out that we should be able to expect police not to get tired of protecting people.

The persecutors are straight white men and their womenfriends, with the men being the more aggressive. They are all young, around 18. They are given to odd behaviors like taking out their pocket knives and flipping them in the air in a hip 50's manner. There are 3 or 4 ringleaders, but as many as 5

or 6 carloads have been involved in a couple of the incidents.

The men have a peculiar brand of chivalry. In the middle of harassing the gay men, they object if one of the gays uses "obscene" language in front of their womenfriends.

One of the attackers has also said that it is part of his personal code to not start violence first. However, he says he considers somebody "talking smart" to him enough reason to beat the crap out of them.

When I asked one of the gay men why he thought the straight youths were harassing them, he said, "I don't think these people think logically at all. I think they really are stupid--stupid animals." (From what I've heard, this sounds unfair to most animals.)

It's bad enough that the gay men involved have suffered the harassment and violence that they have. But even worse is the fact that they cannot retaliate as effectively as might be possible because these vicious punks have the force of a queer-hating and queer-fearing society behind them. •

--Alice Wonder
with L. Knight

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Mike Artemis

Home Rentals Agency surrenders to picket

In our September issue, we outlined the sordid story of the Home Rentals Agency in Bloomington. We began picketing the agency shortly after the paper hit the streets, and our picketing led to an eight-day shutdown of the agency. Now, if new state regulations effective Sept. 27 are enforced, Home Rentals will close its doors for good. (See adjoining story.)

We protested the agency's existence after interviewing the ex-manager, an ex-employee, and a current employee. Our gripes were these: The Home Rentals people claim to provide renters with lists of available apartments and houses for a \$35 (now \$40) fee. The agency doesn't tell people, though, that most of its listings can be found in the Pantagraph classified ads for only 25¢ a day.

The agency attracts people with tempting offers of apartments and houses they're listing, whose addresses the people can only find out if they pay the HRA fee. But many times those tempting offers are just rewordings of other Pantagraph ads (placed there by the landlords), and many times the apartments were already rented up to five days before the HRA removes the ad from the paper. People are enticed to sign a contract with HRA, which assures them no refund and no guarantees, and only then do they discover the disappointing nature of the listing service.

We also had evidence that HRA helped landlords discriminate against tenants they find undesirable: blacks, students, people with children, whatever. A former manager told us that HRA screens the tenants so they will not send them to landlords who don't want to rent to them. When a Post reporter called HRA pretending to be a prospective client, an HRA employee described in detail the process

whereby blacks are not sent to landlords who request no blacks. Thus, the landlords evade anti-discrimination in housing laws.

The goal of agencies like this one is to corner the market on listings of apartments and houses. If the agency is allowed to survive, soon the landlords will stop taking out their own ads in the Pantagraph. HRA doesn't charge the landlords a fee, so they save money on advertising. Besides, HRA might help them with the discrimination of their choice. So within a year or so, anyone who wants to rent in Bloomington/Normal will have to pay \$40 to the agency just to find out what's available. And people who are looking for apartments and houses to rent are usually those who can least afford to spend \$40 on information that used to cost a quarter.

This threat of HRA gaining monopoly control over rental information inspired us to start picketing in front of the storefront office on Center Street Sept. 6. We thought that if people knew what the racket was all about, they wouldn't sign up for the so-called service. We were right, too.

We made some picket signs saying that HRA was a ripoff and a fraud. One of them said, "Save \$40! Ask us how." We also made a poster of articles from the Chicago Tribune and the Quad Cities paper about similar agencies in other cities and how the Illinois Attorney General's office was investigating them.

Lots of people came up and talked to us, and we would explain why we didn't want anyone to sign up for HRA's listing service. So many people volunteered to picket that we were able to cover almost every hour the agency was open.

Charlie Vandagriff, manager of Home Rentals (right), and Jack Walton, part owner of Home Rentals (left).



Needless to say, the manager of Home Rentals became overwrought. On Thursday, Sept. 7, he began a barrage of calls to the Bloomington cops; he eventually called the cops 8 times in 4 days. The cops would come by and tell the picketers to keep moving, not to block the entrance, and not to lean picket signs on the building, but they knew and we knew that the picketing was legal.

On Sept. 9, Saturday, HRA manager Charlie Vandagriff called the cops and signed a complaint for criminal trespass against picketer Mark Silverstein, who'd been inside the office chatting with the HRA secretary earlier. The

cops advised the picketers to stay out of the office and told Charlie he'd have to come discuss his criminal complaint at the State's Attorney's office the next Wednesday (this is the usual procedure for misdemeanor complaints). Vandagriff never showed up on Wednesday.

Maybe Vandagriff had picked up on State's Attorney Ron Dozier's attitude toward his rental racket. Dozier told a Post reporter on Wednesday that the cops kept calling him up asking what to do about the picketers. Dozier said, "I told them to pick up a sign and join you. That place is a ripoff."

On Sept. 11 at about midnight or one, Charlie woke up one of Mark Silverstein's housemates with a weird phone call. He said he was calling to arrange a nine-party conference call to "straighten this thing out." He said that the call was costing him a bundle, and that the people who would be in on the call were the dean of Texas A & M, representatives of the Federal Commerce Commission and the Federal Trade Commission, a New York Times reporter, Mark Silverstein, Vandagriff, and others. He left a number for Mark to call him back at. At the end of the conversation, he said, "I'm going to close his (Mark's) newspaper down this week."

From the way he was talking, the late hour, and the promise of weird people like the New York Times reporter and the dean of Texas A & M, the housemate thought maybe Charlie had had a few too many drinks. He later told the ISU Vidette that he never made this phone call, and he never mentioned this hotshot conference call to Mark, although he saw him the same day.

By Thursday, Sept. 14, Charlie's business had fallen off drastically, and he had to lay off some of his staff, according to what he told the Vidette. But his record of truthfulness was never great, and it worsened as the picketing continued. On the first day of the picketing, he told a group of people that Mark Silverstein already had two law suits against him. Not true.

At various times during the strike, he told the Vidette or Channel 19 that there is no law against landlords discriminating against people with children (there is such a law); that only 6-7% of HRA's listings repeat the Pantagraph's listings (the two ex-employees we interviewed were sure that over half the listings were from the Pantagraph); that Mark Silverstein once threw ice cubes at someone's windows (not true); and that all kinds of downtown businesspeople were enthusiastically chipping in money for a suit against the Post-Amerikan (we really doubt it; sounds kinda like that wondrous conference call). The employee who described to us how HRA won't send blacks to landlords who don't want them also went back on her story, claiming she'd never told us what she did.

On both Thursday and Friday, Vandagriff closed his operation down early. Fewer and fewer HRA ads were appearing in the Pantagraph. On Saturday and Sunday, his doors were open only a few hours. Only a general ad for HRA appeared in the paper. Finally, on Monday, the 12th day of picketing, he opened for a couple hours and then put up a sign in the window saying that the office was temporarily closed "due to the Post-Amerikan radicals marching and picketing."

That same Monday, the 18th, the Human Relations Commission was hunting for Charlie in order to investigate allegations of discriminatory practices. When they got him on the phone, they found that he wasn't taking any new customers, only handing out those golden lists to people who'd already signed up.

Carl Slayback, an investigator in the Attorney General's office, set a date for an informal hearing on a complaint against the agency.

Meanwhile, the Pantagraph had not a word to say about 12 days of picketing, 12 days of police calls, 12 days of charges and countercharges on both sides. The Pantagraph seems devoted to their boycott of the Post-Amerikan, even when it interferes with covering a news item.

The Sept. 25 hearing on the grievance before the Attorney General's representative for consumer protection was a joke. Dan Linneman filed the complaint, saying that if he'd had full and truthful information about

HRA, he would not have paid \$35 to them. Linneman thought that since he was purposely misled by an HRA employee before signing up, his money should be returned.

At the hearing, consumer protection advocate Fred Summer was clearly on HRA's side. Vandagriff and the owner of HRA never had to answer any questions, while Summer lectured Linneman about how he'd signed a contract and he didn't understand why Linneman thought he could get his money back.

"You obviously don't understand how things work," consumer protection investigator Slayback snickered. When Linneman asked who was responsible for what HRA employees told prospective clients before they signed up, Summer said that the hearing did not concern "interpersonal disputes."

Home Rentals was apparently awaiting the outcome of that hearing, because they opened again that afternoon, Sept. 26, after being closed for eight days.

We geared up for more picketing. We were just about to begin again on Sept. 27 when we learned that the state had just instituted new regulations which, if enforced, would shut down Home Rentals and all agencies like it throughout the state. (See adjoining story.)

We put the hold on the picketing, filed a complaint with the Illinois Department of Registration and Education, and as the Post goes to press, we are waiting to see if the state will enforce the new regulations on rental finding agencies.

If the regulations are enforced, these sleazy operations will close down, because they can't survive close scrutiny from either a legal or ethical standpoint.

--Phoebe Caulfield

OCTOBER

| SUN | MON | TUES | WED | THUR | FRI | SAT |
|---|--|--|--|--|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 NOW OPEN SUNDAY 11-1 a.m. | 2 PRAIRIE SUN Night Out with STREET WISE | 3 BOO RABLEY (ROCK) | 4 AT EVERY ROCK | 5 THE JOLLY BROS. CONCERT | 6 | 7 |
| 8 BENEFIT CONCERT for imprisoned marijuana smokers - in demonstrators | 9 TO BE ANNOUNCED | 10 LUTHER ALISON | 11 THE NED PEPPER BAND | 12 JIM SCHEERER CONCERT | 13 SKILLET | 14 PORK AND HAWANA DUCKS |
| 15 NO COVER NO MUSIC TRY ONE OF OUR FOUR PINBALL MACHINES | 16 TONIGHT IS NO MUSIC NIGHT COME ON DOWN AND PLAY POOL! | 17 DUKE TUMATOE and the ALL-STAR PROGS | 18 Mother Blues | 19 CONCERT TICKET ONE-AWAY! | 20 | 21 |
| 18 THE RUSTY AND SUZY REUNION | 19 NORML. BENEFIT CONCERT with the Cadillac Cowboys | 20 Cadillac Cowboys | 21 JUMP the SADDLE | 22 ALESHA | 23 PUSH | 24 |
| 25 New Age Music 21 SHOWCASE 1:30 pm - 2:30 am CACTUS JACK 3:00 pm - 4:30 pm PORK & HAWANA DUCKS 5:00 pm - 6:30 pm BOO RABLEY 7:00 pm - 8:30 pm | 26 DALLAS MCGEE | 27 HAWANA DUCKS HALLOWEEN PARTY | 28 NO COVER NIGHT LIVE MUSIC FINANCING | 29 BEER AND WINE NIGHT 35¢ DRAFTS 50¢ WINE | 30 BUCK NIGHT ONE-AWAY! | 31 GIVE AWAY NIGHT |

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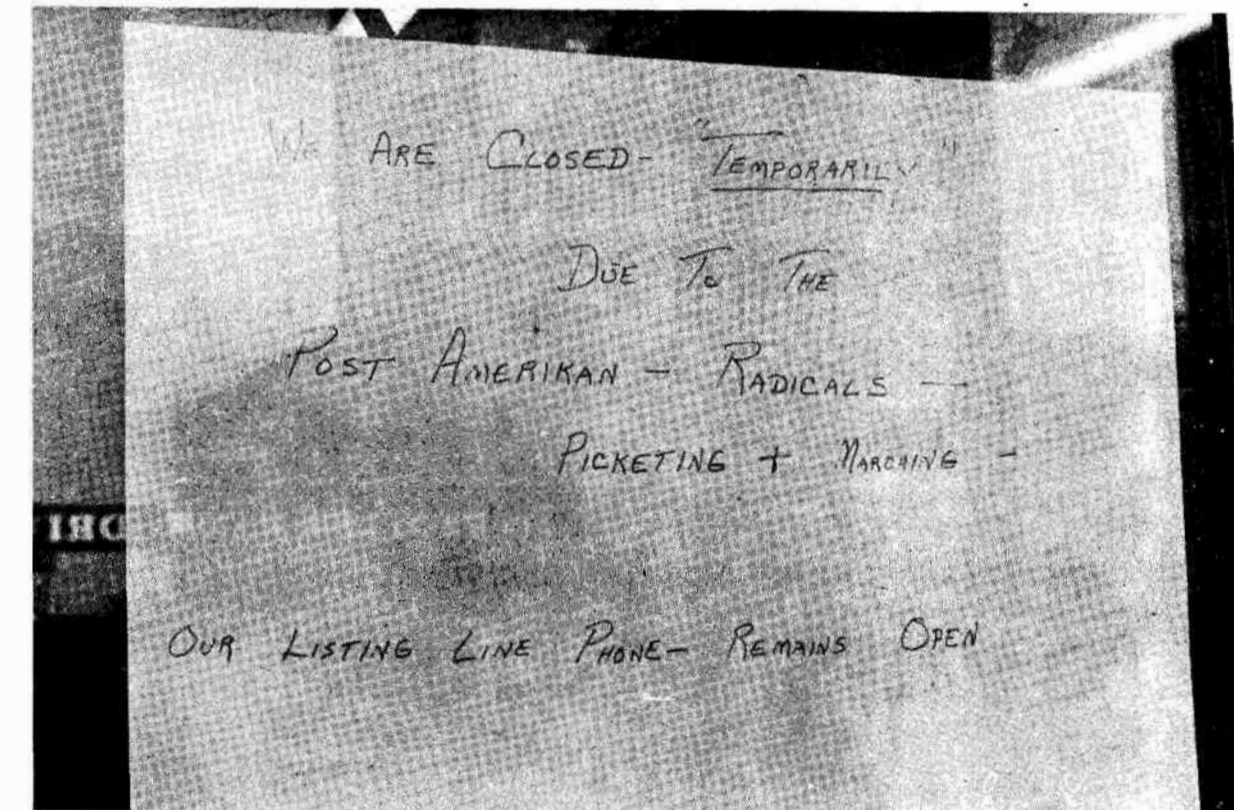
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Vandagriff, who claims to be a PR man, made this sign. It says: We Are Closed - "Temporarily" Due To The Post-Amerikan - Radicals - Picketing + Marching - Our Listing Line Phone - Remains Open

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Love is a rose but why not picket?

Life on the Home

Reading Illinois State University's newspaper, the Vidette, could give you strange ideas about just who was picketing Bloomington's Home Rentals (HR). You might think Post-Amerikan "editor" Mark Silverstein ordered all his Post "employees" to walk the picket lines four hours a day, or else get canned.

Well, it didn't work quite that way.

Here are some vital statistics: From the day we started picketing HR, Wed. Sept. 6, until 12 days later when Charlie Vandagriff (HR's manager) surrendered temporarily, 35 people braved the 80- and 90- degree heat to get the information out about HR's lying and disgusting practices. Twenty of us are women; fifteen of us are men. Sixteen of us work on the Post; 19 do not. All but one of us are white; one of us is a black woman.

Several of us held a picket sign for the first time when we joined up with the campaign to end HR's shoddy

tactics. One of us had just moved into Bloomington a month before picketing started. Others of us grew up here. In age we range from about 19 to about 50, although most of us are youngsters, relatively. Many of us had never heard of each other until we gathered in common cause. Some of us have been friends for as long as 15 years.

In the beginning

The decision to start picketing HR was made at a Post meeting. We started off by covering only peak business hours. Within a week, though, as support snowballed and Mark worked at getting people to sign up, pickets were present at HR during all their open hours.

I don't think HR's manager, Charlie, took us very seriously at first. It helped that the Pantagraph, Bloomington's other newspaper, never breathed a whisper about the clamor over HR. But as the days went by and

we appeared more often rather than less often, I suspect he began to get a little rattled.

The first few days of our picket were hot, exciting, and, for me at least, scary. We didn't know what to expect from each other, from passersby, or from Charlie. We had varying experiences, but were all, I think, surprised and pleased by how supportive the folks driving and walking by were.

Every day people going by would holler "Right on!" and "They are a rip-off!" People honked, gave us the fist, and smiled. Folks on foot would stop to talk. Some of them had been messed over by HR or had friends who had.

But lots of times we'd just talk about how hard it is to find apartments, how expensive they are, how it's not right that business owners can make so much money off people and give them so little in return. Sometimes we'd talk about other atrocities,

Home Rentals agency violates new state rules

As the Post-Amerikan goes to press, Bloomington's Home Rentals Agency is operating in outright violation of a new set of Illinois regulations designed to curb abuses of similar agencies throughout the state.

If the new regulations are enforced, Home Rentals will have to shut down.

The emergency regulations took effect Sept. 27, and carry the full force of Illinois law, according to Ed Nash, Public Information Officer for the Illinois Department of Registration and Education. The department administers Illinois' Real Estate Brokers and Salesmen License Act, and drew up regulations for rental finding services under authority of that law.

According to the new regulations, owners of agencies like Home Rentals

must be licensed real estate brokers. Employees must be licensed real estate salespeople.

Neither Home Rentals owner Jack Walton nor manager Charley Vandagriff have such real estate licenses.

Other regulations effective Sept. 27 will further cramp Home Rentals' style.

For instance, the new rules require that the contract between a prospective tenant and the rental agency include nine provisions, some of which Home Rentals will hate.

Home Rentals will have to admit, in their contract, that some of their listings will be obtained from previously published newspaper ads.

Home Rentals will have to agree to refund money if the listings they provide are not accurate and current. The new regulations allow the listings to be only two days old. If a customer receives a listing for an already-rented apartment, and the apartment has been rented for two days, then the contract with the rental agency is null and void, and the customer gets a refund. (According to Home Rentals ex-manager Steve Mane, the agency sometimes hands out listings five days out-of-date, because the listings are updated only every five days.)

The new regulations also require Home Rentals to write in their contract that rental information provided may be up to two days old.

If Home Rentals advertises rental units which were previously advertised in the newspaper (a common practice, according to ex-manager Steve Mane), then the new regulations require Home Rentals to say in their ad, "Some or all of the rental units appearing in this advertisement were obtained from previous newspaper advertisements."

Regulation of rental finding agencies would have come sooner, but Governor Thompson vetoed a bill that would have set up a special licensing of these agencies.

In his veto message, Thompson said that rental finding agencies should be regulated under the existing law, and suggested that the Department of Registration and Education formulate rules under their existing authority.

In filing the new regulations as an "emergency rule," the text of the Department's new rules explained the hurry: "Any delay in adopting this rule by following the usual rulemaking procedures of the Administrative Procedure Act will permit the conditions to continue for the interim rulemaking period and will be detrimental to the public interest."

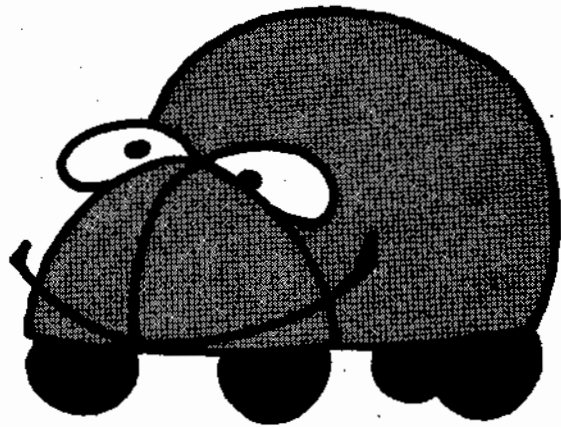
If enforced, these regulations would shut down the Home Rental Agency. I filed a complaint with the Department of Registration and Education on Sept. 28, but no one in the department was sure how long enforcement would take.

--Mark Silverstein

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Rentals picket line

about friends being thrown in jail and how hard it is to raise bail, about getting fired. Many of the stories were sad to hear.

Often we'd end up talking about racism in housing. I felt good that a big proportion of the people who stopped to talk or showed support from their cars were black, since HR messes over a high proportion of blacks.

Cheez it, the cops

For three days Charlie kept his cool and didn't hassle us, probably hoping that we would get bored and go home. But on Saturday, Sept. 9, he called the Bloomington cops on us for the first time. And once he started, he really got into it, calling them almost every day thereafter, sometimes five times a day.

The first time cops came, they came in force-- two squads at once. They told us to keep walking rather than just standing still or leaning against the building, or else we could be called loiterers.

Only a couple of the picketers had less than friendly experiences with police stopping or driving by. Mostly we found that we were getting tolerance or support in even this unexpected place.

Charlie relied on the cops to tell picketers that our picket signs could not rest against either his storefront or the empty storefront next door, the old Republican headquarters, stompin' grounds of the likes of Harber Hall. Apparently Charlie had some claim on that vacant office--perhaps because he's a kindred spirit to the folks who used to hang out there.

Slip slidin away

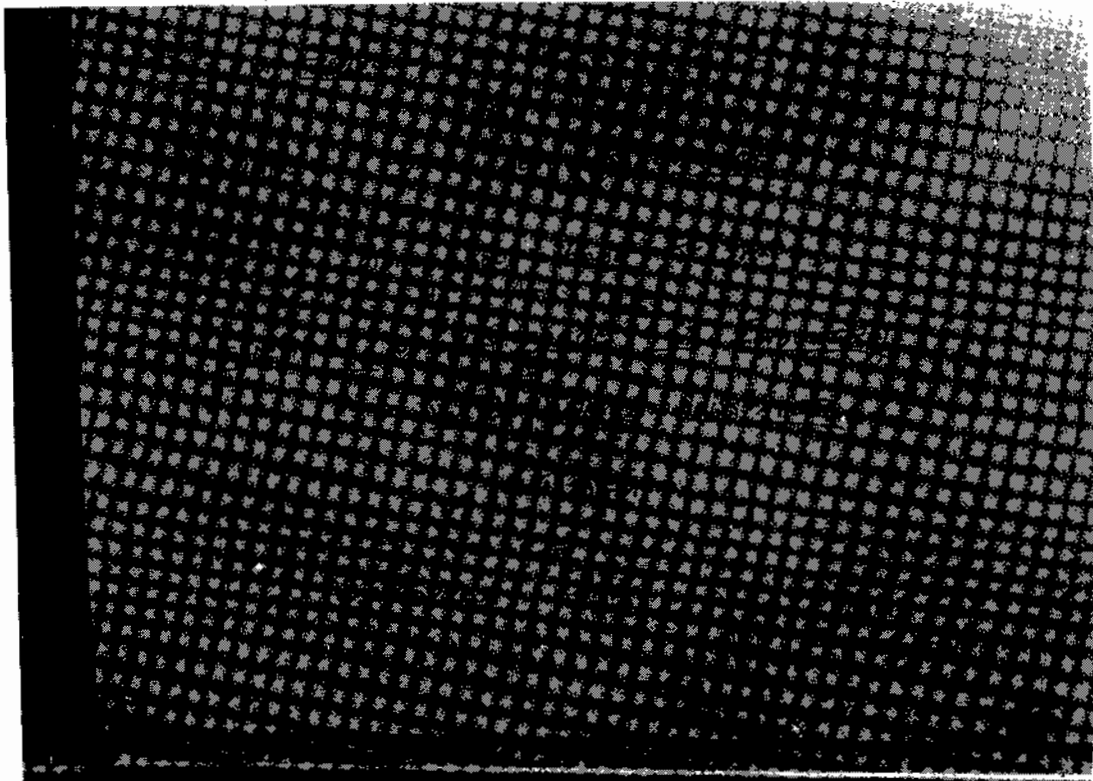
Our interaction with the HR people was bizarre--at various times friendly, hostile, teasing, casual, uptight, bored, and indifferent.

On Saturday Sept. 9, Mark Silverstein went into HR during Charley's absence and sat down to talk for the first--and only--time.

Mark had a very good-natured 10-minute conversation with Lynn, the worker who unknowingly gave us some of our info for last issue's HR stories. Mark asked her how business was, and she said it was down. She said she thought there were people calling up and planning to come in who drove up, saw the pickets, and just didn't stop.

When Charlie returned, he was angry at finding Mark in the office. This prompted his filing a trespass complaint against Mark.

The next day at noon, one of HR's woman workers brought some poster board to work and Charlie made the counterpicket sign that was displayed in HR's window. It said (see photo):



(In case you can't read it, it says: Fact or Fiction--Truth or Lie's Ask the Picket's For Their Reference's Ask About Home Rental's at Association of Commerce and Industry or A Valid-Unbiased Newspaper the Pantagraph or Peoples Bank Read Current Edition of The Vidette)

And Charlie said he was in public relations. Hard to believe.

That same day, Sunday Sept. 10, was also the first day that we were there that Charlie closed the store for an hour during his business hours.

Late that night Charlie called up Mark's house and engaged one of the picketers in a very surreal phone discussion (see adjoining story).

The next morning when Dave and Mark showed up at HR with their signs, Charlie greeted them and mentioned that they were late.

HR worker Lynn came out that day and told picketers that HR had signed three new customers up that morning. She also said apologetically that she had been ordered to put the counter-picket sign in the window.

One day when Charlie closed the store for a while, picketers Cathy and Marty decided to take a break too. They ended up at the same bar Charlie had gone to, and so bantered with him a while. (For example, "Gee, we're sure glad you closed up, Charlie. We can always use a break to get something to drink.")

Monday Sept. 18 was the day that Charlie gave up. But before he closed

that day, a tall young man with long dark hair and a beard went into HR to talk to Charlie. Neither Rod nor I had noticed him before, but he certainly didn't seem to be a customer.

When he came out and was crossing the street, he turned to us and said, in a very hostile tough-guy manner, "You better take your pickets home. There might be an accident here later tonight." Then he said something we didn't catch.

I said, "What?" and he came back toward us and repeated that we had better leave because there might be an accident, still in this very macho growly too-much-TV sort of way. I asked him if he was threatening us (trite, I know, but I couldn't think of anything else to keep this fascinating conversation going). He replied, while shrugging and then walking away into the sunset, "You just never know what could happen in this day and age." (Yawn.)

Rod, whose consciousness was a little altered by the demon alcohol, said to me anxiously, "You think he was Home Rentals' hit man?"

The people

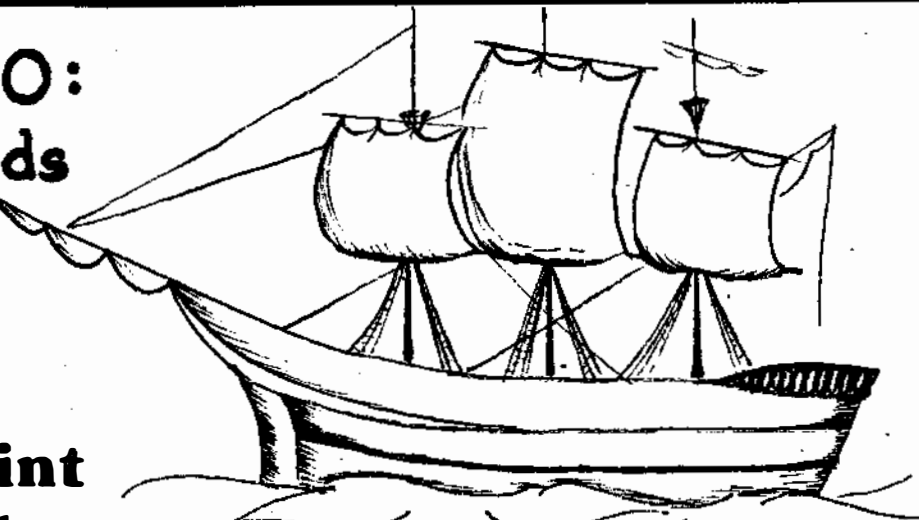
One of the most rewarding things about picketing HR was the good experience we had talking to the people buzzing around downtown. During the four times I picketed, no new customers even approached HR, but I had lots of fun talking to other people who happened by.

A woman about 50 years old drove by and yelled to Mark and Dave, "Right on brothers, they're a ripoff."

We asked one man coming out of HR if he'd signed up. He answered, "Hell, no. I'd have a better chance at poker."

One of two women walking by told the picketers to go back to Russia. ↗

CARGO:
Waterbeds

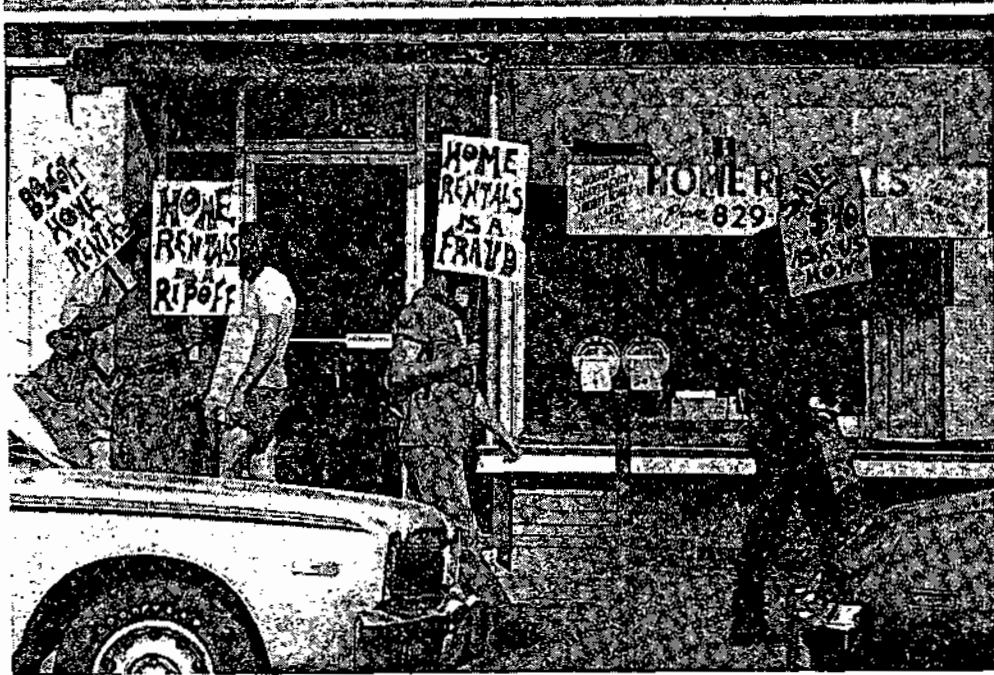


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Life (Continued from preceding page)



Several picketers picket during Home Rentals picketing.

"Go back to Russia," one passerby said.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonso Stein managed to get their money back from HR. They had been fighting with HR for two months. They were among many people who complained to the Attorney General's Consumer Protection Division through Carl Slayback at the Bloomington Association of Commerce and Industry building.

One black woman who was trying to get her money back wasn't successful. She can't read or write, hadn't understood that the contract she signed said she couldn't get her money back if she didn't find a place through HR. She had thought she would. HR kept giving her the stall.

One woman talked to the picketers and agreed that HR was a fraud. She decided to tell them so, and opened their door, stuck her head in, and yelled, "You are a fraud."

Landowners had both positive and negative things to say about HR. One drunken landlord was very negative about HR in highly colorful language.

Jack talked to one landlady who, after Jack had been talking about

discrimination against blacks, said she didn't want people in her apartments who would mess them up.

One woman trying to get her money back walked into HR with a copy of the Post, after talking to Bobby and Tom. Charlie told her to throw the Post in the wastebasket, that it's just a sex paper. (If it was, we'd be charging more money.) The woman told us, however, that she was going to take the Post home and read it all.

A group of junior high or high-school-aged women came by a couple times and carried some signs around for a while themselves, hollering with a great deal of energy at passing cars. Jack told me later, "I think they weren't real serious about it, they were just into seeing people doing something weird on the streets." Right on!

Some people asked us if we weren't afraid of getting arrested. "A few people didn't seem to understand that what we were doing was legal," Bobby told me. "They didn't seem to have much understanding of the right to demonstrate and free speech and all that."

HR claims to provide you with service for one year from the time you pay their fee. When I was picketing, though, a man going by told me that HR had refused to help him find a second apartment after he was thrown out of his first one--unless he gave them more money.

One Black man who stopped to talk asked me, "You just catching on to this place?"

Bring back the sixties

I talked to five of the 35 picketers about their overall feelings about the picketing--Bobby, Jack, Sharon, Neil, and Susan.

"Oh, I talked to Bill about movies and TV programs and how this was like being back in the 60's," Bobby said.

"I felt real good about the picketing," he said. It was very exciting, usually. At times it got monotonous, especially if nobody stopped to talk.

"I liked it because I felt it was really doing something, especially when we would talk somebody out of going in or they'd go in and then come out and say we were right. I liked it that we got pretty immediate feedback."

Bobby also commented, "Like Tom said, it's kind of weird being on the popular side of an issue."

Jack said he felt real good about the picketing too. "Sometimes I would just go and do it when I didn't have anything else to do and just hang out for a while. It was real exciting to see other people get excited about what was going on."

Sharon, who at first knew only a couple of other picketers, said, "It was really neat to meet a lot of people. I liked everybody a lot. There was kind of a feeling of unity among everybody."

"I made it on TV in my first hour there. I've never picketed before. I've always wanted to do things about things that weren't right but I never had the chance before. I really liked it a lot."

Neil had just moved into town about a month before the picketing began. This is what he had to say:

"I sat in on the conversation in which Dan demanded to have his money back, and considering the evasiveness and unethical practices of Mr. Vandagriff, I felt good about picketing, though a little strange coming off the banana boat from the east coast right into this.

"I've been sort of removed from this sort of thing for a while. I think the last demonstration I participated in took place in 1974. It's like not exercising a muscle for a real long time and then exercising it and finding out the muscle's still there.

"It was good for me because I got to meet people."

And Susan: "The passersby seemed very receptive; and when they weren't I didn't really push. I didn't want to harass people.

"I think this was the first time I've ever picketed. It felt great. I felt like I was really doing something. I got to talk to people and even meet some people I didn't know. It was fun. It could have been a little cooler," she laughed, "but it was all right.

"The picketing in general made me feel good to feel that the people in the community could actually do something about an agency like this in the community. It made me feel like we had some power."●

--Alice Wonder



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Rape Crisis Center continues to grow

Have you noticed? Lately it seems that we have gone through a series of "crime of the year" cycles. Each year a new crime is "discovered," brought out of the closet, written and talked about, discussed. Groups are created to answer new needs. Then we go on to another crime. There's been rape, wife abuse, spouse abuse, child abuse-- and each one is the most unreported crime.

I hope all this talk and study is helping us deal more realistically with our lives. But it seems that sometimes we tend to forget the year before.

Don't get me wrong, I value highly the new knowledge I have gained, the new understanding and caring it has produced in myself and others.

Even though rape is not this year's topic, the crime still continues, as you may have noticed from your papers. And the Rape Crisis Center (RCC) of McLean County still exists too. The RCC has grown and changed along with our community's awareness. We are now trained to handle all types of sexual assault-- whether the victims are women, men, or children.

The Rape Crisis Center provides both telephone and advocate services. That means you can call us to talk, ask questions, get answers and support. You can also ask two advocates to come meet you somewhere to continue the discussion or accompany you home, to the hospital, or wherever.

All our volunteers are women, but we have had and we want to have men volunteers too. We also are more aware that sexual assault affects more than just the victim. We are here for families and friends of victims of assault, and for anyone who is scared or concerned or curious. And we are here for the assailants, too.

Anyone who would like to talk to us can call PATH at their new number 827-4005 and ask for the Rape Crisis Center. We're available 24 hrs. a day.

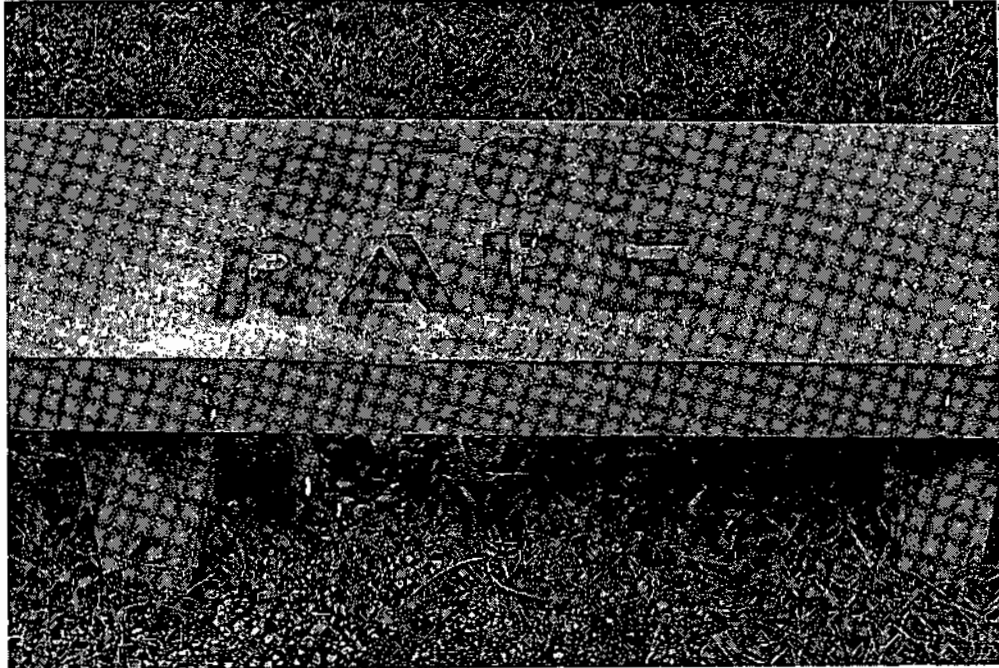
Just a few notes about the recent rash of rapes. As a generalization there are two types of male rapists: the casual rapist and the criminal rapist. The casual rapist may rape only once in his life. An example of this type would be the male and female out parking; he demands sexual intercourse, she refuses, he forces or intimidates her to become his sexual partner anyway.

The criminal rapist rapes an average of once a week. He knows what he is doing is wrong and hurts his victims. He is usually sorry after every assault and vows to never rape again. But in another week, he does.

Some studies say that the criminal rapist started out making obscene phone calls or peeking in windows. He may try a number of other forms of invading people's privacy, such as breaking into a house and watching people sleep. Eventually his assaults become more violent and more daring.

PostNote: We solicited this article at the last minute because it seemed that lately there has been an increase in the number of local reported rapes. During Post layout, an armed man with a police scanner radio molested and robbed six women living in an Illinois Wesleyan University sorority house. The intruder raped one of the six women.

The Pantagraph reported that the raped woman's father was praying for the rapist, who he thinks is "sick" and "feels worse than we do, in a way." The Pantagraph also reported that the two local universities plan



No one can guarantee that you will not become the victim of a sexual assault, no matter what you do. One out of every seven women will be the victim of rape at some time in her life. One out of four children will experience some type of sexual assault, usually from a family member. There are no figures for men; male rape has not yet had its year.

This all adds up to a lot of victims-- and a lot of assailants. Speaking out, caring, supporting, helps sometimes--ignoring the problem of sexual assault does nothing positive and may cause more pain.

If you need support yourself, or want to know how you can help a friend, there are places you can turn. One of them is the Rape Crisis Center. Call PATH at 827-4005. Call us anytime.

--Susie

to make new security plans and that some fraternity men plan to sleep downstairs at the victims' home to protect them.

We feel that rape in general, and especially an attack of this seriousness, cries out for a resistance much more militant, direct, and sustained. It is a challenge to the feminist community to organize against crimes against women.

If you have suggestions, please write to us at PO Box 3452 in Bloomington. Specify whether your letter is for publication or not.



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Non-violent, but not obedient!

The Bailly Alliance in Chicago held 2 non-violent civil disobedience training sessions on Sept. 25 and Sept. 28 in preparation for the planned occupation of the Zion nuclear plant on Saturday October 7. Everyone who occupies the site must be trained at these sessions, although observers are a very welcome part of this demonstration.

When I got to Chicago I was not sure if I wanted to participate in the occupation but I felt this training session would be a valuable experience. I was not disappointed.

About twenty people showed up the night I went. We went around the room and said a little bit about ourselves. We then went into a big room and did exercises.

After this we divided into couples and did a mirroring exercise where one person pretends to be a mirror and has to imitate the other person. This was very hard for me but it was very fun. Someone then said, "Pretend you're a nuke." So we got together and built a nuke. It was no fun to be a nuke. Enough play!?!?

We went back into the meeting room and did a short brainstorming session on "what non-violence means to you." This was followed by an exercise where we paired up with someone we didn't know and one person would talk for five minutes about non-violence and civil disobedience and the other person could only listen. The roles were then reversed.

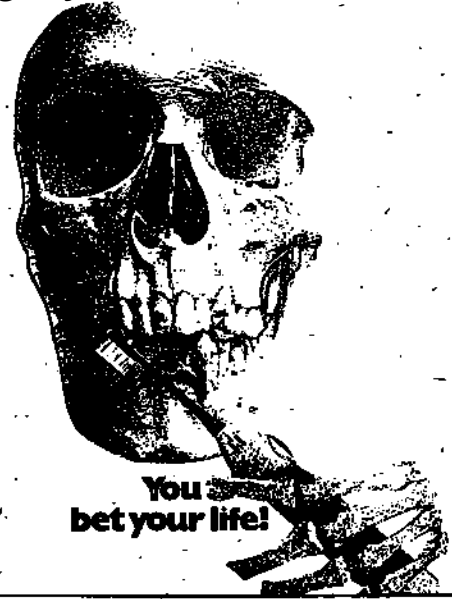
We did two role play situations. One One of a nuclear power plant and one was a jail scene.

I had a wonderful evening in Chicago with these people and I am looking forward to going to Zion, but the subject we are dealing with is very grave. When radioactive wastes are released into the atmosphere, they are around for hundreds of thousands of years. We must stop the nukes before it's too late.

The demonstration is scheduled to begin at noon on Saturday October 7 at Illinois Beach State Park. After a rally with music and speakers, there will be a car caravan and a march to the nuke. Please come. ●

No Nukes,
Airielle Leaf

Can nuclear power give you whiter teeth?



No more nukes

Fifteen members of the Bailly Alliance were arrested Aug. 19, after climbing over a hastily erected fence surrounding General Electric's Morris, Illinois nuclear waste dump.

The 15--8 women and 7 men--were participating in an "Occupation for Survival," an attempt to occupy the road in front of the main gate, and halt further shipment of nuclear wastes to the dump. The action was the first act of non-violent civil disobedience against nuclear power in Illinois.

The occupiers were taken to Grundy County Jail in Morris. They sang anti-nuke songs all the way. At the jail, they were charged with trespassing. Bond was set at \$35. They are all out of jail now. The trial date has not been set. ●

--No Nukes News



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New Illinois solar association

On Sept. 23 solar advocates from around the state gathered in Springfield at Sangamon State University to form a new coalition of solar interests that can more effectively lobby for the passage of solar, energy conservation, and other renewable energy legislation in Illinois.

The group is composed of many of the same people who participated in the organization of Sun Day activities back in May and the Positive Energy Convention of last June. This meeting was the last of a series of regional, state, and national get-togethers that were sponsored by funds from the U.S. Department of Energy as a result of the widespread interest shown by Sun Day activities.

The Illinois Solar Congress had been held at Illinois State University July 15-16. A delegate to the National Solar Congress, Leann Sowende-Brent of Evanston, was chosen to represent Illinois in Washington, D. C. Aug. 4-6. One message she carried was the unanimous resolution that the solar portions of the National Energy Plan be split from the portions that have been stalled over natural gas deregulation and crude oil pricing. The message was heard and repeated at the National Solar Congress. Recently the U.S. Senate separated the solar tax credits from the rest of the bill and sent them on to the House. Score one for us.

The Sept. 23 gathering served as a vehicle to report back to the state about the activities of the National Solar Congress, but the biggest agenda item was the formation of the Illinois Solar Association, a coalition of the diverse pro-solar factions in the state. After much discussion it was agreed to create an organization which would elect regional delegates in each of 10 interest areas. If three regions are selected, then these 30 delegates will form the on-going Illinois Solar Congress (ISC).

The ISC will then meet regularly to ensure that all the solar interests in the state agree as to whether proposed legislation should be supported, opposed or modified. It was felt that the voice for solar energy would be heard much more clearly.

Since the Illinois Solar Association is not yet large enough or well-organized enough to support the election of delegates regionally, an interim board of directors was selected to make policy decisions until delegate elections can be held. Dave Miller of Sunduit from Virden was selected as chairperson, good ol' BC will serve as vice-chairperson, Brent Ehrlich of Sunverter Co. of Murphysboro will be secretary, and Mark Chaddon of Sun Spot Energy Consultants of Bloomington will be treasurer.

No-nukes group goes national

The first National No Nukes Conference was held in Louisville KY Aug. 16-20, and Prairie Alliance was there. Among other direct-action groups attending were the Trojan Decommissioning Alliance (most of whom are still in jail for civil disobedience in Oregon), the Abalone Alliance (which is still recovering from having 500 of its members arrested for occupying the Diablo Canyon nuke in California), Bailly Alliance (which staged their first direct action at the Morris, Illinois, nuclear waste dump during the conference). The meeting served to establish communication in the movement.



The Sun Spot

by B. C.

P.O. Box 463
Bloomington IL 61701

New hazardous wastes coalition

Yet another group of good people has formed up recently. On Sept. 16, representatives of a dozen or so citizens groups fighting hazardous materials storage and transportation in Illinois met at Illinois State University to set up a clearinghouse for information.

Of the 44 sites in Illinois where hazardous materials are now being stored, only three--Wilsonville, Sheffield and Morris--have seen local citizens enraged enough to make a difference. These three sites sent representatives, and information will be shared with residents of other sites to aid them in carrying on their own local fights. For more information, contact Jim Yoho, Illinois Environmental Council, 407 1/2 E. Adams St., Springfield IL 62701.

Why pay for nuke ?

Illinois Power Company does not need additional electrical generating capacity for quite some time and could get along with only its non-nuclear planned additions, yet in the near future IPC will be asking you and every other rate payer to pay sharply higher rates so as to continue funding the construction of the Clinton nuclear power plant. Is this just rhetoric? What are the facts?



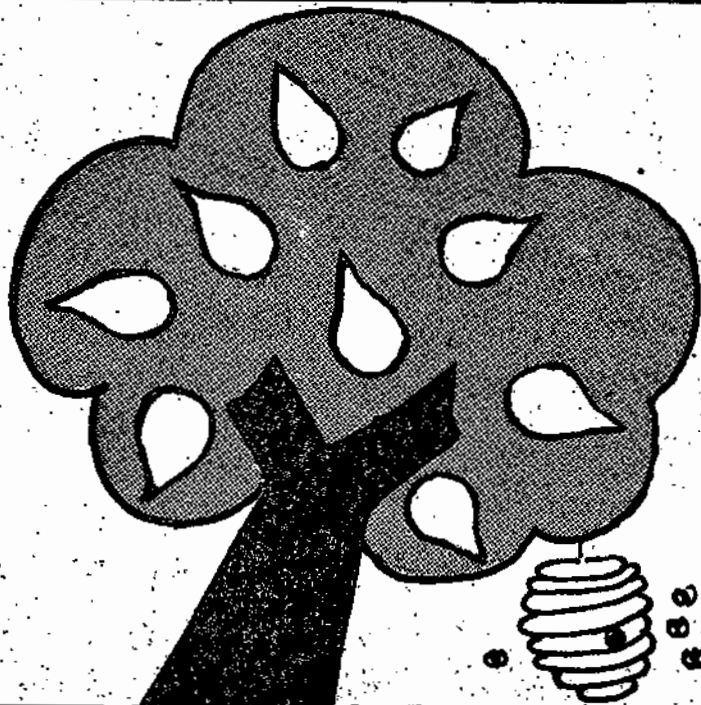
Fact: The peak demand on the IPC system for 1978 was lower, not higher, than the peak demand in 1977. Peak demand in 1977 was 2846 megawatts of electricity (MWe). Peak demand in 1978 was 2830 MWe, down 0.6%, possibly due to increased energy awareness and energy conservation.

Fact: Over the past five years IPC peak demand rose at the rate of 3.9% per year. What has IPC assumed to justify its atomic plant? Answer: 5.8% per year.

Fact: Despite the fact that peak demand has only been 2830 MWe this year, IPC peak generating capacity, not counting the Clinton atomic power plant, is already 3756 MWe. This is 926 MWe more than was needed. IPC plans to have you pay higher rates so that 950 MWe more can be added. On top of that, if a large accident occurs, you will be expected to pay for that, too, because the insurance will pay only 3¢ on the dollar in the worst case. Remember, too, that there are no evacuation plans.

Fact: If peak demand for electricity continues to rise at the rate it has been rising since 1973, and if IPC continues to build at the rate it plans to, then by 1988, IPC will have an excess generating capacity of 1425 MWe.

Do we need more? Maybe we ought to demand higher rates so IPC can build power plants a little faster. On the other hand, maybe those demanding higher rates to pay for the Clinton Atomic Power Plant are misleading us. What do you think?



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Illegal parkings leads to psych ward

Gloria Spector was beaten in front of a dozen witnesses by New York City police. She was parked in an illegal zone when two male police officers told her to move on. As she began to move her car forward, the light turned red, and she stopped.

The officers then demanded to see Spector's license. When she said she hadn't done anything wrong, they yanked her keys from the ignition and pulled her from the car. They then smashed Spector's head against the roof of the car when she protested and screamed for help.

Spector spent nine hours at the police station where she was knocked around, kept in hand cuffs, and interrogated for three and a half hours. Spector claims she had a current driver's license in her wallet which was removed when her handbag was confiscated at police headquarters.

Later she was taken to Balleerie Hospital's psychiatric ward in an attempt by police to prove her insane. She was judged competent, however, and released.

Gloria Spector is charged with parking illegally, driving without a license, and resisting arrest.

--Her Say



Have gas, will travel

"When peace came to the U.S., the teargas business pretty much dried up," says "Law and Order," a police-trade magazine.

So the teargas manufacturers, like Federal Laboratories, now watch for trouble brewing overseas and quickly send out salespeople to sniff out the business possibilities in countries beset with political violence.

Dog discrimination ends



Los Angeles dogs don't have licenses any more, according to recent court ruling. A city judge declared it's a denial of equal protection since pet cats, canaries, turtles, pigs and chipmunks aren't required to have licenses.

--D.C. Gazette



We're still watching you

California Women Against Rape has been taking some direct actions against men who attack women. For five years, they have confronted rapists in their workplaces, neighborhoods, and homes. At the time of the verbal confrontation, the rapist is given anti-rape literature and a few weeks later he receives a letter warning, "We're still watching you. You'd better change the way you treat women."

When asked what the results of their actions were so far, a Santa Cruz woman said, "Not bad. The police want to kill us. . . The rapists are afraid of us!"

--oob

Illegal here? Sell it overseas

The Upjohn Company is trying to legalize the use of Depo Provera on women in Third World countries, even though the U.S. Food and Drug Administration refused to approve use of the potentially carcinogenic contraceptive in this country.

Depo Provera is the only long-acting injectable contraceptive presently in use. It is proven to cause protracted bleeding, malignant breast tumors in laboratory animals, blood clots, headaches, and vomiting. Women taking Depo Provera develop cervical cancer, a localized cancer that eventually spreads, at up to nine times the national rate.

The largest experiment has been conducted using mountain women in Thailand. Malaysian women have traced the use of the drug in their country to a donation by the Rockefeller-funded International Planned Parenthood Foundation.

Kill a queer

In past years, a fraternity at Rutgers University protested National Gay Blue Jeans Day by hanging an effigy of a gay person. This year the fraternity announced its decision to hang a live gay person.

--Lesbian Connection

ALTERNATIVE NEWS

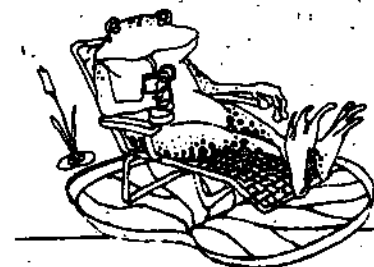
Food cheap, cardboard costly

A typical box of cereal costs about 64¢ these days, but the food inside costs only 3¢, including the cost of making it.

The cardboard box costs 5 1/2¢, 3 1/2¢ fills it, 2¢ ships it.

The rest of the cost is mark-up by the food processor and supermarket.

--Dollars and Sense



Polled

Sixty-eight percent of the people in the U.S. are either somewhat or very interested in being polled.

--University of Michigan

Grave sentiment

Undertakers have grounds for a "cautious optimism," according to "The American Funeral Director," an industry trade magazine.

The decline in the death rate seems to have stopped.

--the Progressive



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Among the bits of information Chemtrec needs to prevent SuperChem from eating out your lungs are: the shipper or manufacturer of the hazardous substance, the container type, the rail car or truck number, the carrier name, and the name of the person or company that wanted the chemical that just ate two lanes of interstate highway.

--Post-Amerikan

Patently absurd

The U.S. Patent and Trademark Office refuses to register the name of a gay publication called "Gaysweek" on the grounds that the name "is considered to consist or comprise immoral and scandalous matter."

--D.C. Gazette

SERVICE BRIEFS

And look what happened to him

The new head of the Roman Catholic Church, Pope John Paul I, has in the past taken a firm stand against homosexuality. He criticized the French priest, Marc Oraison, who preaches that gay love is a form of Christian love, saying, "If a priest preaches such a thing, then everything is ruined."

Pope John Paul I died Sept. 28.

Judge says discrimination ok

A district court judge has ruled that the University of Oklahoma does not have to recognize the Gay Activist Alliance as an official student organization. In her ruling Judge Alma Wilson stated: "There is no constitutional guarantee against discrimination with reference to sexual orientation or sex preference."

--Gay Life



Who sells what?

As many waitresses have long known, restaurants sell more than food.

One member of Local 69 of the Hotel, Restaurant and Bartenders' Union in New York says she averaged \$500 a week in tips at LaGuardia Airport's Terrace Restaurant when it first opened four years ago.

Her "uniform" then was a ruffled dance leotard, stockings and high-heeled shoes. She was also advised to "wear a pushed-up bra for extra cleavage."

After the company that runs the Terrace lost its uniform supplier and hired a woman manager, the waitress' costume was changed to a peasant-style, knee-length dress.

Her tips dropped "drastically," the waitress said.

--Dollars & Sense

Socialist patriarchs reject Holly Near

Holly Near, the singer well-known for both her leftist songs and her involvement in contemporary women's music, was denied a seat on the U.S. Cultural Delegation to the World Youth Festival in Havana, Cuba.

The committee organizing the delegation cited Near's lesbianism as the reason for her rejection. Some of the comments made by members of the committee were: "We don't want somebody from a minority like that," and "We don't want anyone confusing the women's movement with the lesbian movement."

Holly Near stated: "In every struggle for liberation you will find the incredibly strong, committed energy of lesbians. Often these women are forced to stay in the closet in order to do their work. Somehow it is more understandable to me when a right wing organization is heterosexual, since they are often categorically opposed to everything that is progressive and life giving, but for groups who declare they are working for socialist revolution to be blatantly sexist and discriminatory is unacceptable to me." She added that the decision affirmed her belief that "Patriarchal socialism is not a worthwhile goal."

--Gay Community News

The new miss u

The new Miss Universe, crowned July 24, is Margaret Gardiner, a white South African.

Bryant Collins, editor of the New York black daily *Amsterdam News*, called the decision "another indication of the insensitivity of white institutions."

Gardiner is a firm supporter of apartheid. She said that "it would be disastrous" if the black majority took power now in South Africa.

--The Militant



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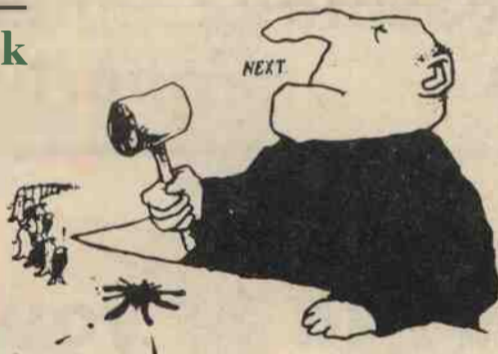
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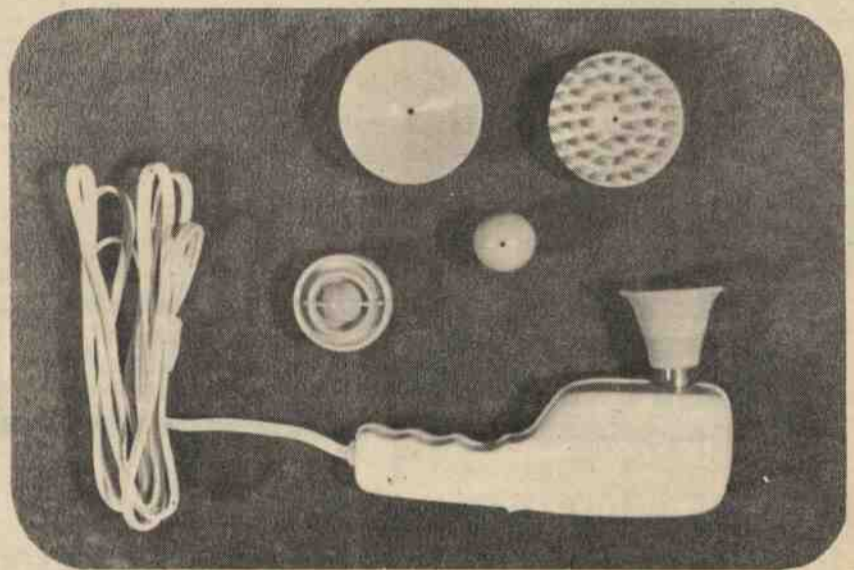
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Penny Saver turns swinger

I considered entering the Penny Saver testimonial contest. You know, write them a letter and tell them how great their paper is. How you just love their ads and what a wonderful buy you have gotten using their paper. What great bargains. In return, they'll print your letter in the Penny Saver and you might win \$25.00.

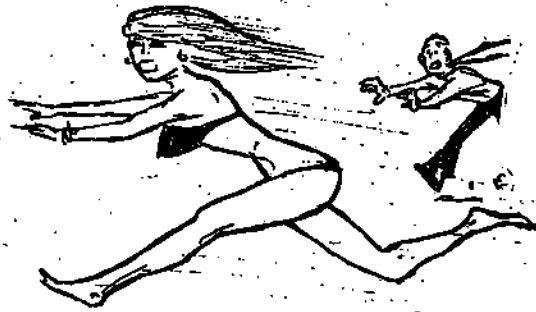
However, I was sure they wouldn't print my letter of testimonial and I really didn't think the 25 bucks would end up in my pocket. Instead I decided to send my testimonial to the Post-Amerikan. I was relatively sure they'd print it. I also knew at least I'd get a free beer if I went in and asked for it. So, I'd win all the way around.

I bet you're wondering what my testimonial is. Well, I was absolutely outraged when I read the September 6th Penny Saver and came across this ad on the "clip-out" page.

Respectible 48 year old widower desires companionship, eventual object-marriage. I am financially secure, own my own home, and have no problems. Must be between ages of 20 and 30. Serious calls only, please! 309-726-1421.

Of course, I clipped it out. I thought wait a minute. Didn't I read that the Penny Saver wouldn't print an ad for the Post-Amerikan when all they wanted people to do was read the Post-Amerikan. Didn't I read that the Penny Saver wouldn't print an ad for the Small Changes Bookstore 'cause it had "lesbian" in the ad. Or was it because they're a feminist bookstore...

This ad for a 48-year-old widower looking for a 20 to 30-year-old companion--object marriage-- is definitely sexist. Also, ageist. Wow, the more I think about this ad the more I want to call this person and tell him I think he shouldn't print stuff like that in a respectable advertising paper. I mean they must be respectable; they won't print any kind of ad from the alternative newspaper or the 'lesbian' feminist bookstore. I'm going to call him.



Well, I'm back. I did it. I called the number given in the ad. He answered. I panicked.

He said, "Hello" again,

I said, "Uhm, I'm calling in reply to your ad."

He said, "Well, first tell me your age, height, weight, etc. ..."

I stammered.

He said, "Are you there?"

He said, "Are you thin, heavy, light?"

Of course, the whole time I'm freaking out. Wondering how can I tell the 48-year-old widower that I think he's a sexist pig? He's got a gentle voice. But-- So-- I don't know. He's waiting for me to reply.

WHAT CAN I SAY? Oh, I'm scared. What can he do to me? So, I stammer and then say, "Well, actually I called you up to say uhm...to find out if this ad is...I mean...this isn't right advertising for a...well, gee, what does it matter if a person is young, beautiful, white?"

He said, "Oh, you're a hypocrite," and hung up.

Well, that really left me surprised, What did he mean?

I am also surprised that a paper as uptight and moralistic and devoted to the Status Quo as the Penny Saver would put in such an unconventional ad.

Actually, I think I'll give up reading the Penny Saver. It used to be a challenge to read the little personal ads amongst the big business ads. Now I know that I don't even want to strain my eyes on this stuff.

--Eve



Five years ago in the Post

Remember how I raved over the Post we put out five years ago last month? Well, we musta burned out on that one (it showed definite tendencies in that direction), 'cause the October, 1973, Post-Amerikan is not much to write home about, I have to admit.

Two pieces that I really like, but I don't think everyone would, are impressionistic articles by women. One is "My Day at the Doctor's Office," a free-association ramble through the mind of a woman at the gynecologist's office ("Young ladies must not publicly display their intellects in front of certain professionals"-- yes, we've always had it in for gynecologists, and with good reason too). The other article is a review of Last Tango in Paris, called "LAST TANGO obstacle course rave review," and that's how it reads too.

Another good article is called (misleadingly) "The 31st Science Fiction Convention." It's about how science fiction has a bunch of mind-expanding potential, how sci-fi writers project alternative worlds for our consideration. "Anything can happen... and should."

But in general I'm kinda bummed out by this ish. It's got a bunch of reprints saying dreary things like, "Women who are not prepared to engage in armed struggle are weak revolutionaries," and "Despite our foreign indebtedness of \$3 billion and our internal debts of \$7 billion, foreign firms have been allowed to borrow \$14 billion from local credit sources during the period of 1960 to the middle of 1969." It's got a good interview with a prisoner who was involved in the Attica uprising of September 1971, but the interview's printed out of order. The answers don't always match up with the questions.

I hope things pick up next month.

--Phoebe Caulfield



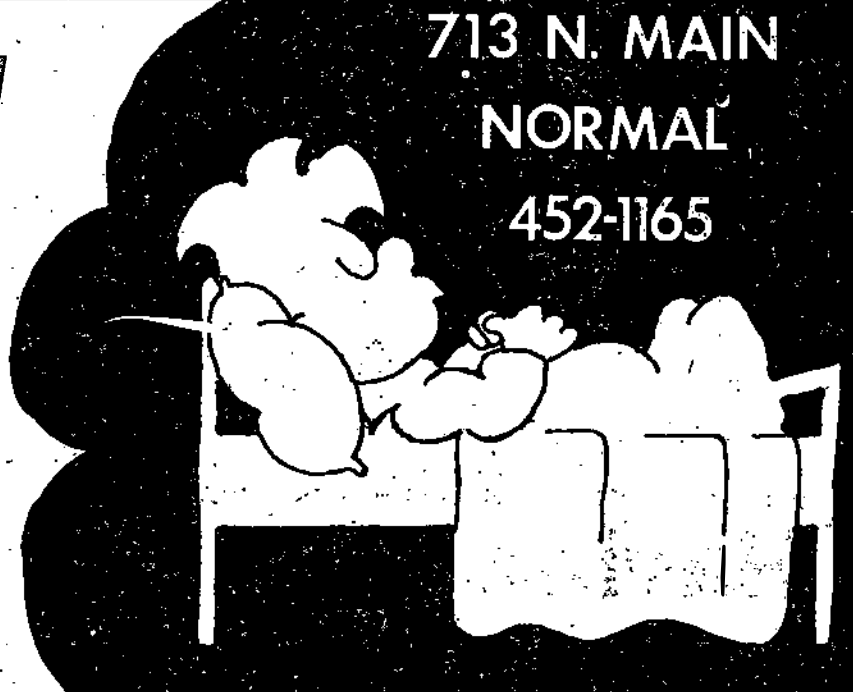
Our current masthead began with this issue:



FALCON MOTEL

CABLE TV
TELEPHONES
ON U.S. 51

AIR CONDITIONED



713 N. MAIN
NORMAL
452-1165

Confessions of an illegal abortion activist

And the Pope never missed a period.

It's been said before but I'm going to repeat it--we do not have to apologize to any males of our species anymore for their guilt trips. RAPE is an act of terror that affects everyone.

Okay--so I got my master's degree in English from the U. of I. in 1971--I didn't figure out until 1978 that the real reason I found myself pregnant in 1970 and seeking any illegal abortion was because I had been raped. Any woman who falls asleep from a little too much scotch, way too much boring conversation, and gets laid in this state without her consent (obviously) HAS BEEN RAPED. You youngsters take note. Abortion is a right--not a privilege!

Okay, let's take a step back: Christmastime in Collegetown, U.S.A., 1969. My roomie, Linda, and I took turns each week buying a booze supply primarily because as the midwestern winter had grown more intrusive, the average nightly temperature in our fashionably hip apartment averaged out at 40 degrees F. Shivering may help the body warm itself, but it tends to induce insomnia.

At the time, it seemed a small price to pay to escape the ticky tacky



straightness, frat rat dropouts, and young marrieds with fetching babies who populated the new apartment complex and swimming pool where we spent the summer. It was great nailing McCarthy campaign posters all over and painting obscenities about Mayor Daley.

I had been spurred into an unnatural state of spartan celibacy, super-achiever work ethic, and general abstinence from most pleasurable activities having any implied attributes of vice. This got old after while. However, my summer work experience which incited this bizarre behavior was of a most severe nature. It contained an upstairs-downstairs dilemma somewhat different from that dramatized on masterpiece theater.

Upstairs I was a barmaid/waitress for a very macho crowd of construction workers, truck drivers, factory workers, a few police and fire fighters, and an occasional group of frat rats who drifted in too drunk to know any better. And YOUNGSTERS, back in those days, these occupational words automatically meant MEN, no further explanation required (or wanted.)

Oh, yes, there were a few women. They were always the same ones and had a habit of showing up each night with a new set of fresh bruises located in a different area of their body. Sometimes though they would overlap and a fresh bruise would land on an old one that hadn't finished healing yet. It created a most interesting, if grotesque, clique of colors and design. The browns and beige of the old bruise offering sharp contrast to the bright purple and lavender of the fresh ones with the sparkling hues of orchid and red busted capillaries shining through.

Days of wine and roses indeed. Just screw in the lightbulb and ditch

the candlelight. Too bad I wasn't into creative photography at the time. Maybe I could have made a mint selling an album cover to the Rolling Stones. Or I could have enlarged specific fragments of the wound area 100 times, bought some respectable walnut frames from Wonderlin Galleries, entitled ten random photographs "Counterpoint Series A thru Zen" (as random females are entitled whores and bitches) and sold them in a package deal with some art criticism under a flashy pseudonym to the New Yorker or Playboy magazine. Or if worse came to worst I could always try some S & M porno rag--maybe Hustler.

One night a couple of the regulars came in--a legally married couple the female member of which just happened to have had a screw driver stuck in her eye the night before by the male member of this duet. I found out this information by asking her why she had a great big red spot in the part of her eye that was usually white, (if somewhat bloodshot).

She told me pointblank and made no bones about it. I figure she must have forgotten a long time ago that she was composed of flesh, blood, bones, feelings and maybe even a human soul.

Damned if I could think of any way of reminding her of it at the time. Maybe this had something to do with why I spent so many years and energy trying to forget that this and the related incidents ever happened.

And then there was the downstairs part of the establishment where my title was shortened to simply barmaid. There was professional entertainment down here consisting of a cheap pseudo cabaret type female impersonator lounge act. And if you got bored with the bad dubbing with the earsplitting, brassy soundsystem; the dressing room door was always left wide open in case your taste ran more to the intricacies involved in positioning a G-string under such circumstances. The crowd down here sat at tiny tables rather than in booths or at the counter.

Depending who was within listening, I was referred to by the management as "cocktail waitress, barmaid, or that damned whore," (and I swear, if I'd ever gotten paid for even half the times I'd done it at the going rate, I'd never have had to work in such a crummy place.)



Great Speckled Bird/opf

But get this--the prices on booze were exactly the same for upstairs and downstairs. The crowd for the most part was voyeuristic middle class types with a large sprinkling of professionals including one geology professor/oil company consultant who was constantly propositioning me with larger and larger offers. Thank God (literally) I never had to get that desperate but I'm in total sympathy with those who have.

To the best of my knowledge, the only homosexual who ever came in was a teen-aged male prostitute who was the kindest human being I encountered the entire time I worked in that place. We had a real rapport, and any time I was ever in a bind (which was rather often) with the management, the performers or customers, he would do anything he could to help me, including putting on a macho act like I was his woman etc. and they better keep their hands off me etc. etc. I've been married twice since then and no heterosexual including my husbands, boyfriends, or father has ever shown such human concern for my welfare as that kid did then. I sure hope nothing ugly ever happened to him. As for the rest of the male population of this planet--sometimes I could really care less.

Sometimes a member of the upstairs would get so snookered they didn't

Book review

Diana E. H. Russell, The Politics of Rape: The Victim's Perspective. New York: Stein and Day, 1975, 311 pp. \$3.95 paperback

This book is not easy to read. It's not easy to review, either. As the subtitle implies, the victims of rape speak for themselves. Their stories are raw and powerful. No summary or analysis can convey the emotional impact of the victims' own words.

My best bet would be to tell you to go read the book and forget about this review. The only thing I can do is describe the material, tell you how it is arranged, and hope that you take my word for it that the contents will blow you away.

The Politics of Rape contains interviews with 23 rape victims and one rapist. There are also three essays that close the book: two relate rape to concepts of

Rape victims

masculinity and femininity, and one talks about solutions--"Female Rage and Other Alternatives."

The interviews are divided into four sections--those which illustrate points about the victims, those which deal with race and rape, those which center on the rapist, and those which relate rape to society in general. But this grouping does not limit or diminish the power of the individual interviews.

Paradoxically, the interviews are both personal and general; each is unique, yet they share many feelings and touch on many common truths. For instance, the interview that explodes the "it could never happen to me" notion also brings out how racial stereotypes get involved in a rape situation. The Japanese woman who relates the incident says she "never really understood how girls got raped." After the rape, she is seen by the police as a

OR Shoot the wounded and save yourself **OR** Let men worry about dry tits for a change

know up from down. They would wander or fall downstairs, pass out on a table or the floor and not be noticed 'til closing. Once a Vietnam vet with a broken leg chanced down there and got a tad bit rowdy with me. For the first time, the Vietnam vet ex-marine captain who was being paid for being a bouncer decided to earn his wages. It ended up in a fearsome argument between me and the ex-marine bouncer regarding the morality of the Viet Nam War and the draft system. It all came to a head later when he tried to kill himself and me also by crashing his car. He'd gotten the idea in his head (he was an alcoholic) that I was only hot for Black men since I wasn't in interested in going out with him. I really don't know how I talked my way out of that one: that rush of adrenalin can be very inspiring.

Now it's time for the gypsy to take a healing break
drift into a song of madness
drain the heart poison
suck the snake

ladies do not anger
ladies do not cry
ladies swallow hunger
bite their tongue and die

men have such sensible handkerchiefs
leeching a lady's tender griefs
a trim elegant distinguished act

the lust for possession
is a marriage contract

order, rules, models of obsession
a comfortably nurtured oppression

when men sniff beauty and force
both thriving in one flower
tongues slither into roar
do you want to live like a whore?

as they've so delicately phrased
we've nowhere else to go
does anyone really love a lady?
no.

So my survival techniques worked pretty well until the Christmas season with all its droll hypocrisy. By then I was so well organized and on top of things, I salivated at the chance to party at Linda's work-study boss' Ph.D. completion party. It was just around the corner in the basement of a fine sleazo honky tonk. Savory food, wit and the other refreshment were enjoyed by all. About midnight Linda and I decided to dart back.

A jolly acting gent decided it was necessary for him to escort us ladies back to our apt. in order

to "protect" us from sundry roaming weirdos. We thought he looked just like Santa Claus except for the brown eyes and toupee. Linda went to bed, but I was the perfect hostess. yuk yuk puke.

Two weeks later morning sickness. If you enjoy smoking cigarettes, drinking coffee, eating pizza and staying up late--forget it. Because you probably haven't got a polar bear's chance in an igloo of starving Eskimos of being able to do these things. You may nod out at strange times of the day though and wake up with a raging appetite for tomatoes and cottage cheese. Other times it's just a rage for anything with potential digestible properties.



I did cartwheels, grasshoppers, jumping jacks, pushups, headstands, strenuous jogging, heavy lifting, and springing off high places. It all just seemed to increase that disgusting healthy glow. The only good thing I can remember is while all my friends were coming down with the flu, I wasn't bothered with it because Mother Nature had strengthened all of my immunities. She got generous with those antibodies.

About the only good thing I can recall about my first husband is how kind and considerate he was to me during the whole ordeal. He must have blown his lifetime quota of it during those two months. I was frying pancakes for breakfast, trying not to let too much grease splatter on the shower stall which was next to the gas stove. In the middle of serving up the pancakes, he pulled me down on his lap, kissed my ear lobe and whispered the big question in my ear.

I was so grateful for all he'd done for me that I can understand why I said yes, but I still can't figure out why he asked me. Youngsters, there's another axiom here: You can never expect to change a man by marrying or living with him; but on the other hand, you can never count on his

behavior remaining consistent either.

Getting the big test was fun, too. The doc couldn't just simply tell me the results. No, he had to start out with, "Are you engaged?", then, "Well, I hope you have a steady boyfriend." Another helpful hint--never let a doctor find out your hometown if it's on the small side. The A.M.A. is a very tight group and he is likely to know who your family doctor is on the basis of this information. This one knew mine. Although he was making such a big show of concern for my love life and family background, this goon later prescribed the worst

continued on next page

THE HOB NOB

corner of Monroe & Center

Mondays

Draft beer 20¢
Schnapps 35¢
Nine-inch pizza 99¢

Tuesdays

Mixed doubles pool
tournament

Wednesdays

Half-price drinks to ladies
examples: drafts 30¢
tequila sunrise 60¢
tom collins 60¢

Thursdays

Pool tournament
no entry fee
prizes awarded

Fridays

Happy Hour 5-7
Drafts 30¢

Friday-Sunday

Live entertainment
Rock, Country & Country Rock

**Budweiser & Olympia
on tap**

Open Till 2 am Fri. & Sat.

speak out

sweet, docile victim; the black rapist is taken as crude and oversexed. Had her assailant been a middle-class white, the police might not have responded as sympathetically as they did.

Diana Russell introduces each interview and makes some intelligent and efficient observations afterward. Russell's keen mind is able to explore the relevant political issues without over-shadowing the interviews. She does not belabor the obvious, nor does she strain to draw points from the women's stories.

Russell is particularly good at making important distinctions. About women who give in to the sexual demands of their husbands and lovers, she comments: "Labeling them as masochists obscures the fact that many women's feelings of worthlessness are socially induced, and saying that they get pleasure out of some degree of domination is a way of sanctioning their oppression."

Book review

The interviews themselves may at first seem extreme or sensational. My initial reaction was that they had been chosen because they were particularly shocking. But as the accounts pile up and the voices of the women begin to gather force, it becomes clear that these stories are not unusual: rape is a fact of life for women; it occurs often, under many different circumstances.

As one woman put it, "men don't realize--and a lot of women too--that rape is a real thing, that it happens, and there are situations in which people can't do anything about it."

That realization is not an easy one to come to, especially for men. But the women who speak in The Politics of Rape will compel you to realize a lot about rape that you hadn't realized before. You may not like what you read, but you'll believe it.

--Ferdurdurke

Confessions

continued from preceding page

kind of birth control pill on the market for my friend and she almost lost her ovaries.

Well, after getting out of there with the Calvinist sermonette on top of the bad news, I was the closest I've ever been to losing it in a fit of hysterics. Al, the pancake eater, picked me up and let me sob for a while. Then he said that if I really didn't want it that bad that I could get an abortion. I was stunned. I had no idea how to go about trying to set up such a thing.

The friend who later almost lost her ovaries, Gina, had been tight with Al and his buddies since junior high and I was told her ex-boyfriend who was in the slammer could set it all up through contacts he had in there. Later I came to realize that Gina's father, uncles and grandfather had had the dibs on what organized crime there was in a certain small mid-western city since prohibition days--so that might have been the more primary source of the contact.

Al and I became friends while enrolled in the same history class. The first time he stopped by to get some notes he'd missed happened to be the first day of the first draft lottery. He stood aghast staring at my newspaper on the floor. The vast headlines consisted solely of his own particular birth date. We'd been going out and studying together since then. Once after leaving the library, we stopped for a quick beer and Mr. toupee came stumbling down the aisle. He stopped, patted me on the top of my head and continued on down. Creepy spine-shudders went up and down my back, and let me tell you it had no more to do with pleasure than the electric chair.

Al picked up on it and I later found out had pretty much guessed the other details of the situation. But he never threw it up to me and continued to be kind and helpful until after we were married. He even tried to make sure when I was getting upset worrying about what I'd have to go through during the abortion, that I wasn't having guilt pangs and really wanting to go through with the whole pregnancy.

The first thing I had to do concerning the arrangements was wait for a telephone call at 6:30 p.m. I realized I'd been taking that fine invention way too much for granted. It took on a whole new dimension, becoming the primary focus of the room. I'd been told the person calling would be a prostitute. Actually she sounded like a housewife strung out on diet pills.

I'd been expecting some tone of blasé, worldly sophistication, and here I had Phyllis Diller rattling high gear about all the housework she had to do and all the little things that were wrong with her trailer appliances or that she suspected might go wrong at any



moment. I was long since convinced she had completely lost track of her original reason for phoning me when she seemed to inquire as a dull afterthought how far along I was. In the same bored monotone, she informed me of the hour to meet her in a quad city Holiday Inn restaurant and that she would be wearing a pink carnation.

As it turned out, she didn't wear the carnation but it wasn't needed. The heat generated from those bloodshot eyes could have evaporated the Panama Canal. About all I recall from her sparkling conversation was that I could expect to die any second from never having douched in my life, and she had a series of baby noise jokes she must have considered quite impressive as she kept repeating them every ten minutes. They all centered on different squeaks in her aging cadillac.

The town's population was 300 and the doctor's apartment contained a lot of marble and not a single speck of dust. The first thing he did was extend a small box toward her sweaty palm. She immediately slid it open and gazed upon the green and white capsules with intense admiration.

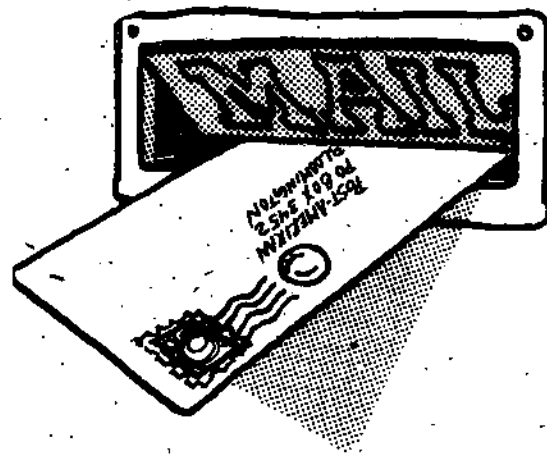
The part of the procedure performed here was relatively painless and simple. A narrow glass tube was inserted, which seemed to puncture something and a bunch of water flowed out. Then he removed the glass tube and replaced it with a rubber one on the inside attached by a long piece of cloth to a rubber one on the outside. I was told not to remove this for at least 48 hours. At the time I was thinking "There's got to be more to it than this."

There was.

24 hours later, after over two hours of clutching, falling, and crawling my way from the bed to the telephone, I sat beside it for 45 minutes in a semi-fetal position too cramped up with pain to move my hand to dial Gina's number. When I did, I didn't have to say much and it didn't take her long to get over. I finally managed to lean on her and hobble to the bathroom in the hall. Some bloody stuff passed and the severe pain subsided.

I remember being frozen immobile in an instant with amazement, relief, and relaxation from the sudden absence of the pain. Then Gina said she'd help me to the shower to clean myself up and I noticed there was blood all over my legs and feet. I was making a trail of blood to the shower, but I didn't care. I was more interested in the high ceiling because I kept feeling I was going to float up to it.

There was more blood in the shower and the next thing I remember was waking up in my bed with Al, Gina and her boyfriend standing around it looking at me. Rowena kitty was sleeping on my stomach.



Hair talks

Dear Post,

I'm writing to support Amanda Ziller's article about body hair in last month's Post. I've had untrammelled body hair for about nine years, and I have no regrets. I feel like going hairy is not only more convenient, but is a statement. It says that I think people who find women's bodies disgusting in their natural state deserve to be disgusted. It says that I reject a concept of femininity that requires me to look as much like everyone else as possible. It says that I am willing to struggle against the weird feelings that bubble up inside me when I know my body hair is surprising the people around me (Eastland shopping center, the Eddy building elevator, CII East cocktail lounge, you know).

My body hair also labels me, however broadly, as the kind of person I want to be. It makes me think of the old Crosby Stills and Nash song "Almost Cut My Hair," which says, "I feel like letting my freak flag fly . . . I feel like I owe it to someone." ●

--P.C.

Gynecologist grungy

Dear Post,

I had to write to say congratulations on your story: "Soap and water: A viable alternative to medical care." If you'll remember I wrote you a letter about Dr. Slotky's "care" once. Thanks for letting the public know what an incompetent, dishonest jerk he really is. Oh, you might be interested to know my problems with him were never resolved. ●

Sincerely,

Kim Carr

I was much luckier than Gina's friend the week before. The doctor warned that you can't be more than three months for his procedure to work right. I was two months. Gina's other friend lied and was actually over five months.

Afterwards she went to that same doctor who'd been so concerned about my wedding plans. He gave her a shot that entirely stopped the induced miscarriage. After two months of carrying dead stuff around inside her, she ended up in an ambulance with infection and blood poisoning. At least the hospital didn't make her get a funeral and tombstone after she recovered. Some hospitals do.

The fee for this whole experience was \$600.00. Fortunately I'd taken out a national defense loan the year before since my parents had threatened to disown me for my anti-war activities. ●

Sweet Gypsy Rose

Pot smokers unite!

Dear Post,

I read about the Springfield Smoke-In in the Bloomington-Normal Post Amerikan. Unfortunately, I was too late to attend. This is the sort of thing I've been praying for. Smokers Unite!! It's time smokers got it together to do something to work towards the Liberation of Marijuana!

My info involving this particular gathering of All American High People, the first one to my knowledge, is limited to the notice in the Post-Amerikan. This being the case, I, personally, would be most grateful, and I imagine there

are other paranoid closet-smokers who would be just as appreciative, if you could do a write-up on the smoke-in, just to let us non-participants know what kind of good things went down.

Sitting in my closet, as it were, I've buzzed heavily into several common-sense aspects of pot legalization. One of which is the economic, (or business, if you prefer) side of it all. Mostly the jobs pot processing would create, the lower cost of your highs, and the millions

of dollars that could be used to bolster the country's economy.

Well, I'll sign off now. I hope you'll understand my paranoia in not using my name, but I have no desire whatsoever to leave myself open of the MEG scums. ●

Sincerely,
The Masked Pervert!

PostNote: We do indeed have an article on the Springfield Smoke-In. See page 10.

Slotky: Too uptight to change

Last issue's "Soap and Water: A Viable Alternative" prompted me to write this letter about a misadventure I had with the esteemed Dr. Slotky several years ago.

In the winter of 1973, when slick Slotky was the new boy in town, I went to him to get a diaphragm. Right off I was somewhat wary of him because of his cool, you might even say snotty, manner, but I was intimidated and didn't have the good sense to follow up on my gut-level feeling.

After he fitted me for the diaphragm, he told me to go home and practice inserting it and then come back with it in the next week so he could make sure I had the placement right.

Well, this sounded roundabout and unnecessarily time- and money-consuming for me. I told him I would rather practice with him there so he could tell me exactly what to

do if I was doing it wrong. (I was just-your-basic somewhat-out-of-touch-with-my-body college sophomore female.)

Slotky acted uptight and refused. I should have told him to go to hell.

Instead I went home and practiced.

I came back to his office with it in and sure enough, I had it wrong. He told me to go home and practice. I told him I wanted to do it there. He told me no.

I went home and practiced.

I came back and I had it right. I paid him more money.

I went home and used the diaphragm successfully for a couple of months. Then

eight months went by when I didn't need it. I started using it again in the fall of 1974. My diaphragm was in good shape, and I was a conscientious, even paranoid user. I used oodles of sperm-killing gunk on the diaphragm. My diaphragm didn't need to be re-checked for fit for another couple months yet.

But I was apparently inserting it wrong (or it had been incorrectly fitted in the first place, or both), and I got pregnant.

I went to Peoria and paid \$175 for an abortion. Luckily, the abortion was, for me, not emotionally costly as well.

I am not disavowing my responsibility for what happened.

But Slotky was a rigid creep--an expensive, rigid creep. ●

--SFN

No oldies here, says trailer court

Dear Post,

Unjust behavior is not always illegal, as we all know. However, I would like to relate my experience with an unfair, if not feudalistic, business practice which potentially affects others who now or in the future may depend on mobile home housing.

The mobile home court, in which I resided peacefully and faithfully paid lot rent for the past few years, decreed a rule in January that a mobile home older than 1970 which is to be sold, cannot remain in the court after it is sold. This rule applies regardless of the condition of the mobile home or of any other factors. (Similarly, many courts will not now accept a mobile home older than a certain age.) At the time the rule was initiated, the residents of the court were not informed of it.

I recently decided to sell my mobile home (a 1966 model, in excellent condition and more solidly constructed than many newer models) in order to

move out of state to pursue graduate studies. I learned of this unannounced rule when I found a buyer who was informed by the court management that the mobile home would have to be moved if he purchased it (fortunately, the sale transaction had not been completed).

My inquiry at the Attorney General's office in Springfield regarding the legality of the rule, revealed that such practices are not illegal (if uniformly applied to everyone in a court), but merely unfair.

This situation leaves the owner who wishes to sell his/her "older" mobile home with these alternatives: (1) move the mobile home to another court which has not instigated such rules, and then sell it. This is impossible in the Bloomington-Normal area because there are no available lots (or were none at the time of my inquiries); (2) Sell the mobile home to a used mobile home dealer who will pay one-half of the retail value for it and sell it in another area where such practices

have not yet begun; (3) Continue living in the mobile home (most courts do not allow the owner to rent it out to anyone other than a relative); (4) Move and take the mobile home along; (5) Junk it.

At a cost of several hundred dollars, I decided to have my mobile home transported with me to Michigan. Through the efforts of a state mobile home commission here, a state law will take effect next year that will prohibit discrimination against a mobile home solely on the basis of its age (but not of its overall condition).

All phases of the mobile home business (construction, sales, transporting) undoubtedly stand to benefit from rules discriminating against "older" mobile homes. But at whose expense? Economic victimization of hard-working people who can least afford it is disturbing. The basic assumption of the rule discussed here is that newer is always better! The broader implications of this value are equally disturbing. ●

A. Rose Schilt



NORML



AN AFFILIATE OF NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR THE REFORM OF MARIJUANA LAWS

**Free Speaker
William Craven**

coordinator of Illinois & Midwest
NORML organizations, will speak at

**7:30 pm in ISU Union's
Old Main room**



**Benefit Concert featuring
the Cadillac Cowboys**

9:30 pm

**Lay-Z-J Saloon
1401 W. Market**

Both events Monday, October 23

COME DOWN AND PARTY
FOR A GOOD CAUSE

Don't Rake Your Leaves!

I asked all the lean, mean, learned attorneys, who in unison asked General Sherman (the largest redwood tree on earth), "When does the title of a leaf from a tree pass to a human being?"

"Never!" was the response.

Leaves and needles are produced "by the tree" (to annually refertilize its depleted soil area), "of the tree" (for people and animals to enjoy its cooling, soothing shade), and solely "for the perpetual existence of that tree."

So, if one rakes the leaves, then one rapes and robs and subtracts from the trees' soil replenishment cycle. The cycle reestablishes the life-giving nutrients that percolate thru the soil to the trees' feeder roots.

Water percolates thru coffee grounds and gives you a refreshing drink. The same effect happens when rain and snow wash and saturate and decompose the leaves into the humus layer of the soil around the base and drip-line of the

tree. The health of the tree above the ground is determined primarily by the roots below the ground.

McLean County is considered one of the richest soil areas of the world, but what effects will the chemical, synthetic, production-oriented methods have? For centuries the soil has relied on the organic use of elements, including leaves, which are part of a perfected, evolved cycle.

If you want your children and grandchildren to see your trees, leave the leaves for the trees. The trees depend upon us to let them have what they need most: a blanket of insulation for winter, nutrients, vitamins, and minerals for spring.

Disturbing nature's highly-adapted cycle by raking leaves may be as destructive as taking off your shoes and running in the snow and expecting not to catch a cold.

Imagine you without your daily coffee-supplied caffeine, or without your daily

intake of vitamins, minerals, and protein from food. Imagine the tree deprived of its life-giving nutrients and leaves for ten times ten times twenty years.

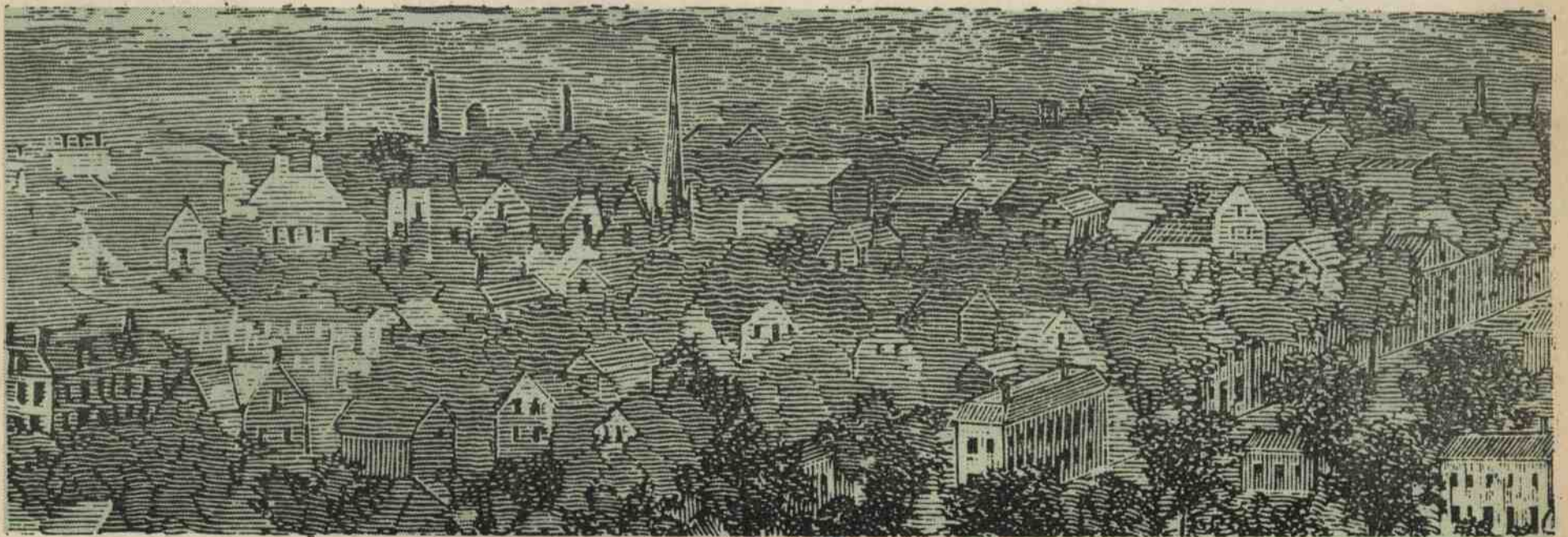
Now imagine if the elms hadn't been weakened by leaf subtraction and had been strong and healthy enough to overcome the rigors of the beetle which infested their bark. Imagine walking down a street canopied by antique elm trees, which should have lived indefinitely on this continent.

Isn't it beautiful?

So, if you like trees, leave the leaves, and to help the tree live a long life, place the leaves from the street around the drip-line of the tree. (The roots under the streets and sidewalks get zero penetration, percolation, or absorption of leaf "coffee.") Then, look forward to a healthier, happier community of trees.

What's a Blooming Grove with only concrete?

looks like a sleepy, serene community.



look again.

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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