

Eastern Illinois University

The Keep

The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

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Volume 7, Number 9

Post Amerikan

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MEG's garbage swiped; No-nukes go to court; Heterosexuals commit crimes

BLOOMINGTON—NORMAL

25¢

POST AMERIKAN

March 1979
Vol. VII No. 9

P-A
PRINTS TRASH

section, 9-24

see special



LAND MINE

CONTENTS: Memos, letters, reports, orange peels, agents' phone messages, pot seeds, case lists, chicken bones, informers' notes, Post-Amerikans . . .

ADDRESS CORRECTION
REQUESTED

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BLOOMINGTON, IL
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ABOUT US

Anyone can be a member of the Post staff except maybe Jerry LaGrow. 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
Mr. Quick, Clinton at Washington
Downtown Postal Substation, Center and Monroe

Bl. Post Office, E. Empire (at exit)
Devary's Market, 1402 W. Market
Harris' Market, 802 N. Morris
Hickory Pit, 920 W. Washington
Biasi's Drug Store, 217 N. Main
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

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

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.

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

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

GOOD NUMBERS

Alcoholics Anonymous--828-5049
American Civil Liberties Union--452-4831
Clare House (Catholic Worker)--828-4035
Community for Social Action--452-4867
Countering Domestic Violence (PATH)--827-4005
Dept. of Children and Family Services--829-5326
Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare (Social Security Admin.)--829-9436
Dept. of Mental Health--828-4311
Gay Action/Awareness Union--828-6935
Gay National Educational Switchboard--800-227-0888
HELP (Transportation for handicapped and sr. citizens)--828-8301
Ill. Lawyer Referral Service--800-252-8916
Kaleidoscope--828-7346
Lighthouse--828-1371
McLean County Health Dept.--829-3363
McLean County Mental Health Center--827-5351
Men's Rap Group--828-6935
Mobile Meals (meals for shut-ins)--828-8301

National Health Care Services (abortion assistance in Peoria)--691-9073
National Runaway Switchboard--800-621-4000 in Illinois--800-972-6004 (all 800 #'s toll free)
Occupational Development Center--828-7324
PATH (Personal Assistance Telephone Help)--827-4005
Parents Anonymous--827-4005 (PATH)
Planned Parenthood--827-8025
Post-Amerikan--828-7232
Prairie State Legal Aid--827-5021
Project OZ--827-0377
Public Aid, McLean Cnty. Dept. of--827-4621
Rape Crisis Line--827-4005 (PATH)
SAW (Student Association for Women, ISU)--438-7619
Small Changes Alternative Bookstore--829-6223
Sunside Neighborhood Center--827-5428
Tele Care--828-8301
Unemployment Compensation/Employment Office--827-6237
United Farmworkers Support Group--452-5046
Women's Switchboard--800-927-5404

an analysis

Valentine's Day

In 1903 the president of a large candy company in Chicago, E.J. Brach was bummed out about declining candy sales. He sent a lobbyist group to Washington, D.C., to persuade our governing bodies to set aside one day of the year for lovers to blow millions on Brach candy to give each other.

The leader of this lobby group was Roy Valentines.

Soon florists, jewelers, card-makers, & other confectioners joined Brach in his efforts.

In 1905, after two years of struggling, Valentines finally got the Senate to approve the bill by a narrow margin of 51-49. Brach & his cohorts in capitalism were so ecstatic about this opportunity to

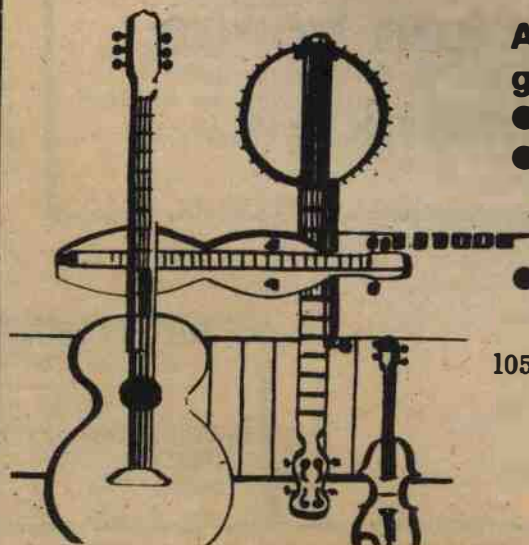
turn an easy buck that they wanted it named for their fearless lobbyist Roy. So for years we celebrated Roy Valentines Day.

Then in 1928 the Catholics--who were in the fog about this situation, as they are about most--canonized Roy Valentines because of his efforts to promote love & humanity & other good things in the world. And that's the story of St. Valentines Day. ●

WINTERIZE YOUR GUITAR

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GUITAR WORLD



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- Cracks and other dryness problems
- Check out the Dampit Humidifier

105 Broadway • Normal

GUITAR WORLD

What's the matter, Sam?

That time of the month?

Conventional stereotypes, oft repeated in jokes, hold that women are emotionally unstable due to periodic changes in body chemistry. Men, on the other hand, are reputedly more in control of their emotions.

Recent experiments indicate that this alleged difference between the sexes may be just so much male-inspired humbug.

The tests, conducted by UCLA graduate student Betty Houser, show that male disposition is tied just as firmly to regular changes in hormones. As the levels of testosterone, known as "the male hormone," rise, so do anxiety, depression, hostility, and tension. Physical capabilities, such as hand steadiness, reflexes, vigor, and arousal, were also found to be affected in a negative way.

The results are not conclusive, since a shortage of funds limited the number of test subjects, but the only other comparable research, which involved mice and monkeys, confirms Houser's findings. ●

--Saturday Review

GenTel blames kids for poor service

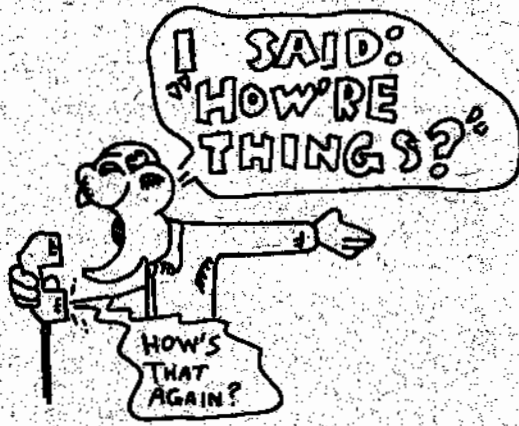
GenTel owes Normal people a little money and owes young people an apology for causing libelous attacks on them in the Daily Pantagraph.

During the Jan. 15 snowstorm, the Normal telephone exchange was overloaded between 9:50 and 10:20, and the computerized switchboard shut down. Calls didn't go through.

GenTel district manager Ellis Corso told a Pantagraph reporter that the overload was to be blamed on unnecessary phone calls made by children with a day off from school.

The Pantagraph article said that the young people call each other to "chit-chat" because they have a day off from school.

In the article, Corso asked customers to "keep children from making unnecessary calls."



It's ridiculous and ageist to zero in on kids' phone calls as the ones that caused the overload. I'm an adult, and I had several chit-chat conversations that morning which were really unnecessary. But I don't pay my phone bill just so I can have a phone around in case of emergencies.

Corso's statement is an example of how grown-ups automatically think that kids' concerns are trivial, and that their relationships with their friends are less important than our own.

Besides slandering kids, Corso didn't offer any helpful advice about how Normal's GenTel customers should go about pro-rating their phone bills so that they get a discount for the half hour of service that the company didn't provide. You can call him and ask, though, at his office (827-1811) or at home (452-3616).

--Phoebe Caulfield

Pantagraph hides reprimanded cop's identity

On Friday January 19, Bloomington Police Chief Harold Bosshardt reprimanded one of his officers for screwing up twice on one shift the weekend before.

One of the cop's screw-ups, Bosshardt told the Daily Pantagraph, may have permitted the burglary of the Wareco station on West Market St.

The Pantagraph carried a lengthy story on the cop's reprimand. Reporter Greg Conroy quoted Chief Bosshardt explaining what happened, what the officer did wrong, and what the officer should have done.

But the Pantagraph never printed the cop's name. "His name is Bob McGowen," Chief Bosshardt told the Post-Amerikan. "He's been here 3 1/2 years and works

nights, eleven to seven. I don't know why his name wasn't printed--his name was furnished to the Pantagraph along with the other information."

Except for the omission of the officer's name, Bosshardt said Conroy's story was complete and accurate.

Pantagraph City Editor Bill Wills made the decision to omit McGowen's name. When asked why, Wills told the Post-Amerikan that he hadn't felt a mere reprimand--instead of formal charges--merited publication of the officer's name. "I might make a different decision today," Wills said.

McGowen was action shift commander on the night of the incident. When he received a call about prowlers at the

Wareco station, McGowen should have sent a car out, according to Chief Bosshardt.

But McGowen never ordered a squad to the scene. In the morning, the gas station owner called to report a burglary. McGowen was still shift commander when the burglary was reported, and still no car was sent. The gas station owner called police again at 8 am--after McGowen's shift was over--and finally a squad came to take the burglary report.

McGowen was one of at least a dozen Bloomington cops who helped beat up Johnny Anderson in the middle of Douglas Street Nov. 18. (See Post-Amerikan, Jan 79, p. 23) McGowen wound up with a broken hand in that incident.

--Mark Silverstein

Cops flash guns on Front St.

A pedestrian on Bloomington's Front Street witnessed a display of how Bloomington cops get their kicks.

As he walked down the street at about 4:30 Jan. 25, the man noticed a cop car with its lights flashing, tied up in traffic of East Street. Further down Front was another cop car parked across a driveway with its door open.

Two detectives and one uniformed officer were leaving the Arm-Com gun shop. The cops were saying that everything was all right as the squad car arrived from the traffic tie-up on East Street. A young-looking cop got out and said, disappointed, "You mean there's no action?"

The observer then heard the uniformed officer brag that he had run "all the way from East Street with my gun drawn." That's a distance of half a block or so, right at a time of day when there's a lot of people on the street.

Speaking of some of those bystanders, the officer then told the detectives and the other cop, "You should've seen their faces! Those kids were really scared when they saw my gun drawn!" Then the cops laughed and went back to their cars.

The eavesdropping pedestrian thinks the gun-happy cop might even have said, "Those colored kids were really scared," but he's not absolutely sure. Such a remark would be no surprise. The language is called pig latin.

--Phoebe Caulfield

BOOK WIFE

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Beaten woman

"What's more important

For four years I lived with a man who occasionally beat me up. I hesitated a great deal before deciding to write about it because I am suspicious of myself, afraid of explaining the person that I am now in terms of Past Tragedy. Sometimes I think that my anger is a kind of control or power that that relationship still maintains over me and so I transcend it until the subject comes up and then...there it is again.

I also feel ashamed of my part in the interaction. I think that's typical; I feel embarrassed for the way I lived.

Violence of that kind is not something that stands out clear and sharp--it is something that becomes woven into the very texture of your life and your psyche.

The violence happened so slowly, by degrees settling itself into our relationship, that it seems to me, looking back, the product of a very precise and calculated plan of psychological warfare. The process of preparation was so careful and so exact that I can hardly believe it was not deliberate.

It took form with a push one afternoon. What is a little push against the wall? It's a warning--it's a statement that lets you know that boundaries have just been broken and it's time to abandon the issue of who is right or who's wrong because the Gentlemanly Code has just broken down, shifting things to a new level.

And if anything happens to you after that first push, it's your own fault because you've been warned.

We had lived together for almost a year before the first beating took place. In that amount of time important changes had taken place in my life--alterations that made an unthinkable situation possible.

In that time I had gradually narrowed my sphere of contact, cutting myself off from all of my own friends so that I could give him all of my attention, all of my energy. Because I spoke to no one else, my situation took on an air of unreality--a dreamlike quality in which things didn't have to hook together and make sense; actions didn't necessarily have reactions and a spoken sentence might mean one thing or another. Might mean nothing at all.

Life had become arbitrary and haphazard.

Changes had taken place in me. I had lost my boldness, my ease with living. Taking my definition from him, I saw myself as weak and incompetent so that even the simple details of daily life could throw me into panic.

It was only with great effort that I could have a normal conversation in the grocery store or function at a shit job because I had this ugly picture of myself in my head and that's where my whole interaction was taking place.

Physical violence was just an outward manifestation of an unconscious process; a natural conclusion.

"Physical strength doesn't mean shit," I told him after the first time. I was lying on the bed staring at the ceiling and I was realizing that in a very immediate and real way it did have a meaning, a great deal of meaning.

Although I was not beaten up often, after that morning, violence was a constant presence giving definition and shape to our relationship. I learned to carefully watch my own anger during arguments and resented the fact that he had full reign, no limitations.

He had a "bad temper," he explained. "You would learn to control your temper pretty fast if I was bigger than you," I speculated. A masculine luxury: the Breaking Point. An elusive point it was.

When the subject of woman beating comes up, I hear people explaining it to each other in terms of what outrageous things the woman has probably done or said to invite it. That's bullshit.

The issue is power and domination, and the tool is violence. The "reason" doesn't have anything to do with the fact that your friend David called you on the telephone or you pulled the covers off of his feet while you were sleeping. The issue is a hateful kind of power that is confused with masculinity.

I felt myself to be a willing victim. Ann Landers conspired with modern psychology and esoteric literature to convince me that I had willingly and knowingly sought my own destruction. My boyfriend was also of this opinion, putting it, "You asked for it."

Sometimes I saw my situation as unique, convinced that he had Special Problems which only I could understand. It gave me a sense of duty, of purpose. I thought that if my "love" could be high enough, he would learn to respect women, and we could be happy together and tender.

I was 19 years old--I thought that Love occurred on some lazy level that had no connection to reason or intellect or day-to-day reality.

At other times I suspected every man of being a secret woman beater. Unlike the first theory, in which I felt that I alone had been singled



out to insure the personal salvation of another human being, this framework told me that as a heterosexual woman I was going to have to settle for some violence now and then. It told me that I could expect no better.

I had discovered the world which existed behind closed doors.

You can manipulate situations and your own responsibilities to those situations simply by defining them in particular ways. You can, for example, call it devotion instead of resignation.

"What can be more important than love?" I asked my friend Susan one day. I was a victim of the Diana Ross Generation.

"Self-respect," she said quickly.

"Hmm." A novel idea.

I felt an absolute loss of control. It was as if I was made out of some spongy and fluid substance. I felt that at some point my life had been taken out of my own hands so that decisions I made and conclusions I drew were Beside the Point, incidental.

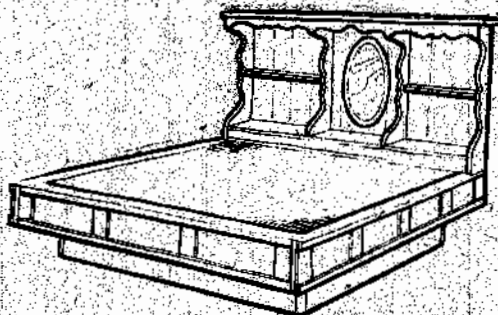
If I had stopped realizing that I could effect change in my life, I did figure out a way to make an intolerable situation tolerable; a change of perception. By the time I turned 21, I had secured two secret prescriptions for barbiturates--refillable monthly--from our obliging local medical establishment.

Like many women, I had found a polite alternative, an agreeable solution. I felt vague and detached. I floated through conflicts and boredom. Men are taught to tolerate their shitty jobs and their sorry lives by drinking beer and whisky. Women learn to accept their powerlessness--and their drunk husbands--by taking valium or seconal. We are sedated and content. Rather than take responsibility for our feelings, we learn to manipulate them. We create distractions. We live lives of substitution.



Waterbeds

The Joint General Store



829-5012 415 N. Main Downtown Bloomington

than love?"

When you love someone, you open yourself up and become vulnerable to them. You bring yourself to the surface: a dangerous situation within the contexts of this culture. My physical self was not so willing to be left open. It had a stubborn wisdom and understanding of its own, and I stopped climaxing with him. I stopped having orgasms when we had sex.

Regardless of what persuasive philosophical or metaphysical theories I used to justify my lifestyle, my body would not forget or be fooled or define unacceptable things in acceptable terms. It had its own relationship to him. In that primal sense I had lost my trust, my vulnerability to him.

The woman who I was for those four years is vague and foreign to me. I know that I had ideas and convictions. I had an ideal in my mind of a utopian culture that didn't have anything to do with monogamy or woman-hating or barbiturates. I did have an understanding of the political implications of my personal life, but that understanding was private and self-contained--it had nothing to do with the way that I lived.

The feelings that those memories stir up are distant and more intellectual than feelings from the gut should be. I read the Journal that I kept at that time with a sense of voyeurism, of looking at someone else's life.

Reading those passages I am, more than anything, appalled by my own responses. At one point I described an incident in which, after being punched several times, I was forced to have sex with him. I had not even

remembered that happening, and it had not been part of my working mind. But now, years later, my memory took on a startling clarity.

Rape is another form of being beaten up, a more private and intense form of having your face hit. It was a more thorough way for him to assert his right of possession over me.

After describing that incident in my journal, I dismissed the importance of what happened--I became self-conscious, apologizing for my "melodramatic" nature. A rape is something that calls for a particular response--call it something else and you can push it to some dark and distant part of your consciousness. But it's still there, you know, kind of floating around vague and nameless.

While I've been writing this I've also been trying to figure out why there is confusion between sex and violence in our culture. Sex and violence. People use that expression as if it were synonymous: one word. I wanted to give you some kind of nice reasonable analysis but I can't do it. It's upside down and mysterious to me. One of those terrible inconsistencies that escape reason or understanding.

There is a particular image in people's minds of the women and men who are involved in violent relationships but that image is bullshit. There was no pattern in my past to indicate that this thing would happen to me. It was a surprise. And my Boyfriend wasn't one of those large men with red faces. He didn't drink Budweiser. He had a soft voice and long hair.

Violence didn't fit into my framework in any easy or sensible way, but seemed like some terrible growth that had grafted itself onto my life and my consciousness. Fighting back seemed unnatural to me. I had never hit anyone before--I didn't know how to do it. I didn't relate to my body like that. Likewise I didn't know about being hit--I didn't know how many times you could be hit before you got hurt or if a carefully placed punch could kill you.

It seems incredible to me that our socialization to be passive can override our basic instincts. My self-protective mechanisms fail me. It seems cruel to me that we women don't learn to defend ourselves but are taught that Our Men will protect us. Protect us from who?


I defend the right of women to fight back using whatever means are available to them. When a man is violent towards a woman, he has created an unequal situation based on physical power--it is the right of the woman to use whatever tools and to cross whatever boundaries she feels are necessary to protect herself and to maintain her sense of self-respect.

Regardless of what the law tells us, we have to realize that we are worth defending. Regardless of the cultural imagery that surrounds us, we have to know that we are valuable--and to demand that our lives reflect that value. ●

--Wanda Wyoming

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Mon., Feb. 26



Duke Tumatoe
and the
All-Star Frogs



Tues., Feb. 27

Free Beer
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Tues. Mar. 6

Free Beer
courtesy of *New Age Music*
onsta
Dave Chastain

Feb. 22 Mar. 1, 14 & 22	Fri., Feb. 23
	
Pork & The Havana Ducks	7-piece Western Swing (3 former Schwall band players)

March 1979

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1 PORK & THE HAVANA DUCKS	2 WINTERS BROTHERS	3 WINTERS BROTHERS
6 DAVE CHASTAIN FREE BEER	7 CICERO SLIM	8 TONY BROWN & ROOTS BAND	9 ALESHA	10 ALESHA
13	14 PORK & THE HAVANA DUCKS	15 DIAMOND T BAND	16 BUCKACRE	17 <small>ST. PATRICK'S DAY</small> BUCKACRE
20	21 CADILLAC COWBOYS	22 PORK & THE HAVANA DUCKS	23 DUKE TUMATOE & THE ALL STAR FROGS	24 DUKE TUMATOE & THE ALL STAR FROGS

ALL LAY-Z-J MUSIC PROVIDED BY **New Age Music**

In defense

I would like to take great issue with the article on Planned Parenthood's funding which appeared in last month's Post-American and which, if you will recall, included many vicious attacks on God. Especially offensive to me were the last two paragraphs in the article which, for those of you who already recycled February's Post, I quote.

An hour later we decided to call on God to strike us all dead, but nothing happened. Later still, we learned from a United Press International reporter that God had been so absorbed in his new Five Thousand TV Games In One that He didn't hear our challenge. As this Post went to press, we were still unable to discover which game it was that God had been playing.

This is yet another example of you people's failing to verify a source. Did you ever think to check with the Associated Press to see what they had to say? You could have asked the Pope, you know. Or even Billy Graham or June Carter Stapleton. But did you? No. Just because a story on the UPI wires happens to agree with your already warped impression of God, you immediately assume that it's gospel.

flimsy slurs

I, for one, am sick and tired of reading your flimsily disguised slurs on the Almighty. What follows, then, is a factual account of what actually occurred on December 25, 1978, while you were screaming to be struck dead by a God none of you believes in anyway.

It was Jesus' birthday. Mary, Joseph, and all of Jesus' brothers and sisters were gathered in the living room playing their favorite party game, Name That Saint. God was in the kitchen putting 1,978 candles on a 3-tiered birthday cake which he himself bakes every year and which is always the hit of the party. Jesus' brother, Joseph Jr., had just won a round by correctly guessing St. Raymond Nonnatus in only three clues, which is no small feat, and had jumped into the lead. Suddenly, the closed circuit television set monitoring Calvary Baptist Church burst on showing people milling everywhere.

Joseph Jr. sighed audibly and said, "I really can't take those people today. I'm going to turn the damn thing off."

He got up to do so and Jesus put a hand on his arm. "You can't do that, Joseph Jr. You know that I promised to listen and answer every prayer, and I must keep my word about that."

no sense of humor

Joseph Jr. rolled his eyes and sat back down. "You know," he whispered to one of his sisters, "two or three miracles and he thinks he's God," a remark which caused Joseph to give him a withering look. "That man has no sense of humor," he continued, referring to his father.

His sister agreed. "But neither does Jesus," she whispered back. "He's just like him, and you know it's not heredity. I think there's a whole lot more to the environment theory than we care to admit."

"Hey, wait a minute," said James. "Those aren't the regulars."

"He's right!" shouted Simon. "It looks like the people from the Post Amerikan."

"Are you sure?" Mary asked. "The reception's so bad I can't really tell. See if you can fix it, Judas."

"See if you can fix it, Judas," he parroted. "If it's n one thing it's another. Judas do this, Judas do that. I'm not a slave! Just because I'm the youngest I have to do everything. I didn't ask to be born last, you know. I didn't even ask to be born!"

"You're right, Judas," Mary told him, "you didn't. Your eldest brother is the only person who ever got to ask that. But it's a good thing you didn't young man, because the way you're acting now I probably would have said no."

"I always knew you didn't want me! A kid can tell, you know!"

family planning

Joseph sighed. "1,957 years of your 'nobody wants me' routine is getting a bit old. If we hadn't wanted you, you wouldn't be here. It's that simple. There are ways of preventing that sort of thing. Every one of you was planned for. We wanted 8 children, so we had 8 children. If we'd wanted 2, we would have 2; if we'd wanted 12, we would have 12. But as that TV series says, 'Eight is enough to fill our lives with love.' Okay, Judas? Satisfied? Now go fix the set."

Judas grumbled but did as his father said.

"It is them, children, look!" Mary exclaimed. "Oh, Jesus, go get your father. I don't want him to miss this. He'll get such a kick out of it."

Jesus dutifully went to the kitchen to fetch his father. God was putting the last few candles on the cake. "1,976, 1,977, 1,978. Oh, hi, son. I'm just finished. How do you like it?"

"It's beautiful, Dad. Much better than last year's."

"I'll agree with you there. I'm never going to work with those mixes again. They don't come out right somehow, although it may just be the altitude. And let's face it. It's just not the same without that home-cooked touch."

"You're right again, Dad. Mother wants you to come into the living room if you're through out here. The Post-American people are in Calvary Baptist Church."

"Oh, really?" asked God, obviously impressed. He winked at his son. "Are they there legitimately, or do they intend to loot and pillage?"

Jesus laughed. "I wish I had your sense of humor, Dad."

"So do I, son," said God as he took off his apron, "so do I. Maybe if I had been there things would have been different, but--" He shrugged his shoulders. "I know your 'Uncle Joseph' did the

all dead," said Simon. "All 500 of them. Something about their defying your commands and going against your chosen people so they think this is a just punishment for them. And if you want my honest opinion, God, I don't think they believe you can do it."

"Hell's bells!" cried God in disgust. "I thought they were more original than that. It's the Sinclair Lewis Number all over again. From Lewis I can take Lewis, but I can't take a poor rendition of him from them." God got up out of his chair. "I'm going to get the party hats and noisemakers out of the attic. Call me if they try anything new and different."

After God was safely out of hearing distance, Simon, who always did have a mean streak, turned to his brother. "Why don't you do it, Jesus? You could, you know."

"I don't know, Simon. It seems so cruel."

"Look, Jesus, use your head. They're a bunch of hippie freaks who have outlived their usefulness. They're anachronisms trying to recapture the sixties. You'd be doing the world a favor." Jesus did not look convinced, so Simon tried a different approach. "And besides, you know yourself how slow the mail has been lately. Why, if you did away with 500 subversives, just think of the cards and letters that would come pouring in."

"That's true," Jesus admitted.

miracles

Simon pressed his advantage. "And it's your birthday, Jesus. I think people could really get into your performing a miracle on your birthday. And destroying 500 commie pinkos would definitely be seen as a miracle."

"I won't have it, I just won't have it!" cried Mary, who had become quite impossible to deal with since she'd discovered feminism. She was now forever voicing her opinions and was expecting them to be heard. According to U.S. Catholic magazine she has recently taken to calling herself Ms. Mary Carpenter, and a reliable source close to the family reports that she has recorded a popular Kristin Lems song and is constantly roaming the house singing, "I am a carpenter, I've been one all my life, call me a carpenter, and not a carpenter's wife." "Jesus, listen to your mother for once in your life. The



best he could, but he is rather a grumpy guy." Jesus nodded in agreement. "Well," said God, "there's nothing we can do about that now. Let's go watch the fun."

Judas had just gotten the set perfectly tuned when God and Jesus walked into the room. "That's them, all right," said God. "I'd recognize them anywhere, even in church." Everyone but Joseph chuckled. "Now be quiet, everybody, so we can hear what they're saying."

Slowly the voices filtered into the crowded living room from Normal, Illinois. "They want you to strike them

only thing the Post-American people are trying to do is to stand up for all those women who want to take control of their own lives and bodies. And rightfully so, I might add."

"All those women," came a female voice from the back of the room. "Sound familiar, anyone?"

"Yep," said a second female voice.

"Sure does," said a third. "Sort of Biblical, you might even say."

The second voice raised in anger. "Reminds you of 'all his sisters,' doesn't it?"

of god

"Here we go again," said James to no one in particular.

"I think I'll go help God with those hats," Joseph said as he left the room.

"All his sisters," the voice continued. "What, I ask you, is so difficult about Elizabeth, Ann, and Mary Grace?"

"I really don't know, Mary Grace," said Ann, owner of the first voice. "I have no trouble with them. Elizabeth, Ann, and Mary Grace. Seems easy enough to me."

"I bet I could even say them with my eyes closed," Elizabeth told her family as she shut her eyes. "Elizabeth, Ann, Mary Grace." She opened her eyes. "No problem."

"Now why do you think it is," asked Ann, "that our eldest brother, who likes to claim that he's perfect, couldn't seem to remember them long enough to tell anybody?"

"Beats me," said Elizabeth. "It couldn't be a poor memory or a speech impediment. After all, he did manage to get out James, Joseph, Simon, and Judas in quick order."

"And what about our dear brother's best friend? Good old Lazarus had two sisters. But are they called 'both his sisters'?" asked Mary Grace. "I'd like to tell you they're not. Says real clear, Mary and Martha, for all the world to see."

"How very true," her sisters agreed.

"And how about that slut---"

"Mary Grace!"

"Sorry, Mother. How about that hooker Mary Magdalene? Is she ever referred to as 'that woman'? You bet your best dress suit she's not."

"Look, you're only his sisters," said James, unable to keep silent any longer. "You're only women; you're not worthy of mention. If you were men, he'd have named you proudly, like he did us. But you're women. That means you're nothing. You don't count for anything, don't you understand? You're just barely human!"

Mary's fist came down on the arm of her chair. "You amaze me, James Carpenter, you really do!" she shouted. "How I ever managed to carry and bear and suckle and rear a complete and utter sexual bigot like you I'll never know! Your politics are three steps to the right of Ghengis Kahn! It's disgusting! You make me so mad I could spit!"

"Now, Mother," said Jesus calmly.

"Well, he does!" she yelled.

Jesus left her to unrile herself and turned to his sisters. "Look, how many times do I have to tell you? I told Matthew and Mark on numerous occasions what your names were."

"So you say," said Ann.

"And your names were right there in my obituary, too. Can I help it if they chose not to use them?"



"You could always zap them into the Scriptures, big brother."

"Elizabeth, you know that's not my style. Listen, my dear sisters, I'm sorry your names aren't in there. I apologize. But it's not my fault!"

"I'm getting real sick of that line, Jesus," Mary Grace told him. "Nothing's ever your fault. To hear you tell it we'd think you were born without sin!"

The laughter from the living room penetrated the attic. God and Joseph, both wearing party hats, were each sitting on a big trunk. "Think it's safe to go down now?" asked Joseph.

"I wouldn't chance it yet," God

answered. "Let's have another beer first, just to be on the safe side."

Back downstairs, Simon used the lull in the fighting to return to his original thought. "Well, Jesus, you gonna wipe those Post-Amerikan people out?"

Jesus looked at Mary, who glared her opinion at him. "I guess not, Simon."

"How about just one or two of them?" he persisted. "Just to show 'em who's boss. Besides, I know how much fun it is to make a miracle, especially on your birthday."

"Simon, I know that even better than you do."

"Sort of like a little present you give yourself," Simon pressed on.

"Yeah," Jesus sighed, truly disappointed.

"Oh, Jesus," said Mary in her sweetest voice, "you could still do a miracle without doing away with all those innocent people."

"That's right, Mother!" Jesus said with excitement. "I could, couldn't I?"

"Of course you could. You can do anything you want to do."

"Oh wow! There are so many choices it's overwhelming."

"Yes, it must be," said Mary.

Jesus glanced at his mother. "I think I could use some help," he told her. "Do you have any ideas, Mother?"

Mary smiled slyly. "Well, since you ask, dear, yes, I do. I think it would be nice if you got that Mr. Carter to let little Patty Hearst out of jail."

"That really would be a miracle," said Jesus.

"But it's not nearly as exciting as 500 people being struck dead," Simon complained.

"That's true, dear," his mother told him. "But it would be such a nice miracle. And let's be practical for a moment. My miracle would make worldwide headlines, whereas the Post-Amerikan miracle would be lucky to reach the Journal-Star."

"That does have to be considered," said Jesus. "And jail is such an awful place. It would be good to see someone go free. And if there's anyone who knows how bad jail can be, it's me."

Joseph Jr. sighed. "Here we go again with the 'poor little me in prison' story."

"Put a lid on it!" Mary hissed through clenched teeth. She turned to her eldest son. "Jesus, it would make your mother so happy."

Jesus smiled broadly. "I'll do it, Mother."

"That's a good boy."

"There's only one thing, though. This is going to take some doing, and I'm not sure I can get the job done today."



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god continued

"That's all right, dear," Mary told him. "You plant the idea in his head today, and if she's free by February first I'll be satisfied." She turned to Mary Grace and whispered, "And if he pulls this one off, we're going to shoot for a woman president."

At that moment God and Joseph came into the room with party hats and noisemakers for all. While Joseph passed them out, Jesus told his father of the miracle he was planning. God turned to Mary. "I suppose this was your idea."

"It was."

"And if he pulls this one off what are you going to do, shoot for a woman president?"

Mary smiled. "The way that man reads minds you'd swear he was God."

The room was again filled with laughter, and even Joseph managed to grin.

"Judas," said God, "turn off that monitor. And Jesus, you and James go get the cake. It's time for the party."

Jesus and James went into the kitchen and carefully picked up the cake that God had made. "There's one thing that I don't understand," said James. "Mother is making this sound like such a great accomplishment. But it's really not all that big a deal, is it?"

"No, not really."

"Then I don't understand why you're doing it, instead of doing something really super."

"You know how it is sometimes, James," Jesus told him as they entered the living room. "You do things for your mother."

--Deborah Wiatt

FBI waged war on underground press

The FBI carried out a large scale campaign of intelligence-gathering and disruption against the alternative and underground press as a part of its COINTELPRO operations, according to an article in Alternative Media by investigative reporter Chip Berlet.

Documents detailing the FBI's illegal counter-intelligence program, which ran from 1956 until 1971, were released through a Freedom of Information Act lawsuit. The FBI activities outlined in the documents include: the coercion of printers to cease publishing underground papers, surveillance of alternative journalists, attempts to cause or aggravate internal differences in alternative press groups, instigation of IRS audits, and use of the postal system for harassment.

The documents also indicate that the FBI maintained a clip file of underground publications and sent clips to commercial newspaper reporters for use as background information, and to parents and school officials to encourage them to take action against activists.

Berlet describes some of the FBI plotting as being just plain "zany." The FBI office in Newark, N. J. once suggested spraying alternative newspapers with a chemical stench, says Berlet, who quotes a memo dated 6/30/70. The memo reads, "A very small amount of this chemical disburse a most offensive odor and its potency is such that a large amount of papers could be so treated in a matter of seconds. It could be prepared by the FBI laboratory for use in an aerosol dispenser."

Other memos reveal that the San Antonio FBI office took credit for coercing a printer into refusing to continue publishing The Rag in Austin Texas. In New York, the FBI contacted the shipper who transported bulk copies of the Black

Panther newspaper into the city and talked the firm into raising its rates to the highest legal fee. "This counterintelligence endeavor... will definitely have an adverse effect on the amount of incendiary propaganda being published by the BPP. The group suffers from a constant shortage of funds," said the memo.

A Milwaukee, Wisconsin high school banned the distribution of underground papers after copies of one local paper, with certain passages and pictures underlined in red pencil, were anonymously mailed to the school principal by the local FBI.

Fabricating letters and leaflets was another Cointelpro tactic aimed at creating disunity among leftist groups and publications. In 1968, Liberation News Service experienced a staff split and J. Edgar Hoover used the occasion to suggest an operation against the news service. Berlet reports that the New York office invented a letter titled "And Who Got the Cookie Jar?" which criticized LNS staffers who left New York for a farm in Massachusetts. The letter, signed "a former staffer," was circulated among various progressive groups and alternative newspapers. When the tactic failed, the FBI contacted the IRS, which began auditing LNS for tax violations.

Besides spending hundreds of hours surveilling and investigating staff and freelance writers for underground papers, the FBI at times went after readers. Says Berlet, "The Yipster Times file shows the FBI obtained its mailing list and harassed subscribers through interviews and heavy-handed investigations." Some papers were plagued by postal authorities' apparently cooperating with the FBI, says Berlet.

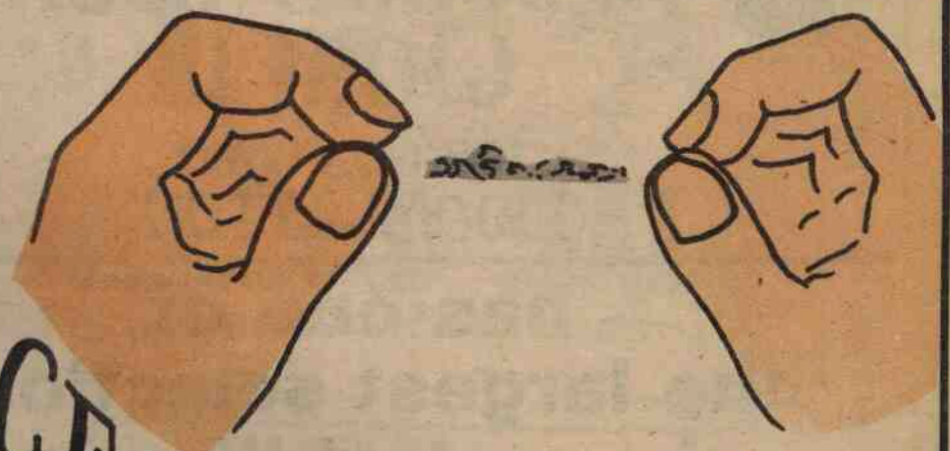


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The Real Dirt on MEG

Trying once more to dig up the real nitty-gritty dirt on MEG, the Post-Amerikan raided the dumpster outside the narcs' office building in January. We scored three huge plastic sacks of the secret police's garbage.

You have to be crazy anyway to go around sticking cameras in MEG agents' faces; you don't have to be that much crazier to go poking around in their garbage.

And the garbage was real interesting.

Besides mounds of real bona fide garbage--cigarette butts and pepsi cans, orange peels and apple cores, sloppy remains of half-eaten snacks

This is the first of 16 pages of stories and photos about MEG in this issue of the Post-Amerikan.

and junk food cups and wrappers of every imaginable (and unimaginable) variety--we found copies of the Post-Amerikan, marijuana, a used carbon ribbon, and documents. Lots of documents.

Some were torn up in little tiny pieces. Some were torn up in bigger pieces. Some were just crumpled, and some were completely unmolested. Some were still soggy from being soaked in who-knows-what combination of sticky smelly fluids leaking from the ash-filled cups and cans.

The papers were a cross-section of all of MEG's paperwork; some were even stamped "confidential." We had letters, inter-office memos, supervisors' instructions to agents, phone messages, master case lists, lots and lots of agents' reports, worksheets, pages from a ledger book, surveillance notes, license plate numbers, desk blotters covered with scribbled notes, and lots more.

And we had a whole crew of crazy hippies zooming around at all hours of the day and night with tape and jagged pieces of paper, assembling the biggest jigsaw puzzle we've ever seen.

One crazy wanted to make plaster casts of the apple cores, saying we could match up the tooth marks with narcs' dental records. But we just threw the apples away.

After reading one small paper which was once (apparently) clipped to a whole sheaf of reports, we gloated contemptuously. It said "To Shredder," but it never made it. MEG spent \$300 several years ago for three shredding machines, and they hadn't even used them!

We gloated obscenely when we found

This story continues on next page.



Taking investigative journalism a few steps farther than usual, Post-Amerikan reporters sifted through mounds of garbage--dribbled pop cans, soggy ashes and cigarette butts, junk food wrappers, greasy paper plates, used gum, partly-chewed chocolate, decomposing chicken pieces, and more--to find memos, phone messages, lists of cases and investigative targets, surveillance reports, license numbers, agents' names, marijuana, old copies of the Post, narrative reports of undercover buys, and even some letters stamped "Confidential."

Dirt

RIGHT: Post-Amerikan staff member uses a film editor to read a carbon ribbon found in MEG's garbage. Since each spot on a carbon ribbon is typed on only once, the ribbon is a permanent record of everything that was written on the machine. When untangled, MEG's carbon ribbon filled eight movie reels, and clued the Post in to everything typed on one of MEG's typewriters between late Nov. and early Jan.



Man busted for gun that MEG delivered

When MEG busted East Peoria resident Jeff Butler for possession of a sawed-off shotgun in early January, it was a clear-cut case of entrapment.

Informer Dennis Richardson delivered the illegal weapon to Jeff Butler the night before.

A MEG agent drove informer Richardson to Butler's house to deliver the sawed-off shotgun on Jan. 2.

Since the MEG agent watched Richardson deliver the illegal weapon, the agent had plenty of evidence that Jeff Butler was in possession of the gun.

On the basis of that evidence, MEG obtained a search warrant, came back to Butler's house on January 3, found the gun, and arrested him for possessing it.

When MEG's funding came from the Illinois Law Enforcement Commission (ILEC), charges that MEG resorted to entrapment led to an investigation and a long report by ILEC's executive committee.

According to Illinois case law, the 1976 ILEC report said, "entrapment per se occurs when an individual is furnished drugs by a government agent or informant and then prosecuted for either the possession or delivery of the contraband."

Tazewell County State's Attorney Bruce Black won't discuss specific pending cases, so I related the circumstances of Jeff Butler's sawed-off shotgun bust in general terms.

Black agreed that it was entrapment, and added firmly, "Since I've been in this office our policy is that we wouldn't prosecute such cases."

That's when I informed the State's Attorney that his office was indeed prosecuting such a case.

Black paused. I think he may have been surprised.

"I find that interesting," the prosecutor said slowly. "And that's all I can tell you right now."

I told Black that MEG didn't even seem aware that its tactics were considered improper. In MEG's request for a search warrant--a public document--MEG admits accompanying the informer to deliver the illegal weapon.

But the request also implies that the shotgun was really Butler's all along, and that MEG accompanied the informer to return the illegal gun. Did this factor, I asked Black, somehow neutralize the question of entrapment, making MEG's conduct merely sleazy instead of actually illegal?

"I'm not familiar with the details," the Tazewell County prosecutor said. He planned to get familiar soon.

Jeff Butler has known Dennis Richardson since they were in early grade school. They work the same shift at the same Caterpillar plant. Until Richardson set Butler up, they drove to work together every day.

--Mark Silverstein



D. Richardson: Snitch

The snitch pictured here is Dennis Richardson, 207 White Oak, Oak Lawn Trailer Court, Morton. His phone is 264-0132. Richardson drives a green 4-door Chevrolet and an orange 1977 4-wheel-drive Chevy truck. He works second shift at Cat's KK plant in East Peoria.

The real dirt on MEG

Story continued from preceding page

the used carbon ribbon. Any spy worth their fake I.D. would know its value. Any business worried about industrial espionage sees their carbon ribbons as a potential leak of information. Every covert organization (except MEG, apparently) knows not to leave their used ribbons intact for any mad garbage-rummager who happens to come along.

Unlike the older inked fabric ribbons, carbon ribbons are typed on only once in any given spot. They are extremely thin and very long, so they last quite a while. But when it winds up onto the typewriter's take-up spool, the ribbon is used up.

Since each spot has been typed on only once, each letter typed leaves a perfectly clear impression. You can go back and read a used carbon ribbon, and know everything that was typed on that typewriter.

From MEG's ribbon, we know everything that was typed on one of MEG's machines during a full two-month period.

The ribbon was all twisted and mangled in the garbage, but we tenderly unwound it and rolled it onto eight empty movie film reels. To read the ribbon, we slapped a reel onto a film editor, threaded the end onto the take-up spool, and turned the crank. We took turns reading each reel's contents into a tape recorder, filled up hours of tape, and then started typing up the transcripts.

Putting all the information together, we learned the identities of MEG's newest agents and some of their informers, where they've been operating, and the names of people who are targets of current MEG investigations. And more.

To all those uptight folks who've said all along that the Post-Amerikan prints trash, well, it looks like you're right. And we aren't even ashamed of it. In the following pages, we take investigative journalism to bold new extremes, and proudly present--MEG's GARBAGE!!!

Large amounts of gin and tonic (left center), coffee (center top), and beer (not shown) were consumed in the process of piecing together all these scraps and encoding the information on file cards (center), ready for the keypuncher to put in the computer (not shown).



Pot seeds in MEG's garbage

MEG, the Peoria-based enforcer of the marijuana laws, throws away cracked pot seeds.

No stems, no leaves, no whole seeds -- just marijuana seeds that have been broken in half.

The Post-Amerikan found a sizeable quantity of these cracked marijuana seeds -- maybe a half cupful -- in the MEG garbage.

And there's no legal way for that pot to be there.

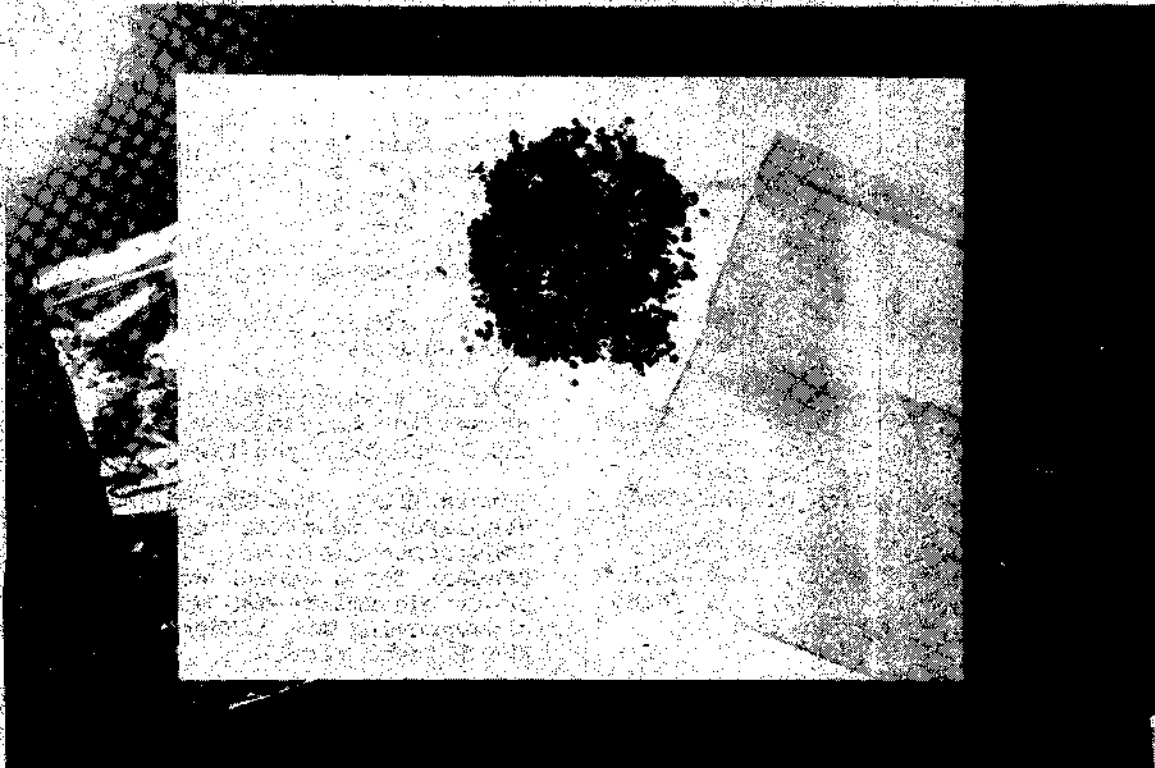
If the seeds are from marijuana purchased for a bust, then MEG is supposed to keep the bags of dope sealed and locked inside the evidence safe.

If a marijuana case is dismissed or closed, MEG is supposed to destroy the evidence. And that probably doesn't mean simply throwing the pot in the garbage, especially only the seeds.

If the seeds came from MEG's evidence safe, then what happened to the rest of the dope?

MEG agents often report that they simulated smoking marijuana while out trying to set up busts. The idea is that pot is so evil, so awful that no good person would ever smoke it, but true-brave-and loyal narcs pretend to -- in order to win the confidence of the depraved degenerates who like to smoke pot. Maybe the narcs need to practice "simulating" smoking in the office before venturing into Central Illinois' dope dens.

MEG agents and informers have been known to actually pass out drugs (or what they pretended were drugs) -- as well as take them themselves -- so they can get friendly with other people who use drugs. Perhaps they've now



These seeds, which look amazingly like marijuana seeds, were found in MEG's garbage. Each seed was mysteriously cracked, a sure sign that MEG's been up to something perverted. The plastic sacks shown here were also in MEG's garbage, and they contained a green leafy substance stuck around the edges. Whatever do you suppose it was?

started rolling their joints at the MEG office before going out to work.

Or maybe the undercover narcs like to get high just like anyone else, and have a safe chock full of tasty weed to rip off for a quick smoke during coffee breaks.

But none of this explains why each and every one of the seeds was cracked in half.

Does MEG have some kind of fancy machine built by the CIA that cracks pot seeds as it cleans the grass? If so,

what happens to the stems? Are they sent to Washington?

Or maybe Jerry LaGrow has a habit, a bad habit.

He crouches on top of his desk all day cracking pot seeds with his front teeth, like a squirrel opening peanuts. He's up to a lid a day and he gets mean when he doesn't get his seeds -- he refuses to sign expense accounts.

Is that the real reason why MEG sticks to the little pot buys? ●

LaGrow apologizes (privately) for agents

MEG Director Jerry LaGrow was forced to apologize for his agents' conduct at a federally sponsored training course in Springfield last November, a letter dated Nov. 30 reveals.

The letter, signed by LaGrow, is addressed to a Lieutenant Enteman, an official at the Department of Law Enforcement's training academy.

"I have been advised that there was a certain amount of misconduct on the part of MEG agents that attended the survival course presented by the Drug Enforcement Administration at

your Academy in November," the letter begins.

The DEA survival course lasted from Nov. 20 through Nov. 22, according to another memo found in MEG's garbage. Agents who were supposed to attend included: Mike White, Don Meyer, Paul Brenkman, George Pinkney, Mark Williams, Robert Lickiss, Joni Dooley, and Bill Muir.

LaGrow's letter continued: "After questionin' the agents who attended, I have found that at least one of the incidents of misconduct was on the part of the people that I sent. You

have my assurance that I will deal with this officer and if there is any damage we will take full responsibility for it."

LaGrow concluded by saying he was "extremely embarrassed" and offered his "sincere apologies."

The Post-Amerikan was unable to find out just what the MEG agents did that embarrassed LaGrow so much. It must have been pretty shocking, because LaGrow has generally defended -- not apologized for -- his agents, even in the face of public revelations of their most positively outrageous unethical conduct. ●



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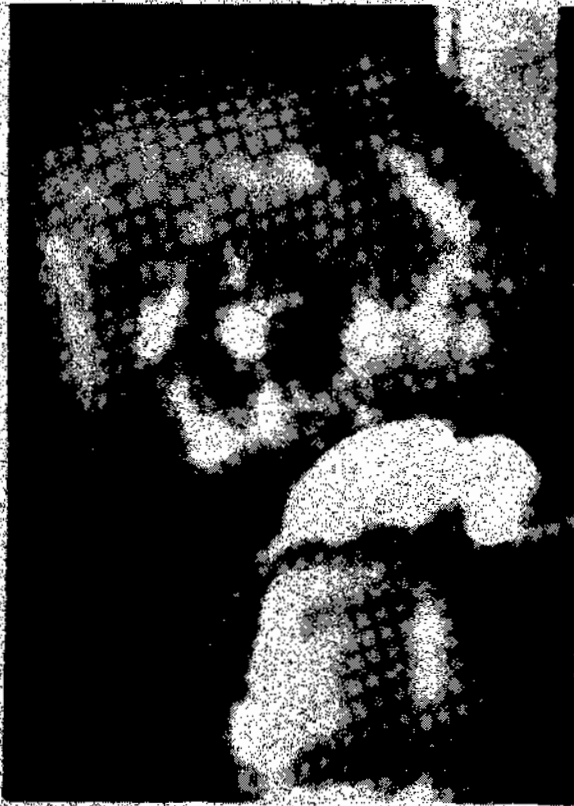
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MEG clutches at security



??????????

This unidentified woman accompanied agent Mike White and snitch Rick Thoennes as they tried to buy pot Feb. 1 (see story on opposite page).

MEG agents began instituting security precautions immediately after agent Mike White and his unidentified colleague got their pictures taken Feb. 1.

Agents entering and leaving MEG's secret office at 600 Abingdon in Peoria began wearing ski masks to hide their faces.

One female agent tried something different. She avoided recognition as a MEG agent by pulling her scarf up over her lower face and her floppy felt hat down over her eyes.

Another agent was seen with a furry tube hood pulled entirely over his face.

On Feb. 6, with the sun shining brightly and some of the snow even melting, the agents were still wearing the masks and hoods, diligently preserving their cover.

The Post-American would like to thank Jerry LaGrow for instituting this new dress code. Now members of Post counter-surveillance teams have no difficulty distinguishing the MEG agents from the workers who are employed in other offices in the building.

The ski mask maneuver is not new. MEG agent Ford Conley used to wear one while entering and leaving the McLean County Courthouse. A photo of his strange attire can be seen on this page.

Former agent Conley can't stay away



Now a Peoria County sheriff's deputy, former MEG agent Ford Conley just can't keep his mind off how much fun it was to play undercover superspy.

A note found in MEG's garbage shows that Conley still thinks fondly of his colleagues in the MEG unit. Addressed to Mike White (a MEG agent on assignment from the Peoria Sheriff's Dept.), the note says: "Mike, I was going to throw this away but thought you or some of the other agents might be able to use it as a prop."

Pictured here is Conley wearing some of his "props" as he left the McLean County courthouse several years ago. To avoid Post-American photographers, Conley wore a ski mask and motorcycle helmet. Regulars in downtown Bloomington became accustomed to seeing this cleverly dressed undercover agent skillfully hiding his identity as he walked to and from court appearances.

A real undercover enthusiast, Conley started as a MEG informer. After setting up his own roommate and his girlfriend, Conley landed a job as a full-time MEG agent.

Conley was almost prosecuted for some of his "investigative techniques," which included giving away red capsules and hinting that they were seconal. A McLean County prosecutor almost charged the agent with unlawful delivery of a substance represented to be a controlled substance, which is a felony. When Conley busted his girlfriend, he actually delivered amphetamines to her. Charges against her were dropped, and Conley himself narrowly escaped prosecution.

An investigation into charges of MEG misconduct in 1975 and 1976 led to a report by the Illinois Law Enforcement Commission's Executive Committee which just about demanded Ford Conley's resignation as a MEG agent.

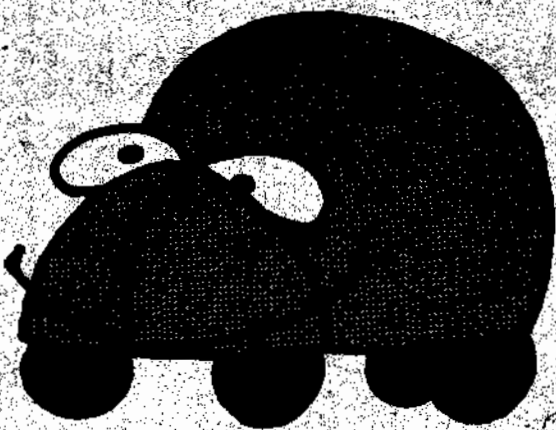
Though MEG was forced to let go the man Jerry LaGrow called "one of my best agents," Ford Conley soon was hired by the Peoria County Sheriff, who sits on the MEG board of directors.



To avoid Post-American photographers, MEG agent Conley used to don a ski mask and motorcycle helmet to and from court appearances. In early Feb., paranoid MEG agents began doing the same at their office in Peoria.

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Informer nearly left behind

Cameras flash, agents skedaddle

Post-Amerikan reporters and photographers got a rare treat Feb. 1--an opportunity for on-the-scene coverage of MEG agents right in the midst of an attempted undercover drug purchase.

The news-hungry Post staffers caught MEG agent Mike White, an unidentified female agent, and MEG informer Rick Thoennes as the trio tried to buy marijuana at a Bloomington apartment. Though the tenant had no intention of selling any marijuana, he made an appointment with the narcs. Before the appointed hour, he invited the Post-Amerikan people, correctly guessing that we'd be eager for an interview and candid shots of MEG agents at work.

Showing the poor social graces you would expect of such sleazy characters, the narcs pulled into the driveway an hour and a half late.

Both Agent White and stool pigeon Thoennes emerged from White's car carrying open cans of beer. Preparing for the expected interview, I made a note to ask White about MEG's policy on illegal transportation of liquor and other laws narcs break to enforce the law.

But the interview didn't last long enough to get an answer to the question.

The interview didn't last long at all.

After one friendly Post photographer

offered a greeting of "Hi" and began snapping a few preliminary photos, the rude MEG agents headed for the door.

Agent White's only comment was "God dammit" as he headed briskly for the door with one hand over his face and the other stiffly clutching his can of Miller's.

Covering her face more effectively, the woman agent followed quickly behind White. She asked, "What is this?" but didn't wait for a reply.

Still showing those poor social graces, the narcs didn't even have the courtesy to wait for their confidential source, who was in the bathroom when the action started.

Thoennes started out from the bathroom, got his picture taken, and ran back inside like a frightened rat. By the time he re-emerged, his friends the narcs were already outside.

They weren't exactly waiting for him in the car, either. Agent White was in such a hurry to split that he kept hitting the gas too hard, leaving the car pitifully immobile, its tires spinning frantically in the snow.

The narcs' car was finally moving when Thoennes caught up with it, but the narcs wouldn't stop to let the snitch get in. Thoennes ran alongside the narcs' car and jumped on. That was our last sight of the MEG informer --sitting on the hood of the fleeing car, still clutching his can of Miller's.●



Rick Thoennes, snitch

MEG's Confidential Source #219, Richard Thoennes, lives at 407 N. Catherine in Bloomington. Records found in MEG's garbage indicate that Thoennes set up at least seven McLean County people for sales to MEG agent Mike White.

Thoennes received \$60 (\$30 each) for two of those set-ups on Dec. 6, according to a page from MEG's "OAF Disbursement Journal." (OAF stands for Official Advanced Funds, which is MEG's "buy money" for drugs and information.)

A few days after this photo was taken Thoennes left a message on the Post-Amerikan's answering machine. He belligerently threatened to sue if his photo appeared in the Post.



MEG Special Agent Michael R. White

Until he allowed himself to be photographed, Michael R. White was a rising star in MEG. After only a few months, MEG Director LaGrow wrote these words of praise to White's superior in the Peoria Sheriff's Dept:

"Deputy White has worked diligently in the MEG unit, putting forth extreme effort in learning the undercover methods of the unit. Deputy White has been very effective in the undercover operations he has initiated, and I find him bright, enthusiastic and loyal."

White's alleged quality of loyalty wasn't coming through particularly strong the night he almost ditched informer Richard Thoennes (see adjoining story), but then police often have almost as much contempt for snitches as decent people do.

LaGrow's letter to White's superior continued its praise: "I feel that given time and experience in the MEG unit or in the Peoria County Sheriff's Department, that Deputy White is definitely supervisory material."

On January 15, 1979, LaGrow made a

supervisor out of his supervisory material. White became a "team leader," replacing former agent Mark Williams.

MEG agents claim that Post-Amerikan photographs endanger their lives. But if there really is any danger, the agents bring it onto themselves by continuing to attempt undercover work after their photographs have been taken.

Now that Mike White's photograph has been published, the "team leader" will hopefully end his brief but bright career as undercover agent.●



FBI to examine MEG's frame-up try

The investigation of MEG's attempted frame-up of Galesburg Free Voice publisher Mike Richardson has been turned over to the FBI, according to a letter Richardson received from the Department of Law Enforcement (DLE).

For six months, the DLE's professional standards division has been investigating Richardson's charges that MEG Director Jerry LaGrow offered to "sit on" five threatened MEG prosecutions if Richardson would quit printing narc photos in the Galesburg Free Voice. Richardson also charged that the five drug sales never happened, and that any police reports about them were lies.

In October, Richardson successfully passed two lie detector tests. The first bore out his claim that he never delivered any substance at all to MEG Confidential Source James Nelson, as alleged by MEG. The second polygraph test backed up Richardson's version of the phone call he received from MEG Director LaGrow on May 30, 1978, the call where LaGrow attempted to stop the narc photos in exchange for "sitting on" the drug charges.

Knox County prosecutor Carl Hawkinson refused to take MEG's cases against Richardson to the grand jury. Since the alleged deliveries were to an informer, not an agent, and since the MEG agent involved waited outside in a car and didn't claim to witness the actual delivery, almost the entire case would have rested on the word of Confidential Source James Nelson.

When LaGrow offered to "sit on" the five cases against Richardson, it was probably only after he knew they would never be prosecuted anyway.

When Richardson took his first polygraph Oct. 6, informer James Nelson was also scheduled for a lie detector test. He never showed up, and authorities haven't been able to locate him since.

"Our present inability to locate an essential witness coupled with the absence of legally admissible corroboration of your complaint has caused me to refer your complaint to the FBI with a request to investigate," the DLE's letter to Richardson said.

That means they can't find informer Nelson, and that Richardson's polygraph isn't admissible in court anyway.

Jerry LaGrow was asked to take a polygraph, which he apparently refused to do. And apparently he got away with that refusal.

Nelson's disappearance is a violation of his probation. (He pled guilty to forgery Dec. 29, 1977, and began work as a MEG informer almost immediately thereafter.)

All five of the alleged deliveries to Nelson were "turkey" sales--that is, none of the substances turned out to actually be illegal.

Informer Nelson was apparently turning in bogus drugs to his supervising MEG agent and claiming that he had bought them from Mike Richardson. And Nelson must have been pocketing the money MEG was supplying for these purchases.

It's not clear whether Nelson was duping MEG, or whether the supervising MEG agent (or even LaGrow himself) was

a party to the attempted frame-up of Richardson.

MEG higher-ups would obviously love to have a drug case against a critic as outspoken as Mike Richardson.



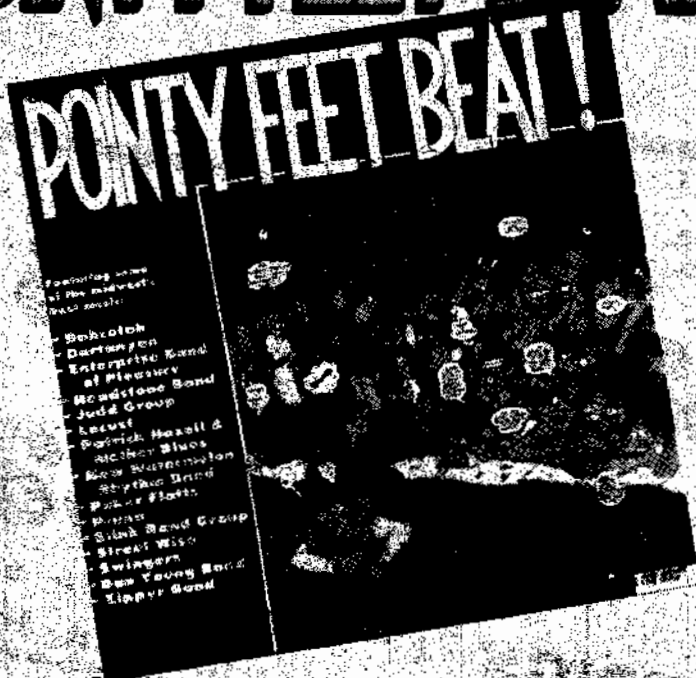
In 1975, he began covering Galesburg-area MEG stories for the Post-Amerikan. Since Richardson began publishing the Free Voice in 1976, he has kept hammering away at MEG, reprinting the Post-Amerikan's narc photos and even testifying in Springfield against the MEG funding bill.

Ex-MEG informer Micky Yelitz says a MEG agent offered him \$500 to set up a drug buy from Post-Amerikan staff member Mark Silverstein.

If MEG made a similar offer about Free Voice publisher Richardson (or even mentioned how they'd like to "get" him), an informer would have plenty of incentive to lie and fabricate evidence.

Even if MEG higher-ups did not consciously participate in the frame-up, MEG must bear responsibility for building the atmosphere which encouraged their informer to try it.

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Was MEG after Post writer?

I was listed as the apparent target of a MEG investigation in the summer of 1978, according to a 3-page list of cases found in MEG's garbage.

The handwritten list--apparently some sort of worksheet--was divided into four columns for each case. Headings at the top of the columns read "case no.," "name," "drug," and "date."

Most of the listings included a case number, a future MEG defendant's name, the name of the drug he or she allegedly sold, and the date MEG made the purchase.

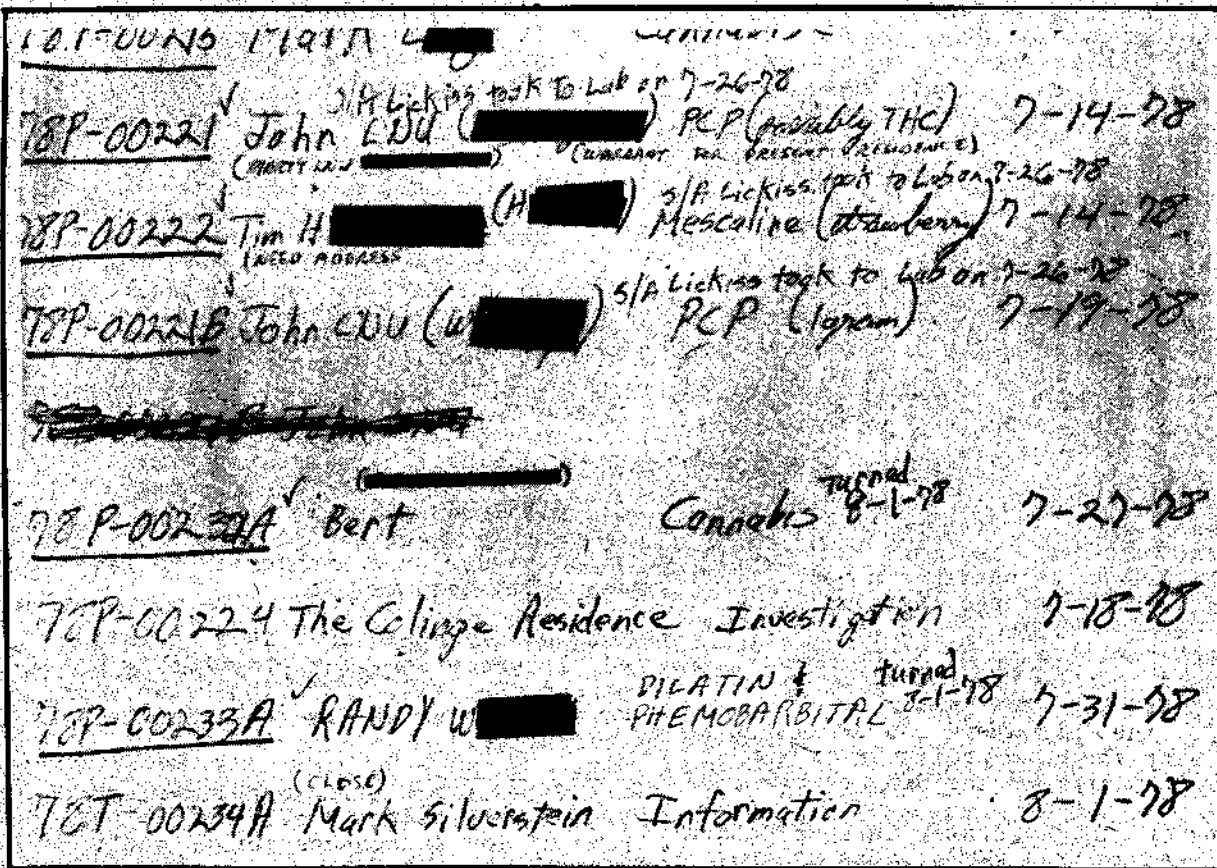
My name appeared as the "suspect" for MEG case 78T-00234A. The date was Aug. 1, 1978. But instead of MEG listing the name of a drug in the appropriate column, "information" was listed instead.

Apparently, MEG purchased information about me on Aug. 1.

The notation "(close)" is written above my name--hopefully meaning that MEG had already closed my "case" when the worksheet was prepared.

Over the last four years, I have written most of the Post-American's articles about MEG. I've also stuck cameras in quite a few narcs' faces and have been a general all-around pain in the ass to the secret police.

It's not that surprising that MEG would jump at the chance to open a case against me. Ex-MEG informer Micky Yeitz says MEG agent Ford Conley offered him \$500 if he could arrange a drug purchase from me.



ABOVE: Post-American reporter Mark Silverstein is named in this list of cases found in MEG's garbage. The case--based apparently on information purchased by MEG on August 1--is fortunately closed, at least if we can believe the notation above Silverstein's name. (We blanked out the names of others on the list, for reasons explained on page 16.)

But any MEG case against me would be a frame-up, a revenge-motivated reprisal for my work with the Post-American. I'm not a drug dealer and never will be.

If MEG purchased information about supposed illegal activities on my part, then MEG wasted its money on false information (and it wouldn't be the first time).

If MEG bought information about my legal activities, then the narc squad has taken a step or two beyond the scope of its "legitimate" authority--it's taken a step toward becoming a true secret police force, employing

anonymous informers to gather information about the legal and legitimate political activities of dissenters.

I intend to keep writing for the Post-American, and I suppose MEG will keep hoping to bust me. As long as MEG sticks to the law, I've got no problem. If MEG wants to bust me for dope dealing, they're going to have to frame me.

--Mark Silverstein

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Targets of current

From piecing together documents found in MEG's garbage, the Post-American learned a lot about ongoing investigations in the six-county area MEG operates in. Though these police reports reveal the names of people who allegedly sold illegal substances to MEG, many of these people have not yet been arrested.

We are printing this information so folks whose taverns, homes, and workplaces have been infiltrated by secret police can make whatever decisions they need to make.

Publication of this information will

not stop anyone from getting indicted. If MEG has enough evidence, suspects will be indicted whether they leave the state or not. The arrest warrants remain outstanding until the defendant is arrested.

Some of the people listed here may never be charged, because some state's attorneys don't want to prosecute if the delivery was made to an informer instead of to an agent. Others won't prosecute as long as no money changed hands.

Typically, MEG waits four to ten

months between an undercover buy and actual arrest. They have been known to wait as long as seventeen months.

But publication of this information may hasten the arrest of the folks listed here. When agents' covers get blown, MEG often just takes all those agents' pending cases to the grand jury immediately.

When these folks are actually indicted and arrested, their full names will be appearing in the daily papers. But until then, we figured no one needs to have bosses and

McLean County cases

(Just as the Post-American was going to press, a grand jury indicted a batch of McLean County residents on MEG charges. As people were arrested, we removed their names from this list. It's possible that all the people left on this list are already named in suppressed indictments. More information on the McLean County grand jury is in an adjoining article.)

suspect's name	MEG's case number	substance sold, \$\$\$	date	agent & CS
FNU "Hog" LNU	78M 219	speed	7/11	Williams
Rosilund M---	78M 237	speed	8/3	Hollis & CS #207
Brian K. M---	78M 248	pot	8/25	Williams
Jon B---	78M 260	speed	9/20	Hollis
		speed	9/22	Hollis
David M. G---	78M 264	speed	9/22	Hollis
Dennis A---	78M 302	pot	11/16	White
Calvin G---	78M 308	PCP \$20	11/27	White, Thoennes

Knox County cases

James M---	78K 288	pot	10/31	Pinkney
Carol F---	78K 293	pot	11/3	Pinkney
Steve C---	78K 325	pot \$35	12/12	Pinkney, CS #216
		pot	12/21	Pinkney

Tazewell County cases

Darryl S---	78T 256	dust	9/11	White and CS #209
		dust	9/14	
Ed F---	78T 269	speed	9/25	Walley
Sharon S---	78T 270	speed	9/29	White
Kevin B---	78T 274	mesc.	10/4	White
		mesc.	10/11	White
Dan LNU "Delevan Dan"	78T 276	pot	10/5	White
Mike P--	78 280	speed	10/13	Walley

suspect's name	MEG's case number	substance sold, \$\$\$	date	agent & CS
B. Rose	78T 295			Williams
Daniel A. C--	78T 299	pot	11/14	White
		mesc.	11/28	White, CS
		mesc.	11/30	White, CS
		coke \$110	12/5	White
		mesc \$240	12/11	White
Becky W----	78T 314	pot	12/4	Pinkney
Cary LNU	78T 327	coke \$475	12/19	White
Ron E. S---	78T 329	LSD	12/21	Bottom
		LSD	12/22	Bottom & CS Voss
		LSD	1/4/79	Bottom

Warren County cases

Terry L. R---	78W 330	gun	12/29	Brenkman, CS
Steve P---				

Peoria County cases

suspect's name	MEG's case number	substance sold, \$\$\$	date	agent & CS
(Some cases may have already resulted in arrests.)				
Dorvas P---	78P 194	pot	6/16	Meyer
		pot	6/28	Meyer
		coke	7/12	Meyer
		coke	7/19	Meyer
Greg LNU	78P 205	speed	6/22	Brenkman
Rodney F---	78P 206			Brenkman
Alexander Y---	78P 207	pot	6/22	Brenkman
James S----	78P 208	pot	6/23	Brenkman
Mark L---	78P 215	1 joint	7/5	Lickiss
Michael D. E--	78P 217	pot	7/7	Hollis
Tim H----	78P 222	mesc \$10	7/14	Lickiss
Larry S---	78P 228	coke	7/22	Meyer
		coke	7/27	Meyer
		coke	8/4	Meyer

Roundup begins in Bloomington

Armed with warrants from a brand new batch of suppressed indictments, MEG began rounding up Bloomington residents Feb. 15.

As the Post-American goes to press, eight people have already been nabbed, and more are being hunted. Undercover narcs escorted by club-wielding uniformed police were stalking tavern after tavern, strutting through the smoke-filled bars and scanning the faces of the crowds. Anxious customers wondered which of their friends the secret police would haul away.

Instead of waiting the usual 4 to 10 months after an undercover buy, MEG rushed these cases to the grand jury. Some of the buys were only

a couple months old; one was only two weeks old.

State's Attorney Ron Dozier admitted that MEG was in an unusual hurry to get warrants, but wouldn't say why. When asked if he knew the reason for MEG's rush, the State's Attorney told me, "Yes, I know the reason, and so do you."

MEG apparently freaked out after Post-American photographers surprised agent Mike White in the middle of what he hoped would be an undercover marijuana buy Feb. 1 (see separate story).

MEG immediately increased security at its Peoria office. Afraid that a Post photographer could be lurking behind any garbage can, MEG agents

began covering their faces with hoods and ski masks when entering and leaving their office building.

When the Post published photos of eleven agents last May, MEG immediately withdrew its agents from all ongoing investigations in Bloomington and rushed to the grand jury with what cases they already had.

With this most recent batch of indictments, MEG may once again be retreating from the Bloomington area, winding up its present cases and hoping to catch their victims before they are alerted and split town.

--M.S.

MEG investigations

landlords reading their names as MEG suspects in the Post.

So we haven't printed anyone's full name, but we usually included their last initial. LNU (last name unknown) means MEG didn't know the suspect's last name when the report we have was written. (But they usually find out before it's time to go to the grand jury.)

By printing only part of folks' names, we tried to strike a balance between what we felt was MEG's victims' need for anonymity and their need to know

that they are being investigated by the secret police. When possible, we included other information that could help, like dates and dollar amounts of the alleged transactions, the substances allegedly sold, and the name of the agent involved. Our information is not complete--an informer may be involved even though we haven't listed one. Some of the dates may be a few days off.

We have put together at least some information on all but 12 of the 132 1978 MEG cases numbered between 199 and 330--covering the period from

late June through the end of the year. That leaves up to twelve targets of MEG investigation that we know nothing about. (Some of these 12 may be in Fulton, Knox, and Warren counties--which have very few cases listed here.)

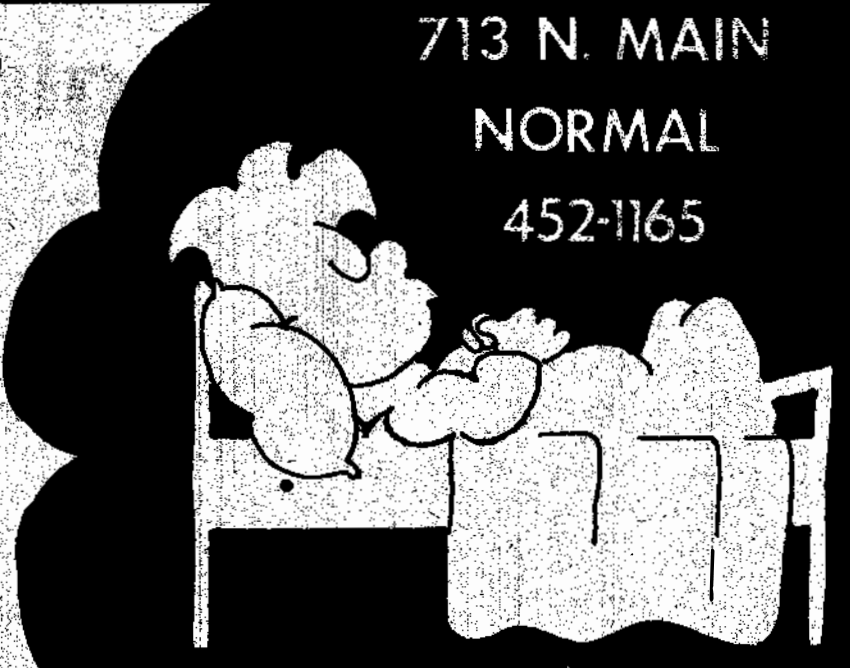
THE FOLLOWING IS NOT A COMPLETE LIST. Besides lacking information on up to twelve 1978 cases, there is nothing on cases begun in 1979. Also, we have eliminated the names of people who we know have already been arrested or warned about their impending bust.

suspect's name	MEG's case number	substance sold, \$\$\$	date	agent & CS	suspect's name	MEG's case number	substance sold, \$\$\$	date	agent & CS
Mark W---	78P 231	coke, speed	7/25	Meyer	Rodney M---	78P 267	6 sales heroin		Brenkman
Bertha R---	78P 232	1 joint	7/27	Lickiss	Mark W---	78P 268	speed \$50	9/27	Lickiss
Randy W---	78P 233	Dilantin	7/31	Lickiss	"	"	speed \$50	10/2	Lickiss
"	"	Pheno \$2	8/18	Lickiss	"	"	speed \$120	10/16	Lickiss
"	"	Pheno \$5	9/18	Lickiss	Phil LNU	78P 272	pot \$10	9/23	Brenkman, CS #211
Art, Sharon S--	78P 235	speed	7/31	Meyer	Earnest W---	78P 273	heroin	9/21	Brenkman
"	"	speed	8/21	Meyer	D-John	78P 278	mesc \$40	10/13	White
Elaine LNU	78P 236	pot	7/19	Brenkman	John L. R---	78P 281	pot	10/18	Lickiss
Steve and Charles J---	78P 241	pot \$30	8/4	Lickiss	Barb R---	78P 284	pot, speed	10/	Williams
Dennis A---	78P 244	pot	8/16	Lickiss	Sandra K. B---	78P 291	pheno	11/2	Lickiss
"	"	pot	10/10	Meyer	"	"	valium	11/3	Lickiss
Rodney J---	78P 245	pot \$0	8/31	Lickiss	"	"	pheno	11/6	Lickiss
Casey M---	78P 249	pot \$0	8/24	Lickiss, CS #121	"	"	LSA	11/29	Lickiss
Sonny W-- & Mrs	78P 250	dilantin, pheno	9/6	Lickiss	Roger LNU, Craig LNU	78P 298	LSA	11/14	Lickiss
Sonny W---	78P 250	" \$60	9/11	Lickiss	Vicki G---	78P 301	pot, PCP	11/16	Lickiss
"	"	" \$80	9/15	Lickiss	Clint D---	78P 303	pot	11/17	Lickiss
Brian J---	78P 251	coke \$10	9/6	White, CS #199	Pam G---	78P 304	speed	11/18	Lickiss
Earl J---	78P 252			White	"	"	speed	12/11	Lickiss
Laura S---	78P 253	barbs	10/5	White	Mike LNU	78P 305	PCP	11/18	Lickiss
Debra H---	78P 259	MDA \$4	9/15	Lickiss, CS Lintz	"	"	mescaline	12/1	Lickiss
Larry S---	78P 261	mesc \$10	9/22		John B---	78P 310	mescaline	11/29	Hollis, CS
Dennis M---	78P 262	speed 1 tab	9/22	Lickiss	D.I. Mike & Randy LNU	78P 317	coke	12/5	Lickiss
Bobby C---	"	morphine	9/22	Lickiss	"	"	MDA	12/7	Lickiss
Dennis M---	"	mesc \$60	10/19	Lickiss	"	"	LSA \$100	12/14	Lickiss
Eugene P---					Roger LNU	78P 320	pot	12/6	Walley
Rodney M---					"	"	LSA	12/20	Walley
Pete H---	78P 267	coke \$80	9/27	Lickiss	Kevin LNU	78P 322	pot	12/11	Walley
					Liz W---	78P 323	pot	12/12	Bottom
					"	"	pot	12/21	Bottom
					Cindy B---	78P 324	speed	12/12	Bottom
					Danny LNU	78P 326	pot	12/15	Bottom



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MEG's current undercover agents



MEG agent Paul Brenkman

(photos taken May '78)



Information found in MEG's garbage has clued the Post-Amerikan in to the identities of the undercover narcs currently working MEG's six-county area. With the exception of Agent Paul Brenkman and Director LaGrow himself, all of these names are new to Post-Amerikan readers.

Much of this information came from the used carbon ribbon MEG so generously left intact in its refuse.

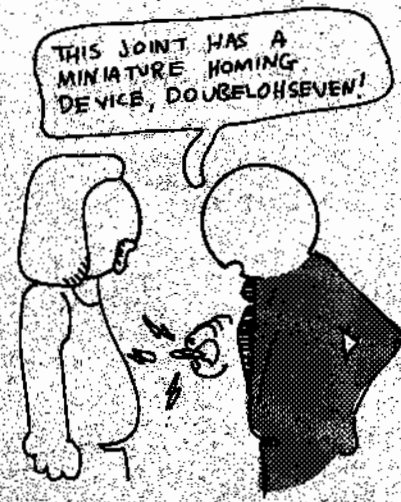
Jill E. Bottom, age 22, began working for MEG Dec. 1, 1978. She signed a renewable three-month contract at \$154 a week. MEG imported Bottom from Carbondale, and generously paid for her first week's lodging in Peoria at the YWCA. Bottom's fictitious driver's license is in the name of Susan McDonald, and the number listed is B-350-4255-6716. (The first letter of a driver's license should match the owner's last initial--so maybe that number is Bottom's legitimate license number.) Other equipment issues to Bottom that the Post-Amerikan knows of: two 12-gauge shotguns and Standard Oil credit card #593 048 85 1400002.

Bottom has already made undercover buys in both Tazewell and Peoria counties. An account of one of her buys--where she sold some pot back to the suspect--is in another story in this issue.

On Jan. 12, 1979, Jill E. Bottom spent the evening at the Country Bumpkin in East Peoria. She has also hung around in Bellevue at the Glasses Tap.

Sam Walley has been working undercover for MEG at least since September, possibly earlier. He has made buys in both Tazewell and McLean counties, and was seen in Bloomington's Red Lion as recently as Jan. 18, 1979.

Linda Jayne Etangh, age 23, began working for MEG Jan. 1, 1979, after signing a renewable 3-month contract. She may be considered only a part-



time agent, as she receives only \$100 per week. Her fake driver's license is in the name of Jane Harris, and her number is E320-5305-5828. She has been issued Amoco credit card 593 048 85 1400011.

John Linden Jr. also began working Jan. 1, 1979 at \$100 per week.

George S. Pinkney is a Peoria city cop assigned to work undercover for MEG. He has worked in Tazewell and Peoria counties, but most of his undercover work has been in Knox county. The latest Peoria City Directory showed Pinkney living at 2331 W. 7th, Apt. 212, in Peoria. According to directory assistance, Pinkney has a non-published number somewhere in Peoria.

Don Meyer is a Bloomington cop who has been working undercover for MEG since the summer of 1978. Meyer once had a fictitious driver's license in the name of James R. Elliot II. He turned that one in, and received one in the name of Don Munson. The 1978 Bloomington City Directory listed a Don Meyer living at 823 E. Monroe, but directory assistance says he doesn't live there any more. Meyer has a non-published phone number somewhere in Bloomington.

Glenda Hollis was working for MEG as early as June, 1978, in the Galesburg area. From August through November she made a number of buys in Bloomington, and may have been using the name "Jennie."

Michael R. White (see photo and story elsewhere) is a Peoria County deputy sheriff who was assigned to work for MEG in June 1978. Since then, he has made numerous undercover buys in Peoria, Tazewell, and McLean counties.

White became one of MEG's two team leaders on Jan. 15, 1979, replacing former agent Mark Williams.

White has a non-published phone number in Peoria, and the City Directory says he owns a home at 917 W. Nowland. However, in a letter requesting a new fictitious driver's license for White, Director LaGrow explained that White "has changed his appearance greatly and also has a new address."

Paul Brenkman's undercover work in Bloomington was cut short in May 1978 when these photos were published in the Post-Amerikan. He is still an active agent, having made an undercover purchase as recently as Dec. 29, in Monmouth. Brenkman's hair is now longer than these photos (which were taken in May '78) show.

Jerry LaGrow, MEG's Director, lives at 139 Oakwood St. in Morton, and his non-published phone number is 264-0762. LaGrow has run MEG since it was formed in 1974, and has done undercover purchases himself as recently as 1976. He is 39. •

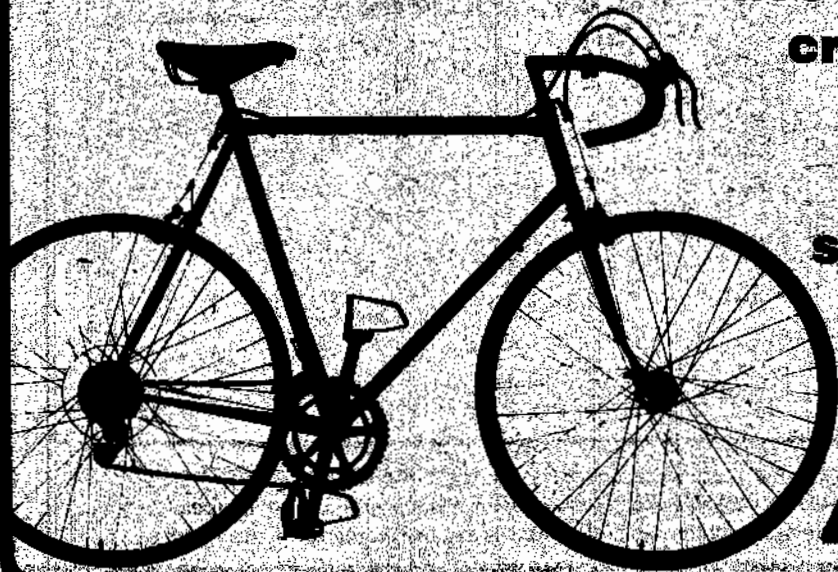
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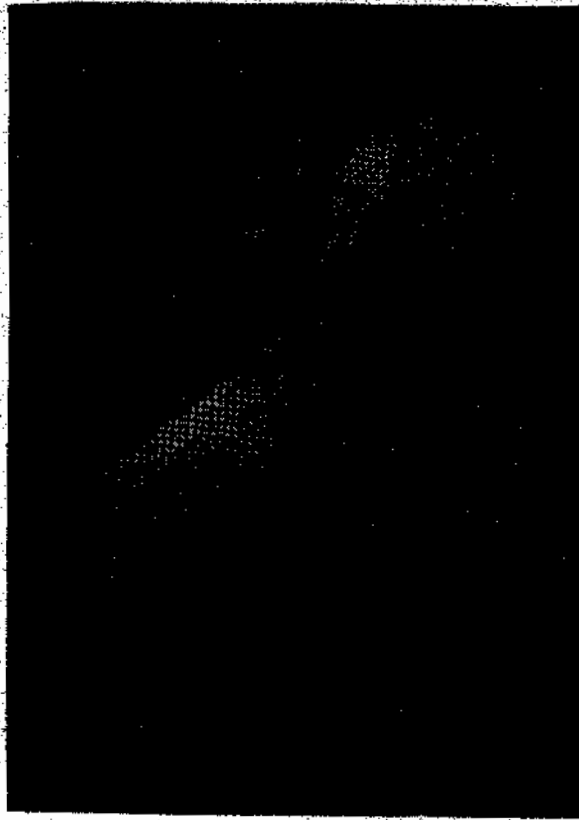
(photos taken May '78)



Robert Lickiss, Jr.



Joni Dooley



Mark Williams

High turnover at MEG office

Agents Dooley, Williams, Wight, Lickiss and Blackburn no longer work for the MEG until.

Joni Dooley, whose photo was published in the Post late in May 1978, continued to work for MEG the rest of the year. She busted a batch of high school students in Washington, Ill., in the summer of 1978, and may have been working as a MEG secretary after that.

Mark Williams went back to work as a Tazewell County sherriff's deputy Jan. 15 after several years working undercover for MEG.

Larry Wight returned to the Peoria city police, and George Blackburn returned to his job as a Peoria County deputy.

Robert Lickiss, who was attacked two separate times while working undercover, has also quit MEG. Before the Post-Amerikan had ever published Lickiss' photo (we had it, but hadn't printed it yet), he was the victim of an attempted stabbing in Monmouth. Lickiss continued to make a lot of buys in the Peoria area after the Post published his photo in our Sept. issue (8 copies of which were in MEG's garbage). While attempting to buy \$5,000 worth of drugs Dec. 20,

Lickiss had his own gun taken from him and held to his head, but escaped. Lickiss quit working for MEG Dec. 31, but his resignation was unconnected to his near-shooting--he turned in his resignation in late November.

Mari Groppi worked for MEG only a few months, hanging out in Bloomington with one of the narc squad's slimiest informers: Rod Meyer, confidential source #22. Groppi now lives with her husband Pat Cullen at 302 E. Mulberry, Apt. C, in Normal, phone 454-1869.

Ex-agent Marilyn Kohl is now living at 1421 W. Elm in Taylorville, (217) 824-8302. ●

MEG memo: "Put the squeeze on"

A handwritten instruction found in MEG's garbage says "Put the squeeze on P---." Apparently in explanation, the note continues, "State's Attorney's office will not prosecute this case."

The case is 78P 002, and dates from January 7, 1978. Suspect Don P--- allegedly delivered a small quantity of purported speed to Confidential Source #171, who in turn gave the pills to MEG agent George Blackburn.

Don P--- never got any money for the pills, and they turned out to be legal anyway. They were ephedrine, a non-controlled substance.

Even though the substance delivered was legal, MEG wanted to charge Don P--- with delivery of a substance represented to be a controlled substance. That's still a felony.

Another memo found in MEG's garbage helps explain just what "put the squeeze on" means.

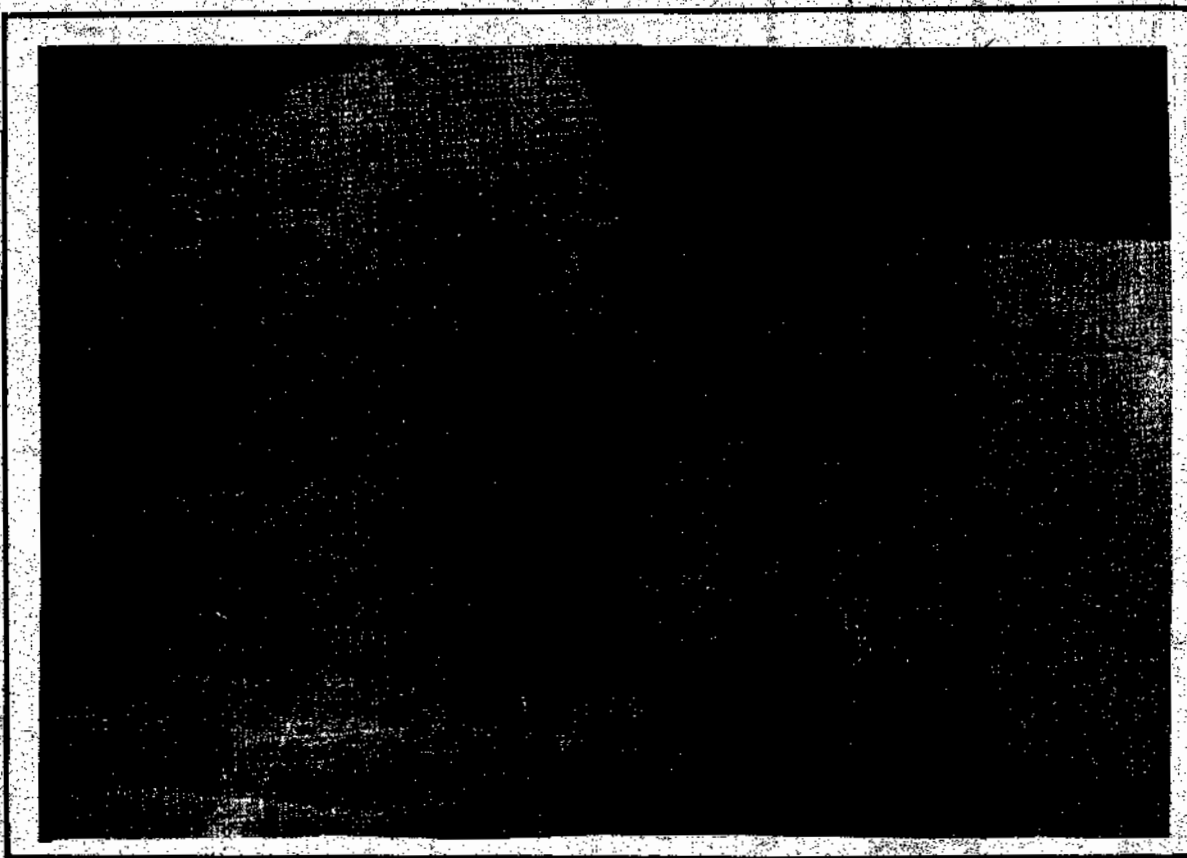
Referring to the Don P--- file, the memo says: "State's Attorney's office refuses to prosecute as the delivery was made through a confidential source. Attempt to contact subject about working as confidential source before closing out case."

Sounds like MEG intended to pressure Don P--- into becoming an informer, probably by threatening prosecution--

even though MEG knew the State's Attorney refused to prosecute.

We don't know if MEG was successful in

putting "the squeeze" on. But a notation on a list of MEG cases shows the Don P--- case was finally closed on January 16, 1979. ●



ABOVE: Two memos found in MEG's garbage reveal the narcs' intention to bluff Don P--- into becoming an informer by threatening a prosecution that would never happen. (As explained on page 16, we have blanked out Don's last name in the photo of the memos.)

Have you heard of MIG?

One ominous-sounding letter in MEG's garbage invited the narcs to send representatives to "the regular monthly meeting of the Mid-State Intelligence Group (MIG)." The invite also said, "Please bring any available information your department may have regarding the activities of active felons in the area."

The invitation was signed by Damon Runyon of the Division of Investigation (DOI), which includes what used to be the Illinois Bureau of Investigation.

Names of two MEG agents were jotted in the letter's upper corner, as though they had been the ones selected to attend.

Was MEG being invited to a meeting of some sort of federation of mutually cooperating secret police?

The invitation reminded me of an early (1975) MEG memo that Post reporters found in the files of the Illinois Law Enforcement Commission several years ago.

That memo bragged about MEG's hosting of secret police summit meetings, which met monthly and exchanged information from their informers.

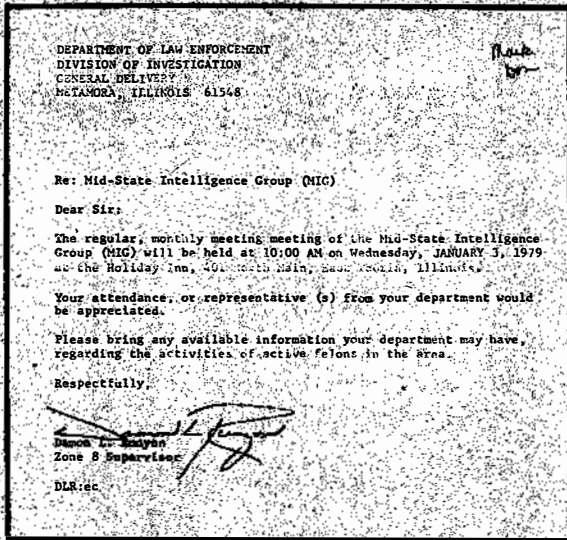
According to the memo, those meetings were attended by the IBI, the Treasury Dept's Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms agents, the Internal Revenue Service, the Peoria vice squad, the Illinois State Police, the Tri-County Intelligence Unit, and members of the MEG-area police departments.

In that memo, MEG took credit for several arrests made by other agencies, claiming that MEG provided the original tip at one of these monthly intelligence-exchanging meetings.

The memo also said MEG kept all "incoming intelligence" from these meetings in "permanent files."

The spectre of MEG's network of questionably motivated informers passing on frequently false information about their friends and co-workers was scary enough. But it was even scarier to read that memo and realize that these informers' reports were being relayed to more than a half-

Has MIG heard of you?



This is a copy of the Mid-State Intelligence Group's invitation to MEG.

dozen covert intelligence-gathering police agencies.

I wondered if the Mid-State Intelligence Group was a similar cooperative of secret police, or maybe the continuation and formalization of the 1975 meetings at the MEG office. (Since MEG is now under the authority of the Department of Law Enforcement, it made sense that those meetings might now be hosted by the DLE's own secret police, the Division of Investigation.)

So I called the DOI's Damon Runyan--the man who signed MEG's invitation--to find out what happens at the meetings of the Mid-State Intelligence Groups.

Not much, he wanted me to believe. He doesn't attend himself; only about 10-15 people do, different ones each time, he says.

MIG is not connected to the meetings at the MEG office. MIG was launched in 1970 (four years before MEG) by State Police detectives. When they were merged with the IBI into the Division of Investigation a few years ago, DOI began hosting the

meetings of the Mid-State Intelligence Group.

Runyan said the meetings are "very general" and discuss "items of mutual concern to the different law enforcement agencies."

Putting heads together can help catch criminals, according to the theory. But Runyan can't recall any specific case that was broken as a result of a MIG meeting.

"I think it probably does some good," Runyan said, "even though I can't point to a particular case. And I'm not trying to be evasive, either."

He wasn't trying to be evasive when he had trouble remembering who he sent invitations to, either.

When he finally remembered, it turned out that the same secret police outfits invited to the early MEG-hosted meetings are also invited to MIG. In addition, MIG invites more police departments and covers a wider geographical area, though usually only Peoria-Peoria area cops attend.

Runyan said that MIG members "probably" don't exchange intelligence, especially info from informers. "You know as well as I do that police agencies tend to be rather tight-fisted with that information," he said.

He must have meant only the most general information when he requested members to "bring any available information...regarding the activities of active felons in the area."

Runyan said he remembered the meetings at the MEG office, and sometimes attended as a representative of the IBI. He said the MIG meetings are about the same as the MEG meetings.

But the MEG memo bragged about exchange of intelligence, and specifically mentioned exchanging information from informers.

Who's kidding who? •

--Mark Silverstein

Now you see it, now you don't

MEG Agent Michael White watched a potential one-joint bust go up in smoke last August when the wicked criminal who sold him the joint smoked it, according to a MEG report filed by White.

Agent White reported that he gave \$1 to a young man named Pete F--- on Aug. 11, 1978, to buy a marijuana cigarette from an unknown person who lived at 509 South St. in Washington.

After buying the joint for White, Pete agreed to take the MEG agent to Creve Coeur where White could purchase some acid, the MEG report said.

On the way to Creve Coeur, Pete smoked the joint, "thereby eliminating any chances of retrieving evidence."

Presumably, Pete shared the joint with Agent White--the only friendly thing to do, since it was White's joint.

Although Pete F--- actually bought the joint from someone else, he would have been the person charged with delivery of cannabis in MEG case 78T243 if he had not puffed away the evidence to enliven the trip from Washington to Creve Coeur. •

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Nothing but the best for special agents

MEG agents don't spend all their time making risky drug buys from dangerous teen-aged pot peddlers.

Sometimes they just hang around bars and drink.

But they've still got to stay alert-- alert enough to remember how much they shelled out for booze, how much MEG owes 'em for expenses.

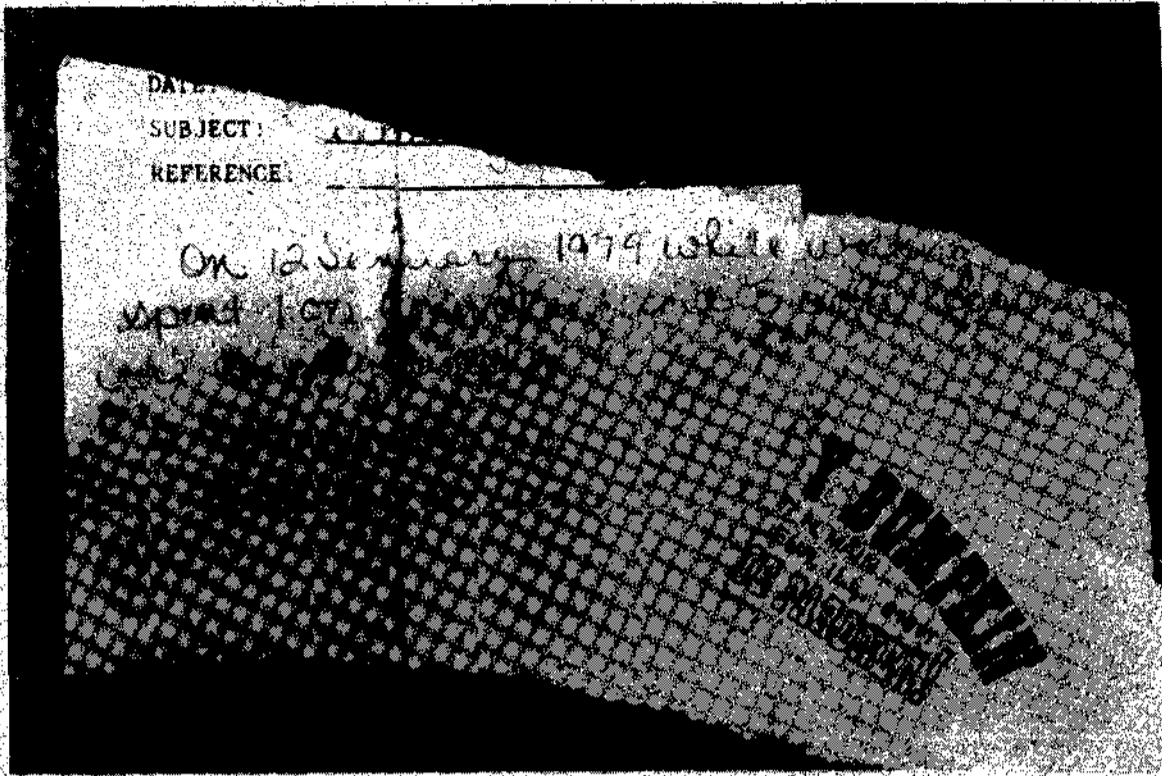
Consider a typical assignment: an evening at the Country Bumpkin in Creve Coeur, Jan. 12, 1979. And a typical special agent: Jill E. Bottom.

On the night in question MEG Special Agent Jill Bottom drank three glasses of wine at \$1 a glass, and she paid another \$1 for the cover charge.

That's what Agent Bottom said in a report we found in the MEG garbage. Apparently Agent Bottom expected to be paid back the \$4.

After all, MEG agents buy dope and then smoke it. It's good cover. So why not buy wine?

Champagne, s'il vous plait, and put it on MEG's tab. ●



These scraps of paper found in the MEG garbage show that Agent Jill Bottom kept track of her expenses for an evening of

drinking at the Country Bumpkin. We recognized her handwriting from other signed reports found in the garbage.

More informers revealed



MEG's garbage has disclosed the identities of more MEG informers.

Mike Lintz is Confidential Source #191, according to a MEG case report. The report says Lintz helped agent Robert Lickiss buy \$4 worth of drugs from Sheryl J--- in Peoria Sept. 15. A McLean County case shows that Lintz was working for MEG even earlier-- accompanying Agent Paul Brenkman on a buy April 15, 1978.

An early 1978 MEG case (78T 98) is titled "Mike Lintz," but we don't have any other information. MEG may have bought from Lintz and later convinced him to turn informer.

Mike Williams is listed as MEG's CS #201 in several case reports. Working with agent Joni Dooley, Williams set up a whole batch of young people in Washington, Ill. during the summer of 1978.

Williams may have turned informer to get out of trouble himself. He is the subject of an early '78 MEG case (78T 87) and was also busted for possession of pot in June. By July he was working with agent Dooley.

Richard Thoennes of Bloomington is MEG Confidential Source #219. His photo,

along with more information, is elsewhere in this issue.

Bloomington's John Daugherty is listed as MEG's CS #220. We don't know of anyone Daugherty has set up yet, but we do know MEG has filled out its confidential source information form and assigned him a number. He lives at 1203 W. Chestnut, Bloomington, phone 829-5881.

In June, MEG busted Daugherty for delivery of a substance represented to be a controlled substance. He was sentenced to 4 weekends in the county jail and 2½ years probation.

Ricky William Voss, 422 Herman, Pekin, 347-1512, is MEG's CS #223. In Dec. he worked with agent Jill E. Bottom, setting up Ron E. S--- in Pekin.

Voss is currently on three years probation for selling drugs to the DOI (formerly the IBI). He may have earned his probation by agreeing to become an informer.

Dennis Richardson is the snitch who set up Jeff Butler for possession of a sawed-off shotgun in early Jan. Richardson's photo and more information about him is in a separate story. ●

MEG swipes student's notebook

A Pekin High School student's notebook found in MEG's garbage early this year is only one sign that the Peoria-based secret police are still actively gathering information in area schools-- probably even to the point of accepting stolen goods.

A notebook belonging to Darryl S---, who evidently was a Pekin Community High School student, was obtained by MEG some time after Sept. 14, 1978.

The notebook contains two love letters with references to getting high, a signed IOU, and a list of people who owed money to Darryl. It had also contained another list of debtors that had been ripped out.

Because the notebook contained this kind of material, it is unlikely that Darryl voluntarily gave it to MEG. In fact, it is much more likely that someone swiped the notebook-- someone who was acting for MEG.

Copies of MEG reports on Darryl S--- show that "Confidential Source #209" turned Darryl in to MEG, setting him up for two deliveries to Agent Mike White.

Perhaps C/S 209 is the person who snarfed up Darryl's notebook; informers are often known and trusted by the people they set up.

C/S 209 might even have been a Pekin High School student. In late 1974, MEG Director Jerry LaGrow "loaned" informer Susan Gidner to the Pekin police to enroll as a student at Pekin High for the purpose of spying on students and teachers. MEG actually obtained a forged transcript from Bloomington High School to help informer Gidner get into Pekin High as a transfer student.

In addition to Darryl's notebook, MEG's garbage also contained a piece of notebook paper from a person who

probably lived in Bloomington-Normal and may well have been a student.

This sheet of notebook paper contained a hand-written list of MEG agents and informers. From examining the list, it seems that the June 1978 Post-Amerikan was the source of the names, and that the student copying them was interested primarily in MEG employees who had worked in the Bloomington-Normal area.

The information was public information--all but one of the names had been published in the Post-Amerikan--and there is no evidence that the person listing the names was engaged in any kind of criminal activity.

But that didn't save this person from having his or her carefully copied list wind up in the files of the MEG secret police. ●

Taxpayers burned by LaGrow's foot-in-mouth

Jerry LaGrow, director of MEG, shot off his mouth, and the taxpayers of McLean County are going to have to foot part of the bill. The \$7.5 million libel suit filed by Ed Cotton in 1975 against LaGrow has been settled out of court. Although the amount of the settlement was not disclosed, it's undoubtedly a sizable sum.

All this has come about because MEG's director felt it necessary to take justice in his own mouth and publicly defend the highly questionable work of his overzealous secret police.

In October of 1974, MEG arrested Ed Cotton, who was teaching school in Abingdon, Ill., at the time, on a charge of selling LSD. The Abingdon school board promptly suspended Cotton.

The charge was thrown out of court in January of 1975. Not only that, but the judge indicated that he directed a not-guilty verdict because of the "poor and unprofessional police work" of the MEG agents involved. The judge also said that the agents' testimony was "suspect and questionable" and "contradictory"; he even went so far as to question the alleged eye-witness account of the buy and ask if it wasn't the concocted story of "an overzealous narcotics agent."

Despite the fact that his case was dismissed, Ed didn't get his job back. Instead, the Abingdon board decided to pay out Cotton's contract for 1974-75 and not allow him to teach in its school again.

In all likelihood, the school board was influenced by the statements Jerry LaGrow made about Cotton in the Galesburg press. Less than a week after the dismissal, LaGrow proclaimed Cotton's guilt and did all he could to insure that Cotton wouldn't be hired again.

In his comments to the Galesburg Register-Mail, MEG's director appeared to be offering information and help to the Abingdon school board, lest they re-hire some vicious dealer of drugs. Probably, though, LaGrow was stung by the loss of the Cotton case and by the humiliating comments the judge made about MEG's agents. The director's public statements about the case amounted to a desperate attempt to take the heat off MEG by focusing attention on Cotton.

The Galesburg newspaper (also named in the libel suit) was dumb enough to print LaGrow's remarks, which never did explain why MEG wasn't able to make a case against someone LaGrow characterized as a rather talkative and well-known drug dealer.

LaGrow told the Register-Mail that he was willing to send the agent who handled Cotton's case to meet with the school board when they discussed the status of the suspended teacher. One wonders why LaGrow thought they'd listen to an agent whose honesty and professionalism had been openly questioned by a Circuit Court judge. But perhaps he knew the Abingdon school board well.

LaGrow also volunteered to make available all the information MEG had compiled against Cotton, although it wasn't good enough to get a conviction in court. Among that information were

these tidbits that LaGrow leaked to the press (just in case the school board didn't ask for his help):

--that Cotton had allegedly admitted to the undercover agent that he (Cotton) had been taking drugs for a number of years and knew 25 dealers, four of whom dealt in cocaine and one in heroin. (Such an allegation makes one further appreciate the judge's remark about the concocted stories of overzealous narcotics agents.)

--that Cotton "felt safe selling to a 17-year-old because he knew he couldn't be a narcotics agent."

Is it any wonder that Ed Cotton filed a libel suit against LaGrow and the Register-Mail? Is it any wonder that the defendants decided to settle out of court?

That settlement raises some serious questions about the high cost of financing MEG. Why should taxpayers be asked to underwrite an agency that engages in inept, questionable practices and has to be bailed out by the libelous remarks of a mouthy director?

The terms of the settlement haven't been made public, but it's clear that somebody's going to be paying out a lot of money.

And it won't be Jerry LaGrow. Sources close to the case say that the price tag belongs to the Galesburg Register-Mail, but LaGrow's share will be covered by MEG's liability insurance. And you know where the money comes from for those insurance premiums (which will probably go up because of this case).

The various cities and counties belonging to MEG in 1975 will also have to pay. That includes McLean County (Cotton originally sought \$500,000 from the county). The problem is that the insurance company for McLean Co. doesn't think it will have to pay for the loss. In that case, the county will have to pay.

In other words, the taxpayers get to pay several times for LaGrow's loose oral habits: 1) MEG's insurance premiums; 2) the county's liability, not covered by the insurance; and 3) the county's insurance premiums, which were paid even though the coverage wasn't adequate (or whatever the problem is).

That leaves just one question: why do governmental units, like the City of Bloomington, continue to support this turkey?



Was MEG boss Jerry LaGrow awake when he made libelous statements that led to a big out-of-court settlement? If he was, taxpayers would be better off if he dozed all the time, because they're the ones who are footing the bill for LaGrow's foot-in-mouth act.

MEG tries to make victim turn informer

MEG used heavy pressure in their attempt to get Ed Cotton to turn informer after his arrest, according to a deposition filed in Cotton's libel suit against MEG.

By refusing to let Cotton make phone calls and by lying about bail procedures to Cotton's parents, MEG forced their prisoner to spend an unnecessary night in jail.

After arresting Cotton in Abingdon, MEG agent Gene Maxwell drove Cotton to the Tazewell County jail. On the way, agent Maxwell offered to call the principal of the school where Ed taught (and where he was arrested) to tell him that everything was all right--if Ed would agree to make a drug deal with some people MEG wanted to set up.

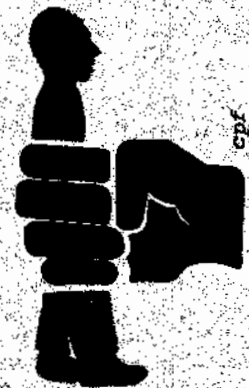
At the Tazewell County jail, MEG agents Maxwell and Dale Oltman continued to badger Cotton to work for them. To increase the pressure, they ignored Cotton's request to make a phone call. They held him for several hours before allowing him to call his parents and ask them to bring bail money.



Finally, Ed's parents arrived. The MEG agents accepted their check for \$1500. But Ed didn't get out.

After Ed's parents left, one of the MEG agents brought the check to Ed and said, "We are not allowed to take checks here." But he continued, "If you help us, we'll accept this check..."

The MEG agents mentioned two people they wanted Ed to buy drugs from that night. They told him they could not accept checks for bail, and if he didn't help them, he wasn't going to get out.



Ed asked, then, to call his parents and tell them about the check. The MEG agents refused, saying that he had already had his call.

Not until 6 o'clock the next morning did a regular jailer let Ed call his parents. Ed's father had to get off work, and withdraw the cash (\$1500) from the bank, and make another trip to Pekin.

MEG pitches ledger page

Fanatic jigsaw puzzle freaks at the Post-Amerikan pieced together over 40 scraps from MEG's garbage to re-assemble this page from MEG's "OAF Disbursement Journal." OAF stands for "Official Advanced Funds," and refers to MEG's "buy money" for "confidential expenditures"--payments to informers and cash for drug buys.

The ledger's second line says Agent White spent \$44 on case 78M 318A on Dec. 6. ("M" means it's a McLean County case; "A" means it was MEG's first buy from this suspect.) The ledger shows White spent \$14 for drugs and paid \$30 to the informer. From other info in MEG's garbage, we know the snitch was Rick Thoennes, and the substance purchased was 14 green and white capsules of purported speed, which lab reports said was not a controlled substance.

We don't know why this ledger page was in MEG's garbage. Most of the stuff was handwritten reports which we assume were later typed, or xeroxed pages which we assumed were extra copies. But this ledger page looks like it ought to be the only copy of info which should be kept permanently.

Maybe MEG's monitors from the Dept. of Law Enforcement should take a closer look at the narcs' record-keeping. ●

December - pp. 2 1978		Cash		Cash Balance		Agent Purchase		Informations	
		Debit	Credit	Debit	Credit	Debit	Credit	Debit	Credit
Balance brought forward									
12 06	White		78M-313B	3000					3000
12 06	White		78M-318A	4400		1400			3000
12 06	Walley		78P-320A	3500		3500			
12 06	Bottom		78P-319	1000					1000
12 07	Lickins		78P-317B	3500			3500		
12 11	White		78T-294E	25500			25500		
12 11	Bottom		78P-322A	1000					1000
12 11	Walley		78P-322A	3000			3000		
12 12	Lickins		78P-317C	10000			10000		
12 12	Pinkney		78K-325A	6000			3500		2500
12 12	White		78P-324A	3000					3000
12 12	Bottom		78P-323A	7000			7000		
12 12	White		78P-323A	2000					2000
12 12	Bottom		78P-324A	1300			1300		
12 15	Walley		78M-326C	15000			15000		
12 18	Lickins		78P-311B	7500			7500		
12 19	White		78T-327A	47500			47500		
12 21	White		78M-313C (money stolen)	2000			2000		
12 21	Lickins		78P-320A	2500					2500
12 21	Pinkney		78K-330B	12000					12000

Agent Jill Bottom sold pot

MEG agent Jill E. Bottom is technically guilty of selling marijuana Dec. 21 in Peoria, according to a copy of an internal MEG report.

Agent Bottom's violation of Illinois cannabis laws is detailed in her own report of an undercover marijuana purchase from Liz W. in Peoria Dec. 21. The special agent was working on MEG case 78P-00323B, whose mysterious file title in MEG language is "Twin Sisters."

According to the report, Agent Bottom told Liz W. she wanted to buy some pot (she'd bought from Liz W. once before). The report says Liz W. went into the bedroom and returned with three plastic bags of pot.

The price was \$35 a bag, but Agent Bottom said she only had \$32. When Liz W. said that Bottom could owe the \$3, the deal was agreed upon.

According to the report, Agent Bottom gave Liz the \$32, and then picked up one of the bags of pot.

So far, so good. A typical undercover buy. But then Agent Bottom sold some of the pot back to Liz W.

The report says Liz changed her mind about letting Agent Bottom owe the three dollars. Liz suggested taking four grams of pot out of the bag, and selling Agent Bottom only a \$30 bag.

Bottom's own report says she laid the bag back on the table and let Liz weigh out four grams on a scale. Liz then handed the same bag back to Jill Bottom, along with two dollars.

It can't be much clearer: although it's a technical violation of the law, Agent Jill E. Bottom delivered cannabis. She had a bag of pot in her possession, delivered some of the contents, and accepted money in return.

Nothing in Jill Bottom's report indicates that she was aware she was violating the same marijuana laws she was supposedly enforcing with her undercover work.

To check out what a prosecutor would say about Bottom's conduct, the Post-Amerikan contacted McLean County State's Attorney Ron Dozier.

After explaining the details of the case, I asked Dozier if Agent Bottom was technically guilty of violating the cannabis laws.

"That could be one interpretation," Dozier said, while adding that he would prefer to consider both deliveries together as one transaction--Liz W. selling a \$30 bag to the MEG agent.

Dozier did say he would probably decline to prosecute this case if MEG had another purchase from the same defendant.

While moving in on groups of people they are trying to set up, MEG agents frequently see people smoking pot. MEG reports occasionally say that the agent "simulated" smoking and passed the joint on to the next person.

Regardless of whether the narc is lying about "simulating" smoking, State's Attorney Dozier admitted that the MEG agent is "technically delivering cannabis in the dictionary sense" when passing the joint on. But the prosecutor maintained that the undercover agent "would not be delivering cannabis in the criminal sense."

Why not?

Because the agent would not have the "criminal intent" necessary to make the joint-passing a crime, Dozier said.

So remember folks, when yer out there gettin' high with your friends, keep that song in yer heart, that smile on yer lips, and them criminal intentions out of yer brain. ●

A day in the life of a narc

DATE 12-15-78		DAILY ACTIVITY REPORT	
MILEAGE AT START OF DAY 30800		MILEAGE AT FINISH OF DAY _____	
ARRIVED	DEPARTED	LOCATION & PURPOSE	
1245		PEORIA MEG. OFFICE - PAPERWORK - PHONE CALLS	
	1600	RUN ERRANDS IN PEORIA - STOP AT PEORIA COUNTY	
1600	1700	ENROUTE TO BLOOMINGTON	
1700		IN BLOOMINGTON - C.S. THOENNES DIDNT SHOW	
		SEARCH FOR HIM - MEET WITH S/A MEYER	
		FOR 15 MINUTES ABOUT C.S. 219. THEN WORKING	
	2400	IN BLOOMINGTON - AED LION	
2400	0100	ENROUTE CODE 402	
AGENTS SIGNATURE S/A M. A. White			

ABOVE: This is a portion of a "Daily Activity Report" we pieced together from scraps found in MEG's garbage.

Legal Highs

The Bloomington-Normal community, like so many others, has a definite drug problem. There simply aren't enough inexpensive recreational drugs to keep us all cheerful and enlightened. And power-tripping scum like MEG makes it even harder for heads to keep high. You can risk your entire future by passing along a little grass to the wrong person.

The high price of dope and the narc reality have even driven lots of folks to turn to dangerous and debilitating "legal" drugs, like booze. We pose no threat to the established powers-that-be if we're all too sauced to think. And it's all the better for the capitalist alcohol companies if we're all hooked on their costly slow poison.

Fortunately, there's a cheap and legal alternative to expensive black-market grass and brain-killing booze. There are several cheap and readily available herbs that will get you pleasantly and legally high. The following are just a few of the most common herbs that give a good buzz. For the best results, follow the given directions closely, and remember that too much of a good thing is not necessarily good.

Damiana

About one good pipe-full of damiana will turn you on as well as medium-quality marijuana. It's pretty harsh, so you'd do best to smoke it in a water pipe. The high lasts for about an hour. You'll get even more stoned if you drink damiana tea while you smoke. Simmer one tablespoon of damiana leaves in a pint of water for three minutes. It may taste bitter, so you may want to add some honey. Damiana costs about 30 cents an ounce.

Caution: A friend of mine says she knows a fellow who smoked too much and redecorated the back seat of a police car. Use discretion so you don't go berserk.

Lobelia

When smoked in a joint, lobelia has euphoric qualities similar to marijuana. The tea is even more potent. It acts simultaneously as both a stimulant and a relaxant. Simmer two heaping tablespoons of the leaves and stems in a pint of water for a few minutes. Always take the tea on an empty stomach. Taken in large doses, it may induce vomiting, so be moderate.

Yohimbe

For those desiring a heavier high, yohimbe bark tea has strong psychedelic effects. To take a yohimbe trip, add 6-10 teaspoons of the herb to a pint of boiling water. Reduce the heat and simmer for 5 minutes with the pot covered. Strain and drink. Two cups is the recommended dosage for one person. The tea should be taken on an empty stomach and consumed within 15 minutes.

After half an hour you should begin to feel the first effects: lazy weakness in your limbs and a slight restlessness, very similar to the initial effects of acid. You may also feel slight chills, nausea, and dizziness, but not as strongly as with peyote. Fifteen minutes later, most of these feelings should pass and the psychedelic characteristics of yohimbe will manifest themselves.

Depending on the individual, the effects may range from extreme light-headedness to highly expanded imagination and color flashes. The trip lasts 3-4 hours and leaves no unpleasant side effects, other than an occasional runny nose. Taken in very large doses, yohimbe may be poisonous, so again, exercise good judgment.

Passionflower

These leaves may be smoked for a very mild and relaxing high, and their odor is remarkably like that of pot.

Nutmeg

Another psychedelic herb, nutmeg's effects vary considerably from one person to another. While one may have a highly enjoyable trip, another may suffer headache and dizziness. Taking more than one teaspoonful will get you off within 2-5 hours, producing time and space distortions, feelings of unreality, and possible hallucinations. Take it however you can get it down-- in capsules, in milk, or straight. If 1-2 tablespoons doesn't get you off, the dosage may be increased up to 1 gram per 2 pounds of body weight. Never take more than an ounce.

The peak lasts for 5-8 hours and is usually followed by drowsiness, sleep, and laziness through the next day.

Many of these herbs are available at your local natural food store, if they carry bulk herbs. If they don't have the particular herb you want, you could ask them to order it, or you could order it yourself from an herb wholesaler. Here are some addresses; write them for catalogues.

Magic Garden Herb Co.
P.O. Box 332
Fairfax, CA 94930

Nature's Herb Co.
281 Ellis St.
San Francisco, CA

Merit Herb Co.
P.O. Box 225
S. Chicago Station
Chicago, IL

For more information on natural and legal highs, see the book HERBAL HIGHS from Flash Mail Order (available through Small Changes Bookstore). Happy Trails!

--Amanda Ziller



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pizza

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Hot new albums at Small Changes

After all the excitement of December's big sales and heavy traffic, January and the first part of February seemed slow. But we're proud of how much we've built up our stock in the last six months and are putting lots of energy into the store.

Two long-awaited new albums came in for the first time recently.

Oh Mama! is a very inspiring first presentation of some of the excellent material we've been hearing Kristen Lems perform live. My favorite cut is "The 50's Sound," which is a clever, energetic song about what the 50's were really like:

"Those olden days were not so golden,
you know,
Girls who got in trouble they had
nowhere to go
Couldn't take their lives into
their own hands
Spent their time swoonin' over
rock 'n' roll bands."

Tryin' To Survive is the Berkeley Women's Music Collective's dynamic second album. One of the most outstanding characteristics of both this album and Oh Mama! is the high consciousness of the many, many varieties oppression comes in. And the title cut of Tryin' to Survive recognizes the many responses we can make:

"some women learn to cook,
some women learn to hook,
some women learn to type
we learn to snipe, oh yeah,
and we're tryin' to survive."

Tryin' to Survive also has a couple of my favorite lesbian love songs so far on it, "Nicole" and "Back to Boston."

The Small Changes Collective did some pre-spring cleaning at a work retreat day recently. Any compliments on our (no doubt short-lived) tidiness and cleanliness will be humbly accepted.

We are planning some exciting benefit concerts for the spring, together with the Just Your Basic Vegetarian Restaurant folks. Keep in touch!

--the Small Changes Collective

GPA recruits

The Gay People's Alliance of Illinois State University is planning several activities for the spring 1979 semester.

On Feb. 21, the GPA will host a Gay-Straight Rap. On Feb. 28, Jonathan Reyman, associate professor of anthropology at ISU, will speak to the group about Native American berdaches.

In March a representative of Gender Services, a Chicago-based organization, will discuss transvestitism and transsexualism. Planned for early April is a talk by the pastor of the Chicago chapter of the Metropolitan Community church on "The Church and the Homosexual." In late April a panel will be assembled to give information and answer questions about counselling service available locally for gays.

The major event of the spring semester will be the April 4 screening of the nationally televised film "Word Is Out."

Although GPA is a university-sponsored organization, all interested members of the community are welcome. Meetings are held Wednesdays at 8 p.m. in 112 Fairchild Hall, ISU. For more information, you can call Ivan Grozny at 829-7868.

New cure for the landlord blues

The Community for Social Action has prepared a booklet entitled Bloomington-Normal Tenants Handbook. The handbook, compiled and edited by Chris Claeys and illustrated by Bill Sherman and Virgil, is a general guide for landlord-tenant situations and outlines your rights and responsibilities as a tenant. This is a nice way of saying that the book's about how not to get screwed by your landlord.

I wish I would have had a book like this a long time ago. I would have saved a lot of grief and hassles.

The handbook is divided into 5 sections covering all the territory from looking for a place to live to moving out. Many special topics are covered, such as tips for women renters, discrimination in housing, cohabitation, subleasing, eviction procedures, Public Housing and other assistance programs. The handbook not only outlines many of the hassles and pitfalls involved in renting situations, but offers advice about what to do about them and how to avoid them.

Also included are sample lease clauses that the tenant should be especially wary of, like the one that states that a landlord can sue you in court for back rent without even notifying you, or the one that waives your right to notification from the landlord if he or she wants to evict you.

What makes the handbook especially handy is the fact that it was written for renters in the Bloomington-Normal area. Sometimes handbooks like this have stuff like "these restrictions may vary from area to area" but this one has all the local practices, phone numbers and agencies to contact, and they're all here in the twin cities.

The handbook can be obtained at Small Changes Bookstore or the Prairie State Legal Services office. The Human Relations office in Bloomington's City Hall should also have copies. These handbooks are free of charge.



Unity through food

Women's potluck

Bloomington-Normal women have been getting together on a monthly basis at potlucks. Any woman who would like to socialize with other women in a feminist atmosphere is welcome to join us. If you've never attended, grab a friend and join us. There's always lots of great food, mostly vegetarian!

The next potluck will be Sunday March 4 at 3:00 p.m. at 402 1/2 E. Monroe. You can call Small Changes Bookstore at 829-6223 for more information.

men's, too

The monthly men's potluck will be March 11, 1979. These potlucks are open to all anti-sexist men of the community. They are informal gatherings for men to get together and talk.

The March potluck will be at 6:30 p.m. at 1302 N. Center St. in Bloomington. Bring any food you want, but you probably would like to know that many men who attend are vegetarians. It's also a good idea to bring your own table service, if you can.

For more information, you can call Michael at 828-8988, or Jack or Chris at 828-6935.

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The media and gayness

Ever hear of an admitted

Being gay in the U.S.A. isn't exactly a fun-filled picnic. If Miss Citrus Mouth isn't tearing around on her holy broomstick, then some wacko legislator in New Jersey is introducing a bill to make homosexual acts a 3rd-degree crime, punishable by 3-5 years in prison and fines of up to \$7,500.

Seems like the only attention we get is from those who want to curb us, condemn us, or cure us.

The matter really gets out of hand whenever a new mass murderer hits the headlines. If the killer's victims are not of the opposite sex, you can bet that every single news story about the murders will contain at least one of the following phrases: "known homosexual," "admitted homosexual," "homosexual slayings," or "homosexual killer."

But in the most recent case--that of mass-murderer John Gacy--there was a breakthrough of sorts. Gay groups in Chicago got the papers to quit using the phrase "admitted homosexual" in their coverage of Gacy. Of course, the concession came after most of the stories were written, but at least some part of the press finally acknowledged the unfairness of mentioning the sexual preference of homicidal maniacs only when it's homosexual.

disagreement

Nonetheless, it's clear that not everybody understands or agrees. The Bloomington Daily Pantagraph, for instance, ran an editorial to express disagreement with the view that homosexuality is not a meaningful identification in this kind of story.

Now, the Pantagraph isn't known for carefully reasoned editorials, but this one was a wonder of confusion. Even the title was double talk:

"What involving why." (Honest, I didn't make that up.)

Obviously uptight about what to make of the whole issue, the Pantagraph editor conceded that homosexuality isn't a crime to be "admitted" to. But then he went on to make the hysterical-- and contradictory-- suggestion that Gacy's sexual preference might have contributed in some way to the vicious killings.

The editorial ended with this irrational bit of begging the question: "the sickening truth of John Wayne Gacy Jr. will reveal no wisdom or understanding if the perverted sexual force which drove him is euphemized or disguised."

muddled

I doubt if it's possible to ever sort out the tangle of the Pantagraph's editorial thinking, but I think a lot of people are probably unclear about this issue. After all, Gacy did say he had sex with his victims before he killed them. I don't mean to imply that everyone is as muddled as the Pantagraph appears to be, but some discussion of this troublesome topic seems called for.

The gay point of view on this matter has to do with media coverage of minorities in general. As you know, most of the publishers, editors, and reporters are White Straight Males. Now, when these WSMs write and edit and publish stories about murderers and other criminals who are also W,S, and M, they aren't

about to point out these facts. It's only when the perpetrators deviate from this WSM "norm" that the media people seem ready to specify such things as race, gender, and sexual preference.

A few years ago black people got fed up with reading about criminals whose race seemed to matter only when it was non-white. To the news media, a thief is just a thief. unless he was black--then he was a black thief. This not-so-subtle racism made a link between race and crime, as if being non-white and being a criminal were practically the same thing. There were plenty of white criminals around, but their pale skin color wasn't reported in the papers.

(I don't mean to say that everyone accused of, or even convicted of, a crime is really a criminal. But my point is not that the newspapers label people as criminals solely on the word of the police, although that's true. My point is that only particular races and sexual preferences are mentioned in connection with the alleged crimes.)

As I said, blacks and other racial minorities got very tired of this discrimination and forced the news media to quit practicing a double standard. Gay people are now beginning to call for a similar fairness.

heterosexual killers

If John Gacy's sexual preference was possibly related to his crimes, then what about Jesse Sumner's? I don't think the Pantagraph once said Jesse Sumner was a heterosexual, although the people he murdered were young women.

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heterosexual mass murderer?

Or what about the so-called Hillside Strangler? He's been back in the news lately. Although he's blamed for the brutal deaths of 15 young women, many of whom were raped and physically mutilated, how many times has he been called a "heterosexual killer"? Or did you notice, in any of the hundreds of stories about Son of Sam, the word heterosexual ever used? Not even after he was caught and boasted, "I only shoot pretty girls."

And what about other crimes that have a sexual connection? I mean, rape and wife-beating are very much in the news these days. Are these obviously heterosexual activities ever labeled as such? Why not?

One answer to this question (in addition to the discrimination of the WSMS in power) is that it really isn't fair to suggest that all or most heterosexual males are rapists and wife-beaters, even though an increasing number of them seem to be committing these violent crimes against women.

Well, the same assumption of innocence should be applied to gay people. I can assure you that at least 99.9% of all men who have sexual encounters with other men do not strangle their sex partners and bury them under the floor. As a matter of fact, most gay people actually enjoy having sex with members of the same gender. I wouldn't want to shock the editors of the Pantagraph with this heresy, but there it is.

The main reason that gay organizations wanted the papers to stop calling Gacy an "admitted homosexual" is that it's unfair to link homosexuality with mass murder. It's even more unfair to gay people because we get so little positive media coverage.

gay blackout

Heterosexuals, you see, get favorable coverage to balance the killer, rapist, wife-beater stories. About the only times gay people make the news are when we've been beaten, arrested, fired, or had our rights taken away from us. Otherwise, there seems to be a blackout on gayness in the straight press.

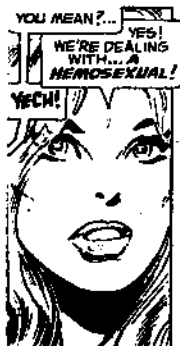
Exaggeration? Not much. The thing is discrimination is so easy to accomplish. Just don't mention sexual preference and everybody'll assume it's heterosexual, since that's the one that's never specified. That's probably why the WSMS were quick to label John Gacy. Wouldn't want people to think some straight guy did those terrible things. Of course, Gacy was married twice and had two kids and that's kinda heterosexual, isn't it? Better put in "admitted homosexual" just to make sure there's no misunderstanding.

The expectation is that deviations from the heterosexual "norm" will be noted. But in reality that's rarely the case--except for psychopathic killers and other negative types. Oh, yes, there are those openly political events that the press can't totally ignore, such as Gay Pride Week. But most of the time gayness just isn't newsworthy in the opinion of WSMS.

Consider these two examples, and maybe you'll see what I mean:

1. The Village People are a very popular disco group--probably the disco act of 1978. Five of six members are gay, their producer/director/promoter is gay, their songs refer to gay themes and scenes (YMCA, "San Francisco," "I Am What I Am"). You'd think some sharp reporter would pick up that bit of news. Not in the straight press. I've read a half a dozen articles about the Village People that never once said g-a-y. Only Rolling Stone (Oct. 5) spelled it out.

Sure, it is implied. How could anyone not pick up the clues? But if the sexual preference of the Village People isn't allowed in



print, why is it made explicit in John Gacy's case? I'm not all broken up that a disco group isn't identified as gay. It's the destructive unfairness I'm complaining about.

2. John Curry is a British figure skater who won the Olympic gold medal and the world championship in 1976. As a professional, he's recently put together an elegant ice-skating show called "Ice Dancing" that has won rave reviews and extensive coverage in such big-time publications as Time, Newsweek, and the New York Times.

Perhaps John Curry's gayness isn't relevant to his achievements. And maybe he doesn't want the straight press to mention it. But if he took his skates and chopped up several young men, would his sexual preference be included? I'd put money on it.

Well, I guess that brings us to the hardcore question: Is homosexuality related in any way to violence and

murder? There's a lot to say in response to this question, and I have three points to make.

1. Obviously, a homosexual preference isn't any more relevant than a heterosexual one. A lot of people, both gay and straight, have hang-ups about sex. Many psychologists see a connection between sexual repression and violence, but gay people don't have a corner on the market.

2. Since gay people get hassled a lot more about sexuality, you might expect us to be more murderous than straight folk. Certainly, oppression and disapproval can twist and damage people's good feelings about themselves. But gays are also wonderfully adaptive and strong. Facing hostility and rejection isn't fun, but it does build a lot of emotional muscle. It isn't any wonder that monsters like John Gacy come along every now and then: the wonder is that so many, many gay people are healthy and happy.

3. I do agree with the Pantagraph on one point--truth will not be served if the "perverted sexual force" which drove John Gacy is "euphemized or disguised." But I also charge the Pantagraph with supplying disguises and keeping the euphemisms alive.

What they're disguising is that the "perverted sexual force" is not homosexuality at all--or even heterosexuality, for that matter. It's the mindless, medieval suppression and disapproval of any kind of sex, gay or straight, that produces the fear, guilt, shame, etc., that drive John Gacy and Jesse Sumner and the Hillside Strangler to commit their awful deeds.

I'm not absolutely sure about this cause-and-effect relationship, and there may be other factors involved, too. But it makes a whole lot more sense to me than the Pantagraph's simple-minded view. I believe that as long as sexuality is hidden in fear and wrapped in superstition, we'll continue to have violent sex-related crimes. Blaming gay people won't do any good.

who's to blame?

Let's not disguise and euphemize any more. Let's put the blame where it really belongs--on the media and the churches, the legislatures and courts, on corporations and the nuclear family, on doctors and lawyers, the military and law-enforcement officials, on educators and advertising agencies and all the others who shape and enforce our culture's beliefs. I say the blame belongs to all the oppressors who tell us that sex is evil and dirty, and to all the henchmen who support and promote this stupid attitude. ●

--Ferdydurke



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Jury upholds anti-nuclear

In an almost unprecedented verdict, 20 people who had occupied the Commonwealth Edison nuclear power plant at Zion were found not guilty of criminal trespass charges by a jury in Waukegan on Jan. 29.

The Zion 20, nine of whom acted as their own attorneys, argued that they had violated the trespassing law in order to avoid a greater danger--the danger of nuclear power.

That defense, which is called a necessity defense, had been successful only once before in a case involving the occupation of a nuclear power plant site, although it is a common defense in such cases.

Twenty-four people had been charged with trespass as a result of the Oct. 7, 1978, occupation of the Zion plant, but four pled guilty before the trial began. A team of three lawyers who donated their time defended the 11 people who weren't acting as their own attorneys.

As soon as the trial began on Jan 23, it was obvious that the prosecution had prepared only for a simple trespassing case.

The prosecution's first witness was ComEd security guard Roger Smith, who was asked to tell what happened during the occupation. But he had trouble remembering things--probably due to all the low-level radiation he's absorbed. Smith couldn't recall how many people first approached the gate or the content of the statement that the protesters read to Commonwealth Edison. He recalled that they were singing songs but couldn't say what they were about.

The real joke was when the state's attorney pulled out pictures that were taken at the arrest and tried to get Roger to identify the defendants. When he identified three different pictures as Michael McConnell the defendants decided to help the poor man and identified themselves.

Smith testified under cross examination that neither his personal safety, the safety of any police officer, nor the safety of the plant was threatened by the presence of the occupiers. He also admitted that

there were a number of persons, such as reporters and friends of the defendants, who were also on ComEd's property, and who were also asked to leave but were not arrested when they refused to do so.

When asked why this was so, Smith said that the 24 people arrested had been sitting down.

That night a blizzard hit Waukegan, and the defendants spent a restful next day at the Waukegan public library.

On Jan. 25 the State called its final witness, a ComEd employee named Larry Bean. He was pretty slick, but his testimony was not nearly as convincing as that of the expert witness for the defense, Dr. Rosalie Bertell.

Bertell testified for hours on the effects of low-level radiation. The state's attorney tried everything to prove that despite the fact that she has done years of research on the effects of low-level radiation and is an advisor to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC), she was not an expert and, therefore, should not be allowed to testify.

Dr. Bertell said that all radiation causes damage and that Zion, like all nuclear power plants, emits low-level radiation in several ways. She said that the plant in Zion "poses a grave danger"--especially since Zion, according to studies before the nuke was built, already had an abnormally high cancer rate. She explained that people who are already sick are most affected by radiation.

The next day, Friday, the defendants took the stand, and one by one told what led them to feel that their action was necessary to prevent a greater harm. One woman broke down and cried when she told about an incident where a woman who had survived the bomb in Hiroshima had come to the school where the defendant teaches to tell of her experience.

"She was the same age as I was when they dropped the bomb," the defendant sobbed. "There were some Japanese teachers there who said they watched the growing militarism, but did nothing to stop it. I didn't want my



children to ever say that of me."

The defense also called a worker at the Zion plant who had testified at an NRC hearing on July 13, 1978, about an incident where a machine broke down that emptied hot radioactive water into 55-gallon drums to be shipped off and buried in the ground somewhere.

The machine was broken for three months and in the meantime, workers wearing masks were functioning as machines and filling these drums by hand with a hose. The masks that they wore filtered out particles but not vapors. The amount of radiation in the room was not measured.

The worker became concerned, since his job is in radiation protection, and he went to the NRC hearing. As soon as he testified at this hearing, ComEd officials got very nervous and ended the meeting. The NRC said they had no idea that these conditions existed although the worker testified in the Zion 20 trial that an NRC official is present at the Zion plant on a regular basis and that the condition was "common knowledge."

Steps were taken the very next day after the NRC hearings to remedy the situation--because then the public was aware of the condition and there was pressure on ComEd to clean up their act.

The trial was continued until Monday. Nine of the defendants and friends, most of whom were from outside the Chicago area, had been staying at a fleabag hotel called the Genesee. They decided to head to Chicago for the weekend.

They went to a vegetarian restaurant on the north side and who should walk in but Larry Helms, one of the state's attorneys. He was wearing flannel shirt and blue jeans. This was the first indication that he might be a real person (although the defendants were hoping this was true all along).

On Monday Jan. 29, Beau O'Reilly took the stand and did a very moving oral interpretation of *The Lorax* by Dr. Seuss. He testified that this book helped form his way of thinking about big business vs. the environment and led him to take an active stand.

He explained a little about the group of defendants and the consensus decision-making process that they use. Then he called the group's support person, Terry Peck, as his witness.

Terry told the court about the meetings between himself, ComEd and the police department that took place before and after the action. He explained that the group had all gone to non-violence training workshops and that no one was allowed to participate in the civil disobedience act that had not gone through this training. The group had accepted some non-violence guidelines such as no weapons would be carried, no drugs or alcohol would be permitted, no dogs, no running, and in case of confrontation, the group would simply sit down.

continued next page

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Terry said that in his meetings with the police he had given this list of guidelines to Police Chief Lee of Zion and as acting spokesperson for the group he assured Chief Lee that these guidelines would be followed. Terry said that after the action Chief Lee told him that he thought things went very well and that he was very pleased with the behavior of the group.

When the judge, Alphonse Witt, sent the jury out for lunch, the argument over the instructions, that would be given to the jury before they deliberated the verdict, began. The state's attorney did not want the necessity law to be included in the instructions, but Judge Witt had allowed this defense to be used throughout the trial and it would have been silly to not allow the jury to use the law in making their decision.

Having lost that one, the State then stipulated that the last paragraph of the necessity statute be included in the instructions. That paragraph says that the harm that the defendants were trying to avoid must be imminent (or immediately present) in order to find them guilty. Well, they got that one.

After a long afternoon, closing statements were made. Larry Helms made a nice try at convincing the jury of the defendant's guilt. He stressed that this was a simple trespassing case and that the defendants had all admitted that they were at the Zion plant on Oct. 7, 1978, so he concluded that they must be guilty.

Chel Shanklin, a defendant, related to the people in the courtroom as people, not just the roles they were playing. I would like to share part of this closing statement with you:

...The actions we performed (on Oct. 7) were more than conclusions of logical thought processes. We decided to do what we did because we objectively believed it to be reasonable and necessary. But we were also acting according to our consciences, our moral beliefs, and our spiritual convictions. We wanted to relate to you on these levels as well.

It was a struggle for us to find a way to do this. How do we act when we run into you out of court? Should we be friendly? Or should we pretend to ignore you so you won't feel uncomfortable about interacting with us in ways that are "against the rules"? Do we jokingly attach a rock labelled "uranium" on Mr. Helms' and Mr. Lumb's table to show our good will to them as people--or will that be construed as "highly improper"?

We have wanted you to make a connection with us as whole people. We have tried to break out of the traditional rigidity of the courtroom behavior. That's one reason that we spoke so much about our very deep feelings, about the struggles we have had with our consciences. That is why Richard O'Reilly read you a story that influenced him during his childhood.

Whatever you decide about our innocence or guilt, we want you to know of our good will--of our caring. We would like to know you sometimes in other situations -- especially you, Larry Helms, and you, David Lumb, with whom we've had to play the unfortunate role of adversaries.

This is a court of law. But what we have tried to communicate about here are moral issues -- the moral issue of property rights as opposed to human rights, of human needs as opposed to profit. I believe that a society's laws are an attempt to encode the moral beliefs of the society. Therefore, the ultimate



Security personnel and reporters snapped a lot of photos of demonstrators at the Oct. 7, 1978 occupation of Commonwealth Edison's nuclear power plant. The occupiers were eventually found guilty of criminal trespass by a Waukegan jury.

issue in this or any court of law is, appropriately, morality.

This closing was followed by three more closing statements by the defense and then Mr. Helms was given an opportunity for a rebuttal. He argued that the defendants were very decent people and that he was very impressed but they were still guilty.

The jury went out about 5 p.m. and the group of excited, hungry defendants and friends went to find food and drink. They left word of their whereabouts with their favorite bailiff, Pat Murphy, otherwise known as "The Irish Adonis." The judge, the court reporter, both state's attorneys, and some ComEd officials stopped in to have a drink with the defendants. There was much good cheer.

About 10 p.m. the jury had reached a verdict. When the NOT GUILTY verdict was read, State's Attorney Lumb looked right at the judge and laughed hysterically. He left the courtroom quickly and refused to talk to anyone. State's Attorney Helms said he was against nuclear power, but he had to do his job.

One of the jurors came over to the Genesee (the defendants' hotel) after all was over and said that what won the

case was each one of the defendants getting up and expressing their beliefs.

This was an emotional trial of extreme political importance. Other anti-nuke groups have previously not been very successful in using the necessity defense. This precedent will lead the way for people all over the country to say no with their bodies to the danger of nuclear power. Power to the People.

FOLLOW-UP: What happens now? Will ComEd fire the worker who testified at this trial or possibly try something else? (Remember Karen Silkwood?) Will Larry Helms quit his job, move to Montana, and live in a solar house? Will the cockroaches take over the Genesee hotel? Will the defendants go home and forget about the Zion plant? Or will they organize an education and outreach program in the communities surrounding the plant? Will the people of Zion rise up and stage mass demonstrations to close the plant? Are there still fish in Lake Michigan? We'll have to wait and see, but until then, "No nukes, ya'll."•

--Arielle Leaf
Zion 20, not guilty

Nuclear family quarrels

Bailey Alliance--Indiana hosted the First Midwest No Nukes Conference in Gary, Ind., Feb. 9, 10, and 11. Approximately 200 anti-nuclear activists came from all over the country to see what the Midwest was up to.

Friday was registration. There were many interesting workshops on Saturday including workshops on the Karen Silkwood Case led by Ada Sanchez; Level Radiation led by Sister Rosalie B. Nuclear Weapons led by Sidney Lens from Mobilization for Survival; and Uranium Mining led by some American Indians (more in next issue on this).

Sunday brought problems that had been anticipated by all the Illinois groups. Sunday was the time when the entire conference was to discuss a Midwest action and decide where it would be. The discussion would include only those written proposals presented on Saturday. Bailey-Illinois had presented an impressive proposal in the form of a two-page handout to do a mass demonstration at Zion in the fall. The Paddlewheel Alliance, which is from Southern Indiana and Kentucky, proposed a Midwest commitment to a decentralized month-of-May campaign with such activities as safe energy walks, energy fairs, and tree planting.

The conference never even got to the Paddlewheel proposal. The proposed Zion demo was a hot one. Illinois gathered at breakfast to try and iron out some of the disagreements before the formal discussion began, but it was no use. The arguments carried right over into the general meeting.

The main conflict was between the Bailey-Illinois group and the Zion 20 (see accompanying article on the trial of the Zion 20).

The Bailey-Illinois team, starring Ed Gogel, head machismo and mind tripper, co-starring Marilyn Adams, whose speaking style is a combination of Cheerleading, Speech 110, and Theatre for the Disenchanted, and a whole cast of groupies, was too much for some people to swallow. The Zion 20 felt it would be disrespectful and a mockery to return to Zion with a mass demonstration. The Zion 20 said that education and outreach were needed in Zion, and the people of that community should initiate the next demonstration there.

A decision was never reached and some people went home frustrated, but for the most part it was a good experience.•

--Arielle Leaf

Prairie Alliance to shut down Clintonuke

Post-Note:

When we read the articles for this issue, we found that our two anti-nuke writers don't agree on the issue of civil disobedience. One affirms the value of non-violent illegal action against nuke plants, and one questions it. So there you are. The Post staff doesn't normally favor legal resistance over illegal just because it's legal. But we'll print both sides of the conflict and you can figure the angles yerself.

Direct action delayed

Despite the acquittal of 20 civil disobedience demonstrators at the Zion nuclear plant, the regional Prairie Alliance has decided to forego civil disobedience (CD) for the time being at the Clinton site, where Illinois Power Company (IPC) is building a 950 megawatt GE boiling water reactor. As originally conceived, a demonstration at the plant in early April would feature a small number of well-prepared volunteers who would carry out some symbolic act of defiance such as climbing a fence, blocking a road, or planting a radiation-sensitive tree on the grounds. CD will not be a part of the April demonstration, if indeed there is a demonstration in April, for several reasons.

There has been a difference of opinion within the Prairie Alliance about whether CD is a good idea, and if it is good, then whether it should be massive or tightly controlled. Without consensus, the PA had no choice but to postpone the CD decision. CD is still a possibility for the June 3 demonstration at Clinton which will coincide with other demonstrations at nuclear facilities all around the world.

An analysis of past anti-nuke CD shows that it has been successful as a last resort action when local people were heavily supportive of the demonstrators. It is my opinion that we have not yet exhausted all our options. Further, one need not survey the residents of Clinton to determine their (low) opinion of the Prairie Alliance (PA), not to mention CD. I fear CD at this time could be a mistake in central Illinois. It is likely to frighten off would-be supporters at a time when we should be broadening the base of support for alternatives to nuclear power.

I feel there is no need to repeat CD at Clinton. The 20 demonstrators at Zion were acquitted by a jury on the defense that their small, symbolic crime was less evil than the crime against humanity and nature repre-



The Sun Spot

by B.C.

P.O. Box 463
Bloomington IL 61701

resented by the continuing operation of Zion atomic power plant. Can we do any better than that? Should we tie up our time and money and people trying? I suggest that we all let out a great cheer, tell all our friends about what happened at Zion, and go on to the next step.

One more worry about CD and then I'll drop it. We have reason to believe that the Prairie Alliance has been infiltrated. That means that we cannot absolutely trust our own people all the time. Without trust, we cannot be sure that a non-violent CD demonstration will remain non-violent. It would be in the interest of IPC if, for example, one of "our" people were to throw a brick at a police officer while the television cameras were rolling. The counter-productive possibilities are endless. I think the Prairie Alliance is right in choosing strictly legal means of public protest at this time.



CALC

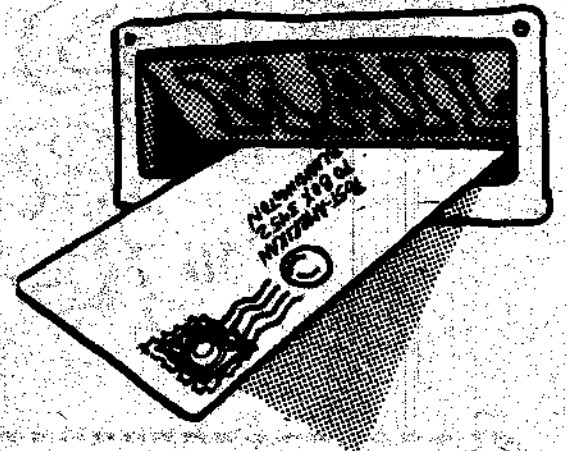
While much of the greater central Illinois community supports what PA is trying to do, many people feel uncomfortable participating in demonstrations, especially if they include CD. In order to attract this broad-based but cautious support, a move is afoot to establish a chapter of the Clergy and Laity Concerned (CALC) in Bloomington-Normal. CALC is a national group that has long been associated with positive social change in America.

CALC is actively opposing nuclear power and has the support of many

religious organizations. The National Council of Churches of Christ and the American Friends Service Committee are among the groups that have decided to oppose nuclear power. Watch this column for details on CALC in Bloomington-Normal.

You: screwed

****"The Rate Hike and You," a half-hour slide-and-tape presentation of IPC's 14% rate hike request, its origins, implications, and what you can do to stop it, is now ready for showing to community groups, church groups, schools, etc. Contact Prairie Alliance, Box 463, Bloomington, IL 61701.



Likes free heads, jailed feds

Dear Post,

I was introduced to your paper by my cellie Carol Beehn.

I think it's really great how you spot out the MEG agents and their informers (applause! applause!). It's a marvelous job you do for the "heads" of the community.

I like your idea of Free the Heads, jail the Feds. Sounds like a great idea to me.

I liked how you talked about Bloomington's so-called law and how they railroad people. Well, have I got a story for you.

I was arrested June 9, 1978, for a burglary and forgery in Madison County (Edwardsville IL.). I went to court Aug. 28 of '78 and I got 2 yrs. probation. As I walked out of court, the detective that busted me said he was going to catch me and send me up. (His name is Bud Galloway.)

So Dec. 1st I was arrested for not paying a fine. So here came Galloway; he held me in city jail for 4 days and tried to charge me with forgery. He couldn't because I came out innocent on the handwriting analysis.

Then he tried for a theft, but I was proven innocent once more. So he talked some sh*t to my parole officer Mark Riggsbie, who revoked my probation. So here I sit with 4 yrs. and half to do - 2 yrs. for a traffic ticket.

I'm not the only one that's been railroaded. We need a paper like yours in Alton, Ill.

If there's anybody out there who likes to write, would you please write me?

19 and lonely,

Bridgett Dennis
A87238
Dwight Ill., 60420

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Mike Arteman

Why poison it?

Dear Post:

The other day a good friend and I got into a discussion about the decline and fall of street-drug quality, a topic which has long been the dismay of dope purists. A dope purist, such as myself, believes that there should be some degree of sanity involved in putting foreign substances of any kind into the complex chemical "laboratory" of the body.

And the conclusion that we came to was that some of the drugs being used are literally poisoned.

Why a person dealing in dope should cut his or her products with unsafe chemicals is immediately evident to most users. It's a matter of dollars and cents. Why sell one gram of 80% cocaine when you can sell two grams of 40% cocaine for twice the money?



I don't object to cutting down drugs

with corn starch or powdered sugar, but I do object to hazardous compounds which can make a person sick, or even worse, "flip out."

The fact is that the pigs and narcs are largely responsible for drugs being misrepresented. The manufacturers of white cross, for example, stopped using the real thing in their tablets a long time ago, because there are many other non-controlled drugs which create some of speed's wonderful euphoria without being illegal.

The Post ran a very good article along these lines several years ago, about a group in Chicago that periodically tests samples of street drugs to determine exactly what is being used in the products. I would like to see that article reprinted (hint).

One day while I was in Brokaw Hospital I decided to ask a bonafide medico about some of the substitute drugs being marketed. I finally cornered Dr. Kooker, a psychiatrist, and asked him, as an example, what is being used in "acid" nowadays.

Kooker rattled off a handful of "alphabet-soup" names like DMT, DET, DPT, STP, MDA. The actual chemical terms are as long as your arm and sort of frightening (3-methoxy-alpha-methyl-phenethylamine, etc.). He also said that in the coke-type products, strychnine, atropine, and, worst of all, PCP are being used. PCP is fine for sick horses, but definitely not for humans.

It should come as no surprise that even our pot has been treated with dangerous chemicals-- most notably the herbicide Paraquat-- which can cause permanent lung damage. This is typical of the government getting involved in another shady deal, and instead of "protecting" us from ourselves, managing to do us more harm than if they had simply left things alone.

What about prescription drugs? These are by far the safest, although it should be remembered that already there are many counterfeits.

The best bet is to buy only from people you can trust, and read up on the drugs before taking them. I know one person who keeps a Physicians' Desk Reference with him at all times, whether he is selling or buying. Actually the Pharmacists' Guide is better, because it uses less technical terms, tells you what forms the drugs are available in, and even whether they are controlled or not.

There would be no problem with poisoned dope if dope were legal. We have all heard the story of Prohibition, and how, when alcohol was illegal, there were numerous poisonings of bootleg hootch. There was also a shocking increase of gangland activities in the sale of this somewhat innocuous substance. At the end of Prohibition, and ever since then, alcohol has been clean and relatively safe (although heavily taxed).

It's time to take a closer look at what's going on behind the scenes of our everyday transactions.

Wanna buy some Valium?

--James C. Tippet



We're usually cheerful

Dear Post,

Thought you might like to know that I saw Bill Stephens here in Austin, several weeks ago at the Highland Mall. I knew him personally, so I know it was him. P.S. What's with all the stories about gays in the Post? Have you all gone gay or something? Please stick to general interest stories! Thanks.

name withheld

Post-note: Bill Stevens is a heterosexual ex-MEG agent and convicted child molester.

In defense of Berrigan

Dear Post:

I'm writing in response to Phoebe Caulfield's January article "Berrigan Makes Wrong Choice."

I had quite a few problems with this article, the most basic being the sweeping generalizations that were being made about Catholics, the New England Catholic Peace Fellowship, anti-abortionists, "Catholics like Berrigan," and others. (I'm not quite certain which of the above groups the many "they's" in the article were supposed to indicate.)

I think that many of the grey areas stem from a misunderstanding of just what the Catholic Church is supposed to be. Example: Phoebe begins by referring to "the Catholic Church's built-in sexism." The Church is not a hierarchy, not a building, for neither of these could continue to exist on their own. The Church began as and continues to be people, a very diverse group of people with far more differences than similarities between them.

It's an insult to these people's individuality and dignity to assume anything to be "built-in." In this assumption, Phoebe insults Catholics in much the same way many of our own bishops and other leaders have insulted us.

True, sexism has run rampant through our church's history, as it manifested itself in all of society; hence, Catholic Women's movements battle to change that, as other women's groups struggle for the same changes in society at large.

Besides the generalizations, I was bothered by the assumption that all anti-abortionists are anti-choice.

I don't know about Phoebe, but I think women should demand a choice long before they face the dangers, difficulties, traumas and plain hassles of a pregnancy and/or abortion. Growing numbers of Catholics openly support birth control, and many, many more practice it.

It should also be pointed out that the Pope's statement against birth control is only a guideline, an opinion, and

not a statement made "ex cathedra" (literally "from the chair," or infallibly). A pope has not made a statement "ex cathedra" in either Phoebe's or my own lifetime.

So, many Catholics are "pro-choice," for an earlier choice, for a more easily made choice, for a choice that may be made with far less pressure and anxiety, no matter what a particular woman's beliefs may be.

Finally, Phoebe seems to consider Daniel Berrigan's anti-abortion stance as being inconsistent with his other "politically progressive" views. But all of Berrigan's activities are "pro-life" in the fullest sense of the term. In this sense, standing up against the death of a fetus is a logical step from protesting the deaths of soldiers, Vietnamese villagers, future targets of nuclear weapons, prisoners, etc., all of which Daniel Berrigan has done in his lifetime.

It seems to me that Berrigan is supporting the idea of abortion as only a legal choice in his belief that it is not and cannot be a moral one.

So, that's my rap. Keep on the struggle.

--Lucia Dryanski
Davenport, Iowa

They're not bad people, as long as they're in jail

New Jersey State Sen. Joseph Maressa who has sponsored a bill that would impose prison sentences and fines on homosexual acts, gave this "explanation" for his desire to return to the middle ages: "I'm not saying that homosexuals are bad people. It's just that it's a poor male role model and undesirable lifestyle to present to our youth. We should give them macho role models like Mike Rossman and Pete Rose. Look, they [homosexuals] can't help it. I hear that . . . 95 per cent of them are homosexual before they're five or six years of age. But that doesn't mean we should sanction it." •

--The Advocate

POINTY FEET BEAT

midwest funk n punk

Rock 'n' roll is alive and well in the Midwest. So shows the soon-to-be-released two-record anthology Pointy Feet Beat, which was produced by the people who put out the music weekly Prairie Sun.

As the promotional material says, "these two records represent a harvest moon festival of 15 of the Midwest's favorite local bands. It is a barn-bursting first picking of homegrown rock and roll, a picnic feast of different tastes, from the fulsome gospel of Street Wise to the uptown country of the late lamented New Watermelon Rhythm Band."

The full rollcall includes: Poker Flatts, Patrick Hazell and Mother Blues, Judd Group, Locust, Zippy Band, Swingers, Slink Rand Group, Prana, Headstone Band, Dartanyan, Dan Young Band, Dahcotah, and Enterprise Band of Pleasure. Some of these bands are regulars on the Bloomington club circuit.

The album represents such a potpourri of styles--country and western, funk, soul, blues, fusion, new wave, and plain old rock 'n' roll--that only the purest of purists won't find something

to like. Here are some of the most memorable cuts:

Patrick Hazell and Mother Blues contribute two traditional blues tracks. Hazell's harmonica virtuosity comes through in a haunting way on "Good Evening, Mr. Blues."

"More than Enough" by Judd Group combines some interesting tempo changes in a Stevie Wonder/ Earth Wind and Fire style.

For the greater Bloomington/Normal punk rockers there is the Swingers' "No Enemas Please," which is guaranteed to titillate the staunchest of anal compulsives.

The quiet jewel of Pointy Feet Beat is Dartanyan's "Strength & Love." This cut is a simple but awesome lyric, which is intricately harmonized. Dartanyan's second contribution, "Stomp'n' Feet," combines elements of funk and fusion, and shows off Marcia Miget Brown's fine horn playing.

"Never Made My Move Too Soon," by Street Wise uses Linda Rhodes' gutsy and bluesy voice to the max.

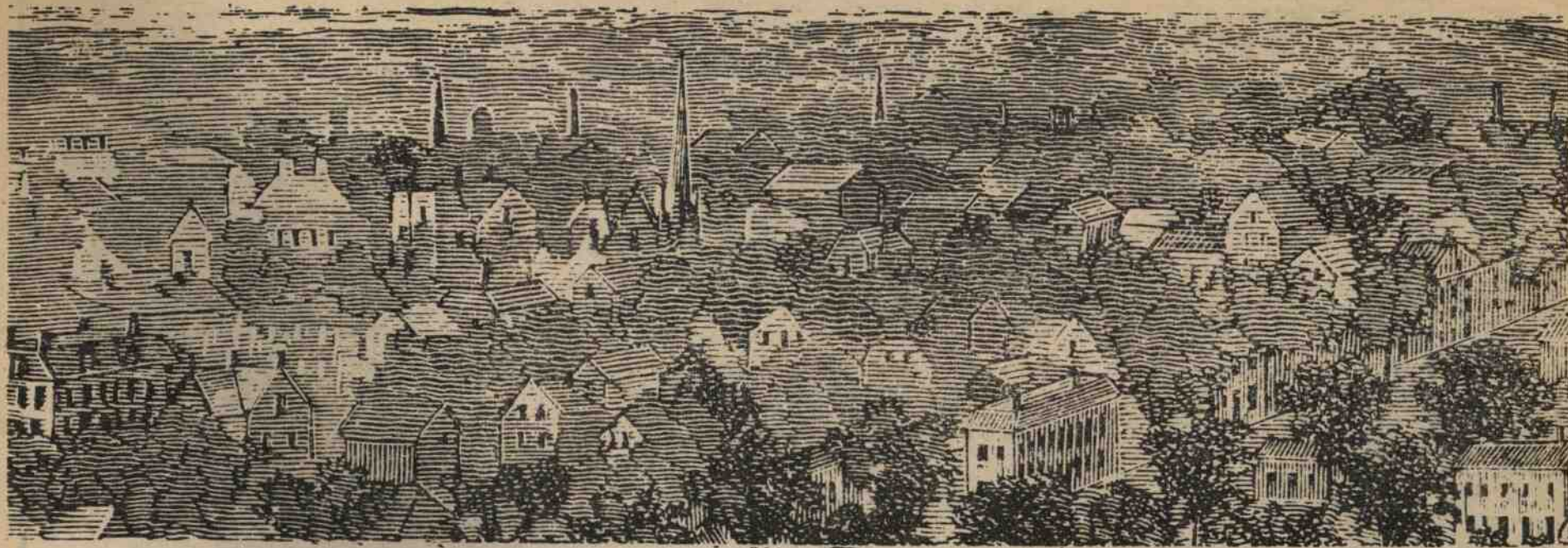
For country rockers, there are two numbers by New Watermelon Rhythm Band. "I've Never Been Out of Love (In Denver Before)," sung by Sally Jill Weisenburg, projects self-doubt and honest longing in a believable country twang. Their "Lengthy Conversation" is a clever double take on the yonder side of Kenny Rogers' "Lucille."

A fine and dubious example of cock-rock in the Led Zeppelin vein is Dahcotah's "Fragile Man," and Headstone offers two very commercial cuts.

The logistics of producing Pointy Feet Beat involved the musicians picking and independently producing their own cuts with coordination and some re-mixing done by the album's producers, Bill Knight and Mike Grimm. This undoubtedly led to the honest portrayal of the musicians' talents.

It is all the more satisfying that Pointy Feet Beat celebrates local talent, who incorporate the local experience in their musical expression. Check at Coop Tapes & Records for the release date. ●

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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