

Eastern Illinois University

The Keep

The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

12-1979

Volume 8, Number 7

Post Amerikan

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Recommended Citation

Post Amerikan, "Volume 8, Number 7" (1979). *The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)*. 92.
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Clay Dooley, New narc pix! Gay teachers, Christmas

BLOOMINGTON-NORMAL

25c

POST AMERIKAN

Vol. VIII No. 7
December 1979

YOU DON'T HAVE TO OVERDO IT.
COME ON—LET'S GO GET THAT
STEAK DINNER!



ADDRESS CORRECTION
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Vergil

ABOUT US

The Post-Amerikan is a worker-controlled collective that puts out this paper. If you'd like to help, give us a call and leave your name with our wonderful answering machine. Then we'll call you back and give you the rap about the Post. You start work at nothing per hour and stay there. Everyone is paid the same. Ego gratification and good karma are the fringe benefits.

Decisions are made collectively by staff members at our regular meetings. All workers have an equal voice. The Post has no editor or hierarchical structure, so quit calling up and asking who's in charge. Ain't nobody 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 deadline for next issue is Jan. 7.

If you'd like to work on the Post and/or come to meetings, call us at 828-7232. You can also reach folks at 828-6885.

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 PO 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 on our letters page.

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BLOOMINGTON

Eastgate IGA, at parking lot exit
Medusa's Adult World, 420 N. Madison
The Back Porch, 402 1/2 N. Main SW corner, Front & Main
Downtown Postal Substation
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
Wash House, 609 N. Clinton
Pat's Billiard Supply, 801 W. Market
Common Ground, 516 N. Main
Man-Ding-Go's, 312 S. Lee
Mel-O-Cream Doughnuts, 901 N. Main
Mr. Donut, 1310 E. Empire
Doug's Motorcycle, 809 S. Morris
K-Mart, at parking lot exit
Small Changes Bookstore, 409A N. Main
Lay-Z-J Saloon, 1401 W. Market
Pantagraph Building (in front)
NE corner, Main & Washington

NORMAL

Triple Treat, 1528 E. College
Redbird IGA, 301 S. Main
Mother Murphy's, 111 1/2 North St.
Ram, 101 Broadway Mall
Eisner's, E. College (near sign)
Divinyl Madness, 115 North St.
Bowling and Billiards Center, ISU
W.W. Bakeshop, 602 Kingsley
Cage, ISU University Union
Midstate Truck Plaza, Route 51 north
Upper Cut, 318 Kingsley
Old Main Book Store, 207 S. Main

OUTTA TOWN

Galesburg: Under the Sun, 427 E. Main
Monmouth: Head's Up, 123 W. First
Peoria: Sound Warehouse, 3217 N. Univ.
Springfield: King Harvest Food Co-op
1131 S. Grand Ave East
Urbana: Hc rizon Bkstre, 517 S. Goodwin

GOOD NUMBERS

Alcoholics Anonymous--828-5049
American Civil Liberties Union--452-3634
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
Gay People's Alliance (ISU) 452-5852
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
Prairie Alliance--452-8492
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
Sunnyside 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

Pledge of allegiance

Gov requires bizarre ritual for kids

When I was in grade school, we said the pledge of allegiance every day. We learned what every phrase meant, along about second grade.

We also learned that the word "me" came from the word "meat," back when cavemen sat around the fire and all demanded meat, pointing to themselves. The word "meat," we were told, became shortened to "me," and because they were pointing to themselves, they thought the word referred to them; thus, "me" meant "myself."

We also learned to pronounce Sioux, as in Sioux Indians, Sigh-oo-ex.

We also learned that if you swallowed chewing gum, it stuck your insides together, preventing them from functioning properly.

We were also told by our gym teacher that we had to practice running on the playground so that we could run away from the Communists when they came to catch us.

Now, I have recovered from most of this education, I think. I've been exposed to more sophisticated theories about the origin of language and no longer think that the word "meat" arose out of some oversoul and transmogrified into all other words. Neither do I believe that cavemen spoke English over the old campfire. My mother, who thought for a while I was learning about some strange new

tribe, finally set me straight on the Sioux. I swallowed chewing gum and, by the Dewey system, learned that it didn't stick my insides together. The Communists I encountered seemed much more likely to bore one to death than to do anything as energetic as engage in a chase.

And it's very clear to me that "liberty and justice for all" is just as nonexistent as the Sigh-oo-ex Indians. The "under God" jazz I never quite bought, being brought up a Unitarian.

My point is that ignorant grade school teachers tell misinformation to gullible little kids all the time, and no one's really the worse for it. But, a new question comes up when your grownup governor, who knows better, signs a law that the kids are required to repeat a mass of misinformation every morning as part of a bizarre patriotic ritual which also involves hand and body motion.

If Governor Thompson has his way, the pledge will be mandatory in all publicly funded grade schools, beginning Jan. 1. He signed the legislation early in October, openly admitting that it's "plainly unconstitutional."

Yes, the Gov wants all the kids to say the pledge of allegiance every day, because he said it every day and

believes "my respect for our country and its flag grew, at least in part, out of this exercise." Weak, Gov, very weak. It's pretty bad when your state leader's patriotism is based on a mindless daily mouthing of vague, inaccurate, and superstitious promises.

I see the pledge-o-allegiance bill as part of a wave of unexamined nationalism; the Gov is asking children to promise loyalty to a country that won't even promise them medical care, equal rights, or a warm house in the winter.

When I was in grade school, we learned about the terrible Russians, who begin brainwashing their citizens at a very young age to always believe the leaders and never question authority. ●

--Phoebe Caulfield



Beat the nuke thru the back door!

If Illinois were Missouri, the Clinton nuke would now be abandoned; it probably would never have been started; and it certainly would not cost Illinois Power Co. customers nearly so much money.

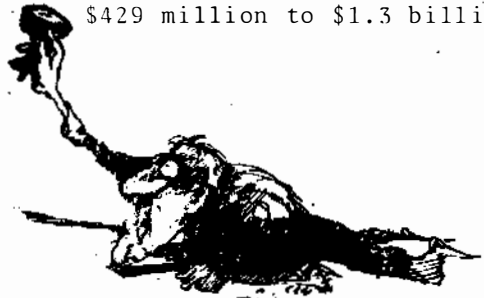
In 1976 the voters of Missouri passed a referendum which made it illegal for a utility in that state to charge consumers for a plant that was not yet completed.

If Illinois had a law like that, the Illinois Commerce Commission could not have overruled its own staff and voted to let Illinois Power charge its customers for the costs of the nuclear power plant it's building at Clinton.

According to Illinois Power itself, work would have stopped at Clinton --because of lack of money--if the commerce commission had refused to let the utility charge for construction costs.

If Illinois had a law like Missouri's, the enormous cost of building nuclear power plants, which are now priced at over \$1 billion apiece, would probably mean that no more plants would be built in Illinois. No utility, certainly not Illinois Power, could afford to borrow that much money for as long as it takes to build a nuke.

Illinois Commerce Commission (ICC) analysts recommended against allowing Illinois Power to include construction-works-in-progress costs in utility bills. The analysts said the ICC would be rewarding Illinois Power's massive cost overruns and "suspect" management practices by approving the utility's request. The cost of the Clinton nuke has risen from \$429 million to \$1.3 billion.



Mamie's mitre mighty Post Pope Poll Results

As we promised you last month, the results of the Post Pope Poll are in and have been counted by an unbiased source--the author. I am happy to announce that the Late Mamie Eisenhower has replaced John Paul II as the official voice of the church, state and Post-Amerikan.

Mamie garnered almost 50% of the votes cast, receiving a final tally of 2,346. A close second was Claudia who captured 1,659 votes. Better luck next time, Claudia. (Complete election results appear at the end of this article.)

We had a difficult time reaching Mamie to tell her the good news, but when she was informed of our purpose, she graciously granted us an audience. "I am just pleased as punch," she told us, smiling broadly.

As it is customary for a newly elected Pope to choose a new name, I asked Mamie which name she had decided to be called. "I have chosen," she paused, as the room hushed to hear her announcement, "to be called the Late Mamie Eisenhower." The roomful of anxious admirers was stunned. I asked her why she was breaking precedent in this manner, and she replied, "I changed my name for

Yet the ICC ruled that Illinois Power can raise its rates to cover \$97 million in construction costs. Illinois Power had wanted to cover \$240 million of the cost of the nuke.

The rate increase means that a monthly electric bill of \$15 has gone up to \$17, and a bill of \$24 will now be \$27.50. That's an increase of more than 10%, and Illinois Power already intends to ask for more next year. It will probably continue to ask for--and get--10% increases every year until 1984 when the nuke is scheduled for completion.

The obvious answer to Illinois Power and to the ICC is for the voters of Illinois to pass a law like Missouri's.

--D. LeSeure with thanx to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch



Illinois Power would rather we were in the dark

Illinois Power Company would rather we didn't know some things. For instance:

--That its profits went up 11.8% last year and that returns on its common stock were up 10.35%. The rate of return for stockholders has been 12.2%, twice what you get on a savings account at your bank. Yet IPC said it needed the rate hike to be financially healthy.

--That the Illinois Commerce Commission wants a new audit on IPC's Clinton nuke. Cost overruns there have reached 200%, and IPC wants to pass them straight on to its customers.

--That IPC customers are paying the company \$1.5 million for "land held for future use," land that is not providing any service to customers. Yet if this land is sold, IPC will pocket more handsome profits.

--That last year alone, IPC charged its customers \$39.8 million in federal taxes but paid the government only \$8.1 million. IPC kept the rest.

--That from 1973 to 1979, the price of 500 kilowatts of electricity (normal usage for one month) for IPC customers rose by over 80%, nearly twice as fast as the rate of inflation. Wages, on the other hand, have risen at only half the inflation rate and for those unemployed or on fixed incomes the situation is even worse.

--That IPC's Chairperson and President Wendell J. Kelley lives at 54 Dellwood Dr., Decatur IL 62521. Executive Vice Presidents Charles W. Wells and William C. Gerstner live at 2241 Ravina Park Rd., Decatur IL 62526 and at 535 N. Country Club Rd., respectively.

--Thanks to the Illinois Public Action Council for some of this information.

Dwight, honey, and I ain't changin' it again for nobody. Ever."

In her acceptance speech, Mamie again broke with tradition and announced that there were going to be some new commandments around. The only one of the original 10 left untouched was Thou shalt not kill. "Killing is vile, inexcusable, and simply will not be tolerated," said Pope Mamie. She went on to explain that we were all Mamie's children, and that her version of the commandment included not killing the birds of the sky, the fish of the sea, the beasts of the field, as well as other people. "Get used to soy burgers," she told us. "No more poisoning the rivers with pollutants; no more bear-skin rugs; no more aerosol cans; no more nukes."

"That's the first one," she said. "The rest are as follows: 2) Thou shalt not commit sexism; 3) Thou shalt not commit heterosexism; 4) Thou shalt not commit classism; 5) Thou shalt not commit ageism; 6) Thou shalt not commit racism; 7) Thou shalt love and nurture each other 8) Thou shalt live in peace with one another; 9) Thou shalt share the good life; and 10) Thou shalt, above all else, have fun!"

At that point Mamie checked her watch

and started to leave. When asked where she was going she replied, "Well, Dwight should be out of the shower now, and I am going to put the tenth commandment into practice." None of us could fault her for that.

So, Mamie, you fought the good fight, and you won. I think I speak for the entire staff when I say that none of us could be more pleased if we had fixed the election ourselves.

The rest of the voting was: Morris 27, Bobby Funk 25, Wanda the Dancing Hot Dog 24, write-in candidate W.C. Paper 24, Amy Carter 18, Madalyn Murray O'Hair 18, Gilda Radner 17, write-in candidates the Late Queen Mary and Broderick Crawford 16 each, write-in candidate Deborah Wiatt 15 (thanks, fans!), Nanook of the North 13, write-in candidate Elvis Presley 13, Flo Kennedy 11, write-in candidate Richard Pryor 11, and write-in candidate Lassie brought up the rear with 10 votes.

Thanks to all of you who participated in this first ever public papal election, and to the rest of you, if you didn't vote, you have two options. Either don't complain about the results or hold your own election.

--Deborah Wiatt



The City of Bloomington bought this "20 pc Life Size Nativity Scene--Simulated Hand-Carved Wood Figures" (list price \$1,940) from General Plastics Corporation in 1978. The American Civil Liberties Union will ask Bloomington to take the display down.

Bloomington's nativity scene must go, says ACLU

The American Civil Liberties Union will ask the City of Bloomington to take down the nativity scene it bought and erected on city land, Tom Eimermann told the Post-Amerikan. Eimermann is chairperson of the ACLU's local chapter.

If necessary, the ACLU is prepared to go to court to force the city to dismantle the nativity scene, which the civil liberties union views as an unconstitutional mixture of church and state.

The ACLU's decision to act came at a steering committee meeting Dec. 4.

Not all city-purchased Christmas

decorations are unconstitutional, Eimermann said. "The key is separating the secular aspects of Christmas from its religious aspects," he told the Post-Amerikan.

I told Eimermann how much the city spent on other Christmas ornaments, the snowman, the Santa, the wreaths and colored lights.

"While some may think these are frivolous expenditures, they are not unconstitutional," Eimermann replied. "The point at which ACLU would be strongly opposed and would take action is when the city's decorations turn toward religious symbolism like creches and crosses."

Keith Rich, assistant director of Parks and Recreation, is in charge of the city's Christmas decorations; he helped select and order them.

When he ordered the nativity scene in 1968, Rich said he realized that it was a different class of decoration than the others. But he said he has received nothing but positive feedback about the city's nativity scene.

He won't be able to say that much longer.

--Mark Silverstein

Post-Amerikan page 4

looks like a sleepy, serene community.

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

For the next 12 monthly issues, send \$3.00 to Post-Amerikan, P.O. Box 3452, Bloomington, IL. 61701.

look again.

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City drops \$7500 on Christmas decorations

The City of Bloomington's new holiday ornaments make the downtown sparkle with the true meaning of Christmas: mindless extravagance and plenty of plastic.

By mid-November, a bulbous 15-foot-tall lighted plastic Santa (13000 watts, \$1575) appeared at the Center Street entrance to downtown, surrounded by a half dozen 3-foot-high lighted plastic cones trying to look like holiday candles (100 watts, \$67.50 each).

A tangled net of colored lights, fake holly and gaudy plastic globes (\$400.50) stretched overhead across Center Street, supported by a pair of shaky-looking ornamental posts that didn't quite stand up straight.

Light poles near city hall are wrapped with streamers of plastic pine and tinsel (\$221.40) and topped with imitation evergreen garlands (Pine-Glo Wreaths, \$481.50). City Hall itself was really decked out--boughs of fake holly of course, but also plastic sugar plums (\$389.20), a multi-colored lighted wish of "Seasons Greetings" (\$423), and a new 16-foot plastic outdoor Christmas tree--pre-trimmed, loaded with lights, and stocked with one (1) simulated gift-wrapped plastic present underneath (\$1050).

Across the street, Parks and Recreation workers tried to evoke a more serious mood: they set up a bunch of plastic figures in a poignant portrayal of the scene of Jesus' birth.

It wasn't just any nativity scene. According to a city document, it was:

20 pc Life Size Nativity Scene--Simulated Hand-Carved Wood Figures--Reinforced--quoted at 1977 prices. Set includes the following items:

- Mary, Joseph, Holy Infant & Crib
- Three Wise Men
- Two Camels
- Shepard--Sheep (two)
- Standing Boy & Lambs (two)
- Donkey
- Cow
- Heralding Angel
- Hovering Angel
- Wood Stable \$1,940.00

That description is lifted word-for-word (even the misspelling of shepherd) from an itemized list of

Christmas decorations Bloomington bought from (get this) General Plastics Corporation in 1978.

Such extravagance. Do city officials really believe that we need a heralding angel and a hovering angel? Or two sheep--wouldn't one convey the holy message just as well?

If you've been suspecting, as I have, that there are more holiday decorations glaring at us in downtown Bloomington the last couple of years, you're right. (So am I.)

The City of Bloomington did not spend money on Christmas decorations until 1978, according to Keith Rich, assistant director of Parks and Recreation.

In the years before 1978, the city's involvement was minor--putting up Christmas lanterns on downtown street poles. Those 47 lanterns, which city crews still mount every year, were not purchased with city funds. The Downtown Council, a group of private business owners, bought the lanterns and donated them to the city, according to Keith Rich.

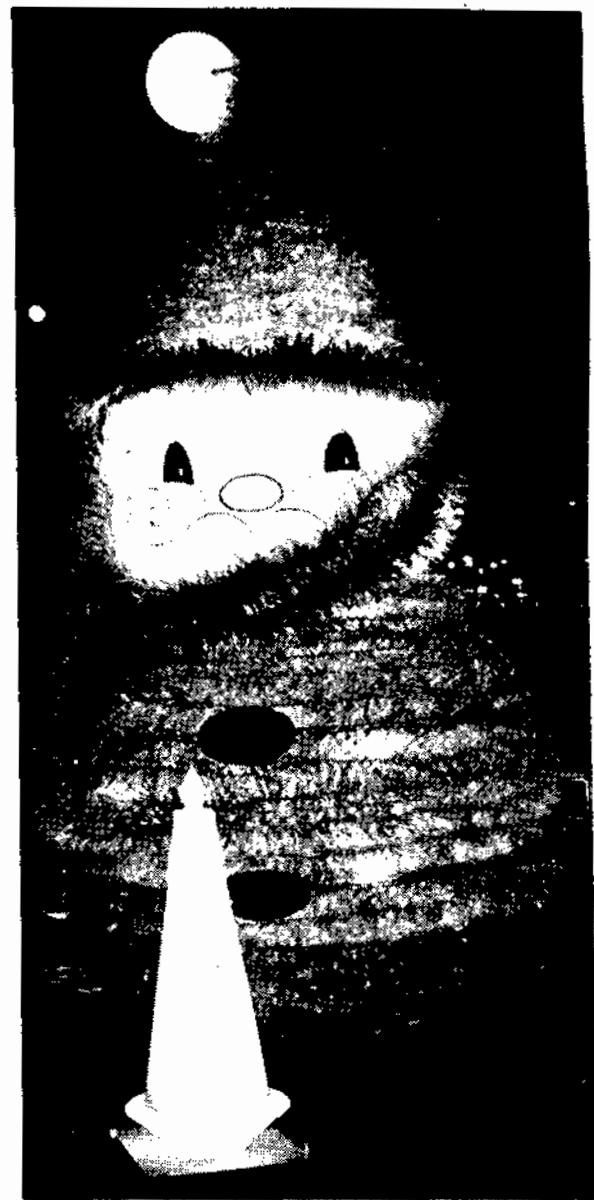
Before 1978, the city's subsidizing of Christmas decorating consisted only of labor, not cash.

Without even discussing their philosophical departure from past practice, Rich said, the city approved a large purchase of decorations in 1978 and made a budget commitment to spend more money each year in the future.

Bloomington bought \$6000 worth of plastic decorations in 1978, \$1500 worth in 1979, and plans to spend \$1500 each succeeding year. Rich said the 5-year budget also sets aside an additional \$5000 to replace the Downtown Council's lanterns in 1983 or 1984.

At my request, Keith Rich examined his department records to determine how many employee person-hours were spent setting up the Christmas decorations this year.

He came up with 216 hours, which costs the city \$1422 in wages, figuring pay at the rate of a Parks and Rec laborer. I would guess the city would spend another \$700 or so in wages to pay



In a new program of buying Christmas decorations, Bloomington bought this 15-foot Santa (list price: \$1575), a basically identical snowman (list price: \$1575) and a nativity scene (list price: \$1,940) in its first \$6,000 order from General Plastics Co.

workers to take the decorations down in January.

So the city is committed to spending about \$2100 in labor and \$1500 in cash for materials each year on Christmas decorations, in addition to its initial \$6000 1978 order from General Plastic Corp.

The city isn't being totally fiscally irresponsible, though. For \$7500, the city received what General Plastics Corp.'s list prices quote at \$9817--the city obtained a 20-25% discount by thoughtfully ordering before the Christmas rush. ●

--Mark Silverstein

Buy glistening plastic blood

When you're fuming about the dough Bloomington spent on Nativity-a-go-go, you should think about the other civic projects the money could provide. The money the city spent consists of federal revenue-sharing funds, which aren't earmarked for certain projects: the city leaders decide. Here are some possibilities for what we could've done with that \$7500; no doubt you'll feel like adding a few suggestions of your own.

--Provide subsidies for old people and poor people to pay their heat bills in the winter.

--Make city bus fare cheaper (or free) during the winter.

--Help out a struggling underground newspaper.

--Set up a clinic for free abortions on demand.

--Give a free dental check-up to everyone in town.

--Finance a revolution in a small third-world nation.

--Build sidewalks so you could walk from Bloomington to Normal.

--Buy large lighted easter bunnies and simulated wood crucifixes with glistening plastic blood for easter-time. ●

--Phoebe Caulfield

City throws \$3000 party

Besides splurging on municipal Christmas decorations, the City of Bloomington also celebrates the holidays by paying for a Christmas party--a \$3000 Christmas party.

In a memo prepared for city council approval Nov. 13, City Manager Bill Vail asked that procedures requiring competitive bidding be waived for the annual Christmas party. The Parks and Recreation employees--sponsors of the party--wished to negotiate directly with caterers and wanted approval to spend up to \$3000.

The memo said 500 city employees are expected to attend. ●

Christmas toys show adult perversion page 6

Be an oil magnate! Be the first one to get 10 barrels of oil but be careful, blow the well and you'll blow your fortune.

This is an ad for a game called "Blow Out," intended for children ages 6 and up. Isn't that great? Let's encourage our kids to be oil tycoons. Rip off poor people who can't afford to heat their homes. Decent!

This is just one of the lovely playthings that you can buy at Eastland Mall to indoctrinate your children in the Amerikan way. Toys have been getting steadily more out of control since Mighty Mouse went space age.

This year's toys play heavily on space adventure favorites "Battle Star Galactica" and "Star Wars." Mattel has come out with Shot Gun Warriors--Invincible Warriors of World Freedom. I wonder which "World Freedom" they had in mind. White imperialism perhaps. These swell guys come in several different styles with rockets that can be launched from their chest. Their fists can be launched too. You can purchase these wonderful toys for only \$14.99

If you feel especially guilt-tripped this year, you can invest instead in Sir Galaxy Radio Control Robot, which sells for \$69.99.

Of course, they still make the old standbys for boys, such as plastic army men, laser guns, hot wheels, and trucks. Some of the toys traditionally aimed at young males did have pictures of girls on the package too, but I sure didn't notice any boys pictured with brooms or deluxe dolly diaper bag sets.

Every little girl needs a doll for Christmas. Each year the dolls do something a little different. When I was a kid, they came out with Baby Pat-a-Burp. This year the toy stores are pushing several really outrageous dolls.



The one I found most disgusting was called "Whoopsie!" On the box it says: "I just love to be happy and silly. Just squeeze my soft tummy and my hair flips up and I whistle Whoopsie!" I think this doll is a true insult to a little girl's intelligence.

"Sweet Face" is a 13-inch toddler that "little girls will love to make up." She comes in either black or white, and she has a heartbeat too. You can listen to her heartbeat with Kenner's Heartbeat Stethoscope, sold separately.

"Baby Grows Up" is the doll that has been named this year's worst toy by consumer groups. This doll is supposed to grow and change from a baby into a toddler when a bottle is squeezed in her mouth. Instead it looks bloated and deformed.

A new doll called "Baby Wet 'n' Care" with simulated diaper rash is so popular that she is sold out everywhere. One clerk told me that all they had left was "the stuff to pat on her butt."

The toy departments also carry all of those miniature toy appliances to train the young girls how to be good wives, and mommies. There are washing machines, brooms, sewing machines, toasters and tea sets. This season's perversion in the homemaker area of the toy market is the addition of the Princess Coffee Maker and the Betty Crocker Microwave oven. Barbie also has her own microwave oven this year, and the new sun lovin' Malibu Barbie comes complete with strap marks from her bathing suit.

A consumer group called the Consumer Affairs Committee of Americans for Democratic Action, which has been studying toys for 8 yrs. has declared that some toys belong in the trash box rather than the toy chest. Included in this list are "Ork Egg," which is an egg filled with green slime that damages furniture, clothes, and hair; "Space Creature's Full Head Mask," which uses flammable

cement; "Zodiac," a \$40 toy computer for charting horoscopes; "Gobbles, the Crazy Eating Goat," which eats an endless amount of plastic garbage and "Zap-Zap Racetrack," which has cars that can jump off the track and hit a child in the face.

Don't get me wrong. I think toys are great if they're safe, creative and durable. But television advertising puts so much pressure on tired, over-worked parents. Kids see some cheaply made, faddish toys on t.v. and they just have to have it. If they wake up Christmas day and it's not there, then you might as well have not bought them anything. I say ditch the tv, but that's another story.

Fisher-Price and Playschool seem to make some reasonable, creative toys that both boys and girls can have hours of fun with. I also saw some neat craft kits like weaving looms, paint 'n' number by Sesame Street, and Disco Glitter, a kit to make glitter designs on T-shirts. For younger kids there are some really far-out puppets.

Don't let Amerika make you go out and get in debt over Christmas toys. Give your kids practical gifts and some of your time. Give them love, instead of violent guns or microwave ovens. Have fun. Buy your girl a truck.

Susan

And Jesse and I are putting in lots of time at the store, so there's a good chance that if you stop by you can meet my charming new son. That alone is well worth a visit, in my totally biased opinion.

We're still around. For whatever reason, come see us. And happy holidays!

--Julie
for the Small Changes
collective

Small Changes lives!

Lots of you folks may have noticed that the bookstore was closed an awful lot during the week of Nov. 26-Dec. 1. According to the feedback we got, some people were wondering if we had closed altogether.

A thousand times NO!! An unfortunate combination of circumstances forced us to keep the store closed more than it had ever been closed before, and we're sorry it happened that way. But we're open on a regular basis again, and plan to stay open as much as possible between now and Christmas. Don't count on us for last-minute shopping, though, as we'll probably all be out of town on the 24th.

A major reason that we were closed so much the last week of November is that I went into labor on Monday afternoon and gave birth to my first child, Jesse Monroe, at 5 p.m. on Tuesday. Two other collective members, Andrea

and Luma, were on my birth team, so they were unable to work at the store. My labor coach had a cold, and by the end of a fairly long labor, everyone's resistance was pretty well gone. Everybody at the birth came down with a nasty cold--that kept Andrea and Luma out of the store for the rest of the week.

Add to that the fact that Susie was working a temporary full-time job that week, I was recovering from labor and giving birth, and Lori understandably didn't have the energy to carry on alone, and you come up with an understaffed store. We didn't like it, either. We hope it never happens again.

So, hopefully, if you come to Small Changes in the next couple of weeks, you won't find a darkened storefront. Rather, you should find it livelier than ever. Our good friend Tom Pouliot just made us wonderful new display shelves that are loaded with new books, cards, and other gift-worthy stuff for the holidays.

Anti-sexist kids' books at Small Changes

Books are an important way for children to get a sense of themselves and the world they live in. Many kids' books reinforce sexist expectations by portraying boys as strong and adventurous and girls as weak and docile. Sexist attitudes, repeated over and over in books and other media, slowly alter children's perceptions until stereotypes and myths are accepted as reality.

Many kids' books present a very narrow view of adult life, too. Marriage and family are the goals for women; career and success are the goals for men. The majority of books present an image of reality which ignores these facts: many mothers work outside the home,

some families have only one parent, some children go to day-care centers, and not all families are white and in the middle class.

At Small Changes Bookstore, we carry a selection of kids' books that emphasize a large number of images for children to draw on. Both boys and girls can be strong, brave, heroic, and clever. Adults of either sex may work to support the family and/or manage the home. The characters in the books we carry are Black, White, Chicano, and Oriental.

Many of our books are bilingual, too, printed in Spanish as well as English. In our books children find love, joy, adventure, and problems to solve, all

within a variety of social settings and family lifestyles.

Television, radio, newspapers, magazines, and billboards are forever reminding us of our societal roles. That's a lot of negative input. But you can still help the kids in your life to grow up free to choose how they'll be, by providing them with plenty of positive, role-free images in the books they read. Please choose carefully, so the kids have a choice, too.

Toward a brighter future,
The Small Changes Collective

NO WAR NO WAR!

When I hear a group of strange men laughing, I am afraid.

When I hear that there are people who want war with Iran, I am astonished and appalled.

These two things are connected, and I will tell you why.

Last month when I went to fill the Post-Amerikan machine at Watterson Place in Normal, I was menaced by three men. There was spitting and there were taunts: "Is something wrong?" They did not attack me, but attack was in the air.

These three men, each larger than I, were drunk. That is not an excuse, but it may explain why they acted out their souls on a cold sidewalk in the shadow of the tallest dormitory in Christendom.

They enjoyed menacing me, making me afraid, just as they enjoyed harassing a woman who had the ill luck to pass by at the same time.

What's worse, they needed to do these things.

These three men needed to exercise power over some other person. This is common, and I am certain they do the same thing to each other: we have all seen young men at horseplay, shoving each other, two against one.

There is an old joke, cartooned many times with the same sad undercurrent of all jokes that carry a grain of shameful truth. In this joke, the boss yells at the husband, who goes home and snaps at the wife, who scolds the



'The only serious drawback I can see about bringing this weapon into production is that it might bring civilization, as we know it, to an end.'

child, who kicks the dog. The sad undercurrent is told in the millions of us who learned about power in just this way--and most of us never stopped kicking the dog.

When I escaped those three men at Watterson Place, I was resentful and vengeful. I wished someone would cut their balls off for the fear they had caused me.

When the Iranians took hostages from the U.S. embassy in Tehran, many people reacted as I did at Watterson Place. They wanted revenge. Some--politicians and professional commentators even--have insisted that the U.S. must correct this insult to its honor by military action. These people, mostly men, say that we cannot be pushed around, threatened, made afraid. Five

years of higher and higher oil prices, five years of threats to the U.S. standard of living have made them afraid and bitterly resentful.

They still want to kick the dog.

They want war.

They want war despite the fact that violence of any sort is certain to leave more people dead than if the Iranians killed every hostage. They want war, though it will expend more treasure of every sort than can possibly be gained from a defeated Iran.

They want back the good years when U.S. military power made it possible for us to take what we wanted from the rest of the world without making proper payment in return. The hatred, the desire for revenge that Mexicans or Iranians feel toward Amerika is not simple envy of our wealth. The U.S. has kicked them, repeatedly.

I say that if it is necessary for us to start a war to regain the respect of the world or to protect our honor or to preserve our way of life, then we do not deserve respect, nor is our honor or our way of life worth preserving.

I think the Iranians already know enough about violence without our making war on them, and I think we ourselves have yet a few things to learn about civilized behavior. What happened to me when I went to fill that Post-Amerikan machine last month was not civilized.

--Dan LeSeure

Seasons' Greetings
FROM

DIVINYL MADNESS RECORDS

115 NORTH ST.

NORMAL

614 E. GREEN ST.

CHAMPAIGN

WE PAY CASH FOR YOUR USED L.P.s

CHECK OUT OUR CHRISTMAS ALBUMS

SOUL ROCK

JAZZ DISCO

TAPES CUTOUTS

COLLECTIBLES IMPORTS

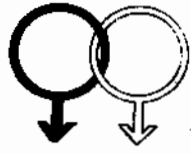
HOURS

10-9
10-6

M-TH.
SAT.

10-7
1-6

FRI.
SUN.



I was a TV star

On Sunday, Dec. 23, three gay people from Bloomington-Normal will appear in the discussion portion of "The Baxters," a syndicated TV show that is aired at 5:30 p.m. on Channel 19 (WRAU). The following account of the taping session tells how exciting, scary, and infuriating such an experience can be, especially if you're gay.

TAKE ONE

Channel 19 asks Gay People's Alliance to send some lesbians and gay men (two of each, please) for reactions to the episode of "The Baxters" that deals with gay teachers.

At first they want only people from central Illinois in education or preparing to be teachers. Do they honestly expect to find anyone like that who'd actually be willing to go on TV? That's the show's whole point --should gay teachers get booted? If it weren't still a risk for a gay teacher to go public, there wouldn't be any question to discuss.

Initially Chris and I have lots of reservations: is this another exploitation of gay suffering? It's not just an academic question to us; it's our lives. And what's to talk about? Of course gay people should be teachers. End of discussion.

But nobody else will go. And we're told that there'll be no whacko fundamentalists in the audience. (Trusting fools.) O.K., I'll go. Who needs a job?

Chris says he'll go too. I call Deborah. Might as well take our old show on the road--two fags and a dyke, singing and dancing our way into the hearts of middle Amerika. And Deborah points out this may be our big break: our own series, a major motion picture with Bette Midler and John Travolta. Gallows humor.

The Gospel and the Gay (notice who gets top billing). And he's jotting down notes! I don't think we're in Kansas anymore, Toto.

The rest of the munchkins wander in. Not a bent one in the lot. The men are all in coats or rugged, bulky sweaters. One's addressed as "Reverend." The women go in for tailored suits and eye make-up. Except the two grey-haired ones, who must be entered in the Mrs. Butterworth look-alike contest. (I can't argue with my grandmother!)

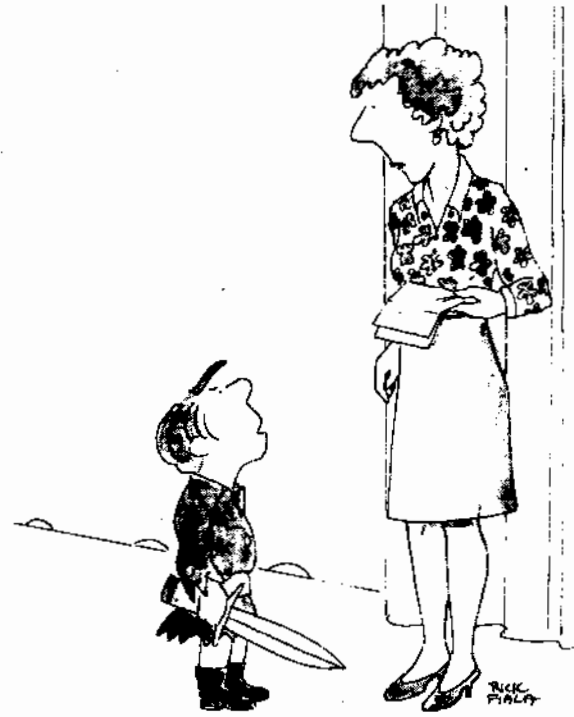
Do they know we're the gay ones? They may be dumb but they're not blind. We couldn't stand out more if we came in drag. Nobody whips out a can of Lysol, however. Polite bunch of hets.

Enter Mr. Producer man. No meaningful communication here. Something about a pole mike and don't look up at it. It's also becoming clear that these folk know one another; some have been on the show before. Deborah, Chris, and I huddle. If it gets too bad, we'll just walk out.

Into the studio and up on the risers (like sitting in a church choir loft). Ms. Moderator perches on a stool in front of us and says how pleased they all are that we came to be in their little program. Wish I could say the same.

First we watch the episode. Surprise --it's not bad. The Baxter's neighbor, who wants to get the gay teacher fired, is made to look something like the boob he is. (Later, in the discussion, one of the liberals magnanimously concedes that the story is

Oh, dandy--they're going for the balanced approach. Clean-cut does indeed disagree. Sinful people in positions of authority and all that tired garbage. Improper role models, blah, blah, blah.



"Why can't we write in a gay character?"

But several people disagree with him. Whatta ya know? It isn't the three of us against the world, after all. The Rev turns out to be an intelligent, pleasant Christian who actually read what Christ had to say.

Back to me. "Most objections to gay teachers are based on the assumption that homosexuality is bad." Get right to the basic issue. "I'm here to say that Gay is Good."

That's it--the conflict is enjoined. A snotty man in the back row piously proclaims his right to hate homosexuals. He's here to say gay is bad (teach me to use slogans). As the discussion develops, the battle lines are clearly drawn: 5 Christers vs. 3 gays and 6 assorted liberals.

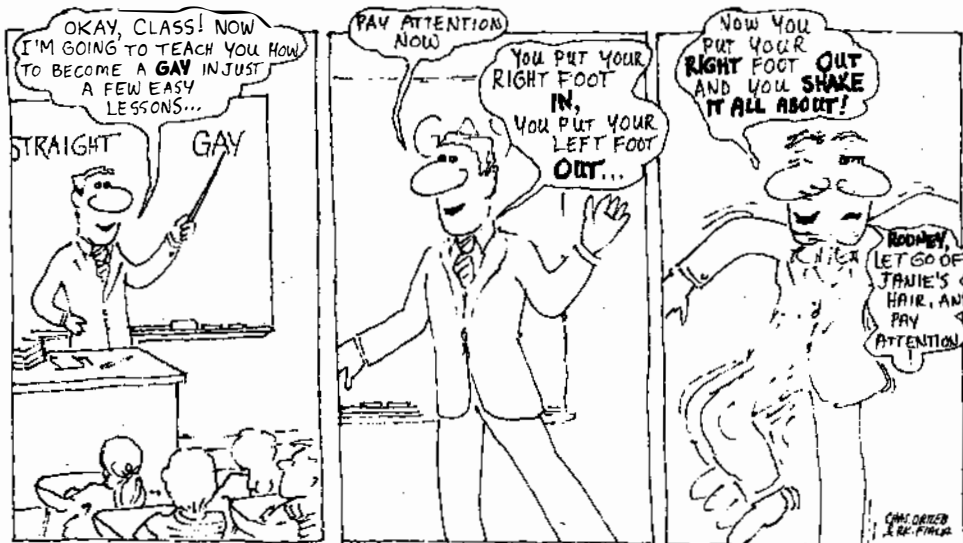
DISSOLVE to "Profile of the Enemy":

These people--these religious ones--remind me of those dolls that talk when you pull a string: they repeat five or six programmed remarks, again and again, in no particular order. "Homosexuality is a sin," "The scriptures say," "The country is going into moral decline." And they use words like "proper," "normal," and "moral" in the same way they use "chair" or "water," like concrete words with verifiable, scientific definitions.

The two young guys say they counsel gay people. It's painful to think of what happens to a gay man or lesbian who seeks help from one of these bigots.

TAKE THREE: Direct Hits.

--One or t'other of the religiously inane repeats the formula for "morality." Deborah responds eloquently: "I resent the assumption that because I'm a lesbian I'm immoral. I was raised hard-shell Baptist and am a convert to Catholicism, and I think I have as much morality as anyone here."



Off we go--Dorothy, the scarecrow, the cowardly queer--down the yellow brick interstate to Peoria.

DISSOLVE to "Program Background":

"The Baxters" is Norman Lear's latest brain child. From the creator of "All in the Family" and "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" comes a new concept in TV programming--an audience-participation sitcom.

Here's how it works: Lear and Co. produce a mini-drama (12½ mins. long) in which the Baxter family (nuclearly, dad, mom, 3 kids) trade almost witty lines about a controversial topic, leaving the issue unresolved. The local station then shows the scene to a small studio audience, tapes a discussion of their reactions, and puts the two parts together. Presto!--"The Baxters," a 30-minute experiment in skimming the surface.

TAKE TWO

The first thing I notice when we walk into the conference room is the clean-cut number looking at a book called

slanted in favor of the gays. I don't get to point out that that's probably a first in television history.)

Then it's time for the discussion. They ask for a volunteer to answer the opening question. Silence. The man on the end of the second row raises his hand. The man on the end of the second row is me. What am I doing? What am I going to say?

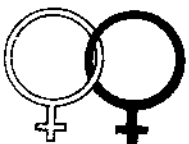
Here we go. Wait! Wait! I can't think of any verbs. Just nouns. You can't make a sentence with just nouns.

Q.: "Should sexual preference be a determining factor in hiring teachers?"

A.: "Of course not. As a gay teacher, I know that my sexual preference doesn't inhibit or impair my teaching in any way."

Yep, I said that--right on TV. Labeled myself "Gay Teacher" right there in front of the goddesses and everybody.

"Does anybody disagree with that?"



--One of the Bible bozos complains that all these homosexuals coming out make him nervous and they only encourage others to go against their consciences, which God has ordained. Chris shoots back: "I want to say that coming out has been one of the most exciting, liberating, healthy experiences of my life."

--Clean-cut counselor claims the gay people who come to him are unhappy and sick. Deborah and I deliver a one-two punch. Deborah: "These people come to you because they're messed up. You don't see the many, many healthy, happy gay men and lesbians." Me: "And these gay men and lesbians are messed up because they feel rejected and oppressed and stigmatized. Put an end to the stigma and you might put an end to this man's counseling practice."

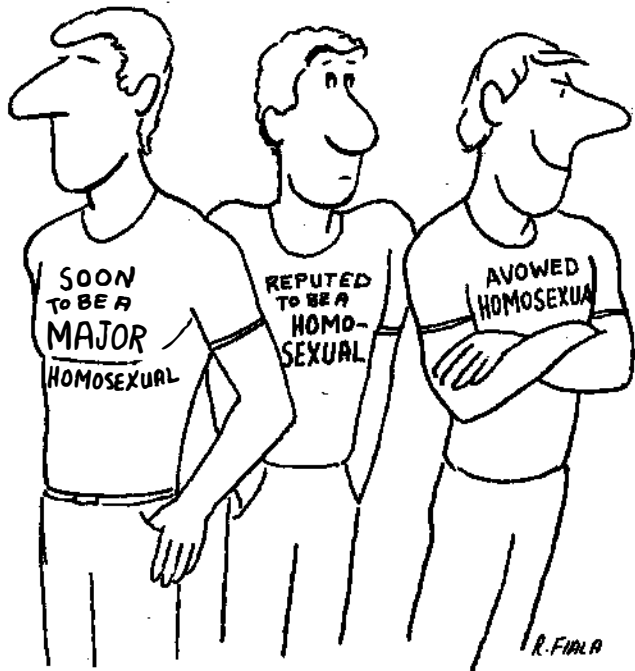
--One Mrs. Butterworth sez, "We pray for the homosexuals. That they might become normal." I sez, "I don't need anyone to pray for me. I am normal." Deborah sez, "I pray for my oppressors and those who oppress my brothers and sisters everywhere. That they might stop their oppression." Chris sez, "It makes me angry when Christianity is used like a club to beat me over the head. I'm disappointed we've talked so much about religion."

DISSOLVE to "Friendly Faces":

The woman in the front keeps turning around and smiling at us and nodding in agreement. She also says something neat about being a mother who wants her children to accept people who are different and to learn about differences.

Some of the liberals are teachers. They try to get the discussion out of the gutter of religious prejudice and back on the issue of what makes a good teacher. The other Mrs. B has trouble

with gay teachers, but she can remember when it wasn't "proper" for a woman who was married to teach. A teacher, she adds, should be judged by his/her ability to teach.



TAKE FOUR: Answers We Don't Give

--The snotty man talks about sex in public restrooms and the homosexuals who have 400 relationships in two years. I don't get to tell him I won't hold him responsible for all the rapes and wife-beatings that heterosexual males perpetrate if he won't hold me responsible for all the actions of all gay people. And I don't get to tell him that if he accepted us and let us express our love openly and comfortably, maybe some of us wouldn't feel a need to

resort to public johns and impersonal sex. Deborah doesn't get to say she's never had a sexual experience in a public restroom.

--Clean-cut proudly proclaims that the people in Dade County voted 2-1 against gay teachers. I don't get the opportunity to point out that the entire state of California voted down the Briggs Initiative, which was aimed directly at allowing school boards to fire teachers for being gay.

FADE OUT to "Postmortem":

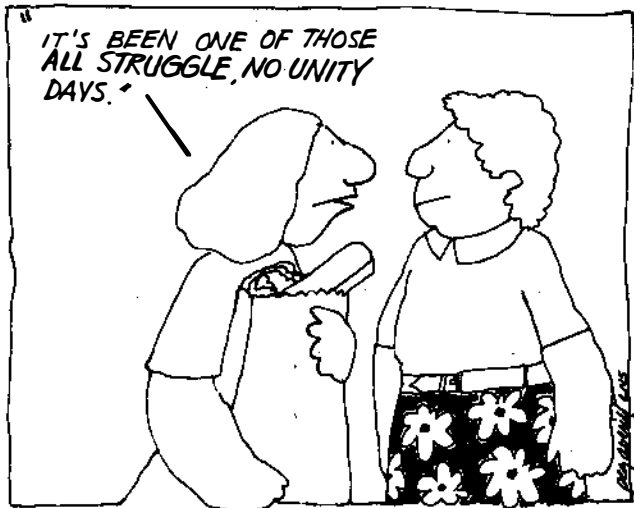
It's over: relief, joy, and much anger. Even though it really wasn't much fun, I'm glad we went. I'm glad we spoke up for ourselves. I feel we did one hell of a job, under extremely adverse conditions.

Yes, I get tired of hearing the same old arguments. And I'm dismayed to realize that we're always going to be on the defensive, at least in my lifetime.

I also feel like the character in the story "Hands"--down on my knees, picking up the crumbs. The TV station offers a crumb of a program and we take it. They're going to edit a 35-minute discussion down to 12 minutes. Gay people need 5 hours a week for the next 25 years to deal with all the ignorance and bigotry, and we get three-fourteenths of twelve minutes.

But I'm glad we did it. And if I lose my job, I'll have a glorious time collecting unemployment and suing the asses off the school board.

--Ferdydurke



The Christmas season is upon us. The time of peace and joy and, excuse the expression, brotherly love is here. This is the time when we are all supposed to be bright and cheery and full of good will and happy and jolly. And gay. And maybe that last is the reason I am none of the others.

I was one of those people who was taping that WRAU program, "The Baxters," last night. (See adjoining article.) I was one of those people who got clubbed with Christian doctrine and Christian condescension. I was one of those people who got called sick, perverted, sinful, immoral, bad, wicked, evil.

I am one of those people who has great faith in people and in growth and in change and in the basic reasonableness of humanity. I also think I am, quite possibly, one of those people who is quite insane.

Don we now our gay apparel

And I think, unfortunately, that I am becoming increasingly more sane and rational as the days pass.

If I thought that last night had done any good, had changed anyone's mind, had opened any doors, I would still have that faith. But it didn't. And I don't.

Last night, as my lover held me, I asked her, "Didn't it do any good?" "No," she responded. "Will they ever change?" "No." "Won't people ever stop persecuting and oppressing me because I love a woman rather than a man?" I pleaded. She held me tighter and again whispered, "No."

I wanted to know then, if that were true, why we kept trying. She said because we had to, to make the little space around us a little more comfortable. But as far as changing anyone who is already dead set against us, forget it.

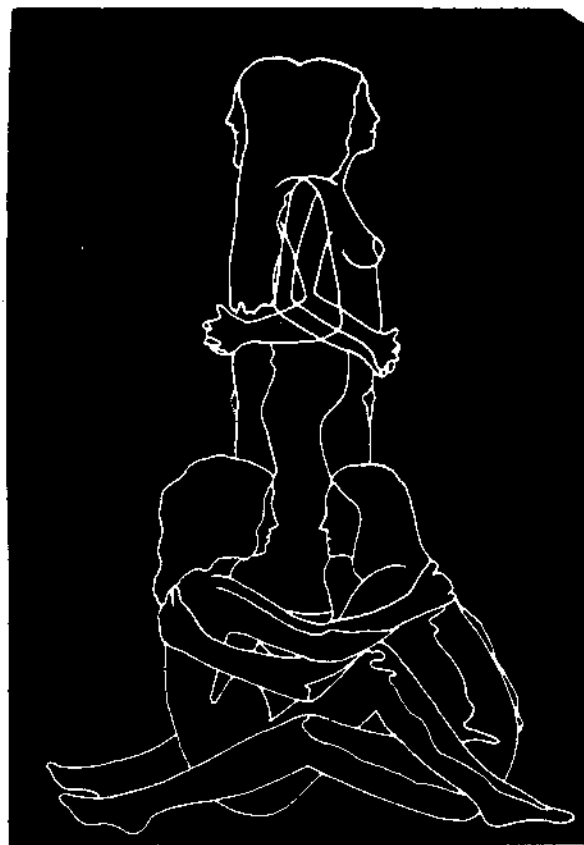
And I realized that she was right. And I loved her for telling me, and I hated her for telling me.

So this Christmas season I am depressed and hurt and disgusted and angry and resentful and bitter and saddened. And gay.

And I think that, even though I know I don't have a snowball's chance in hell of victory, I will stop being sane and rational and will again become hopeful and faithful and, inevitably, insane.

And I shall take Twain's advice and "dream other dreams, and better."

--Deborah Wiatt



Looking for some (legal) speed?

A little-known amphetamine-like stimulant is available without a prescription in almost any drugstore.

The same substance is also being sold --at grossly jacked-up prices--by dealers who are either unscrupulously or naively passing it off as genuine pharmaceutical speed.

The substance is phenylpropanolamine hydrochloride. As a decongestant, it is a common ingredient in over-the-counter cold medicines. But phenylpropanolamine's stimulant effect is frequently masked in cold remedies, which also often contain drowsiness-inducing antihistamines.

In another section of the drugstore, you can find rows and rows of packages picturing slim, smiling, bikini-clad women who presumably have just successfully used the diet aid preparation contained inside. Phenylpropanolamine HCL is the main ingredient--sometimes the only ingredient--in many of these non-prescription diet aids which claim to be appetite suppressants.

Phenylpropanolamine HCL is "structurally and pharmacologically related to both ephedrine and amphetamine," according to a medical dictionary in the library. After mentioning its use as a decongestant, the dictionary said the substance is "also used as a central nervous system stimulant and appetite suppressant."

Manufacturers of over-the-counter drugs have not promoted phenylpropanolamine for its stimulant abilities.

But as an appetite suppressant, the substance is sold under an incredible number of trademarked brand names, including Hungrex, Day-Trim, Pro-lamine, Appedrine, Suppressinol, Dexatrim, Dex-a-Diet II, Pro-Dax, Coffee Break, Thinz-Span, Sip & Slender thin-down cubes, and Coffee, Tea and a New Me.

Some of these preparations include caffeine, and all include phenylpropanolamine HCL as the active appetite-suppressing ingredient.

Many of the preparations are different only in brand name and packaging.

Sounding like patent-medicine labels, the hyped-up claims on the packaging declare that the diet aids contain "the most powerful appetite suppressant ever released without a prescription." However, the Federal Food and Drug Administration declared in 1962 that phenylpropanolamine was "useless" as an appetite suppressant, and an issue of the American Medical Association's Drug Evaluator said the drug "is probably ineffective in the dose provided."



Many of the appetite suppressants sold in drugstores contain phenylpropanolamine HCL, an amphetamine-like stimulant.

That recommended dose is usually 25 mg. three times a day, or 75 mg. once a day in a time-release capsule.

Thinking that they are buying pharmaceutical speed, some people in Bloomington-Normal have been paying as much as 40¢ to \$1 for time-release capsules of phenylpropanolamine which can be purchased cheaply and legally at the corner drug store.

In late 1978, a MEG agent paid a buck apiece for 14 green and clear time-release capsules containing tiny green and white pellets. While some people call these professionally manufactured capsules "Christmas Trees," O'Conner Products Co. calls them "Dex-a-Diet II." They do work somewhat as a stimulant, since they contain 75 mg. phenylpropanolamine HCL and 200 mg. caffeine. (A cup of perked coffee contains 100-150 mg. caffeine.)

Even though the capsules are perfectly legal (and available at Osco's), the MEG agent busted his supplier for delivery of a substance represented to be a controlled substance. It's legal to sell phenylpropanolamine HCL, but it's a felony to pretend that it's real amphetamine while you're delivering it. (It's apparently legal to hint, though, especially if you are a large manufacturer suggesting the effects of dexedrine by calling your product "Dex-a-Diet II.")

Since the pharmaceutical-appearing capsules do not have any markings from drug manufacturers on them, fast

talking dealers have had to come up with an explanation. One rap accompanying the capsules' inflated prices claim that the "Christmas Trees" are stolen "military" speed--manufactured without commercial product identification markings by drug companies selling directly to the army. The army supposedly issues this "speed" to

Drug deal offered

With the Post-American's publication of an article turning people on to a legal buzz from phenylpropanolamine, condemnations will be coming in fast and strong (that is, if people still read this rag). The Post will be seen as having gone too far, and we'll be hearing how terribly we corrupt the city's youth by "advocating dangerous drug use."

To help people keep their perspective on media encouragement of drug use, how about the following deal: as soon as the Daily Pantagraph agrees to stop printing full-page cigarette ads which advocate that people addict themselves to a proven cancer-causing drug, then the Post-American will stop writing about how to get high on non-addictive substances which even physicians consider safe.

Until that time, we don't want to hear one squawk about how we're the ones encouraging drug abuse. •

--Z.C.

Downs Import Auto Service

Does your imported car suffer from these dread diseases?

- Anxious Alternator
- Broken Brakes
- Pained Pistons
- Senile Suspension

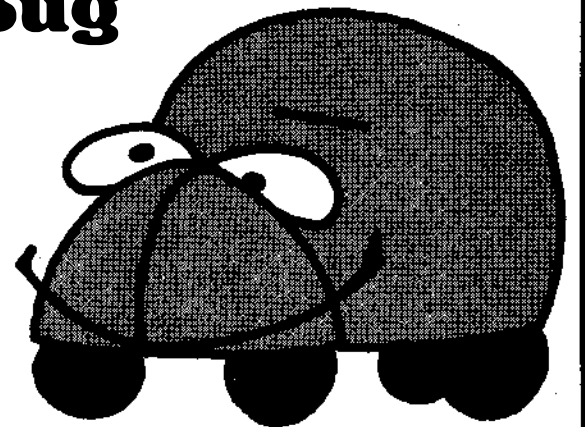
No matter what ails your auto, we have the cure.

Call today for a diagnosis.

Large stock of VW parts

Open Saturday for do-it-yourselfers

Vunder Bug™



Shaffer Dr., Downs

378-4321

Legal speed cont.

sentries who have to stay alert for guard duty. Sure.

If you decide to try some phenylpropanolamine HCL, you'll have to sort through a maze of competing brands and packages to compare prices, dosage, and ingredients. The preparations with vitamins are probably overpriced, but you might consider buying them if you're going to speed so heavy that you won't be getting nutrition from other sources.

Some of the appetite suppressant preparations contain caffeine, which will increase the stimulant effect. But if you are a coffee drinker, you might not want to increase your caffeine intake. None of the phenylpropanolamine-containing substances included more than 200 mg. caffeine, which is equivalent to 1 1/2 to 2 cups of perked coffee.

Don't get too carried away with the impressive looks of those time-release capsules, either. In its book on over-the-counter medicines, The Medicine Show, Consumer Reports advises against using time-release preparations. Since the rates of dissolving vary from person to person, and from day to day in the same person, you can't depend that the dose will be spread out as evenly during the day as the medicines' manufacturers would have us believe.

Despite the fact that you can get somewhat high on phenylpropanolamine HCL, the medical community believes it to be a safe drug. The Physician's Desk Reference, though, recommends that people with certain conditions stay away from it. So don't mess around with this stuff if you have thyroid disease, diabetes, heart disease, high blood pressure, glaucoma, or any kidney problems. Don't take it while you are pregnant or nursing, either.

--Zip Code

Post benefit **It's so easy**

Post-Amerikan vol. 8
no. 7 page 11

It's easier the second time around, they say. After all, we have experience and confidence from the first time. But as we know our emotions are always there to make us feel insecure and uncertain. Did we do it right? What can I do to make it better? What foolish things did I say or do? Did they have a good time? And will they come back for seconds? Yes, those drips down my inner arm are for real; I really am sweating all over--oh my!

Relax, things always work out for the better. The second Post-Amerikan benefit went fine, just dandy. Yes, the experiences of the first P-A benefit did provide the necessary knowledge to do it better the second time around, wet armpits and all.

Tuesday, Nov. 27 was the setting of our benefit. This time we decided to expose our own talents, the talents of the P-A staff and P-A supporters. And what an exposure!

Pete Callahan started out the evening playing his electric guitar and singing. Pete played some blues and sang "Bourgeois Blues" and "Anarchy" which was warmly received.

Second on the agenda through a little persuasion of my own, Ed Pierce, accompanied by Francois, made his debut on stage. Ed performed his song "You're Only Angry" which he wrote and composed himself. Between songs, Ed made a personal dedication to me of his next song, which I missed because of counting the small pearls of moisture flowing from underneath my flannel shirt. Thanks again Ed!

Francois was next, doing a set of mostly originals. Francois accompanied himself with a harmonica and played

acoustic guitar. The political content of Francois' songs was very inspiring and very well done. It's really nice hearing good music with strong political awareness. Sure is something we need more of.

Speaking of political songs, Sue LeSeure, accompanied by Pete Callahan, then performed some moving blues which had some right-on lyrics. She sang; "Who Needs You" "Please Don't Do It In Here."

To conclude the evening, a local band "Lazy-Lightning" performed. The band sounded very professional and provided some real moving sounds. Their hits included songs of the '60s, "Grateful Dead", Blondie, Cars, and Talking Heads.

Our thanks again to Lazy-Lightning who donated their time and talents to make our benefit a success.

Financially, we did all right. The benefit made \$149. This sure will help the Post-Amerikan and also will ensure the publication of alternative news in our community. Furthermore, it will help keep us toasty warm this winter.

Drip, drip, what's this? I seem to be becoming nervous. I'm beginning to feel insecure again. Was it really all right? What foolish things have I said?

Oh, never mind. It's probably just growing pains of another Post-Amerikan benefit--Who knows? This one was so easy and relaxed. Why not do it again!

--Michael



need a stocking stuffer for that special (or not so) person?



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for the holiday season
from action key chains to x-rated
christmas cards or adult pull toys
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420 N. MADISON, BLOOMINGTON

MEG's most trusted, productive snitch surfaces in Galesburg

A Knox County indictment refers to him as John Doe. The Galesburg residents he just set up knew him as Phil Carter. MEG calls him Confidential Source #22.

His real name is Rodney C. Meyer.

He is a dangerously successful informer who has been working for MEG on and off ever since the Multi-County Enforcement Group started up in the summer of 1975.

A new batch of busts in Galesburg in early November is the first evidence in some time that the ace snitch is still selling his dubious talents to Jerry LaGrow's undercover narc squad.

During the course of his unprecedented 5-year career with MEG, Rodney Meyer has probably become the secret police's most trusted and productive snitch.

He has worked at least four, and possibly all six, of the counties comprising the Peoria-based MEG unit. His skill at infiltration and betrayal is so impressive that the Murphysboro-based Southern Illinois MEG unit "borrowed" Meyer sometime in 1978.

The veteran snitch surfaced again in February 1979, testifying for the feds in the two-day trial of five Peorians charged with conspiracy to deliver five pounds of cocaine. Meyer played a key role in setting up the five-pound conspiracy case, a cooperative MEG/DEA investigation which involved federal agents as far west as Las Vegas, and sent informer Meyer--at government expense--to meet with suspects in Miami.

* * * *

Most MEG informers have limited usefulness to the secret police agency. They only betray the few people they know, and state's attorneys are more likely to throw out a case that requires a snitch's court testimony, especially if the actual drug delivery was made to the informer, rather than the MEG agent.

So MEG's high opinion of Meyer is apparent not only from his continued employment in location after location, but also by the narc squad's willingness to set up cases in a way which will require Meyer's testimony in court.



ABOVE: Although Meyer turned his head just in time as he fled from a photographer in Bloomington, his close call still drove him out of town.



ABOVE: MEG boss Jerry LaGrow doesn't have the highest standards for what kind of person he hires as a long-term "special employee."

What is the background, history, character of a snitch who is so in demand, so trusted, so relied upon by Jerry LaGrow and the undercover marijuana police he heads?

It's a sleazy story.

Here are excerpts from what I wrote about Meyer in the August, 1979 Post:

Meyer began working for MEG in 1974, when he was 17. He was also dealing drugs. His supervising MEG agent knew about Meyer's drug dealing, and apparently approved.

At the same time, Meyer was working as an informer for several other area police agencies. Documents in Meyer's Tazewell County court file indicate he was working for the Pekin and Peoria police departments, the Tazewell and Peoria Sheriff's departments, the IBI, and the Tri-County Intelligence Unit.

On September 9, 1974, while working for these police agencies, Rodney Meyer sold 300 hits of speed to Jerry LaGrow, the Director of the MEG unit.

Meyer was busted for this sale a month later, and he cried foul. He claimed MEG gave him permission to sell drugs.

Both Meyer and his wife passed lie detector tests, bearing out the seemingly fantastic claim that the secret police had OK'd drug sales.

In a couple months, Tazewell County State's Attorney Brett Bode dismissed the sale charge against Meyer.

* * * *

Rodney Meyer grew up in Manito, Illinois, in the southwestern corner of Tazewell County. He never finished high school because he wound up spending some of his formative years locked up in the custody of the Department of Corrections, officially declared a juvenile delinquent. He had shot his mother.

In 1974, the seventeen-year-old Meyer got married. The Meyers' child was born in July. At that time Rod Meyer was working for several law enforcement agencies at once, setting up friends and selling drugs.

Meyer worked with MEG agent Bill Stephens, who took the 17-year-old informer illegally into bars like the Koliseum in Creve Coeur. Meyer had fake ID's, which may have been provided by Stephens.

(During this same period, Agent Bill Stephens got a forged transcript from Bloomington High School to help a drug informer enroll at Pekin High School under a false name. Stephens eventually resigned from MEG after his 1976 conviction for child molesting.)

People close to Rod Meyer at this time--some of whom got busted by him--knew Meyer as an unstable personality, who flew into irrational rages. Meyer frequently beat up on his wife, at least once landing her in the hospital.

The marriage lasted only a year. Records in the Peoria County Courthouse show that Meyer has ignored the court order to pay child support--he hasn't paid even one of the \$25-a-week payments.

* * * *

On January 2, 1975, Tazewell County State's Attorney Brett Bode dismissed the felony drug sale charge against Rod Meyer.

The defendant "may have been entrapped by certain actions or omissions of law enforcement agents," Bode's motion to dismiss said.

Bode left the State's Attorney's office in 1976

"If a case depended in some way on Meyer's testimony, I might very well have dismissed it."

--Brett Bode, former Tazewell County State's Attorney, quoted in the August 1978 issue of the Post-Amerikan.

and is now in the public defender's office. A Post-Amerikan reporter telephoned him there.

"It was a very unusual case," Bode remembered. "I was very mad about the whole thing." Afterwards, Bode told the Post-Amerikan, he chewed MEG out. "I made it clear at the time that I wanted nothing more to do with Rodney Meyer or his cases."

Here's how Bode remembered the case against Meyer:

Meyer was acting as an informer for MEG on a regular basis, working with a MEG agent. Bode said he didn't remember the agent's name, but agreed it could have been Bill Stephens.

Bode said Meyer sold some drugs to a different MEG agent while working for MEG. That agent was Jerry LaGrow, MEG Director.

After getting busted, Bode recalls, Meyer explained that MEG gave him permission to sell drugs. Bode said the MEG agent vehemently denied giving Meyer permission.

According to Bode, both Meyer and Meyer's wife took lie detector tests and passed. They said that the MEG agent had been in Meyer's house and witnessed Meyer selling drugs to another person.

Bode said he then confronted the MEG agent, who still denied giving outright permission.

"But the agent admitted being equivocal," Bode said. "In my opinion, he was aware of the transaction," Bode continued. "It was incumbent on the policeman involved to make it clear, in no uncertain terms, that Meyer should not be selling drugs. That was not done," Bode said.

Explaining his dismissal of the case, Bode said, "In Meyer's case, it wasn't the entrapment, but it was an improper manipulation of the criminal justice system--police giving their informer tacit permission to violate the law in order to use that person to get other people."

I asked Bode more about his statement that he told MEG he did not want any more to do with Meyer's cases.

"If a case depended in some way on Meyer's testimony, I might very well have dismissed it," Bode said. "I don't think Meyer is a credible human being--he is an incredible person for the police or law enforcement to rely on," the former prosecutor continued.

"I kind of got fed up with Rodney Meyer," Bode concluded.

That was in late 1974 and early 1975. By 1977, MEG was using Rodney Meyer's services again, extensively. As a private attorney, Bode is now defending some of the people Meyer has been setting up. Bode admits that some of his opinions are colored by his more recent familiarity with the MEG informer.

--excerpted from the Aug. '78 Post-Amerikan

When Tazewell County prosecutor Brett Bode insisted that he wanted no more of Rodney Meyer's cases, MEG complied--in a way. MEG brought no more Rodney Meyer cases to the Tazewell County state's attorney's office until 1977--

after Brett Bode had returned to private practice.

If Rodney Meyer was working for MEG in the two years right after he got his amphetamine delivery charge dismissed, the Post-Amerikan doesn't know about it.

But by the summer of 1977, Rodney Meyer was back at it--with a vengeance. During fall 1977 and early 1978, Meyer set up dozens and dozens of teenagers for small buys.

Even though it was Jerry LaGrow himself who busted Meyer for the speed in 1974, the young snitch still went back to work for the MEG chief.

And even though he knew Meyer as a speed dealer whose credibility was zilch in the eyes of the former Tazewell prosecutor, Jerry LaGrow sent Meyer out to make cases.

* * * *

In late fall 1977, Meyer started setting up a coke deal that got too big for MEG. Jerry LaGrow called in the federal Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), and the cooperative investigation, which sent Meyer as far as Florida and DEA agents to Las Vegas, brought a federal indictment for conspiracy to deliver five pounds of cocaine. Only three of the five defendants were convicted in the two-day trial which heard Meyer testify that he used to sell drugs for one of the defendants.

By March 1978 Rodney Meyer was living in Bloomington, using the name Ronnie Himmel and hanging out with Agent Mari Groppi in a local tavern every night. Camera-snapping regulars at the bar eventually got on to the narcs, but not before Meyer had already managed



Rodney C. Meyer, MEG informer

Seventeen-year-old Rodney Meyer was working as a MEG "special employee" in 1974, when he was arrested for selling speed to MEG chief Jerry LaGrow. The charge was dropped after both Meyer and his wife passed polygraph tests backing up Meyer's claim that his supervising MEG agent had given him permission to sell drugs. (Drawing by Gloria Schaab is based on Meyer's appearance during his undercover MEG work in Bloomington in March 1978.)

to set up a few pot buys. The camera episode apparently drove Meyer out of Bloomington altogether.

We have some evidence that Meyer worked some in Monmouth after leaving Bloomington, and maybe in Fulton County too.

In June 1978, a subpoena in a Peoria court file was addressed to Rod Meyer in Carbondale. In August, a MEG agent told a McLean County grand jury that Rod Meyer was no longer working for the Peoria-based MEG, but was still working in Illinois. As late as Feb. 1979, a document in a McLean County court file listed Meyer as working with the Southern Illinois MEG unit.

* * * *

The recent busts in Galesburg are the first evidence that Meyer rejoined the Peoria MEG after his stint in southern Illinois.

We don't know how many of the Galesburg arrests are based on Meyer's undercover work, nor how many agents he worked with.

MEG and prosecution authorities are

even trying to hide Meyer's involvement. One indictment calls him "John Doe." In a preliminary hearing, Agent John Linden refused to give Meyer's name, and even refused to identify the snitch by his confidential source number. But Mike Richardson, editor of the Galesburg Free Voice, snuck a peek at a MEG police report which identified Linden's informer as CS #22. Richardson says that some Galesburg defendants have also identified the drawing of Meyer from the August '78 issue of the Post-Amerikan.

Putting together the details that are available right now, it seems Meyer worked in Galesburg at least from mid-August through mid-September and again on Nov. 6. He worked with agent John Linden, possibly with others.

Other agents involved in the Galesburg busts were: Harry Sweet, David Slavish, Ron L. Davis, and George Pinkney.

If you have a photo of Meyer, or any information about his activities or place of residence, please call the Post-Amerikan. (309) 828-7232.

--Mark Silverstein

Never been arrested? Narcs have your mug shot anyway

The MEG undercover marijuana police use high school yearbooks to supplement their collection of police mug shot photos, according to documents filed in the McLean County Courthouse.

MEG agent Joni Dooley used a yearbook from Normal Community High School to identify a man who she said got her a bag of pot, according to Dooley's report in McLean County case 78cf311. The man was several years past high school age, so Dooley must have dug up an old yearbook.

Without the high school year book, Agent Dooley knew her suspect only as "Smitty"--not enough identification to make the grand jury or the state's attorney happy.

Regular MEG procedure called for Agent Dooley to flip through police mug shot files, hoping to match her suspect's face to one of the photos.

Police are supposed to have photo files only of people who have been arrested. Most folks believe that as long as they've never been arrested, their photo is not sitting around some detective's office waiting to be identified by agents, informers, detectives, or crime victims.

By supplementing their mug shot files with high school yearbooks, police are expanding their photo collection to include citizens with no criminal record at all.

In fact, if police seriously collected a yearbook from each local high school each year, they would accumulate a photo collection which would include almost every citizen who grew up in Bloomington-Normal.

If high school students or their parents were aware of such procedures, there might be a lot fewer students posing for yearbook photos.

Agent Dooley's report didn't say where she examined the NCHS yearbook. She may have looked at a copy owned by MEG itself or by a cooperating local police department. Or perhaps the principal of NCHS was courteous enough to invite the undercover agent to check out a copy at the school. Some high school yearbooks for certain years can be found in local libraries.

It's hard to say how widespread MEG's examination of high school yearbooks is. Most of the time, agents know the

identity of the person they are buying from. Other times, the suspects already have a record, and MEG agents identify a photo from regular police mug shots. Some reports, though, say agents identified the suspect, without saying how they made the identification. These cases could reflect more uses of high school yearbooks, or possibly even other sources of photo identifications.

* * * * *

In 1975, MEG bought sophisticated camera equipment which could be used to develop the unit's own collection of photos without the knowledge of the subjects.

The narcs bought a 1000mm telephoto lens which they planned to set up on a tripod inside a van. A memo found in files of the Illinois Law Enforcement Commission said "a 1000mm f/8 lens will enable our agents to photograph buy situations from a greater distance than presently possible. The lens would insure better agent safety, as we could photograph from a greater distance. It also would allow us to show better involvement of defendants in buy situations." The MEG unit spent \$1200 for the lens, plus another \$400 for other camera and darkroom equipment.

In more than four years of watching MEG cases closely, I have never learned of ever one where MEG produced in court a photo taken with that lens. I have never heard of a case where MEG even referred to such photos in their police reports.

Either the narc squad spent a bunch of money on camera equipment it never used, or else they aren't using the long-range spy lens to photograph what they said they would.

--Mark Silverstein

The gallery Good Times

January

- 11 TONY BUFFALO
FRANK POWELL
- 12 JIM VASILOU
MATTHEWS+MARTIN
- 13 MICHAEL ANTHONY
- 14+15 CHEZ BOREIF
- 17 MIKE HOGAN
- 18 FRANK POWELL
- 20 JIM VASILOU
- 21 JOHN NOVOTNY
- 23+24+25 CLOSED
- 26 JIM VASILOU
- 27 KURT SCHEIDEHELM
- 28 JOHN BRIGGS

111 e. beaufort
normal

Who is this guy?

We've been wondering who this person is ever since we got his photo last April in the parking lot of the apartment building where MEG agent George Pinkney lives in Peoria.

November preliminary hearing.

So who is this guy? If you have any ideas, call the Post-American.

He drove a relatively new black Monte Carlo with a gold stripe along the side, license number 839 407.

When asked about this plate, the computer at the secretary of state's office said "no record on file." In November, the computer still said "no record on file." Sometimes it takes the computer a couple months to register information about a newly-issued license plate, but it doesn't take seven months. MEG license plates, however, have always produced a response of "no record on file" from the state computer, because MEG has the state people pull the records.

Although we took the photo in Agent Pinkney's parking lot, folks who should know say this isn't Pinkney. He could be another agent who was visiting Pinkney's apartment.

A Galesburg defendant recently charged with an August 1979 sale to MEG agent John Linden identified these photos as Linden. If these photos are John Linden, though, he has changed his appearance considerably, according to Galesburg Free Voice editor Mike Richardson, who watched John Linden testify in a



???

New narc: Stephen Reeter

Stephen Bruce Reeter, a Bloomington cop, works full time as an undercover MEG agent, Bloomington police chief Harold Bosshardt told the Post-Amerikan Dec. 7.

A former Clinton cop, Reeter joined the Bloomington police force in June, and was apparently assigned to MEG right away. A Bloomington native, Reeter attended Central Catholic High School and Western Illinois University.

The new narcotics agent lives at 101 N. Williamsburg, Apt A-4 in Bloomington. To keep his identity secret, Reeter cleverly keeps his phone number (662-3688) unlisted and stands out as the only one of the apartment building's 12 units to have no name on the mailbox.

When these photos were taken, Reeter was driving a silver Pinto wagon with a bunch of stripes along the side, LS 6952. As is traditional with narcs' cars, the computer in the Secretary of State's office says "no record on file" when asked about Reeter's plates.

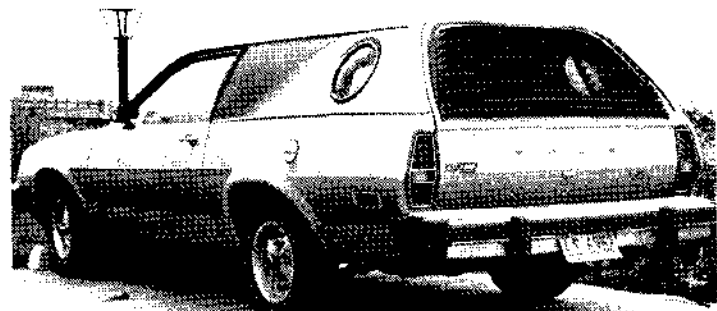
A 1979 blue Dodge Omni is apparently Reeter's personal car. Its plate, UQT 32, checks to Stephen Reeter, according to the state computer.

Anyone with more information on Reeter and his recent activity should call the Post-Amerikan.

--Mark Silverstein



MEG agent Stephen Reeter



AT RIGHT: MEG agent Reeter drove this silver Pinto wagon, LS 6952.

Once a narc...

Once-retired MEG agent Terry Ziegenbein has been reactivated as an undercover narc, according to Fulton County court records filed in August 1979.

A Pekin cop first assigned to MEG in late 1977, he retired from the covert marijuana police in the summer of 1978--shortly after the Post-Amerikan published this photo of him in his hippie clothes.

Ziegenbein's retirement was not unusual. About half of MEG's covert operatives are ordinary cops "donated" to MEG as payment for a city's or county's membership in the multi-county narc force. A cop's tour of duty with MEG seems to last from six months to several years.

What was unusual was Ziegenbein's assignment to MEG for a second time. Post reporters usually haven't paid much attention to former MEG agents after they return to patrol duties. We haven't sought photos nor kept track of their cars, addresses, or changes in their personal appearance. Such complacency may need reexamination, now that we know Agent Ziegenbein became a narc a second time.



MEG agent Ziegenbein

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State admits some Pontiac charges

If you've been following our coverage of the Pontiac Brothers' cases (if not, see Vol. 8, nos. 4 & 5), you might think all this talk about prison conditions, bribery, intimidation, etc. is a lot of left-wing rhetoric. Let me tell you...

Friday, Dec. 7, a preliminary hearing was held here in Bloomington, so I decided to go take a few notes.

Three motions presented by the defense were heard by Judge Dearborn. The first motion was to allow defense attorney Shel Bannister to withdraw from one of her client's cases so she could be a witness for him. Dearborn denied the motion, fearing a delay in the proceedings. The second motion was to suppress statements made by the prisoners because they were illegally and unconstitutionally gained through the use of intimidation, bribes, force, and other such methods.

The third motion was to stop payment of witnesses. Payment refers to bribes and deals offered other prisoners by the Illinois Dept. of Law Enforcement (IDLE) in exchange for statements against the Pontiac Brothers. Dearborn will rule on that motion Jan. 2.

After denying the first motion, the judge heard testimony on the motion to suppress. The state and its prosecutors were ready with three attorneys and nine witnesses, all of whom were IDLE agents and special agents. The defense had two attorneys and their two clients.

What I heard for the next eight hours was rather surprising. I had no idea how blatant these agents would be about their methods and the conditions of Pontiac after the July 22, 1978, rebellion. Only three of the nine witnesses testified. Witness one, special agent Randall Rushing, explained how he and one other agent worked as a team, interrogating prisoners. He didn't really say much but did admit that their procedure included using cigarettes (unavailable to prisoners under deadlock) to relax and entice prisoners into "cooperating with information." He claimed the cigs were furnished by the Dept. of Corrections. Asked if the procedure included offering "good-time" (time off a sentence length), Rushing said, "I don't exactly remember." He later went on to say that nobody was offered good-time unless they cooperated.

Second in line was special agent James Hart, formerly a Chicago cop. The defense ran Hart through basically the same line of questions as Rushing. He openly recalled cigarettes and offers of "good letters" for prisoners' parole files, as well as good-time. But perhaps the most ironic testimony of Hart's came in his word usage. At one point he referred to the air conditioned captain's office, used for interrogating, as "the captain's shack," while continually referring to prisoners and their cells as "residents" and their "houses."

The third and most open and interesting witness was Secretary of

State's Chief Investigator, Terrance Delaney (formerly of IDLE). Delaney was in charge of supervising the investigation in the south cell-block of the prison. He elaborated on the "good-time" policy, explaining that prisoners who cooperated would automatically receive a "good letter" in their file. He said that "only if approved by superiors, prisoners could be offered 90 days off their sentence now, and 90 days after they testified against other inmates in court."



He said they offered the possibility of a transfer from Pontiac to another prison. He added that "a person in a maximum security institution could only be transferred to another maximum security." But under further questioning from defense attorney Buddy Clark, Delaney did admit "if a person were serving a short sentence, he could possibly go to a lesser prison."

Delaney also stated that prisoners didn't have showers from July 22 until "at least the end of October or November," that no phone calls, commissary privileges or relative visits were available for months. He didn't know that no laundry service was available either, but did say he saw "food lying all over the floors immediately outside cells, and in the flag area."

He also witnessed guards serving food on paper plates. When Clark questioned whether or not he saw them fold the plates in half and shove them through the bars, Delaney said, "I didn't see that but I don't doubt it." He also estimated the two-person cells as "six-foot wide, by nine-foot deep," and that he knew there had been no religious services available.

Probably beginning to sound a bit one-sided he added, "There were toilets and wash basins in the cells." At this point defense attorney Clark replied, "Mr. Delaney, did you know that during portions of the deadlock that the water and electricity had been shut off?" Delaney didn't.

Well, I didn't take enough notes to continue, but I hope you can see that claims of prisoners' advocates are not just hot air. And remember, if the agents of the state will admit these things, just imagine what they don't admit. After all, they are "professional witnesses."

The Pontiac Brothers need more support. There is a Pontiac Prisoners Support Coalition in town. Information on meetings can be found at 452-5046; additional information about the case may be obtained from the Post..

| | | |
|---------------------------|----------------|-------|
| Upcoming court dates are: | | |
| Dec. 19 | Judge Townley | 10 am |
| Jan. 2 | Judge Dearborn | 1 pm |
| Jan. 3 | Judge Knecht | 10 am |
| Jan. 4 | | 9 am |
| Jan. 7 | Trial Begins | 9 am |

--Rich

PPSC

The Pontiac Prisoners Support Coalition will meet at 7:30 pm Jan. 14 at the Newman Center, 501 S. Main, Normal. The meeting is open to all.

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COLOR, RELIGION, SEX,
ANCESTRY, NATIONAL ORIGIN,
OR AGE*
IS ILLEGAL**

*Age means 40-70 years old.

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City Hall 828-7361--Ext. 218**

Prisons everywhere the same

The oppressive conditions in prisons all across the country are remarkably similar. The architecture changes a bit, the names of the wardens and guards change, but the conditions remain the same--and so does the inevitability of rebellion against these conditions.

These points were stated over and over again by the 400 people who came to Chicago from six different states Nov. 3 to demonstrate against these conditions and in support of prisoners who rebel against them.

The demonstration was sponsored by the Concerned Friends and Family of Prisoners, the Pontiac Prisoners Support Coalition, the National Committee to Support the Marion Brothers, and the National Alliance to End Racist and Political Repression. The demonstration was also endorsed by more than 50 other organizations and individuals.

After assembling at the Federal Building, the demonstrators marched through the heart of Chicago's loop area, chanting and leafletting to bring to the public's attention the plight of the Pontiac and Marion Brothers.

A rally at DePaul University followed. Speakers included Chokwe Lumumba, vice president of the Republic of New Africa (RNA); and a Pontiac defense lawyer, Shahid Faris; an ex-Marion prisoner, Khalid London; Audrey Meyers from the National Committee to Support the Marion Brothers, and Anne Braden from the Southern Organizing Committee.

All of the speakers recognized the crucial importance of racism in creating the situation in the prisons. The deterioration of third world communities results in more and more Black, Puerto Rican, Chicano/Mexicano and Native American people being warehoused in the prisons. Lumumba went into great detail to explain why these conditions should not be seen as merely bad but in fact were acts of genocide according to the United Nations' definition.



NEPA NEWS/cpf

The speakers also pointed out that additional numbers of third world people were being sent to prison as part of officially sponsored repression programs such as the FBI's COINTELPRO, which was aimed at the leadership of third world movements in the U.S. The speakers were all quite emphatic in pointing out that the people at the demonstration needed to act in order to fight these conditions. Specifically they urged people to return to their communities and inform their neighbors and co-workers of the attacks against third world people at home and in the prisons.

In particular, Chokwe Lumumba urged all present to continue to fight to stop the frame-up of the Pontiac Brothers. He pointed out that the trial could not be won in the courts unless the battle was first waged in the community to win the minds of potential jurors. He asked all supporters to frustrate the state's attempt to execute the Pontiac Brothers, to frustrate this attempt by educating and organizing the average Chicagoan. He stated that if this were done the case would be tried and re-tried, without a guilty verdict, until the taxpayers demanded their money back.

The demonstration made clear that prisoners everywhere are suffering the same abuse and ultimately will not tolerate it--they will rebel.

--Pontiac Prisoners Support Coalition

LETTERS

Write your hostages

You can write the people held hostage in the U.S. Embassy in Iran at:

Hostages
U.S. Embassy
260 Takhte-Jamshid
Tehran, Iran

The cost is 31¢ per half ounce.

One staff member's comment:
If you really want to send a Christmas present to Iran, write your congresspeople or the President and tell them to send the Shah back tied up in ribbons. That would be the quickest way to free all those CIA agents. And you can believe that at least half of those people being held "hostage" are agents.



Prisoner wants letters

Dear Post,

Please print the following letter:

Celeste Stimeling,
I tried to write you but my letter was returned. Write and give me your apt. #.
Dave

P.S. If anyone wants to write me I'd be glad to answer all letters. Pictures are more than welcome, too. I'm 21 and from Peoria. I'm in Menard right now for sales but will be out by April.

Dave Deford
#A-64168
Box 711
Menard, Illinois
62259



Human relations award

The Bloomington Human Relations Commission is seeking to recognize individuals within the community who have made an outstanding contribution to human relations or human rights. Every three months, the Bloomington Human Relations Commission will select an individual to be recognized as the Human Relations Person of the Quarter.

At the end of the year, one of these people will be awarded the annual Dr. Martin Luther King Human Relations Award.

To nominate an individual to receive this prestigious award, simply send information about human relations work or public service by the person you wish to nominate.

Send all nominations to the Human Relations Office, 109 East Olive Street, Bloomington IL 61701. If you have questions or need further information about the award, you can call the office at 828-7361, ext. 218/19.



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County jail still a crime, says ACLU

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"It's not at all clear to us that anyone explains to people down the line what a 'constitutional jail' means."

Jack Porter spoke this way about Sheriff Brienan's boast that McLean County Jail, once the site of vicious police brutality and inhumane conditions, is now a "constitutional jail," a clean, safe, and legal haven whose only problem is that its crew of jolly, sympathetic, Santy-Claus-like guards is not large enough.

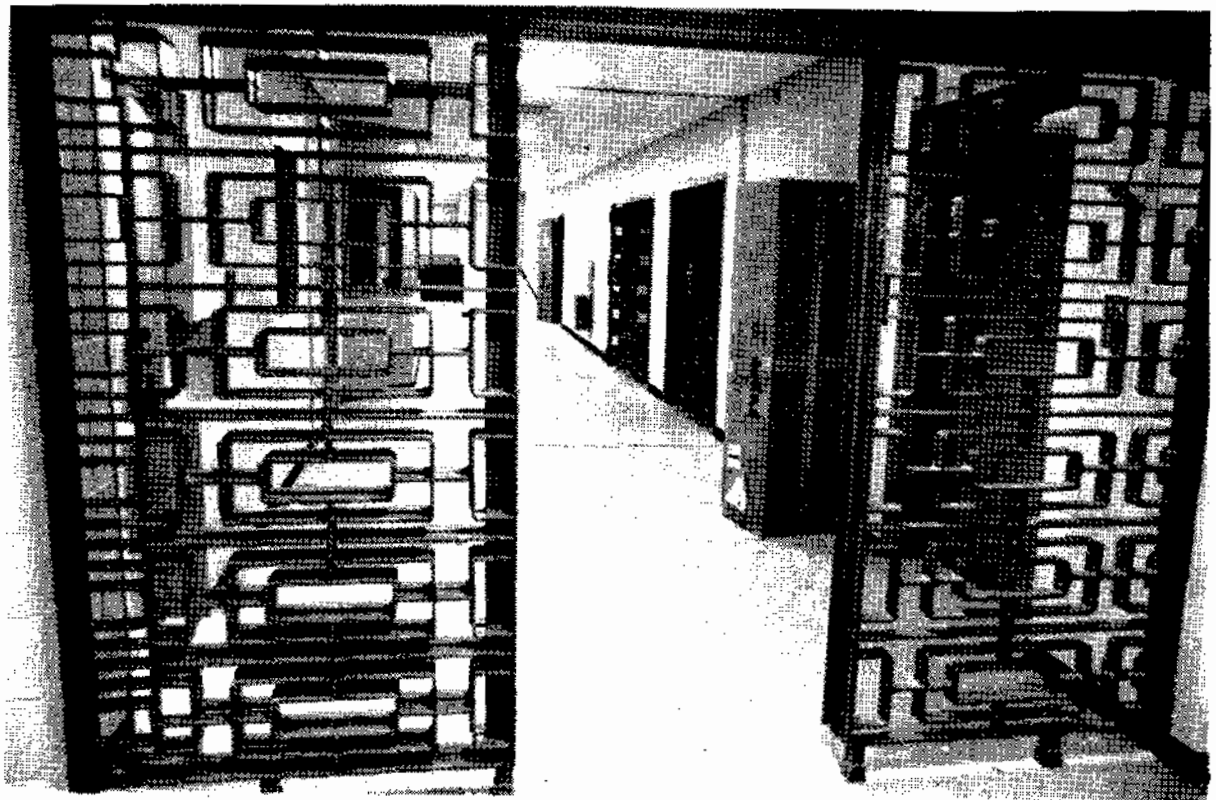
Porter, speaking at an American Civil Liberties Union program Nov. 17, pointed out that there is a "gap between aspiring announcements from the top and what actually goes on day to day--an inconsistency."

The ACLU often receives complaints from county jail inmates and their families, and Porter gave a report on the ACLU's investigation of county jail conditions.

The ACLU found seven areas in which they strongly suspect that McLean County Jail is not a "constitutional jail" and in some cases doesn't even meet Illinois state standards for county jails.

The state standards provide each inmate with one call a week, other than calls to attorneys. At our jail, inmates get one call a week, whether it's to an attorney or not. If the prisoner tries to make a call and can't get through, that's it: no second chance until the next week.

The ACLU also doubts that the jail is following legal standards about the prisoners' mail. Jail staff are allowed to check prisoners' mail for contraband and escape plans; however, letters from attorneys are



ABOVE: The new McLean County Jail may have fancy ironwork instead of traditional bars, but it's still a jail, and still in violation of standards set up by the Department of Corrections.

called "privileged mail" and are supposed to be treated differently. The staff can open the envelope and check for contraband, but they can't read the content of the letter, and they must check the envelope in the presence of the inmate. At McLean

County Jail, prisoners have complained that they get letters from their lawyers which have already been opened.

Lack of access to the law library is another common complaint; the state promises county jail inmates at least "minimum access," but Porter said that access "basically doesn't exist here." Being able to go to the law library is extremely important to inmates, since they need law books to develop grievances and to work on their own cases.

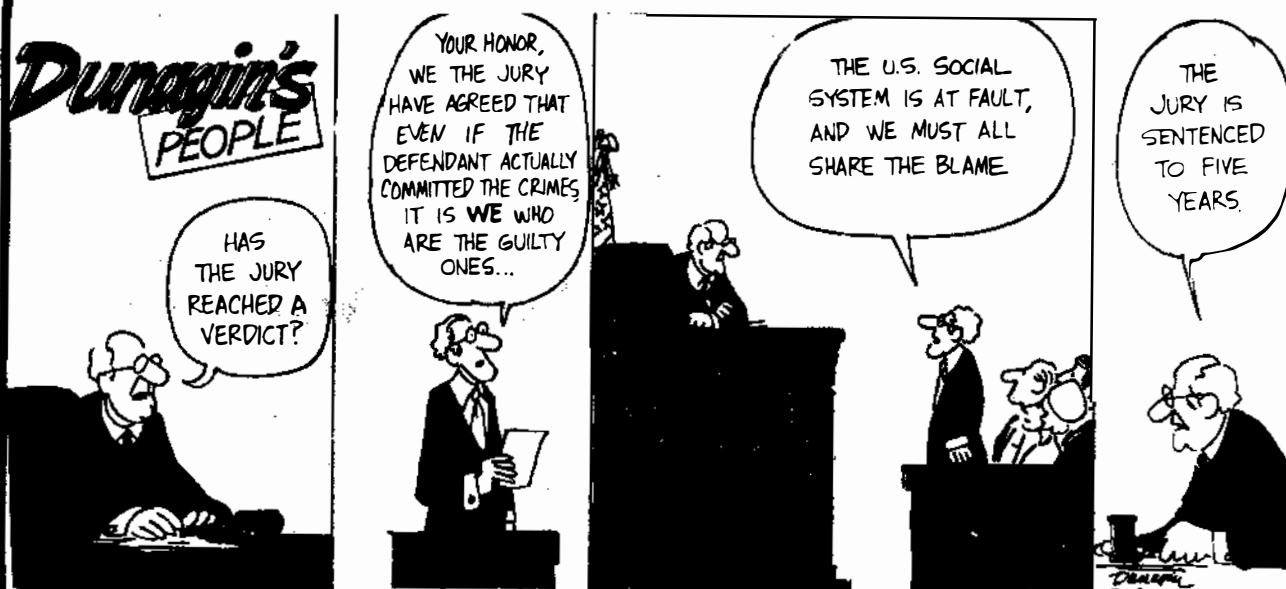
Even the jail staff acknowledges that inmate recreation "just doesn't happen" here, Porter said. They say that the jail staff is too small to oversee recreational activities, but Porter said that excuse is "tiresome." He said that any complaint the ACLU brings up, McLean County Jail officials try to use the short-staff excuse.

The state gives inmates the right to a written notice when their status inside the jail is to change for some reason. (The classifications are maximum security, medium security, minimum security, solitary confinement, and so forth.) The prisoners have a right to due process and written decisions when they're switched from one classification to another. However, at McLean County Jail prisoners complain of being arbitrarily switched with no clear explanation at all, let alone a written one.

Finally, the ACLU suspects a sloppy inventory of the personal possessions that inmates give up when they are thrown in jail. Prisoners complain that the inventory is sometimes not made and sometimes made incompletely, so that they haven't got all their stuff back, and haven't had an accurate inventory list to prove anything missing.

So although we aren't hearing about prisoners being dragged out of their cells and beaten, as we did under Sheriff King's rule, the county is still not close to having a legal or humane jail.

--Phoebe Caulfield



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I hear you loud and clear

Communication is something we experience in our everyday lives when we interact with our friends. We generally have a dialog between parties that ensures understanding of what is being talked about. Sounds very simple, probably something we tend to take for granted.

Well not always. I had a brief encounter with this communication process that was totally backwards and believe it or not made very much sense.

I work at a local apartment building that provides residences for the elderly. The senior citizens that live there have a warm, caring friendship and try to look out for each other in times of need. It's encouraging to see this style of community.

Two of the residents (we will call them Mrs. C and Mrs. E) are neighbors, living just across the hall from each other.

I had received a call for maintenance, on a light fixture in Mrs. C's room. There was a short in the wiring of the lamp, and I needed to change the light fixture altogether. As it

worked out, the new fixture didn't have the right size lampshade to fit.

Now Mrs. C, who is in her late 70's, can't talk real well but she does fine. I explained the problem to her and said when the shade came in I would install it.

Well, Mrs. C's neighbor, Mrs. E, who can't hear very well and is in her 80's and also does fine, came over to see what was up.

Mrs. C and Mrs. E decided to retire to the lobby to discuss the issue. Mrs. C was explaining to Mrs. E what I had said about the lampshade. So Mrs. E said that she understood and that she has had problems with her shades, too--that is, window shades. Mrs. E said she liked to pull hers down at night and sometimes her shades didn't work real well.

Well Mrs. C and Mrs. E had a very long and nice conversation, talking about shades. Mrs. E talking about window shades and Mrs. C talking about lampshades. They never did make connections about the two different shades. This discussion went on for about 40 minutes with each woman returning to her room after a long

afternoon visiting in the lobby. Both were very content and feeling like they had shared some parts of each other's lives.

I guess that goes to show us that not always do we make sense, yet communication seems to go on and things really do work out just fine. These two women had no problem communicating today, and probably will continue to communicate just as well tomorrow in the lobby as they had today.

--Michael

Shutoff victory

On October 31, the Illinois Commerce Commission passed an "emergency measure" that is an important step towards ending winter utility shutoffs.

The ruling will prohibit cut-offs between December 1, 1979, and April 1, 1980, due to payment problems. It will end all shutoffs when the temperature is below 32°.

While the specific details of the emergency order are somewhat unclear, it represents a definite improvement over past policies. If customers cannot pay their bills, they have six working days to work out a payment plan with their utility company. The utilities have to work out a plan, unlike the current "budget billing" which is left up to the companies' desires. Further, rather than sending out shutoff notices, the utilities have to provide information about financial assistance available to customers with payment troubles.

Customers may be shut off if, and only if, they refuse to work out a payment plan. This arrangement is intended to prevent "cheaters" from not paying their bills--a major obsession of the utilities and ICC. (Funny that the ICC is not so concerned about the utilities' ripping off customers through phantom taxes and other unfair, if legal, practices.)

Clay Dooley

continued from page 24

asses off, being humiliated," so come on down and cheer them up with your support.

Because unless something happens soon, and unless this tiny band starts to see some community support, it ain't going to be a "good year" for them.

--MGM

NOW BLOOMINGTON-NORMAL HAS A VIENNA "CHICAGO STYLE HOT DOG"



TWO DOORS EAST OF APPLE TREE STEREO
GET ACQUAINTED WITH OUR MENU.....

| | |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| Underdog.....99¢ | Italian Beef.....1.79 |
| Bratwurst....99¢ | Veggie Dog.....89¢ |
| Polish Saus..99¢ | Tamale.....35¢ |
| Hot Dog.....75¢ | Chips.....25¢ |
| Chili Dog....90¢ | Pickles.....25¢/45¢ |
| Cheese Dog...90¢ | Chili.....79¢/1.29 |
| Fire Dog...1.19 | Extra Chili or |
| | Trimings or |
| | Cheese.....20¢ |

FREE TRIMMINGS: Mustard, Relish, Onions, Tomatoes, Cucumbers, Secret Seasoned Salt, Peppers, Ketsup

Check Our Daily Specials!

| | | |
|----------------|--------------|-----------|
| Sunday..... | Hot Dog | .59¢ |
| Monday..... | Italian Beef | 1.50 |
| Tuesday..... | Polish Saus. | .89¢ |
| Wednesday..... | Under Dog | .89¢ |
| Thursday..... | Bratwurst | .89¢ |
| Friday..... | Chili | .59¢/1.09 |

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What boycotts have come to

When Capt. Charles Cunningham Boycott's tenants, in 1880, first came up with the idea of having everyone refuse to cooperate with their ruthless landlord, they undoubtedly knew they had latched on to a dynamite idea. I question, however, if Capt. Boycott's tenants had any idea to what lengths their novel idea would go.

Could they have foreseen the day when almost nothing can be bought in good conscience? When you are forced to carry two lists with you wherever you go--one of things you want and one of the things you can't buy? When you throw your hands up in disgust and decide the only thing worth boycotting is boycotts? I don't think they could.

But that, my friends, is the position we find ourselves in today.

A small act from real life: You get up in the morning and pull your Peanuts cartoon sheets over the bed in a feeble attempt to make it look presentable and stumble downstairs. You put the coffee on and pour yourself a tall glass of Minute-Maid orange juice. You chug a cup of Taster's Choice and go back upstairs to get ready for work. You dress, splash on some L'Oreal perfume, and light a Winston. Then it's off to work.

On your break you chow down a \$100,000 Chocolate Bar, and a Vlastic pickle, and have a cup of Nescafe. For lunch, you decide on Franco-American Spaghetti, a package of Souptime, and a big piece of Pepperidge Farm chocolate cake. On the afternoon break you drink a little can of V-8.

Then you go home and the first thing you do is open a can of Coors. You sit down on your Gulistan carpet and decide what to make for dinner. You make a tossed salad, and open a package of Kavli Crispbread to go with it. You open your Brazilian hamburger, which was cheaper than U.S. and tastes just as good. You decide to make it become a cheeseburger and get out your Old Fort cheddar.

You need a vegetable so you open a can of Libby's creamed corn. You stir some strawberry Quik into your milk and eat supper, topping it off with your homemade Tollhouse chocolate chip cookies. After eating, you feed your dog some Recipe dog food. You sit down to watch television and you drink a glass of Crosse and Blackwell burgandy wine. Then you relax in the tub with a glass of Deer Park Mountain Spring water. You dry yourself with a Utica towel, and put your Frostman blanket on the bed. Just before you turn out the light, you have a cup of Decaf and a Chiquita banana.

You, poor person, have just broken every boycott known to currently exist in the United States. Yes, you.

You have made angry the supporters of no less than seven national boycotts. You have turned your back on the Nestle boycott, the UFW lettuce boycott, the UFW Campbell and Libby boycott, the J. P. Stevens boycott, the Florida Citrus boycott, the Coors boycott, the Winston-Salem boycott, the AAM foreign meat boycott.

You have pissed off the gay folk, the farmers, the chicanos, the blacks, all leftish religious people, and organized labor, just to name a few. You, I am sorry to say, are in big trouble. You have just voiced your support of scab labor, poor wages, unsafe working conditions, strike breakers, murder, prejudice, unfair price controls, malnutrition, and god only knows what else.

You haven't, of course. But you have.

But what are we to do? Taster's Choice is the best instant coffee around, and can we ever break Nestle? V-8 is a great juice, and can we ever break Campbell's? Are you really going to give up smoking Dorals just because Winston-Salem is non-union? Would it do any good? And just how far can you extend this boycott business, anyway?



What you are going to boycott must remain an individual choice, and I do not intend to tell you what I think the current correct line on boycotts is. I am, however, going to give you my opinion.

Boycotts are necessary, useful, and productive tools when they are used at the right time with the right organization for the right cause. They are a pain in the ass or an abomination (such as the anti-abortionist boycott of the United Way for funding Planned Parenthood) if they are not.

My favorites at this time include all the ones listed in the little fable except for the Libby and Campbell boycott. I cannot fault a company for buying the best produce at the best price. It is, after all, a secondary boycott anyway. Campbell and Libby are not the heavies in this issue--the growers of the produce in Ohio are. So I say boycott those particular Ohio growers and, if necessary, all Ohio produce. Tomatoes left on shelves rot; tomato soup doesn't. The Campbell-Libby boycott is not going to work.

But since it is a good cause and a UFW sponsored boycott, there is something we can do. You can continue to buy Libby's carrots and I can continue to buy Campbell's soup, and we can both help the UFW and ourselves at the same time. Just write to Campbell and Libby and tell them you are not going to purchase any more of their products until they get their Ohio growers unionized. Write them once a week. Or more. Flood their offices with correspondence so thick that it will be cheaper for them in the long run to pay more for their produce than to hire 47 extra people to read the mail.

I have much the same line on Winston-Salem. Tell them you're switching over to Marlboro until they let their workers join the union. You can't break Winston-Salem.



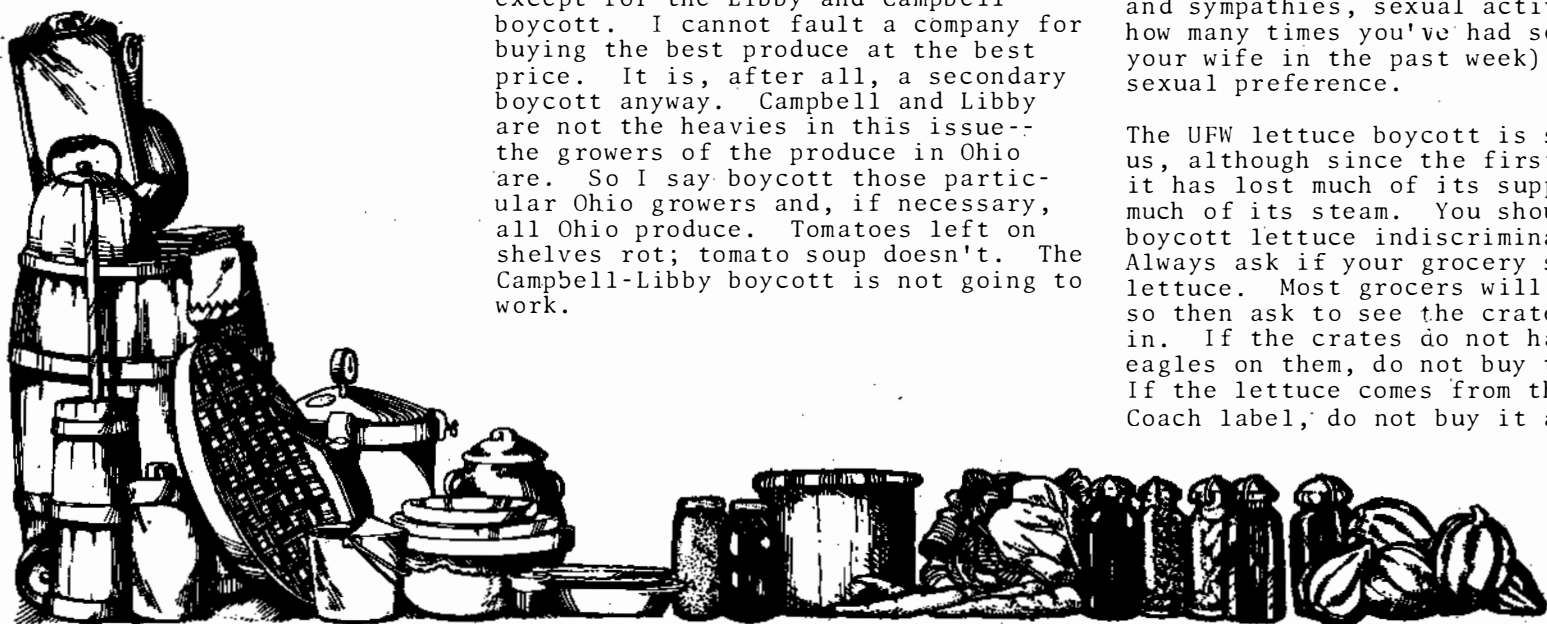
You can, however, break Coors. Coors is a small brewery and is a single product company. As such, it is much more reasonable to assume that you can do death and destruction on Coors, where you as an individual can do virtually nothing to harm a multi-produced, multi-national corporation like Campbell's.

The Coors boycott is a primary boycott--Coors is being unjust and wicked and evil and nasty. So to get back you are boycotting Coors directly. Which is easier. The Coors boycott also has the support of organized labor: the AFL-CIO and the UAW are both fighting the Coors Co., as are probably most national unions. It is legitimate to assume that you not purchasing Coors will end the injustices.

The Coors company not only refuses to recognize the attempts of the workers to unionize and hires scab labor when the workers refuse to work, it also demands lie detector tests of all its employees and is in the habit of firing people whose politics and/or sexual activities or preferences are made known.

Coors gets this info on its employees not only through use of the polygraph, but also through a series of written questions potential workers must answer before they are hired. The questions include such topics as political activities, social concerns and sympathies, sexual activity (like how many times you've had sex with your wife in the past week) and sexual preference.

The UFW lettuce boycott is still with us, although since the first contract it has lost much of its support and much of its steam. You should not now boycott lettuce indiscriminately. Always ask if your grocery sells union lettuce. Most grocers will not know, so then ask to see the crates it comes in. If the crates do not have black eagles on them, do not buy the lettuce. If the lettuce comes from the Red Coach label, do not buy it at all.



Progress is slowly being made in the J.P. Stevens boycott. It, like the Coors boycott, has the support of organized labor. It is working. And even if you don't buy new sheets and can't afford towels, Christmas is, after all, coming up, and some of your rich relatives might get you linens for under your tree.

So check the brands you get against the brands you're boycotting, and if you get handed a J. P. Stevens product ask whoever gave it to you to take it back and get you a suitable brand. Then tell them why, if they don't know, and turn your Christmas afternoon sports into live debate. Of course, information sharing is a nicer term.

As far as Florida citrus products go, Anita is still making commercials (and even if she isn't making any new ones, the Florida Orange Growers Assn. is still showing the old ones every day on daytime TV) and I am still buying only California oranges, lemons, limes, and grapefruit. Check the cans of juice. Sometimes they won't tell you where they were grown, sometimes they only say where they were canned. That can be enough. If it says "Canned in Oregon," I think the odds are pretty good that the Florida growers aren't going to send their precious citrus to Oregon to have it canned. If they were going to waste that kind of money shipping fruit across country for canning and if they are that clever, you might as well drink it anyway and figure they can't be beat.

Back in the heyday of the lettuce boycott it was not unusual for non-union growers to put black eagles on their crates to fool the boycotters. Bruce Church may or may not be that tricky. But he is the second largest lettuce grower in the country, and his Red Coach label is definitely not union. Romaine lettuce tastes better anyway.

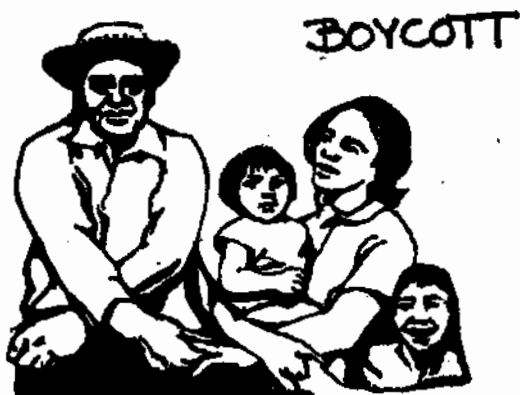
Fresh produce will say where it's from. You will find mountains of rich, ripe oranges just below a big sign that announces "Florida Oranges." Pass them by and go to the smaller hill of rich, ripe oranges below a little sign that whispers "California Oranges" and buy them. Oranges rot. We can win this one.

The Nestle's Boycott is making progress. There is legislation in the House which is aimed directly at stopping Nestle. Whether it is the

boycott which is forcing this increased consciousness (on the part of everyone but Nestle) or merely good organizing and lots of PR is immaterial. If you do not feel you want to give up Nestle products, take the same action as in the Campbell-Libby boycott. Nestle is probably never going to know if you break down and buy a Crunch bar. But when you write, make it sound like you practically live on chocolate, and Hershey's profits are going to skyrocket unless Nestle stops this nonsense and gets out of the baby-killing business and gets back into the chocolate-selling business.

I am not sure if the American Agriculture Movement boycott of foreign beef is an official boycott yet or not, but it should be. Foreign beef has not been a huge problem in recent years, but with Carter's signing of the bill which will allow more foreign beef to be sold in the U.S., it will become a bigger problem much more quickly. The introduction of foreign beef into this country is merely another attempt by agribusiness to force the small or family farmers into an early retirement. Rest assured that once virtually all family farms have been bought out by the larger farming corporations that the importation of foreign beef will end overnight.

If you eat meat, ask your grocer if the beef is foreign or domestic. If your grocer sells any foreign beef buy no meat at all there, and tell the store manager why. If the store doesn't know where the beef comes



from, don't buy it there until they find out. If necessary, purchase your meat from a local packing company or butcher store which sells only local (usually Central Illinois) meat. If you are a vegetarian, get one of your carnivorous friends to tell you what stores sell foreign beef, then go there and give them the same rap.

They're not going to know that you wouldn't buy their beef anyway, and if it keeps agriculture from becoming totally agribusiness, it may be worth your while.

So there, in a what started out to be a nutshell, is what is going on with current boycotts. If I have forgotten any, it was only because I don't know about them. If you do, write a letter or send an article to the Post and we'll try to get it in.

Below is a listing which does not claim to be complete but does claim to be as accurate as is humanly possible, of all the varied and various products you may choose not to purchase.

--Deborah Wiatt

United Farmworkers:
All non-union head lettuce

Libby-McNeill-Libby:
All Nestle's products (Nestle's is the parent company of Libby); all vegetables, fruits, meats and juices with the Libby's label

Campbell:
Campbell soup; Swanson frozen dinners and meats; V-8 vegetable juice; Recipe pet food; Franco-American products; Pepperidge Farm products; Granny's soups; Bounty canned chili and entrees; Godiva chocolates; Pietro's Gold Coast pizzas; Delacre cookies and pastries; Kia-ora food products; Vlasic Hanover Trail restaurants; Lexington Gardens retail garden centers; Herfy's restaurants

Nestle:
Chocolates--Crunch; Toll House Chips; Quik; Hot Cocoa Mix; Price's Chocolates; Choco'Lite; Choco-Bake; \$100,000 Candy Bar; Go Ahead Bar Coffees and Teas--Taster's Choice; Nescafe; Nestea; Decaf; Sunrise; Pero
Wines--Beringer Brothers; Los Hermanos; Crosse and Blackwell
Cheeses--Swiss Knight; Wispride; Gerber Cheeses; Old Fort; Provalone Lacatelli; Cherry Hill; Roger's
Packaged foods--Libby's; Stouffer frozen foods; Souptime; Maggi Soups; Crosse and Blackwell
Hotels and restaurants--Stouffer; Rusty Scupper
Miscellaneous--L'Oreal Cosmetics; Nestle Cookie Mixes; Deer Park Mountain Spring Water; Kavli Crispbread; McVities; Keiller; James Keller & Son Ltd.; Contique by Alcon; Ionax by Owen Labs; Lancome

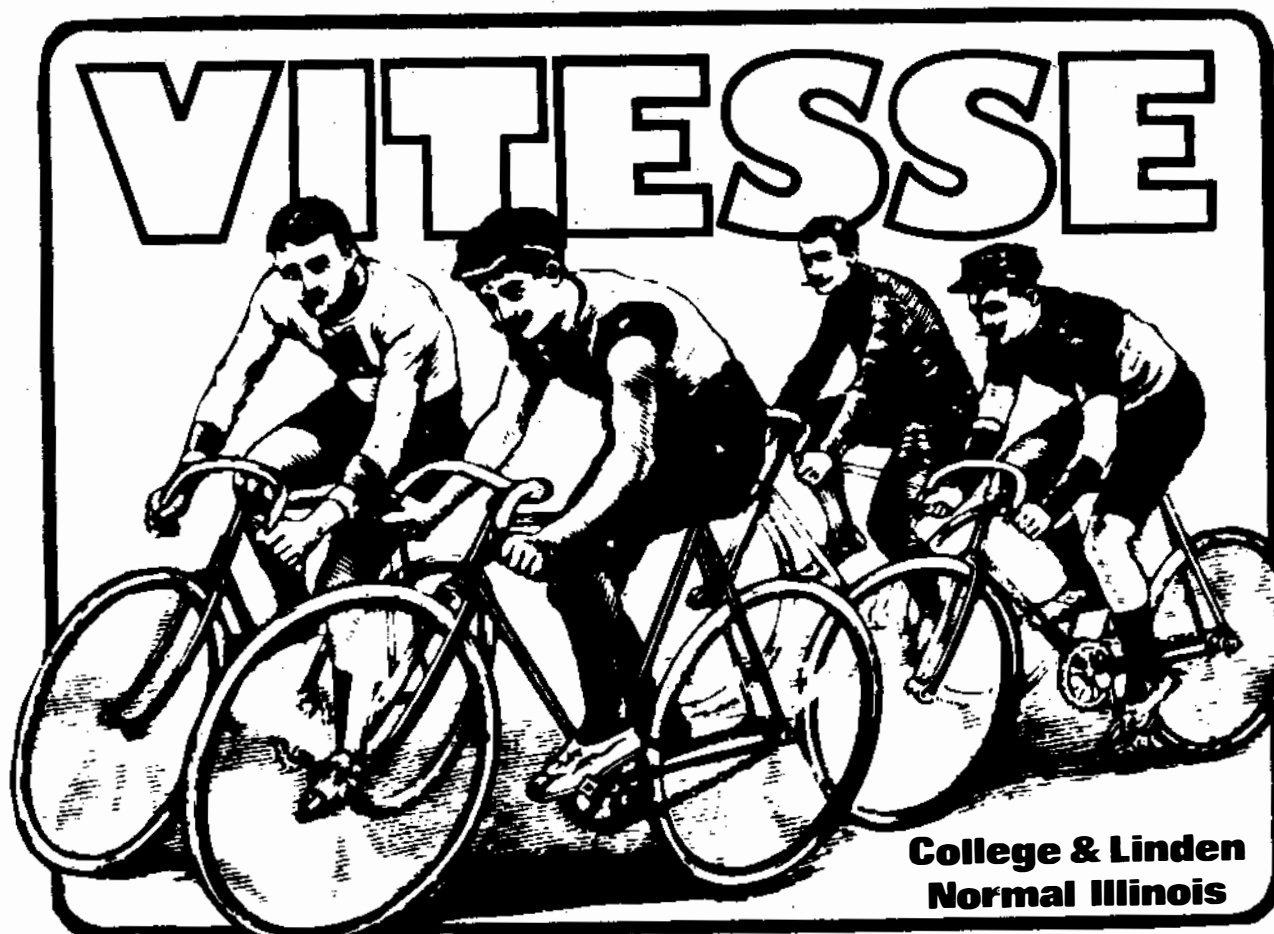
J.P. Stevens:
Sheets and pillowcases--Beauti-Blend; Beauticale; Fine Arts; Peanuts comic strip figures; Tastemaker; Utica; Utica & Mohawk; Yves St. Laurent; Angelo Donghia
Towels--Fine Arts; Tastemaker; Utica
Blankets--Forstmann, Utica
Carpets--Contender; Gulistan; Merryweather; Tastemaker
Table Linen--Sintex
Hosiery--Finesse; Hip-Lets; Spirit
Draperies--J.P. Stevens

Victory for UFW

Sunharvest, the nation's largest lettuce grower, has signed a contract with the United Farm Workers Union. The price of the contract was one of the highest yet, costing the workers 7½ months of strike and costing Rufino Contreras his life.

The contract included wages of \$5.00 an hour, the mechanization clause, an increase to the employers' contributions to the pension and medical plan, pay for union reps, and travel pay.

And the struggle continues.



A Christmas Reading List

If you've got some extra time to read during the holidays, here's a list of books you might like to try:

- Catcher in the Rye
by J. D. Salinger
- Soul on Ice
by Eldridge Cleaver
- Manchild in the Promised Land
by Claude Brown
- Go Ask Alice
by Anonymous
- Slaughterhouse-5
by Kurt Vonnegut
- The Learning Tree
by Gordon Parks
- Grapes of Wrath
by John Steinbeck
- Down These Mean Streets
by Piri Thomas
- Flowers for Algernon
by Daniel Keyes
- The Godfather
by Mario Puzo
- Catch-22
by Joseph Heller
- The Inner City Mother Goose
by Eve Merriam
- The Exorcist
by William Peter Blatty
- Of Mice and Men
by John Steinbeck
- Black Like Me
by John Howard Griffin
- One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest
by Ken Kesey
- To Kill a Mockingbird
by Harper Lee
- Black Boy
by Richard Wright
- Brave New World
by Aldous Huxley
- The Pigman
by Paul Zindel

Yes, you're probably chuckling to yourself, that sounds pretty much like a Post-Amerikan reader's reading list: oppressed minorities, counter-utopias, socialist ideas, and a general and pervasive tone of uppityness.

But those books aren't just my suggestions. They're the most frequently censored books in Illinois public schools since 1970. Catcher in the Rye, for instance, has been banned from high school classrooms 26 times since 1970.

I thought that censoring books from high school classrooms and libraries was pretty much a thing of the past, or maybe something that they just did

in West Virginia or Mississippi. But one of the speakers at the ACLU program Nov. 17 opened my eyes.

James Coe, who is chairperson of the Intellectual Freedom Committee of the International Reading Association, said that there's a nationwide movement of right-wing abridgement of the first amendment in schools. The movement is populated by people like George Wallace campaign fundraisers, John Birchers, Coors beer magnates, and Anita Bryant fans.



Organized pressure groups are not the main causes of book-banning in the schools, though. Parents are. They call school principals and teachers, who then act internally, banning or defending the book without ever notifying the reading association, the ACLU, or the news media that the event happened.

So books are censored, right here, without most ordinary people ever finding out about it.

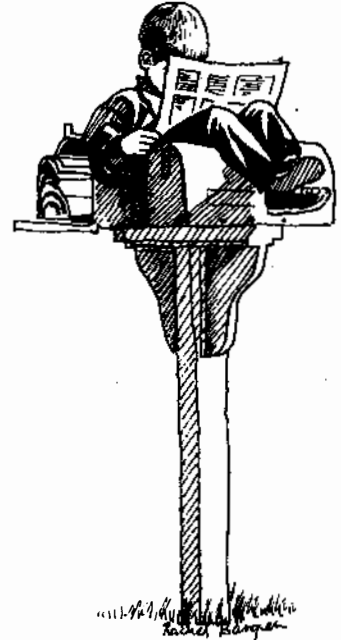
As an example, Coe said that in the recent past the novel Flowers for Algernon (the play and movie "Charlie") was locked away from Bloomington High School students after a parent complaint of "obscenity"--and "that never reached the Pantagraph," he said.

"There are many more cases of covert censorship than we ever know about," he assured the audience.

Although the American Library Association, the National Council of Teachers of English, and many other groups have formed a coalition to help teachers fight pressure to censor their reading lists, teachers sometimes don't seek out their help.

Coe said that many teachers feel ashamed when they're accused of trying to make students read material that's obscene, anti-religious, or communist. Those are the three main complaints against books; four other common ones are taboo language, racial content (especially transracial sex), violence, and sexism.

When a teacher is coerced into not teaching a book, or a student is denied access to it, because of parent complaints or pressure groups, I think that's news. I, for one, would like to raise hell when right-wingers try to bump Catcher in the Rye (which, by the way, includes my namesake as a character) off a high school kids' reading list. And maybe left-wing parents should make an effort to praise the teaching of progressive literature.



I look at that list of 20 censored books, and I see some that I can't for the world understand why even a bible-thumping Bryant freak would object to. I see some that I find objectionable, for left-wing rather than right-wing reasons, but I wouldn't say a high school kid should not read them.

And I read most of those titles with warmth, tenderness, and nostalgic affection, remembering how they stirred my life and knowing that I wouldn't be me today if I hadn't read them as a teenager. There, I'm afraid, is the clue to the book-banners' real motivation.

--Phoebe Caulfield

CIA had secret gas chamber

During the early 1950s, the Central Intelligence Agency constructed a gas chamber at an undisclosed location in the United States to test lethal chemicals on human subjects, according to a story in the January High Times.

Previously classified documents obtained by High Times reveal that the CIA considered the possibility of "using gas chambers or airtight rooms as a means for rendering a subject unconscious." The memo suggests that gas chambers might provide a proper setting for secret mind-control experiments in which test subjects could be made to breathe a certain gas that would render them "more suggestible or pliable."

The memo continues by urging that such experiments be carried out "at a specially designed permanent-type installation," rather than at a normal CIA safehouse. This would help prevent the operator "being affected by the fumes and inherent dangers such as lethal dose, etc." Another document dated Feb. 5, 1952, indicates that a gas chamber was under construction and would be ready for use "in the near future."

The gas chamber tests were conducted by the CIA's Office of Security as part of Operation Artichoke, which ran through the mid '50s and was oriented toward developing unorthodox special interrogation techniques.

--High Times

THE MAINZ
SHOP
11-7 mon-sat 416 n main

Fonda--and all women--'Miss' out

Reasonably enough, when the Pantagraph article on the Oct. 20 Illinois State University Forum program came out, it began by mentioning the speakers, saying, "Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden came to the Twin Cities..."

But, unreasonably enough, forever after that in the article we read things like, "Miss Fonda and Hayden gave a brief press conference..." "Hayden and Miss Fonda were at ISU..."

I say it was unreasonable. First of all, Jane Fonda is a feminist, and if she wants any title at all before her name, it would be Ms.

Second of all, Jane Fonda is married to Tom Hayden, which is why she drags the tiresome man all over the country with her, which makes Miss even more inappropriate.

And third, the contrast between the straightforward Hayden and the coy Miss Fonda is ludicrous. It appears in all Pantagraph stories, we found. Whenever a woman appears twice in an article, she gets a title the second time and thereafter. When a man appears, he gets just his last name the second time and thereafter.

City editor Bill Wills confirmed the policy: on the second mention of a woman, the reporter must find out if it's a Miss or a Mrs., using Ms. only if the woman specifically requests it.

The policy, I'd like to say, is a relic, a relic of times gone by when women were considered too delicate to be referred to by just a last name, and when their marital state was of foremost importance. The policy

smacks of chivalry, of doors opened in restaurants and doors closed at employment agencies, of a time when "women's group" meant tea parties and lectures on gardening.

The Pantagraph's managing editor, Gene Smedley, says that the paper just applies UPI and AP wire service style. He claims that since wire service stories are written in this style, it would require superhuman effort to alter them locally, and so the local stories follow the same style, because he doesn't want a difference between the national and local stories.

He didn't mention the fact that the wire service stories are routinely edited for length, and that changing women's titles could easily be done at that time. He didn't even mention the possibility that many Pantagraph readers don't give a flying turtle whether there's a style difference between wire and local stories, especially since conformity to AP and UPI style happens at the expense of women's image as man's equal in the media.



The Pantagraph's sex discriminatory writing style appeared especially absurd when the paper covered the Oct. 18 presentation by Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda (above). Immediately after reporting that the couple are married, the article referred to Jane as "Miss" Fonda.

Instead, he defended the 1977 (!) UPI and AP style books, saying that they were compiled by laborious means by newsmen all over the country. "This is the product of the best minds in the newspaper business," Gene said.

Needless to say, he missed the irony of his own statement. •

--Phoebe Caulfield

Happy browsing!

Hot off the presses: the new 830-page "Register of Retired Commissioned and Warrant Officers, Regular and Reserve, of the U.S. Navy."

This gem, which contains an alphabetical listing of retired Naval officers as of Oct. 1, 1978, and very little else, is available from the U.S. Government Printing Office for \$10.50.

If you'd like one as a warm gift for a loved one, the stock number is 008-047-00269-6.



Women's transit-- it's about time

Last April the Women's Transit Authority (WTA) finally received Illinois State University funding and went into operation. Sponsored by the Red Tassel Mortar Board, a senior honorary organization at ISU, WTA is a rape prevention service that gives ISU women rides to and from campus at night.

The service runs Sunday - Thursday from 8 to 11:30 pm. Rides are given to individual women who would otherwise be walking alone. (Groups of women are encouraged to split cab fare.) A donation of 25¢ is requested but is not mandatory. WTA does not take women from residence to residence or from a residence to a bar or restaurant. They will take women from their house to a non-residence campus building or the other way around.

University cars are used and a driver and a navigator with a radio keeps in touch with the dispatcher who takes the call. Either the driver or the navigator must be a woman, but some men do drive. WTA never sends only a man to pick up the women, for obvious reasons.

When the service first started, it wasn't used very much by women, but it has been picking up rapidly. It is getting so busy that next year they may have two cars operating each night.

The women who use WTA seem very grateful and feel safer. I wish the service could expand into Bloomington, since students in Bloomington without a car miss out on so much. Maybe next year. •

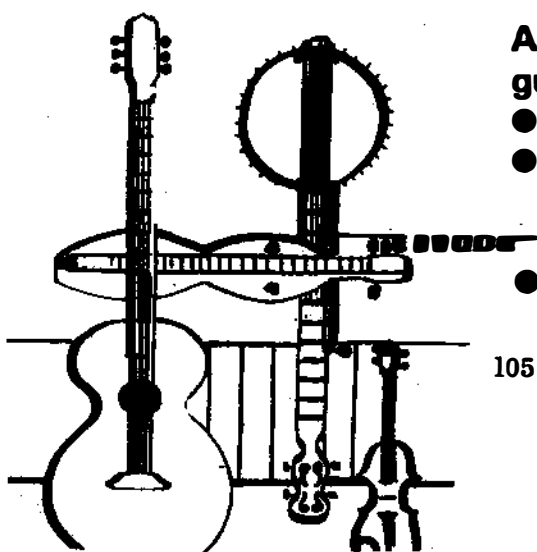
--Susan

Typist's Note: I guess it's nice that ISU funds this ride program for women. Generally I find rape prevention programs to be meaningless. Like so many others, this one modifies the behavior of women. But men are the ones who rape. This particular program insures only that individual women going between a residence and a non-residence campus building on Sunday - Thursday between 8 and 11:30 pm will not be raped while they travel, hopefully. Over 50% of rapes occur inside a residence. S.S.

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- Cracks and other dryness problems
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Strike continues

'Roll it over' Clay Dooley tire

The winter wind can whip awful mean and hard across the Illinois prairie. It gets cold.

It's been whipping hard these last few weeks.

One of its worst places of descent has been East Grove Street, picking up momentum on the empty parking lots of the "Law and Justice" center.

Standing out to face the chill for the past 8 weeks, watching autumn fade and winter begin, have been the workers of Clay Dooley Tire, on strike with Machinists Lodge 1000.

The cold is nothing new to them. Even on the worst winter day, you'll find the big entrance doors of Clay Dooley wide open. And there ain't no heat inside.

And with their wages from Clay Dooley, it's probably certain that their thermostats at home aren't too high either.

The saddest fact is that these folks will probably be out in the cold for a while longer. Because Clay Dooley hasn't been very anxious to get them back in the door. Although many of the service bays at the usually busy station are empty, Dooley's seat at the negotiating table has been even emptier.

In late 1978, workers at Clay Dooley approached International Association of Machinists Lodge 1000, the largest labor local in Bloomington-Normal, to represent them.

Their main grievance was wages. The highest paid mechanic, with 37 years of service under his belt, was only earning \$4.20 an hour. Most started at \$3 an hour and worked their way up a few cents.

While the workers took home meager checks, customers probably took home their bills complaining about over-paid workers. Because most customers left Clay Dooley with bills charging \$20 to \$21 an hour for labor.

The mechanics and service attendants at the station saw little of that two-digit labor charge.

The National Labor Relations Board conducted a representational election

in mid-March, which returned a 10-1 verdict for the union (the boss's son was believed to be the lone dissenting vote).

The employees didn't ask for much, just a minimum starting wage of \$4 an hour and appropriate increases for years of service. Nobody even began to talk about things like heat in the shop or an 8-hour day, few things Clay Dooley employees have seen.

The workers complain about "runnin' our butts ragged" as they started at 7:30 in the morning and worked till all customers were serviced. They talked about working conditions "barely above freezing" in the worst of winter, with the unheated shop and the big doors wide open all day long.

But for a first contract, they weren't looking for much. Raising their wages above \$4 an hour was their main concern; they figured the other things would come later.

'Stupid for asking'

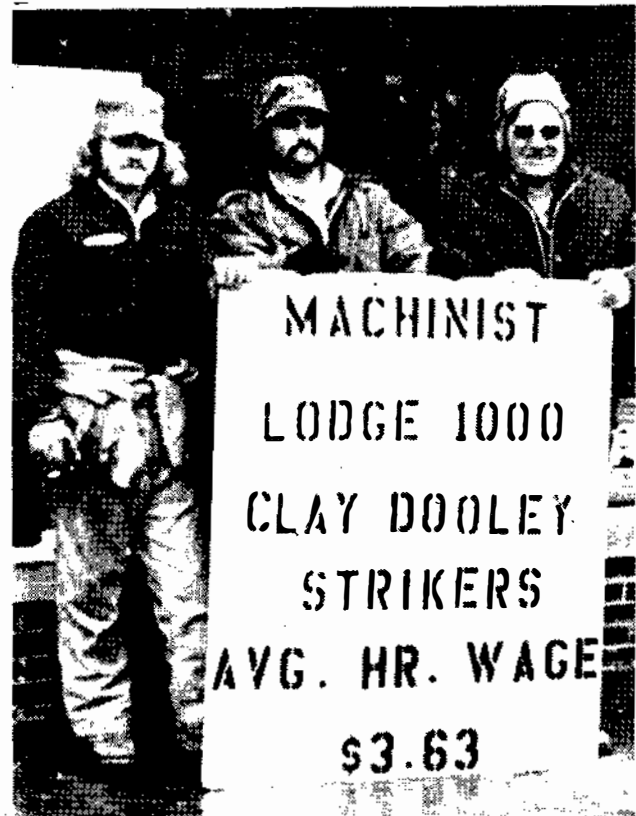
Clay Dooley replied, according to the workers, that "we were stupid for asking." There were only 5 negotiating sessions after the March election. The union was willing to sacrifice the closed shop, to accommodate the boss's son, but the company wasn't interested in talking. Frustrated and fed-up, the workers hit the streets Oct. 12, and that's where they've been ever since.

The long lines of cars that usually mark Clay Dooley are gone, though occasional customers ignore the picket line and enter. Snow tire season is usually prime time for a tire company like this but customers have been scarce.

A few do come, crossing the picket line, having their car serviced by the strike-breaking scabs Dooley has hired. Not that the scabs have it so great. The cold front door is still wide open, and the highest paid of them, a mechanic, is only making \$3.50. With wages that low, you'd think they'd realize why someone is marching outside the front door every day.

But then scabs never were too bright.

Clay Dooley has found it within its pocketbook to hire the law firm of Ford, Harrison, Sullivan, Lowry and Sykes of Atlanta, Georgia, which the Georgia State AFL-CIO has identified as a



Strikers Ray, Wayne, and Merle brave the winter weather to keep up the fight for better wages.

"union-buster." No one is quite sure what the firm has been paid, but workers at the picket line have heard a figure of \$16,000, which cannot be confirmed.

The Atlanta law firm's single action in Bloomington was to bring an injunction against the strikers, limiting them to picketing in front of the tire center and ordering them to refrain from intimidating conduct and violence to property. Seems a few windows at Clay Dooley were broken, and though union members all say they had nothing to do with it, the injunction was granted.

The winter is looking bleak. It's lonely on the picket line, especially when there are only 1 or 2 of you. Of the original 8 strikers, 3 have found other jobs and left the strike. The remaining 5 are still walking the line, but every day looks a little darker, with no move at the negotiating table.

How to help

There are a lot of things you could do to help. One is to write or call Clay Dooley Tire (828-5037, 216 E. Grove) and encourage them to negotiate and end the strike.

An even better thing to do would be to come down and help picket. Saturday mornings are the company's biggest days and when the strikers would most like a show of support.

And when you come down to picket, bring along some canned goods, money or food for the strikers. Presently they are drawing \$40 a week in strike benefits, which ain't much to keep a family together, especially since many of the strikers have small children.

The workers at Clay Dooley are tired of "standing out here, freezing our

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