

Eastern Illinois University

The Keep

The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

6-1983

Volume 12, Number 3

Post Amerikan

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local music; "my sister" returns; AIDS; gunhappy cop

Bloomington-Normal

25¢

POST AMERIKAN

June-July, 1983

Vol. 12 No. 3

Sexual abuse
of children
See pages 12-13



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POST AMERIKAN

THE POST AMERIKAN--BLOOMINGTON-NORMAL'S ALTERNATIVE SINCE 1972

Volume 12, Number 3, June-July, 1983
 P. O. Box 3452, Bloomington, IL 61701

Member Alternative Press Syndicate
 Indexed in the Alternative Press Index



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- White Hen Pantry, 207 Broadway (in front)

OUTTA TOWN

- Urbana, Horizon Bookstore, 517 S. Goodwin
- Blackburn College Bookstore, Carlinville, Illinois

The Post Amerikan is an independent community newspaper providing information and analysis that is screened out of or downplayed by establishment news sources. We are a non-profit, worker-run collective that exists as an alternative to the corporate media. Decisions are made collectively by staff members at our regular meetings. We put out ten issues a year. Staff members take turns as "Coordinator." All writing, typing, editing, graphics, photography, paste-up, and distribution are done on a volunteer basis.

Most of our material and inspiration for material comes from the community. The Post Amerikan welcomes stories, graphics, photos, and news tips from our readers, and if you'd like to join us call 828-7232 and leave a message with our answering machine. We'll get back to you, usually within a week.

We like to print your letters. Try to limit yourself to the equivalent of two double-spaced typewritten pages. If you write a short, abusive letter, it's likely to get in print. Long, abusive letters, however, are not likely to get printed. Long, brilliantly written, non-abusive letters may, if we see fit, be printed as articles. Be sure to tell us if you don't want your letter printed.

An alternative newspaper depends very directly on a community of concerned people for existence. We believe that it is very important to keep a paper like this around. If you think so too, then support us through contributions and by letting our advertisers know you saw their ads in the Post Amerikan.

The deadline for submissions for the August issue is July 14.

Thank you

This issue is in your hands thanx to: X, Susie, Deborah, Bill, Sue, Melissa, Danny, Bobby, J.T., Bumper, Ralph, Nadene, Kathy, Terry, Gary, Diana, Stan, Lynne, Laurie, Michael, Mark, and Dave (coordinator)--and others we forgot to mention.

Special thanx to Bob Porter for his generous contribution, which will pay for our subscription to the Community Press Features graphics service.

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When you move, be sure to send us your new address so your subscription gets to you. Your Post Amerikan will not be forwarded (it's like junk mail--no kidding!). Fill out the handy form below and return it to us.

Name _____
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 City/State/Zip _____

on the local music scene

Post-American
June-July, 1983
Page 3

Spinal Tap

The April 27 performance of Normal's Spinal Tap at Fink's was more than disappointing, it was downright depressing. Perhaps I hadn't ingested the appropriate amount of amphetamine, or maybe I should have drunk to an extra excess--I still doubt it could have helped matters.

What was most depressing was the speed with which this talented foursome had degenerated from Bloomtown-Normal's authentic, frenetic punk band into purveyors of pre-formed, pedantic rock and roll cant.

Only 2 months earlier at their debut, opening up for Meatwagon at Fink's, they'd torn the place up with the rawest expression this side of Sid Vicious-heaven.

At that time, the only stage prop used was a large, back-lit screen of paper that initially separated the band from the tables and dance floor. To start things off, they had disc jockey Drew Bendelow's form appear behind the screen, where he delivered an appropriately wanged-out reading lines 1-22 of Ginsberg's Howl. This segued into the opening number, a Spinal Tap original entitled "Defensive Wall," which front-man and guitarist Jeff Warren dramatically punctuated by administering at first slow cuts and soon malicious slashes to the screen with a hunting knife. Of course, by the end of the song, the screen was in scraps and the dance floor was busy with bumping, energized bodies.

The pace never lagged thereafter. Drummer/lyricist Mark Johnson was vigorously on and about the beat, and he made it not matter that diaTribe bassist James was having little problems keeping up. Bill Stagner's lead guitar blew everyone away with volume, and there was just enough real anxiety in his notes to temper his controlled technique.



Warren's vocals were true screams (he was making his Pignose groan), and when he plunged his mohawked, offensive guard frame into the crowd, his Les Paul Jr. bruising, and his mouth actively expectorating--why, you might as well have stepped back in time into a Pistols gig. The excitement was real, was raw, was vitalizing.

When Spinal Tap encored out an hour later with a guttural rendition of the "Peter Gunn" theme, they'd exhausted everyone in the place, themselves included. They'd also left an abidingly powerful impression on those assembled, many of whom had come out to see Lexington's blase Meatwagon. With all due respect to that band, Spinal Tap was an act impossible to follow that night at Fink's.

Not so their last appearance there. Upon entering, one was greeted with an entire stage and dance area wreathed in black hefty-bag plastic. Care had been taken to hermetically seal the band and its fans this time, and as a result, things were sticky undershirt.

One noticed the stick because the sweat evoked through pores had no true calling that night. There were only obliging dancers this time because Spinal Tap, taking themselves seriously, had decided upon programmed, obligatory performance. The spontaneity was all drained from their songs. To Johnson, Warren and Stagner, apparently, they had all become stan-

GENTLEMEN! WE'VE DISCOVERED THE ULTIMATE WEAPON! ... PUNK ROCK!



dards in 2 months. Things were stale.

And even Crazy Jeff wasn't happening. Rarely straying from the mike-stand, he seemed content to rely upon the elaborate visuals he'd prepared about him, as he concentrated (foolishly) on trying to sing the songs straight. His screams were just memory, but even so he came out distorted beyond comprehension.

Their last set was what those who were still around had waited for: a 30-minute-long, programmed piece entitled "Your Mind's a Whore." A magnum opus, if magnum opera can have but 3 or 4 chord changes.

Warren added to his arsenal of artistic media the overhead projector for this event. Through it, he cast scintillatingly profound messages for the class, er, crowd. Statements such as "Jesus said he'd come back--why hasn't he?" or, again and repeatedly, "Your Mind's a Whore." By the end of the evening, old Red had little doubt as to who was doing the whoring 'round there. All fakely made-up and over-primed, Spinal Tap wasn't really worth it that night.

But I hear they've found a bassist and have also taken a little breather. Let's hope they've positively changed their direction before the much looked-forward-to Violent Femmes show on June 4, when they'll be opening. Let's hope they'll learn what the greatest of bands have had to learn, in one way or the other: that when it comes down to a choice, it's really better to burn out than to rust.

Uptown Rulers

AUSPICIOUS RE-BEGINNINGS DEPT.--Bloomington's Uptown Rulers are back in shape after nuclei Mike Goodrich and Chris Grigoroff decided to say bye-bye to their old rhythm section and keyboardist. Newly-incorporated

players are bassman Joey Adducci, diligent stickman/percussionist Brian Bongos, and keyboardist Dennis Willan, who was actually a founding member of the band.

The well-educated Willan, whose proclivity on the ivories is well-known, rejoins the Rulers after a 2-year hiatus.

Rehearsals have been perpetually productive, as the band prepares for the follow-up to its critically acclaimed debut, "Twelve Inches, 121" on Red Scare Records.

According to well-placed sources, the new Rulers are into a more integrally reggae-based ska, and henceforth, the better part of their repertoire will consist of originals.

Look for these guys to begin touring again by July.

Brave Combo

One of the most exciting dance bands to ever move the floor at Fink's, the Denton, Texas-based Brave Combo, blew into town for an exhilarating evening's entertainment on May 23.

From the moment they kicked off, into the immortal strains of "Beer Barrel Polka," which saw effervescent singer Carl Finch gesticulating like a jackhammer on the floor, things were hopping.

Brave Combo plays a sound all their own: a blend of Tex-Mex, ska, and polka. They've termed it "Pol-Ska" but it's just eminently fun, danceable stuff. No one went away feeling that the advance publicity (these guys are receiving very national attention) had deceived. Old Red looks forward to September, when Brave Combo will be back. He hasn't had such a good time since his brother's marriage to a slavic girl.

diaTribe

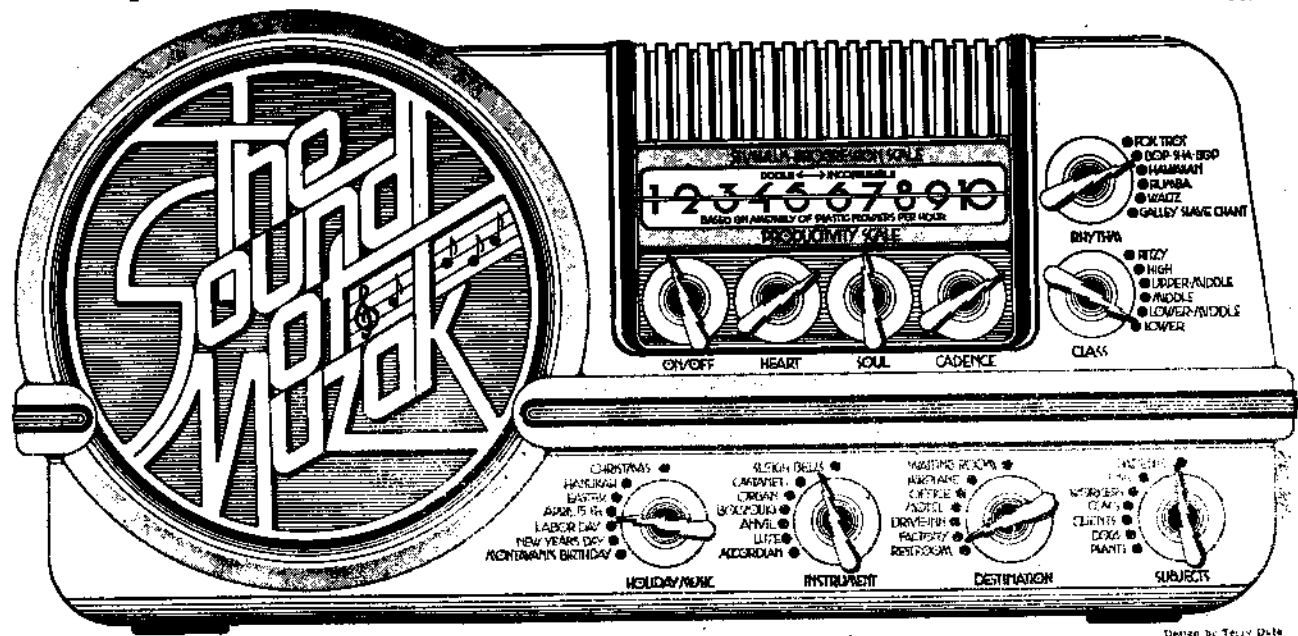
Meanwhile, Bloomington's perennial art-rockers, the diaTribe, have beefed up their ranks with a fleshy percussionist/drummer, a human being called Jeffrey Scott.

According to the group's manager, Sherrin Fitzer, Scott's replacing of their synthetic drum machine has added "excitement to the sound."

She stressed that the machine was still incorporated into their ever-growing repertoire of songs, and that Scott's addition "allows for more experimentation" with the device.

Currently the Tribe is preparing to cut a new demo at Faithful Sound in Champaign, and continues to play their mix of art, observation, and entertainment to new audiences. •

--Red Newton



Illegal but understandable

Dozier defends leniency

After reading a report on Bloomington Police Detective Charles Crowe's shooting of suspect David Ator at Eastland Mall, State's Attorney Ron Dozier concluded that Detective Crowe broke the law. But although Crowe could be charged with aggravated battery, Dozier says he has no intention of prosecuting.

"David Ator is the criminal here, not Officer Crowe," Dozier's prejudicial pre-trial press release read.

Dozier's press statement called on the public to view the shooting as merely a "mistake." Although Dozier did call for mild departmental discipline (like a short suspension), Dozier's wording and tone sounded more like the State's Attorney thought the errant detective should be awarded a medal instead.

Dozier's basic reasoning (if you call it that) contained three main points, all of them fallacious:

First, Dozier said, Detective Crowe was aiming only to wound the suspect, who wasn't seriously hurt, and there were no bystanders around who could have been injured. According to Dozier, Detective Crowe (whom Dozier called "a good shot") aimed for the fleeing suspect's right calf. (This contention puzzled Chief DeVault, who agreed that police officers are trained to "stop" a suspect, which means shooting for the trunk.)

Dozier said he had no problem trusting Detective Crowe's aim at a running target approximately 60 feet away.

"There's no chance Crowe would have seriously injured the suspect as long as he was aiming for the calf," Dozier told the Post-Amerikan.

Illinois law, by the way, defines "use of deadly force" as firing in the direction of a suspect. It makes no distinction about whether the police officer is supposedly aiming for one part of the body or another.

"There were no other persons in the immediate vicinity who would likely have been hit by a ricocheting bullet," Dozier added, as though a runaway bullet ever confines its travels to a small area. And does Dozier claim he trusted Detective Crowe's evaluation that it was safe to fire in an area as public and frequently crowded as a shopping center parking lot?

Second, Dozier cited Detective Crowe's "remorse" for the incident, and the Detective's supposed acknowledgement that he used "poor

judgment" in firing. At the same time, Dozier covered up just how poor Crowe's judgment was: the police already had a stakeout on the suspect's vehicle in the parking lot. Most likely, David Ator was running into the arms of other waiting police at the time he was shot.

Dozier's third argument for leniency for Crowe was the Detective's "fine record of service and a reputation for using good judgment in difficult situations."

Dozier's quotation is a laugh to anyone who remembers the 1974 marches against Sheriff King. The November 3 demonstration-turned-police-riot which left dozens of protesters bruised and bloodied by police clubs is the most memorable example of Charles Crowe's judgment in difficult situations: Crowe was in charge of the police riot squad that day.

Crowe personally made and implemented the decision to arrest Post-Amerikan photographer Dave Nelson, who was standing peaceably away from police lines on Main Street. Leading the unresisting photographer toward a squad car, Crowe spun Nelson around and slammed him up against Kresge's plate glass window, smashing the glass.

A few minutes later Crowe was using his club to beat ACLU observer Robert Sutherland over the head, as Sutherland was passing Nelson's camera to others. Crowe even tried to smash the camera with his police club.

Crowe's over-aggressiveness and

Info about Tom Sanders?

This is a note to the person who called up in mid-March with information about Bloomington patrolman Tom Sanders. Please call again. I am back in town and am eager to talk with you. Your anonymity will be completely protected. Please call me at 828-6885.

--Mark Silverstein

Ex-cop reports:

Crowe beat handcuffed suspect

In the beginning of 1970, Bloomington policeman Charles Crowe was already building what State's Attorney Ron Dozier later called "a fine record of service and a reputation for using good judgment in difficult situations."

According to an ex-cop who witnessed the incident, Crowe lost his temper and pummelled a handcuffed suspect in the back of a squad car. He later continued to beat the man, Fount Merrill, at the police station.

Merrill sued for damages. For five years his case flopped around the judicial system, then died. It's difficult to sue the police for beating you up, especially when the only witnesses are police, who will not testify against other cops.

But in a unique interview, Charles Crowe's partner, ex-cop John Roffi, described the beating to the Post-Amerikan. Roffi's statements came in 1975, about three years after he left the Bloomington police force. Here's what Roffi had to say:

"One night Crowe and I were sent to a bar to break up a fight. Another squad was there also. So there were four policemen who walked in there and there wasn't any fight going on--just the guy who'd started it. We brought him outside.

"On the way out, there was a drunk standing across the street and he yelled, 'It doesn't take four of you to take in one guy.'

"Just then Crowe walked across the street--more or less to antagonize the guy. I thought it was. He didn't have to go across the street and say anything.

"Fount Merrill just punched Crowe in the left eye, breaking his glasses and cutting him under there (under his eye). I ran across the street to help Crowe, because he was my partner that night.

"I got the prisoner, ran him over to the squad car, handcuffed him there, and put him in the back seat.

"Earlier that night or up until that point, I was the passenger. So I was supposed to get in the back seat with the prisoner.

"But Crowe said to me, 'Let me. You drive, let me in the back seat.' I didn't think Crowe was going to beat on him.

"Merrill's hands were cuffed behind his back. Crowe was just beating the hell out of him. I stopped the car once and told Crowe to stop it, to cut that shit out.

"When we got down to the station, I had to pull Crowe apart from him because Crowe was beating on him again, when we started to take him out of the car."

Ex-cop Roffi didn't object so much to Crowe retaliating against Fount Merrill; he just didn't like him doing it while the suspect was handcuffed.

"I don't believe a lot of cops understand when they can use justifiable force," Roffi went on.

"Like the case with Fount Merrill. All we have to do is arrest him. As soon as we've got him handcuffed and in custody, he's ours. I don't have to beat him anymore."



ABOVE: Detective Charles Crowe "likes to throw his weight around," according to an ex-Bloomington cop.

"I wish Crowe had gotten in a few licks when Fount wasn't handcuffed. I think Fount was fighting the uniform, not the person. So if it was me walking across the street and Fount slugged me, I'd make damn sure I got in a helluva lot of good licks in first and then put the cuffs on him."

Summarizing his experiences working with Charles Crowe, Roffi told the Post-Amerikan, "Charles Crowe likes violence, and he likes to throw his weight around. He just likes violence, very simple."

"Now don't get me wrong," the ex-cop pleaded, "I like violence as much as the next person. But equal violence."

--M.S.

in mall shooting

vindictive misuse of force had been made evident to this writer two years before. Although it was nothing like getting punched or whacked with a billy club, I was needlessly slammed around and roughed up a bit when Charles Crowe arrested me for a misdemeanor in 1972.

As the adjoining story shows, during this period of time (early seventies), Crowe was battling a civil suit filed against him by a man who claimed he was beaten in the back of a city squad car.

And here's the reputation Charles Crowe earned with a man he worked with as a cop: according to ex-police officer John Roffi (see adjoining story), "Charlie Crowe likes violence, and he likes to throw his weight around. He just likes violence, very simple."

While defending Crowe for opening fire on a non-violent thief in the shopping mall, Ron Dozier emphasized just who it was that Crowe shot. "Mr. Ator is a crook, a con man, and a fraud," Dozier's press release stated. "David Ator is the criminal here, not Officer Crowe."

Since Dozier admitted that Crowe's illegal shooting could have constituted the felony of aggravated battery, I asked the State's Attorney why he was so sure that Charles Crowe is not a criminal.

"Oh, anyone who knows Charlie knows he's not a criminal," the State's Attorney replied. •

--Mark Silverstein



Charles Crowe's illegal shooting of an unarmed fleeing suspect at Eastland Mall wasn't the officer's first impetuous application of excessive police force. As commander of Bloomington's riot squad in 1974, Crowe was responsible for turning a demonstration against Sheriff King into a police riot (ABOVE), complete with brutal clubbings and unjustified arrests.

Detective gets wrist slapped for mall shooting

When Bloomington Police Detective Charles Crowe shot an unarmed fleeing suspect at Eastland Mall March 10, he violated the Bloomington Police Department's policy on the use of deadly force.

He also violated Illinois State law.

He also got off easy. On May 2 Police Chief Lewis DeVault announced he would give Crowe three days' suspension, without pay, and let the affair go at that.

DeVault's decision reversed a course set by the previous Chief, Donald Story, who had resigned only a couple weeks earlier. After reading an investigation into the shopping mall shooting conducted by the Illinois Division of Criminal Investigation, Chief Story decided the matter was serious enough for a hearing before the Board of Fire and Police Commissioners.

The Board could have suspended Crowe for up to 30 days and could even have fired him from the police force.

Upon assuming control of the department, Chief DeVault asked the Board to drop the case against Crowe. The three-day suspension is the maximum the police chief can impose without taking the matter to the Board.

Crowe fired one shot at David Ator, who was suspected of selling railroad ties that didn't belong to him. Ator was wounded in the heel and was eventually charged with felony theft.

State law allows police to fire to prevent injury to themselves or others. Police can also shoot if the suspect is armed. Police can shoot an unarmed suspect who is fleeing after committing a forcible felony.

None of these conditions applied when Crowe fired the shot at Eastland Mall.

In addition, Bloomington Police Department policy adds that use of deadly force, even if permitted under state law, shall be used only as a last resort.

Since Detective Crowe knew that another police officer was in the parking lot staking out the suspect's truck, there was never any need to fire at all. The suspect eventually would have been apprehended. •

--M.S.

Pantagraph rejects letter attacking Crowe

POST-NOTE: Following is a letter-to-the-editor which was sent to the Pantagraph and never printed. The Pantagraph's reason for rejection is printed at the end of the letter.

Editor
The Daily Pantagraph

Dear Sir:

Charlie Crowe is at it again. Once more, as in the past, he shows his inclination toward violent solutions to police problems. We read in the paper of a man shot in the foot fleeing from the police at Eastland Shopping Mall. Villainy, murder, armed robbery? No, business fraud was his crime. Certainly he should be caught, but not shot. Ironically, he was in the parking lot where, if he had made it to his car, they surely would have caught him. Nobody escapes from Eastland in a hurry. Seriously, though, bullets flying around such a place represent a more serious threat to the public safety than does this man on the loose.

But the point of this letter is that the officer was Charles Crowe, and this incident is one of many where he has chosen a more violent solution

than was called for by the circumstances. There was the time he threw a member of the press through a glass panel at the Sheriff King demonstration. There was the time he clubbed an ACLU observer in the head. I hope that Chief Story will familiarize himself with this man's record and that the inquiry into the case will remember this history.

Respectfully,

Robert Hathaway

Pantagraph replies

Mr. Hathaway: We believe your letter contains specific allegations against an individual that could put us in a precarious position, being unable to prove or disprove your charges. Our news department has been alerted to your assertions, however, for possible use in following the policeman's case. Thank you. --Editor.

POST-NOTE: Nothing about Officer Crowe's past emerged in any subsequent Pantagraph stories following his case. •

LIFE IS FULL OF ADVENTURES, TEARS, LAUGHTER, SORROWS AND JOYS... HEAVEN KNOWS KATIE AND I HAD CAUSED EACH OTHER ENOUGH SORROW AND THE TIME HAD COME TO TIP THE SCALES WITH LOVE AND LAUGHTER! MUCH TO MY RELIEF, KAT WAS WILLING TO FORGIVE AND FORGET... AND I WAS READY TO ACCEPT HER AS THE ENDEARING PUNK SHE WAS, BUT LITTLE DID I SUSPECT THAT I WOULD BE LED TO HEARTBREAK BY...

SURE, CHAD STEVENS WAS MY SPECIAL GUY, BUT HE HADN'T BEEN RESPONDING TO ME IN A VERY "ATTENTIVE" WAY, SO... BEING A BUSINESS MAJOR HAD ACQUAINTED ME WITH THE PHENOMENON OF "SUPPLY AND DEMAND", AND WHAT GOOD ARE COLLEGE COURSES IF YOU CAN'T APPLY THEM TO LIFE SITUATIONS? SO...

MEANWHILE...

KAT, ARE YOU SURE IT'S A GOOD IDEA BRINGING YOUR SISTER ALONG TONIGHT? DO YOU THINK HER PEA BRAIN CAN STAND CULTURE SHOCK?

YOU DON'T REALLY THINK THIS IS MY IDEA, DO YOU?! SHE CALLED ME AND BEGGED TO COME ALONG TONIGHT!!

MY SISTER, the PUNK ROCKER

SEE CHAD, I'D JUST LOVE TO, BUT I CAN'T! I'M GOING TO SEE A BAND TONIGHT! ...YES, LIVE MUSIC! ISN'T IT EXCITING?!!

SUDDENLY...

YOO HOO! ANYBODY HOME? I KNOW I'M EARLY, BUT I HAVEN'T GOT A THING TO WEAR, AND I THOUGHT YOU COULD HELP...!

UH, KATIE, I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE, BUT DO YOU REALLY LIVE LIKE THIS?!!

AW, HECK NO, SIS! WE CLEANED UP 'CAUSE WE KNEW YOU WERE COMING OVER!!

I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE THAT I WAS ASKING MY BISTER ADVICE ON HOW TO DRESS, BUT THERE I WAS... AND JUST WHAT DOES ONE WEAR TO GO SEE A GROUP CALLED THE STAINS, ANYWAY?

REALLY KAT! I WANT THE PUNK EXPERIENCE! I NEED THAT SPECIAL LOOK... THINK OF IT AS TURNING A SILK PURSE INTO A SOW'S EAR!!

CALL ME IMPULSIVE - CALL ME IRRESPONSIBLE... BLAME IT ON IMPETUOUS YOUTH!! BUT I SUDDENLY FELT A DELICIOUS SENSE OF ABANDON! A FEELING OF BEING LIGHTER THAN AIR!!

THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR PUNKERS WITH A PURPOSE!!

IT WAS A SHORT RIDE TO A SMALL CLUB DOWNTOWN... I WAS FILLED WITH NERVOUS ANTICIPATION... I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT... WOULD I GET MY ARM BROKEN? WOULD SOMEBODY BITE THE HEAD OFF A RAT? WOULD SOMEONE MESS UP MY HAIR?

THE STAINS

GOSH, HOW NEAT! I HOPE I DON'T GET SPIT ON, THOUGH! THEY'RE SO CUTE WITH THEIR LITTLE TIES!

THE HOURS FLEW PAST AS I FOUND MYSELF TAPPING MY FEET TO THE STEADY BEAT AND ENJOYING IT IMMENSELY... SOMEWHERE BETWEEN "SWEATING LIKE A FASCIST PIG" AND "I DON'T CARE WHAT YOUR DOGGIE DEW" I FOUND I WAS LOSING MY HEART TO THE GUITAR PLAYER... UNTIL I WAS SUDDENLY JOLTED BACK TO REALITY...

OH NO!! THAT'S CHAD SITTING OVER THERE! KATIE, I CAN'T LET HIM SEE ME HERE! I WONDER IF HE FOLLOWED ME HERE!

HE DOESN'T APPEAR TO EVEN NOTICE THAT YOU'RE HERE... AFTER ALL, YOU'RE IN COGNITO, SO TO SPEAK!

THE NERVE! WHAT'S HE DOING HERE IF HE DIDN'T COME LOOKING FOR ME? WELL, I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON... I'LL JUST SEE IF THAT ADORABLE GUITAR PLAYER NOTICES ME ANYMORE THAN STUPID OLD CHAD!

I DON'T THINK THAT'S POSSIBLE, SIS... THAT ADORABLE GUITAR PLAYER IS GAY!!!

OH NO! THAT'S REALLY A SHAME!!

FOR YOU, MAYBE, BUT NOT FOR CHAD!!

OH NO!! CHAD, OH CHAD!!

NEXT FACTS OF LIFE

Color blindness

If you're 1/32 black in Louisiana, then then you're all black, according to the ruling of a state judge there. A 1970 state law that makes anyone with this much black blood "legally black"--on the birth certificate--was recently upheld. You don't have to be a genius to see what this does to the job prospects of some poor Irishman with an ex-slave for a great-grandfather. He won't even get considered for an interview, despite his blue eyes.

I have a solution: extend this Southern logic to make all those who are 1/32 white "legally white." Imagine the fun when the personnel directors open their doors for interviews at those whites-only companies. Now that's Affirmative Action.

Savers lose

In mid-May the Pantagraph story on the defeat of the withholding of tax on interest was headlined Savers Win! Yes, with an exclamation point. There hasn't been such a headline since V-J Day.

My point is this: look at what your bank pays you for the use of your money. Now look at what it charges you for "its" money, some of it yours. Now figure up the difference. Still feel like a winner?

Model student

What ever happened to those cute construction paper projects we did in grade school? In Georgia there's a ten-year-old kid who's built a full-scale model of an electric chair. It doesn't work, or even hold weight, but it does light up when you throw a switch. The student, Stan Cox, won the Most Creative Project award for his school. He says he believes in capital punishment.

This says quite a bit about the state of Amerika, though we shouldn't be surprised. In a country whose major religious symbol is an instrument of torture and execution, kids like Stan Cox are to be expected. What frightens me is the possibility of this this not being an isolated incident.

There is a growing movement to put old-time conservative Christianity back in our schools and our government. You don't have to be a sociologist or a historian to know what will happen if that starts running amuck. Electric chairs will be big business. And there'll be Stan Cox clones throwing the switches.

Did James Madison own a gun?

As a public service to those of you interested in a free society, I thought I'd take note of a little item I observed while leafing through the Bill of Rights.

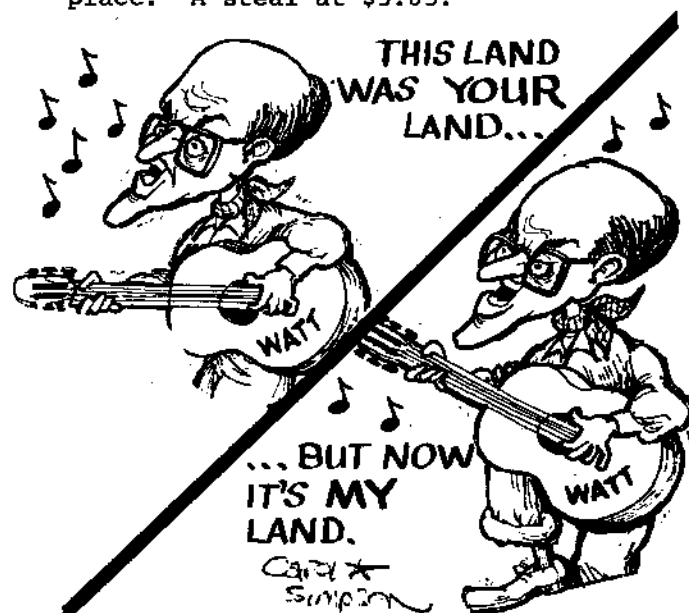
The NRA keeps bombarding me with complaints about gun registration being a violation of our constitutional rights. Here's the whole 2nd Amendment: "A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms shall not be infringed." The NRA quotes only the last half. It ignores the all-important qualifier, that the purpose of the law is to provide a Militia, a National Guard. Note especially the words "well regulated." They were well chosen by intellectuals who knew what message they wanted to convey. The law says guns are supposed to be regulated, guys. To me it says you can have one if--and only if--you're in the military. So join up, or shut up.

NEWS GRIEFS

Fire

That businessman's businessman, James Watt, has been doing very well lately by selling coal lands at "fire-sale" prices. But if it's a hot sales record he's looking for, then maybe he should see about selling some other government-owned property:

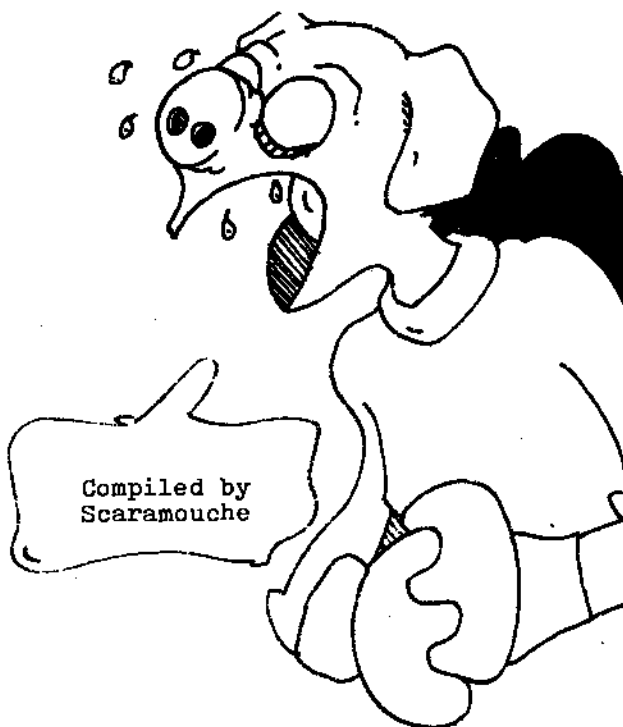
1. Minuteman missile silos--quiet rural sites; excellent for conversion into condominiums or shopping malls. Sales will mushroom at \$666.00.
2. The Pentagon--unique office building suitable for roller rink or permanent circus headquarters. Laugh all the way to the bank at \$9,999.99.
3. National Security Agency--attractive, but has a lot of bugs to clear out. \$800.00.
4. Internal Revenue Service--charming place. A steal at \$5.85.



Help launch Post

The call went out a few weeks ago for NASA to allow artists and writers on the space shuttle. They would be reporting to their fellow humans on the glories of space flight and providing specific viewpoints about it.

Great idea! I hereby volunteer the staff of the Post-American as the first group of non-astronauts to go where few have gone before. If all of our readers nominate us, we're a shoo-in. So write to NASA today. Let's send the Post into space, before MEG gets there.



Couldn't happen to a nicer country

So now they're going to spend \$20 million to train the El Salvadoran army in this country? Well, good. There are many benefits to training in the land of the free and the home of the slave. The brave El Salvadorans will go home with everything our boys have:

1. Incompetent officers
2. Incomprehensible strategy
3. Uncontrollable drug abuse
4. Weapons that refuse to operate
5. Weapons no one knows how to operate
6. Weapons too dangerous to operate
7. Weapons too expensive to operate

This is well-deserved by a regime given to wiping out peasants, journalists, and nuns. Bye-bye, El Salvador trainees. Don't bother to leave a forwarding address.

Raining on his charade

This month's Two-Faced Fool Award goes to President-by-Default Ron Reagan, for singling out acid rain as one of Bill Ruckelshaus' top priorities as Boss of Bosses' of the EPA. Just a few months ago, you remember, Ron's flunkies declared two Canadian films on the subject to be "political propaganda." They should've done the same for the entire Ruckelshaus induction ceremony.

By the way, one of those films received an Oscar in the documentary category from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences (Ron's home turf). Oscar Wilde was right: Life does imitate art.

Community News

Sexual abuse workshop in LeRoy

The Bishop Health Service is co-sponsoring Planned Parenthood's first OK/Not OK Touches workshop in LeRoy on June 21 at 7 pm at the LeRoy Bank meeting room. Designed to help parents talk with their children about sexual abuse and assault, the workshop is open to any interested adult.

Featured speakers, Susan Strand, youth and family counseling coordinator for Planned Parenthood, and Karen Stephens, director of Illinois State

University's Childcare Centers, will stress the importance of giving children survival information as a step in protecting them from sexual abuse.

Preregistration for the free, public workshop is recommended, though not required. People interested in this workshop or future ones which will be designed for both adults and children may call Susan Strand at Planned Parenthood of Mid Central Illinois, 827-8025.

Performing artists organize

PAN, the Performing Artists Network of North America, has organized the music industry's first actual National Club Circuit. Operations will officially begin on June 15, 1983. Over 3000 clubs of all types will be participating.

Thirty firms in the music industry have agreed to lend their corporate and brand names to PAN in conceptual support of the National Club Circuit as Charter Sponsors.

Membership in PAN is free, and is open to all performers, regardless of their level of artistic development. Further information can be obtained by writing to PAN, Dept. C, P.O. Box 162, Skippack PA 19474.

MAPSAC birthing alternatives

An organizational meeting for McLean County Association of Parents and Professionals for Safe Alternatives in Childbirth (MAPSAC) will be Saturday, June 4 at 2 pm at the Normal Public Library.

MAPSAC, the local chapter of the National Association for Parents and Professionals for Safe Alternatives in Childbirth, is dedicated to exploring, examining, implementing, and establishing family-centered childbirth programs--programs which meet the needs of families as well as provide the safe aspects of medical science.

Goals of MAPSAC include the promotion of education about the principles of natural childbirth; facilitation of

communication and cooperation among parents, medical professionals, and childbirth educators, encouragement and aid in the implementation of family-centered maternity care in hospitals; assistance in the establishment of maternity and childbearing centers, and help in establishing safe home birth programs. Most importantly the local chapter hopes to provide educational opportunities to parents-to-be that will enable them to assume more personal responsibility for pregnancy, childbirth, infant care and child rearing.

More information about MAPSAC can be obtained at the organizational meeting or by calling Sue Frizell, 452-0310.



Writers' confab here

Illinois Writers, Inc. is a statewide organization of writers--mostly poets, essayists, and prose fiction writers. The Seventh Annual Conference will be held in Normal, hosted by the Pikestaff Press and McLean County Poets. The public is invited to attend the events of the conference (there is a \$10 registration fee if people want to attend the workshops on Saturday).

FRIDAY, JUNE 10

7:30-10:00 p.m., EWING CASTLE, Emerson and Towanda, Bloomington
Poetry reading by Phyllis Janik and IWI members. The public is invited--NO ADMISSION CHARGE, refreshments.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11

9:00 a.m.-on, ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY, STEVENSON HALL, Room 401
Registration

9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m., STV. 401
Small Press, Magazine, and Book Displays. Authors present for autographing.

9:30 a.m.-4:45 p.m., STV. HALL, WORKSHOPS. There is a \$10.00 registration fee for the general public to attend the workshops, and a \$7.50 fee for IWI members and students. No meals included.

9:30-10:30 a.m., STV. 101, Panel of Book Editors. Curtis White (Fiction Collective), Richard Meade (Story Press), Ann Lowry Weir (Univ. of Ill. Press).

11:00 a.m.-12:00 p.m., STV. 101, IWI Business Meeting.

1:00 p.m.-2:00 p.m., Two workshops run simultaneously: A. "Word Processing for the Writer," James La Rue; B. "Types of Bad Poetry," Bill Johnston.

2:15-3:15 p.m., Two workshops: A. "Self-Publication," Bob Sutherland, Steve Arendell, Roger Egan; B. "The Strategies and Tactics of Postmodern Fiction," John Guzowski.

3:45-4:45 p.m., Two workshops: A. "Self-Publication," Sutherland, Arendell, Egan; B. "The Diary as Literary Form," David Pichaske.

7:30-9:00 p.m., EVENING READING, STV. 101, George Chambers. Reception following.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12

12:00 to 4:00 p.m., Fourth WORDS FAIR, FRANKLIN PARK, Bloomington. Featured readers and open mike. ADMISSION FREE.

MCEOC continues to assist those in need

Mid Central Economic Opportunity Corporation offers assistance to people in life- or health-threatening situations through the Crisis Intervention Program. You can get one-time assistance for rent when an eviction notice has been received, for utilities when a final notice has been received, food and prescriptions. In each situation, MCEOC must be the last community resource approached before assistance can be provided.

Within the first quarter of 1983's program year, the Crisis Intervention program has provided assistance to as many households as in the entire 1982

program year.

Another area of assistance is MCEOC's Housing Referral Program. This program assists low income households to locate adequate, affordable housing. The staff contacts property owners to find out what housing is available. Within the first quarter of 1983, this program has assisted 130 households, also more than in the entire program year of 1982. To qualify for assistance through these programs, the household income must be at or below 125% of the poverty level. For further information on any of MCEOC's programs phone 829-0691.

The PIKESTAFF PRESS presents

The Fourth WORDS FAIR

SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1983 12-4 pm
FRANKLIN PARK BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS
 (2 BLOCKS SOUTH OF ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,
 2 BLOCKS EAST OF MAIN STREET)
 (Rain location: 401 STEVENSON HALL, ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY)

READINGS BY FEATURED POETS	12:00--12:30 CURTIS WHITE and Hosts
BILL JOHNSTON	12:30--1:00 RUTH WANTLING
CAROL SCHOTT	1:00--2:00 Open Mike
RUTH WANTLING	2:00--2:30 CAROL SCHOTT
CURTIS WHITE	2:30--3:00 BILL JOHNSTON
AND OPEN MIKE SESSIONS	3:00--4:00 Open Mike
WHEN ANYONE CAN READ!!!	
	5:00--7:00 FRANKLIN SQUARE ASSOCIATION ICE CREAM SOCIAL (\$1.00)

THIS PROGRAM IS SUPPORTED BY GRANTS FROM ILLINOIS WRITERS, INC., FROM THE ILLINOIS ARTS COUNCIL, A STATE AGENCY, AND THE McLEAN COUNTY ARTS COUNCIL

Community News

PATH training slated

Want something worthwhile to do this summer? Training for PATH volunteers begins Wednesday, June 15, 1983. PATH (Personal Assistance Telephone Help) is McLean County's 24-hour telephone crisis response, information, and referral service. PATH depends on trained volunteers to provide these services.

Training provides a relaxed yet challenging experience for the new volunteer. The trainee gets a wide variety of skills that are useful in everyday life as well as on the crisis line. Training lasts approximately six weeks and requires 10-12 hours per week. The program consists of role playing, supervised phonerom training, discussions, lectures, and readings on the subjects of sexuality, drugs, suicide, and community resources.

The application deadline for this session is Friday, June 10. For further information or a training application, call 828-1022.

Day camp starting

Sunnyside Center and Western Avenue Community Center will provide day camp activities for children who have completed kindergarten through sixth grade. The program will begin June 20 and end August 5, with activities from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., Monday through Friday, including swimming, boating, fishing, skating, arts and crafts, sports and games, movies, field trips, and many special events.

In addition, morning snacks and lunch will be provided free daily.

Transportation will be provided to and from camp daily at the Woodhill, Evergreen, and Holton Homes housing sites and at St. Patrick's Church parking lot.

The cost will be \$4.00 per child per week, with a maximum (family rate) of \$7.00 per week. Parents must register their children at Sunnyside Center, 1612 W. Olive, Bloomington, by Friday, June 17. Limit: 90 campers.

Note: There will be no camp on Monday, July 4.

Lead screening tests continue

In a continuing effort to detect children with elevated blood lead levels, the McLean County Health Department will be conducting free blood lead screenings for children from 1 to 6 years of age during the month of June.

Lead poisoning can lead to permanent brain damage, mental retardation and even death. Low levels of absorbed lead can also decrease a child's attention span and affect intelligence.

Symptoms of lead poisoning are not always visible, and unnoticed lead found in the home may damage a child's health without anyone even knowing a danger existed. Older homes built during or prior to the 1950's may contain dangerous lead-based paint and can be especially hazardous to children. Other sources of lead which may cause lead poisoning

are: dirt; lead dust from industrial operations; lead shot; and improperly glazed ceramics.

Free health department lead screenings will be offered to children under 6 years of age at the following dates, locations, and times:

June 16 1:00 p.m. to 3:00 p.m.	John Kane Lounge 1312 W. Monroe Bloomington
June 14 9:30 a.m. to 10:30 a.m.	Belltop Day Nursery 606 N. School Normal
June 22 10:00 a.m. to 11:00 a.m.	Sunnyside N'hood Ctr. 1612 W. Olive Bloomington
June 27 1:00 p.m. to 2:00 p.m.	Bloomington Day Care 309 E. Wood Bloomington
June 29 9:00 a.m. to 10:00 a.m.	Belltop Day Nursery 813 E. Bell Bloomington

The clinics are open to the public. Please call the health department, 454-1161 to make appointment or for additional information.

Illinois gay prisoner support group

The Illinois Gay and Lesbian Task Force will form a new group to lobby for the rights of lesbian and gay prisoners in Illinois. The IGLTF Sexual Minority Prisoners Committee will work to alleviate abusive and unconstitutional conditions that gay prisoners often endure in confinement.

The group hopes to secure the rights of lesbian and gay prisoners to: have equal access to drug and alcohol abuse programs, preferred prison jobs, work release programs, and parole; form gay prison clubs for the purpose of establishing rapport with outside community members; and receive lesbian and gay publications.

They would like to hear from other organizations who are doing similar work. Most importantly, they are trying to let gay and lesbian prisoners in Illinois know that they exist so they can be in touch with each other.

Write them at Sexual Minority Prisoners Support Committee, IGLTF, 615 W. Wellington, Chicago IL 60657, or call 312/975-0707.



End the targeting

Organizing for what they hope will be one of the largest acts of nonviolent civil disobedience in the heartland, a midwest coalition of peace groups is inviting people from all over the midwest to come to the Strategic Air Command (S.A.C.) in Omaha, Neb., Aug. 7, in order to make it clear that they do not want to be part of the military's casualty statistics in their plans to fight and "win" a nuclear war.

Strategies and Actions for Conversion is a coalition of peace communities around the midwest who, over the past 5 years, have carried on a program of nonviolent resistance at S.A.C. and have worked to make people aware of what S.A.C. does. At a meeting in Omaha on Jan. 28, the group initiated a new campaign entitled, END THE TARGETING.

In explaining what the group hopes to accomplish, Tom Cordaro, the chairperson of the Aug. 7 action said, "We will be inviting folks from all over the midwest to come to Omaha to participate in the experience of political empowerment. We are determined to act on our own behalf to save our homes and families from the madness of the nuclear war strategists. We will no longer sit idly by while others calculate strategies to sacrifice the lives of our families for the sake of 'national security.'"

Joe Taschetta, a midwest folksinger and campaign organizer, explained that the action itself will call for folks to walk through the front gates of S.A.C. in an attempt to communicate directly with the Targeting Planning Staff. "Each person crossing the line will signal the birth of a new political force for freedom from the fear of nuclear war."

The action is being endorsed by War Resisters League, Fellowship of Reconciliation, Catholic Peace Fellowship, and the Iowa Socialist Party U.S.A.

If you would like more information about the action please write to:

Tom Cordaro
END THE TARGETING
1717 Izard Street
Omaha, Neb. 68102

Call: (515) 292-3810 until 6/1

Common Ground

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Bloomington, Ill. 61701



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- (1) You may purchase a discount card for a yearly fee of \$10.
- (2) You may earn a free discount card by accumulating \$50 worth of COMMON GROUND sales receipts. Simply save your receipts until you have a total of \$50, at which time we will present you with a FREE 10% discount card good for one year.

Once you have your discount card, simply present it at the checkout counter for a 10% discount on every purchase.

Our wide selection of wholesome foods now includes gourmet coffee beans fresh produce

Downtown lunch music

DOWNTOWN LUNCHTIME MUSIC SERIES

Wednesdays for 16 weeks
(Raindates - Thursdays)

Courthouse Square - 11:30 am to 1:30 pm.

Tentative Schedule

June	1.....Southbound Express
	8.....Alternatives
	15.....The Bloomington Brass
	22.....Chanute Air Force Base Jazz Ensemble
	29.....Praeland Dixie Band
July	6.....Amateur Show*
	13.....Billy Valentine
	20.....Money Creek Boys
	27.....Bluegrass Crackerjacks
August	3.....Manassas Junction
	10.....Prairie Wind
	17.....Chanute Air Force Base Horizon
	24.....Dick Benson
	31.....Alternatives
September	7.....Nightwatch

*Local Talent Wanted: Singles or Groups.
Contact Bloomington Unlimited by July 1, 828-5911

SPONSORED BY:

Bloomington Unlimited, Inc.
Musician Local 102 Performance Trust Fund
City of Bloomington Parks and Recreation Department
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Progressive art directory

Many people have advocated the publishing of a directory of progressive arts work; Cultural Correspondence volunteered to facilitate that publication. We all know what an important reference such a catalog will be, but it can only be as comprehensive as we make it. If necessary, of course, CC will compile and edit information for listings from what we already know about you or what we can find in our files. It would vastly simplify the task if you would just sit down and write one page about your work and send it to us, and tell your friends to do the same. This would save us from what will otherwise be literally months of research and editorial labor. We are not an institution; we are not staffed. The postage involved in sending another flyer to a few hundred people is already a bit out of our budget.

We urge you to send us a listing as soon as possible, and to spread the word. The deadline for entries has been extended to July, 1983.

Everyone who sends an entry will be listed. Send your entry to, Cultural Correspondence, 505 West End Ave., New York, New York 10024.

Letters

Pope pissed?

Somewhere in New Jersey 0000½
April 31, 1983

Dear Posed Amerikan,

What's this I hear about some Italian King giving the Pope a shower of urine? That's disgusting! To each his throne, I always say, but the wholly fodder shouldn't expose himself to the entire world. People should keep some things hidden in their clauses.

And doesn't that stain those elegant gowns and fancy hats he wears?

Yours truly,

Emily Litella

P.S. How's the neighborhood witch program doing?

PEST-NOTE: No, Emily, that's the Shroud of Turin, not a shower of urine.

Emily responds: Oh, never mind.

Righteous paper

Hi--

You folks really put out a righteous paper. I like the way you set out those MEG jerks--I'm doing time because a Junior MEG-Ah-Wanna-Be-A-Cop dropped a dime on me. But I try to keep a good attitude about it. (Live and learn.)

I could really dig hearing from some serious folks in the free world to help pass the time; I'm sure anyone who reads your paper can relate. Keep up the good work. I've got four years left to do behind bars.

--Mark Christiansen
#C92035
Box 711
Menard, Illinois 62259

Prisoner wants letters

Dear Post Amerikan:

I'm a former resident of the Bloomington-Normal area. I worked as the assistant manager for the Sun Garden Apartments in Normal. I also lived at the Sun Garden Apts. with my mother, Melanie Henderson. Now I'm an inmate in the Sheridan Correctional prison for a term of 2 years.

Since I've been locked up my mother has been sending me monthly issues of your paper, which I find most interesting, honest, and for 25¢, very appreciated.

No sooner than I got to prison my ex-girlfriend took off to Florida, so I don't imagine there will be any yellow ribbon around an old oak tree when I get home. It's starting to get kinda lonely in here.

From the deepest of my heart I would like for those readers of the Post Amerikan who have the time and interest to please write to me; I'm sure those who write will get a letter back.

My name is Anthony Whiteside, but my friends call me Tony. Before I close I would like to thank the Post Amerikan for being nice enough to publish my letter, and I hope the Post will be around for a long time to come.

Anthony Whiteside
Macon County Jail
253 E. Wood St.
Decatur, IL 62523

No competition

Dear Post,

Enclosed is my check for \$25 to be used for a subscription to Community Press Features or whatever else you guys need to continue the struggle against mediocrity in the Midwest.

As I prepare for my epic journey through the hallowed halls of the University of Illinois, I look back on what the Post-Amerikan has meant to me. Over the years, it has been a constant source of encouragement and

local information that no other local publications have been able to provide.

I greatly look forward to being able to buy my "hometown paper" in Urbana for the next four years.

Sincerely,

Bob Porter

P.S. Given the competition, you guys have the best newspaper in town.

Doesn't like column

Dear Post-Folks,

There are a lot of things that I really like about the Post-Amerikan. The last issue was full of them: from the liquor commission silliness to more on Sanders to information about U.S. troops in Africa. In the past there have been items I've disagreed with, but they've always been of minor importance.

Lately, though, there has been one recurring column that I feel hurts the Post's image as a serious alternative to the regular so-called "news" channels. Marjorie Kinsella's columns on Naturopathy say the same things over and over. Thus they wind up sounding like an advertisement for her business. Especially since she is the only columnist with her address at the end of her articles!

I don't want you to misread this. I don't have anything against Naturopathy per se. I just want to know why the writer of that column doesn't find more to say. If she doesn't have any more to say than what she has reiterated for at least three articles, perhaps she has said her piece and her column should be laid to rest.

Don't give up trying to report on medical items. There are plenty of things to expose in the regular medical society. Also, there are other medical alternatives besides Naturopathy. Perhaps we could open up our Post-Amerikans one day and read about them.

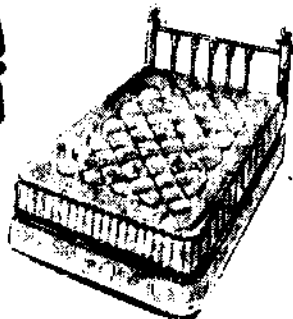
Sincerely,

Sue Hinton

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Letters... Letters... Letters... Letters...

Local man fired for bogus reason

Dear Post:

For 3½ years I worked for a prominent, nationwide hotel chain located in Bloomington. I have a good work record and have always gotten along well with my co-workers.

On April 23, 1983, my wife and I rose at 7 a.m. At that time we dressed ourselves and our two children and I prepared to go to work. I told my wife that morning that I did not really feel well, but we both knew I couldn't afford to take off sick.

I drove to work as I always do and my wife and children were with me as usual. I arrived for work on time at 8 a.m.

I felt no better as the day progressed. At first I thought I had a hang-over, but it was getting worse as the day went on. At 10:15 a.m., the innkeeper came into the maintenance shop and found me and a co-worker there. This is our normal break time. He asked me if I was sick and I said, "Yes." He then asked me if I had had a rough night the night before to which I also replied, "yes." The innkeeper then left the shop.

Thirty-five minutes later the innkeeper returned to the shop and found us still there. (My co-worker was working; I was not.) The innkeeper's only words to me were: "If you're sick, please check out and go home." Again he turned around and left. I called my wife and asked her to come pick me up. She did and we thought that was all there was to it.

Sunday and Monday were my regular days off, so I wasn't scheduled to go to work again until Tuesday. That weekend my wife and I were both sick. On Sunday a friend from work called to tell me something was up. Rumor had it that I was to be fired Tuesday for being drunk on the job Saturday.

The following Tuesday I arrived for work on time again. When I got there I found that my time card had been removed. I waited from 7:30 until 9:00 a.m. for the innkeeper to put in an

appearance. When he finally did, his only words to me were: "You are being fired for being drunk on the job." When I tried to defend myself, he told me that he didn't wish to discuss it, that if I had any more to say I could take it up with the maintenance supervisor. Well, that would sure do a lot of good since the innkeeper had already made up his mind I was fired and there was nothing the supervisor could do anyway. The supervisor told me he was sorry and gave me my termination notice, which read that I had been drunk and sleeping on the job.

When someone is terminated or written, they are supposed to sign these notices. I did NOT do so. To add to the insult, the innkeeper had named my co-worker, who is also a very good friend, as his witness to all of this. When my friend tried to stand up for me and testify that I was not drunk or asleep, the innkeeper told him: "That's too bad; he's still not coming back to work here."

One thing I do not understand is that if the innkeeper really felt I was drunk, why did he wait 3 days to fire me? Why didn't he fire me the first time he came into the shop, or even the second time? Why wait 3 days? We were told by friends that he didn't make up his mind until Monday to fire me. Did he need the extra time to see if he could get away with doing something that wasn't true?

Since we could get nowhere with the innkeeper, our next step, after filing for unemployment, food stamps, and public aid to support my family, was to call the Public Relations man in Memphis, Tenn., which is the main office. I explained the situation to him and told him that I had many witnesses on my side. He said he would call me in a few days after he had investigated. He called me back approximately 2½ hours later and said that after talking to the innkeeper and the maintenance supervisor (who didn't even work that Saturday), they all had come to the conclusion that I was not doing my job, so the termination should stand. At that time, he never once said they had found any proof that I was drunk or asleep.

I knew I wasn't doing my job because I was sick and should not have been at work at all. (And if it hadn't been for the change in the sick pay policy by the company I might have been able to afford to stay home sick.) I should have been written up for over-extending my break or even for not doing my job, but I should never have been fired for being drunk. I told the "PR" man that if they would wouldn't change their minds about giving me my job back then I at least wanted that drunk charge taken off my record. Well, he said he would get back to me.

A few days later I received a letter from him stating that since I had admitted to drinking, which caused me to be sick, the termination should stand. I did not then--and do not now--admit to drinking on the job. My wife and I checked with my witnesses and found that not one of them had been contacted by this man or anyone else!

I then received a letter from the Unemployment Office stating that since I could have prevented being fired (by not being drunk) I was turned down for benefits. I have appealed this decision.

We intend to fight this to the end, because I do have witnesses who will testify for me. We have also hired an attorney who is very interested in the case and have enlisted the aid of other people who have been wrongfully discharged by this same man. The list of those people is growing quite impressive.

We are continuing our fight through the corporation and will await a decision by their board after turning in our testimony. We wish to thank all those who are helping us. Maybe we can help prevent this from happening to other people whose only fault is having to work for a "big shot."

And remember: when you take advantage of a "Guarantee to Please," just be thankful you aren't one of their employees.

--Unfairly Fired

City makes a mess downtown

Dear Public,

A couple of weeks ago the gas company marked a spot on the sidewalk in front of Mosey's Tavern at 527 N. Main St. to be dug up for new curbing. The city started digging up the concrete walk to put in the new curbs. They knocked a large hole in the ground and exposed the basement of Bender's Custom Mattress Co. They put a piece of plywood over the hole and left it for the night.

The next day they caved the sidewalk in so they could put a wall of concrete block under the sidewalk to shorten the existing basement and fill the portion under the walk with sand.

As they knocked in the sidewalk, they broke the water main to Bender's, the Polar Lounge and Adventure Land. So the water company became involved, too. The concrete wasn't put down until the following Monday.

Don't you think someone should have known about that basement before they started drilling and digging?

Just think of what all this has done to the downtown businesses. Downtown streets were torn up for at least 2 months--just for NIGas to put in new gas mains.

Well, I think the downtown business people should at least have a few words to say about it.

Cheryl

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Openness best defense against sexual abuse

Children can't win. Chances are one in four that some "bad adult" will sexually abuse them before they graduate from high school.

And if that's not bad enough, many "good adults," even "good parents," seem to be doing the opposite of what they should be doing to protect children from such abuse.

Sometimes, I try to understand these

people: maybe they don't know what they're doing...or maybe they don't know anything else to do. But lately, my attempts to be sympathetic to parents and other adults have been very empty: I've encountered too many adults/parents who actually rebel against doing what they can to protect the children they care about from sexual abuse because the process might be difficult and the results might be socially awkward for them.

Children can't win unless adults/parents are on their side. Children don't have the power to protect themselves from sexual abuse.

Adults have the power to go a long way toward protecting children from sexual abuse, but many seem to be doing everything in their power to make the children more vulnerable to sexual abuse rather than less.

Protecting innocence

They think protection is the same as guarding children's innocence. (Oh come on now, show me a two-year-old who is truly innocent about the ways of the world. They're as much con-men or women as you and I. Never mind my jaded point of view.)

They think children should be kept innocent, particularly regarding all matters sexual. This includes not only keeping children's own sexual awakenings from them, but also protecting them from "outside influences" on their sexuality by not talking about bodies, behaviors, or abuse.

Even if I thought children were innocent, I don't call this "moral" know-nothingness protection. I call it repression. But whatever it's called, protection or repression, it makes children more vulnerable to sexual abuse.

Protecting pedestals

Others think they're protecting children by putting them on a pedestal. Ah, childhood, the best time of life: it's so carefree, pretty, fun, and safe. Even pop psychologists entreat us to "find the child in yourself and be free."

Being put on a pedestal is not a favor: ask any woman who's been there.

A pedestal-sitter has few survival or life skills, things all people need. Those who want others on pedestals don't want their own sentimental views of life ruined by talk of unpretty things like sexual abuse and bad people like sexual abusers. In fact they tend to get quite hysterical when "naughty" children themselves

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--S.S.

burst the idyllic bubble by touching themselves "down there" or by asking questions about things they are not



Touching is not gender-free

The American culture's definition of sexual abuse is not gender-free.

The line between what passes as nurturing or abuse by adults to children differs for men and women. Women are allowed to be more touching and physically affectionate than men. Men's touching is sooner labeled sexual than is women's. It may be society that differentially defines this distinction between nurturing and abuse, or it may be men and women themselves that perceive touching behavior differently, but whatever the reason the difference is there.

Consider these 4 scenarios:

- 1) Parent is bathing child. While washing the child's genitals, the parent's thoughts wander. Daydreaming, the time devoted to bathing this part of the child is lengthened.
- 2) Close relative is undressing child for bed. Adult tickles child, who

supposed to know about, like rape.

Children do not live in a fairyland; they live here with the rest of us. Let's give them a fighting chance. Fit them for life with some survival information.

Protecting adults

Reluctant adults/parents also patronizingly remind me that children are not adults and that sexual abuse is a complex and "adult" phenomenon. They say, "Children can't understand the difference between affection and abuse because they can't understand sexuality." (Of course, adults can

laughs and giggles. The tickling, laughing, wiggling continues until both lose their balance and end up panting, exhausted, lying on the floor.

- 3) Family friend asks to take your child on a camping trip.
- 4) Parent admits to family doctor that child often sleeps in same bed as the parent.

As you read the scenarios did you attach a gender to the adult or child? Would your reactions differ if the gender of the adult varied? Do you predict the effect on the child of the incidents to be different if the gender varied? Should adult-child sexual behavior be gender-free?

I don't have the answers to the questions I've raised. I do wonder what effects these perceptions, attitudes, and values about adult-child interaction have on society and the people in it.

--S.S.

Abusers use children's feelings

Why are sexual abusers of children so often successful?

One reason is that sexuality and sexual abuse are rarely talked about. But there are other reasons, too. The abuser often uses the children's feelings, needs, and life situation against them. Consider these requests an abuser might make from the child's point of view:

I really like you, so it's OK to _____.

Do you like me? Please _____.

You're very pretty . . .

It's a very special thing . . .

I know your parents, so . . .

Let's keep this our very special secret...

Couple these child-pleasing requests with the built-in disadvantages children have:

- 1) Very young children don't know that adult-child sex is not OK.
- 2) Children don't know that they don't have to do it: adults often make them do things they don't like or understand.
- 3) Children are taught to obey adults, that adults are right.
- 4) Children in the middle years are probably too embarrassed to talk about it.
- 5) Children do not know the words to use to talk about it.
- 6) Adults often don't listen to children, or worse yet, don't believe them.

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distinguish between loving sexuality and manipulation.)

In addition, we all know, children can't be trusted to know what they are talking about, some have active imaginations, and others lie.

Do they really believe that? That children can't distinguish between OK and not-OK touches, between affection and abuse, between love and manipulation? Sometimes I think the children I know are more perceptive than adults.

Okay, I will agree that it may take some patience and creativity on the part of an adult to talk in such a way that children will understand OK and not-OK touching. But most adults/parents can learn to do it. In fact, I'm sure there is a sizable group of people who could teach other adults/parents to do so.

What frustrates me so much is that so many adults/parents think that giving children the ability to distinguish between OK and not-OK touches may lead to some socially awkward behaviors and situations, so it's not worth it. Whose side are they on?

Protecting power

For instance, think of these awful things adults/parents would have to deal with if children were given some power with respect to sexual abuse:

Billy might actually tell old Aunt Millie that he doesn't like her sloppy kisses.

Susie might explain to her best friend Krissie's mother, as the girls are changing into their pj's the next time she stays over, "Some adults have trouble making friends with people their own age, so sometimes they try to make friends with children by trying to get the children to let them touch them (and Susie points to her crotch to explain to Krissie's mother where...)"

And heaven forbid that our own children may tell us they don't like it when we absently caress or touch them without their permission. Children are to be used, oops, seen, and not heard.

--Susan Strand



cpf



Rachel Burger/cpf

Cures can cause more hurt

Our sexual abuse band-aids often injure the child again.

Counselors and other professionals in the field are quick to point out that reactions of others to the child's sexual abuse incident often do much additional harm. Parents and other adults close to the child may react in ways that confuse and further hurt the child. Their reactions may build more fear and guilt in the child than what was there to start with. Those close to the child would do less harm if they remembered 2 very important rules of counseling:

- 1) At least do no more harm.
- 2) Don't fix a child who is not hurt.

The reactions of others not so closely involved can also be damaging to the child, present and future. The reactions of the legal system are no panacea. In incest cases, it is often difficult for an observer to determine who "is on trial." Is removing the child(ren) from the home an improvement from the child(ren)'s point of view? Will s/he feel responsible for breaking up the family? Will s/he lose needed support and positive family relationships by the intervention of the legal system? What will be regretted in the future? Who will benefit? Who will lose? --S.S.

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Vacuumping Vietnam

The Air Force is playing rock'n roll on the Court House Square today. Even the Officer from the Pentagon applauds when the short-haired, neatly dressed Airman goes public by whipping into Charlie Daniels' "Still in Saigon."

I was in Saigon many times--in my mind. I travelled there in my fantasies as I made the bombs we dropped there. First there were just a few, then many thousands. Bombs and men. Bombs and children. Bombs and foliage. Just objects to be destroyed when the Enemy is everywhere and nowhere.

But why feel guilty after all these years? Haven't we as a nation purged our guilt by putting the names of the dead on a slab of cement in Washington D.C.? One can almost hear our Actor-in-Chief yelling to his Joint Chiefs of Staff, "Let's get that damn purging out of the way so we can go save Central America."

Ah, yes, it's all starting again--a few million bucks to the "freedom fighters" to tide them over until our Advisors can get over there to clean up the mess. Like a broken vacuum cleaner, the flabby military arm of the U.S. Government leaves more dirt than it picks up.

I have vacuum cleaners on my mind today day as I listen to the Air Force rock out. I remember the day in '65 when our troops in Southeast Asia faced a new enemy--the Eureka Williams Company.

I had joined the War Effort as a result of flunking both Earth Science and Basketball at ISU. While my male friends still in school lived by their draft numbers, I lived by my production quota.

I was overjoyed to be assigned to the air-conditioned, clean white room that was the Fuse Section. The factory was an old brick building that was filthy



and hot in the summer. I felt sorry for a friend in the Speech Department who was loading boxes so he could save money to get married. Tom envied my job. He shouldn't have.

I could do my job (or "operation" as it was known) in my sleep. And did many times. The line between reality and fantasy became blurred as I stared at the rays of sunlight on the wall. The sum total of my day at Eureka Williams consisted of taking a one-quarter inch steel pin and hammering it into a hole on a two-inch plate. It is the closest I have ever been to becoming a robot.

To save my sanity I played mind games like "Guess what time it is by looking at the position of the sun on the wall?" I became so expert that I could predict the exact time by a minute.

But then something changed. I had less and less time to play "Guess what time it is?" and my arm was very sore from going Ca-Chunk a million times. Everybody seemed exhausted at break. Instead of shooting the breeze, the women sat wearily on the boxes in the tiny bathroom smoking silently.

No one spoke. We all knew. Our foreman had speeded up the line. We didn't keep count anymore. We didn't have time. We were too busy Ca-Chunking. It was not our place to ask how the bomb fuses worked or how many were shipped or where they went. One thing was for sure. I was Ca-Chunking my buns off.

There were no demonstrators outside the plant or angry editorials in the New York Times. We were just a bunch of women in a small town in the Midwest doing a job we were glad to get. Some of the women had sons who had joined the service. Some of the women had sons in college and were working to



keep them there. The woman whose son was in Vietnam gave me tips on how to do my job faster and shared an extra pair of work gloves when mine wore out. We were all beginning to resemble those work gloves. The eyes of the women were turning angry and sullen.

One day the line was suddenly shut down. In walked men in uniforms. Decked out in Army and Air Force fruit salad, they looked at us as though we were week-old lettuce ready to be tossed on the garbage dump.

Our foreman spoke in a strangely military manner like a recruit showing off to his Drill Sergeant, a mixture of pride and terror.

"We will commence to begin. The line will start. You will do your operations normally. The representatives from the Pentagon will observe to find the problem area. The Eureka Williams Vacuum Cleaner Company will not tolerate sabotage or shitty workmanship."

When the Salads came to my Ca-Chunking station, I could feel them literally breathing down my neck. They watched me for what seemed like an eternity.

Then they looked at the tiny steel pin. They had me try different pins which they took out of their pockets. One was gold plated.

The line was shut down for a week. I sweated and coughed upstairs in the brush section. There was a wall of silence about the shutdown. Rumors were

spreading like a prairie fire. Someone was fired for sabotage. Everyone was going to get laid off in the fuse section.

Over beers, the foreman explained what happened: "You see, we've been shipping 50,000 fuses to Texas. They put them in the bombs, and send them to 'Nam. One day somebody noticed that they never went off. No one knows why, but the brass seems to think that it's the little ol' silver pin that ain't triggering something. It might have been tampered with."

So the Great Pin experiment was carried out by the Pentagon. The Salads filled their pockets with pins; madly, Ca-Chunking, I felt as though I had single-handedly brought the War Machine of the United States of America to a grinding halt.

But, alas, I didn't. I continued to Ca-Chunk and daydream as the bombs dropped in a far off land. As the war heated up, you can be sure that the gentlemen in the Pentagon made sure the bombs went off.

Other bombs went off, too, at chemical companies and multinational banks as our country exploded into violence and despair. I moved on to pursue theatre in New York while tiptoeing through the minefield of rage that represented the real drama in the streets.

But that's all in the past. If there are any lessons to be learned from those of us who just "went along" in the early years of the Vietnam War, perhaps it's that sowing the seeds of apathy will yield a bitter harvest.

But now it's spring. The grass is picture-postcard green and as closely cropped as the hair of the Air Force rock singer who jars me back to 1983 with a tasteful imitation of Chuck Berry. He throws off his shades in semi-total abandonment and begins to move the lower half of his rigid body.

Some people are overwhelmed. The kids from MARC Center dig Chuck Berry even if it's in a uniform. It's the beat that counts. And they love it. When the kids leave, they wave cheerfully at the uniforms. The only one who waves back is the Officer from Washington D.C. He seems to be waving for an imaginary camera far off in the distance. He is smiling. For it is spring and there is no litter on the Court House Square. Here folks go to the Velvet Freeze, not the Nuke Freeze. It is pleasant. There are few brown or black faces to spoil the enjoyment of a tuna on white in the sunshine.

So the Air Force played rock'n'roll on the Court House Square today. Ghosts listened and danced.

Still in Saigon. . . .

--Jane G.

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Lincoln Oil 'flunks' job applicant

When Matt Stanley applied for a job with Lincoln Oil Company, he thought his experience and good work record would give him a fair shot at getting hired. He didn't know he'd have to contend with some psychologist's scheme for predicting human behavior and measuring honesty.

Matt (not his real name) needed a job, so he applied to Lincoln Oil some time in March. (Lincoln Oil operates several Pit Stop stores in town.) The company didn't have any openings at the time, but Matt kept checking back.

In early April, Matt was told that there was an opening and that they wanted someone right away. According to Matt, the people he talked to at Lincoln Oil seemed eager to hire him. Matt had already filled out an application form--complete with references--and was told that his previous experience made him a good candidate for the job.



Then they asked him to take a test.

The test, as Matt described it, consisted of close to 100 multiple-choice questions about employee theft, cheating your employer, and the like. A question like "Do you think executives steal?" had to be answered "always," "occasionally," "never," etc.

Apparently Lincoln Oil gives this test to people they intend to hire. But Matt didn't get hired. He didn't even get an interview.

Low scores

When he didn't hear any more about the job, Matt asked what happened. A woman in the office told him his "low test scores" were the reason he hadn't been hired. But when Matt confronted Craig Lincoln (the owner) about this, he was told that the woman shouldn't

have said what she had and that Lincoln just wanted to interview more applicants.



Matt later found out that by the time he talked to Lincoln someone else had already been hired for the job. In other words, the owner had lied to Matt. Apparently Lincoln didn't have to take the "honesty test."

Matt never did discover exactly what role the test played in all this, but he feels that Lincoln Oil based their decision not to hire him almost entirely on the results of that multiple-choice test. As far as Matt can tell, Lincoln never called Matt's references or made any attempt to check his record as an honest, reliable employee.

I tried to talk to someone at Lincoln Oil about their "honesty test." The woman who answered the phone acknowledged that the company does give a test to prospective employees but she wouldn't say anything more. She said I'd have to talk to Mr. Lincoln. He had just stepped out of the office, she told me. When I called back, Mr. Lincoln was on the phone but she assured me he would return my call. He didn't. Apparently the woman who answered the phone hadn't taken the "honesty test" either.

A valid test?

If I had talked to Lincoln, I would have asked him why he thinks a paper-and-pencil test is a valid way to determine employee honesty. I'm dubious about so-called lie detector

tests--which monitor physiological reactions to provocative questions--and I'm downright convinced that asking people what they think about stealing tells you almost nothing about their character and reliability.

I know that psychologists claim they can devise tests that show when people are lying. I think they're wrong. And I think that using such tests to screen prospective employees is only slightly more meaningful than reading the bumps on their heads or throwing them into the river to see if they float.

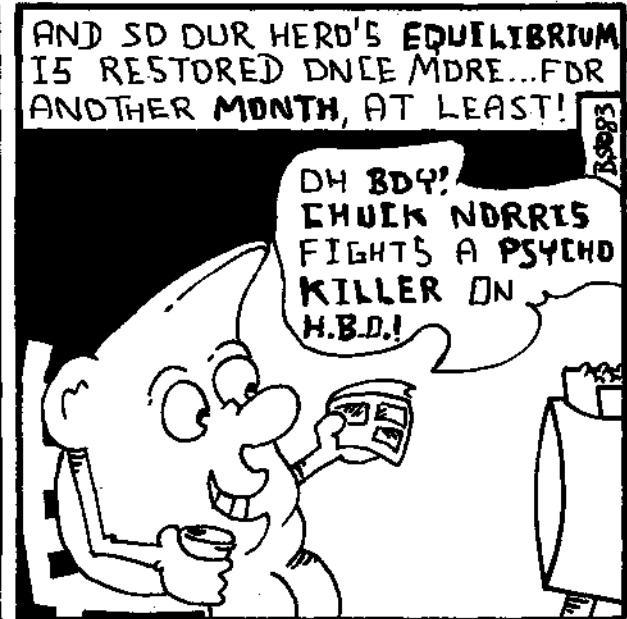
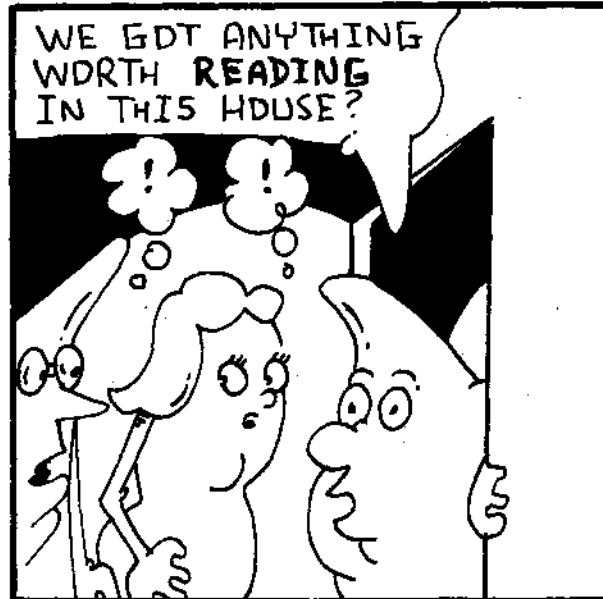


I also know that employee theft is a big problem (as is corporate fraud and dishonesty in government) and that employers would like to know they're hiring honest people to work for them. I don't think there's any sure-fire way to determine that.

Matt has a job now--a better one than working at a Pit Stop--and he's not as angry as he was a month ago. But he still feels he got a raw deal from Lincoln Oil and their "honesty test." I agree with him.

--Ferdurke

COMIX



Lies the lefties never told me

In an article in the December 1982 *Conservative Digest* (CD), Walter E. Williams (whom we are told teaches economics but are not told where) introduces the reader to a paper called "Some Sober Facts about Nuclear War" by Professor Petr Beckmann (professor where or of what we are not told). Beckmann and Williams have some pretty strange ideas about nuclear arms and nuclear war. The article is called "Some Simple Nuclear Myths" and should be subtitled "Why the Nuke Freeze Is Stupid, or Better Dead than Red."

"There are many myths about nuclear war," writes Williams, "that are causing some Americans to decide to surrender our nation and freedom to the Communists."

Beckmann is around to answer those "myths." The first, of course, is the old one about everyone already having enough arms to wipe out the world 49 times. Beckmann says, emphatically, that "each superpower DOES NOT have enough nuclear weapons to kill mankind several times over."

He likens it to a gun having six bullets and therefore theoretically able to kill six people, but that in reality it could get only a couple of them. "It turns out that you'd need 438 one-megaton bombs (equal to 22,000 Hiroshima bombs) to destroy the Los

Angeles metropolitan area," Beckmann tells us.

Using his figures, we probably can only wipe out the world 4 or 5 times, not 49. Maybe even only 3 times. I'm getting scared already!

Hiroshima?

The second "myth" he addresses is the one where they say the world would be destroyed, period. "Hiroshima and Nagasaki were not totally destroyed," he tells us. That settles that. He does not explain what will happen if 22,000 Hiroshima bombs were dropped on Los Angeles, but his answer would probably still be the same. If 438 one-megaton bombs were dropped on LA, Hiroshima would still not be totally destroyed.

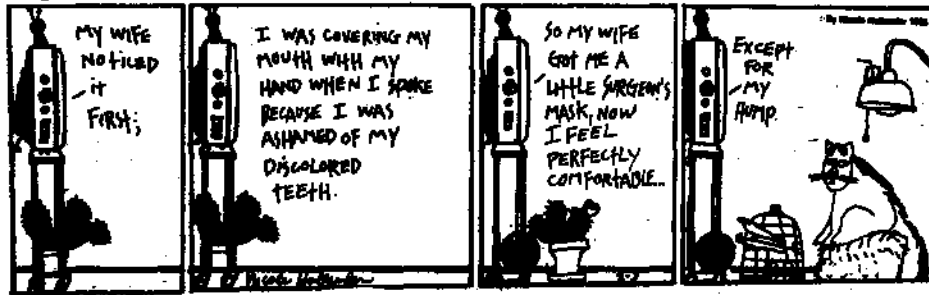
But what about radioactivity? you ask, with that tell-tale commie glint in your eye. Beckmann is ready for you there. "Only a few hundred of Hiroshima's 70,000 dead were victims of radioactivity, and no genetic damage has been detected though survivors have been extensively examined for decades."

Now, I don't know what rock Mr.-- excuse me, I meant to say Professor-- Beckmann has been hiding under for the last 40 years, but the levels of genetic damage and cancer in both the survivors of Hiroshima and their children are incredibly high. I will agree that the 70,000 dead probably had little or no genetic damage that could be detected at the time.

How about: if the Russians were going to fight a nuclear war with the U.S.,

Sylvia

by Nicole Hollander



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Praise the lord and pass the nukes

I am constantly amazed by misuse of religion in this country. I know I shouldn't be, but there exists in me a glimmer of hope that the religious leaders will all wake up some morning and say "God, did I goof!" I guess I am especially amazed by the disagreement among religionists as far as the nuclear arms freeze is concerned.

Fool that I am, I really thought that once both the Council of Catholic Bishops and Billy Graham agreed that the freeze was a good idea that even Jerry Falwell's "Peace through Strength" campaign (and, yes, that does sound a lot like peace through war, doesn't it?) would bite the big one.

God, did I goof!

The June, 1983, issue of *Moody* magazine (published by the Moody Bible Institute, a fundamentalist bible college in Chicago) devoted 10 pages to the nuke freeze and how come God is against it (and therefore so should you be).

That is a bit simplistic, I must admit, but as one who grew up with various Moody Bible Institute ministers parading through my life and my church--and as one who contemplated attending Moody when I was convinced that I was minister material--I could not believe what I was reading.

Harold O. J. Brown, professor at Trinity Evangelical Divinity School, and Bruce Dunn, senior pastor of Grace Presbyterian Church in Peoria, have the same (stupid) opinion about nuclear disarmament and nuclear war:

Christians simply do not have to worry about it.

"Should a massive nuclear exchange destroy humanity," Dr. Brown writes, "it would be necessary for us to say that this must have been part of God's plan for the end times, as His purpose and plan in bringing about the end cannot be short-circuited by human beings. . . . It is more likely that such total destruction cannot happen, as the church will have to survive to welcome the Lord at His coming."

Nice and neat and tidy. Little wonder Dr. Brown can sleep nights.

As a kid I always liked the "god's will" argument. It seemed a wonderful way of getting myself out of trouble. If it was God's will that the baseball went through the window, then I didn't have to worry about playing too close to the house. But about all it ever got me was a lecture on free will and sent to my room.

It works no better for me now than it did then. The last time I tried to tell a born-again that I was gay because it was God's will I got the entire book of Romans crammed down my throat.

I am unsure why it seems to work for religionists, but it probably has something to do with the fact that they make the rules.

And for those of you who have some problem believing that nuclear war may be god's will and nuclear disarmament is not god's will, Dr. Dunn will take care of you.

"This great hunger for peace is part of the devil's program," he tells us. Now, I have heard a lot of nasty things said about the devil in my day and I have heard a lot of nasty things said about the workings of the devil, but I have never heard that one of the tools that the devil uses to woo us away from the Word is peace.

Seems to go against everything the devil stands for, but then I've been wrong before.

And, come to think of it, it was the devil who went around preaching nonviolence and blessing the peacemakers, wasn't it?

--Deborah Wiatt

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why haven't they already done it? Beckmann has the answer (of course): they're not ready yet. But they will be in 3 years. (Why 3 years and not 2 or 4, I don't know, and if Beckmann does he's not saying. And don't ask then why not have a freeze now while we have the advantage, because he won't tell you that, either.)

Immoral or dead

Finally, Williams concludes, "Nuclear weapons don't make war immoral." Why? "You have one life to lose defending freedom, and it doesn't make a difference whether you are killed by a spear or a bomb. In any case, you you're dead." Hard to argue that exact point. But the point he seems to be missing is whether just you are dead or if the folks next door, the folks in the next county, and the folks in the next generation are dead, too.

And lest you think Williams has not thought about the cost of nuclear arms and what could be done with that money, rest assured. He has.

"Too many Americans have died for our country protecting it against foreign foes. It would be a disgrace to these dead and a curse to future Americans if we gave up our will to defend ourselves in exchange for food stamps and social security."

Williams, and presumably the rest of the right, would rather, it seems, live in a militaristic police state than in a concerned welfare state. I say they have every right to want to live that way. But not in my country. Let's send them back to Russia where they belong.

--Deborah

Top spacehead sez:

Peace means war!

"The U.S. is committed," said Ronald Reagan in 1982, "to the exploration and use of space by all nations for peaceful purposes and the benefit of mankind."

Of course, the presidential spacehead hurriedly added, "'peaceful purposes' allow activities in pursuit of national security goals," and national security goals include anti-satellite weapons "to deny any adversary the use of space-based systems that provide support to hostile military forces" and "an integrated attack warning, notification, verification, and contingency reaction capability."

In short, Reagan said that "the U.S. space program will contribute to the deterrence of an attack on the U.S., or, if deterrence fails, to the prosecution of war by developing, deploying, operating, and supporting space systems."

Following this July 4 declaration of his space policy, Reagan ordered the Air Force to create a Space Command (Spacecom) with headquarters in Colorado. To coordinate the new policy, he set up a Senior Inter-agency Group on Space, chaired by his assistant for national security affairs. The shift to military control of space operations is clear. Previous presidents used a Policy Review Committee (Space), chaired by the director of science and technology, to coordinate space policy.

Under Reagan, Pentagon spending for space activity has grown faster than the rest of the burgeoning military budget and now exceeds spending by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) for civilian space operations. For 1983, Reagan requested \$8.5 billion for the military and only \$6.1 billion for NASA. In addition, another \$4 billion is spent annually by the National Security Agency, the Defense Intelligence Agency, and the Central Intelligence Agency for military space programs.

The Air Force is now building its own space shuttle launch site, and 113 of the 311 shuttle flights will carry exclusively military payloads.

Earlier this year, in his famous "star wars" speech, the president promised an even greater emphasis on military space adventures. He also promised the war boys an orbiting anti-ballistic missile system by the end of the century-- despite the fact that such weapons were banned by international treaty in 1972.

--Chris Robinson, RECON

Anti-nuke film speaks to heart and mind

Dark Circle is a feature-length documentary about the nuclear industry. Its producers are Judy Irving, Chris Beaver and Ruth Landy of the Independent Documentary Group.

The film uses interviews with victims of plutonium production, recently declassified footage of government testing, and an emotional yet controlled narration to explore the ins and outs of nuclear power. A retelling of the victim's stories alone would be enough to jar the most skeptical viewer, but when these case histories are put alongside the jingles of some of the major defense contractors, they make the corporate claims of nuclear safety seem ludicrous and cynical.

There are stories of people like Don Gabel, a 30-year-old plutonium worker who subsequently died from a brain tumor, and leukemia victim Richard McHugh, who in 1951 agreed to pilot a plane through an atomic cloud in exchange for an early release from military duty.

Equally compelling are the stories of two Nagasaki blast survivors: Sumiteru Taniguchi, who spent a year and nine months in bed with severe burns, not knowing whether he would live or die; and a young woman who has the mental capacity of a two-year-old because her mother was pregnant at the time of the bombing.

Even more incredible (because it is less familiar) is footage of government atomic tests during the 50s and 60s. One such test involved an experiment in which 700 pigs, clothed in protective uniforms and strapped to little box-like containers, were subjected to the heat, radiation, and blast of an atomic explosion in order to test the effects on human skin.

Dark Circle does offer some hope--but only where hope really exists. The film recounts the slow but determined efforts of nuclear opponents. Like Raye Fleming's 10-year battle to stop the licensing of the Diablo Canyon Nuclear Power Plant. Fleming's story begins with attempted legal intervention and ends with the massive human blockade of the plant.

Similarly, the film shows the gradual

politicization of a mother living near the Rocky Flats Nuclear Weapons Facility in Colorado. After discovering that plutonium production there is contaminating her neighborhood, she tries to organize her neighbors. Unsuccessful in her efforts, she finally decides to leave the area.

Dark Circle took five years to complete. Getting the government footage alone took sifting through thousands of feet of film and two years of letter writing, phone calling, and finally congressional pressure to obtain the necessary releases.

The effort was well worth it. The film is powerful. Dark Circle doesn't make a simplistic statement about the nuclear issue, and it doesn't

preach. But it does give one of the most effective and moving accounts of just whose interest the industry serves, what the stakes are for both sides, and what it will take to stop nuclear proliferation.

It's able to do all this because it speaks to both the head and the gut. We aren't given rhetoric. We actually see the victims of nuclear proliferation--civilians, soldiers and workers who have suffered because of military plans for world domination and corporations' quests for higher profits.

--Thanks to Valerie Ellis, whose unabridged review first appeared in In These Times, April 6-12, 1983.



Whackos hatch more (yawn) homo theories

Amerika's paranoia about homosexuality takes many strange and violent turns. But more often than not the homophobes are as predictable as they are extreme.

Two recent advocates of whacko theories about gay people lead me to conclude that even the most strident bigots really don't have anything new to say.

Take Enrique Rueda and his book The Homosexual Network. According to Rueda there's a highly-organized "homosexual movement" in this country, carrying on a well-financed "struggle for the imposition of the homosexual ideology upon American Society."

Rueda's analysis reeks of "subversion," "infiltration," political "tactics,"

"prohomosexual front" groups, and imposed "ideologies." Sound familiar? Just substitute the word communist for homosexual and you've got a re-play of the Red Scare of the 1950s (and the 1920s).

Rueda is a reborn Joe McCarthy, waving a dossier of documents listing "enemies that guide and shape our (national) policy." In an appendix of his book Rueda provides the names of some 300 "alleged supporters of the homosexual movement/ideology."

Really, Enrique, couldn't you come up with something a little more original?

But, then, Rueda is a Roman Catholic priest. I suppose that fact accounts for his preoccupation with large, wealthy organizations that are trying to impose their ideology upon Amerikan society. Once again, the pot calls the kettle beige.

And then there's Paul Cameron, a psychologist from the Institute for the Scientific Investigation of Sexuality, which is located in Lincoln, Nebraska. Two years ago Cameron authored a study that claimed that only 2% of the Amerikan population is gay.

His latest work of fiction, presented at the recent convention of the Mid-western Psychological Association in Chicago, alleges that homosexuals are 20 times more likely to commit mass murder than heterosexuals are. Cameron arrived at this conclusion by examining

19 cases of "sexually flavored mass murders of the past 15 years" (he got his list from the New York Times) and then calculating that 65% of the victims died at the hands of homosexuals.

How medieval. And Jews are just a bunch of christ-killers who kidnap gentile children and sacrifice them in secret rituals.

What I want to know is: after infiltrating the country's political and religious organizations, subverting national policy, imposing my ideology on society, and bumping off a bunch of people, will I still have time to do my nails?

--Ferdydurke

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--London Times

No rule-breakers

YORK, England--A school crossing "lollipop lady" who guided children across a busy main road for 6 years without an accident has been forced to leave her job because she held her warning sign, or "lollipop," in the wrong hand.

The dismissal came after a series of warnings to hold the sign in her right hand as stipulated in the Health & Safety Work Act.

"She was excellent but we cannot have people breaking the rules," the county road safety officer said.

--London Times

Gay rights bills die in Illinois

Two of the three gay rights bills in the Illinois legislature died in the committees to which they were assigned. Activists were disappointed but not really surprised at the outcome.

Three gay-related bills were under consideration in the Illinois House. House Bill (HB) 661 would have prohibited discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation, and HB 660 would have allowed local governments to pass such a law on a home-rule basis. These bills were assigned to the Human Services Committee.

HB 724 would have amended the Ethnic Intimidation Act which makes violence against persons or property because of race, color, creed, religion or national origin a criminal act. The bill would add sexual orientation to that list.

HB 724, sponsored by Ellis Levin of Chicago, came before the Judiciary Committee for hearings in early April. According to Martha Fourt of the Illinois Gay and Lesbian Task Force, the votes on this bill were particularly frustrating because they were close to passage. With 10 votes needed to send the bill to the full house for consideration, the committee twice voted 9 to 9 on the measure. On the second vote John O'Connell (La Grange) switched his vote from no to yes, but Josephine Oblinger (from Sherman in Sangamon County) changed her vote from yes to present and kept the bill from passing.

Hearings on HB 660 and 661 were held in late April. Unlike the hearings on HB 724, committee deliberations on these bills included testimony from the opposition. Fourt thinks this made the crucial difference. Only HB 661 was put to a vote, with 5 yes, 5 no, 2 present, and 5 not present.

Nine votes were needed for passage.

Woods Bowman (Chicago), the chief sponsor of the bills, did not allow HB 660 to come up for a vote. This leaves him the option of bringing it up again at a future date, but Fourt indicated that reconsideration was unlikely during this legislative session.

Looking to the future, Fourt said that much rebuilding of support had to occur due to the cutback in the size of the Illinois House. Several supporters of gay rights were defeated in the last election as a result of the cutback. Many observers have pointed out that the cutback seemed to polarize the House into liberal and conservative camps, since mod-

erates tended to lose out in the new combined districts.

"The opposing testimony hurt," Fourt continued. "The legislators need more constituent support for a pro-gay vote; otherwise they won't have the guts to go with us."

Fourt was encouraged by the vote on HB 724 (the anti-violence bill). "It was the first time a bill like this had been introduced and we almost made it. The obviousness of the problems like violence can help our cause."

--Ferdydurke

Source: The Gay News-Telegraph, May 1983.

Vacation Time

The Post staff is taking a summer break, so we won't be putting out another paper until July 14. Read this issue slowly--it has to last you 7 weeks! But we promise we'll be back in July, all rested and ready to go. See you then.

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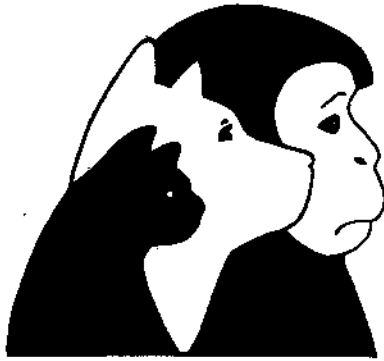
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Real profs don't love students or animals



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What do you get for loving animals and students?

You get fired from your job at Illinois Wesleyan University, says John McArdle, a functional anatomist who taught histology and bio-techniques in Wesleyan's biology department from 1977 until 1981.

Though the three-sentence letter informing him of his firing gave no reasons, McArdle suspects that his ideas about animal rights, his relationship with students, and perhaps professional jealousy were behind his non-appointment.

McArdle believes that animal experimentation is often unnecessary and that experimental animals are treated brutally (see P-A March 1983). As a teacher and researcher (with 10 publications and 9 presentations to his credit), McArdle has developed new, effective alternatives to using animals in the classroom. No animals were killed in his classes, and if students asked about it, he would discuss his beliefs with them.

His student evaluations were excellent from the beginning. Wesleyan's system, though, allows the department chair to choose which evaluations to submit to the Tenure and Advance (T&A) board. After his firing, when McArdle asked his chair for copies of his evaluations, the chair had lost the whole first year's and some of the other best ones. In his first review, 1977, McArdle rated well, but there was mention of the facts that his students called him by his first name and that he took an upper-division class out for beers at the close of term. He felt that T&A committee members didn't see this as a good image for a Wesleyan professor to have.

However, McArdle was promoted to assistant professor in his second year. And in that year the New York Times Magazine ran an article on animal rights. The article included one quotation from John McArdle, Illinois Wesleyan University, to the effect that 80% of the use of animals in experimentation was unnecessary and useless and could be replaced with other methods.

The dean was "furious, livid," in McArdle's words, to have IWU's name published in such a context. Again, Wesleyan's staid, safe, conservative image was threatened. McArdle says that this "clean" image is of immense importance to the Wesleyan powers-that-be, and that despite his sound scholarship and teaching, he wasn't clean enough.

He also was more active in his area--publishing, delivering papers at meetings, being invited to conferences in Egypt and Madagascar--than any other member of his department, and he thinks that instead of being an asset, he was sometimes viewed as a threat.

In 1980, McArdle was presented with a dean's list--a list of vague catch-all items that he could be fired from--from the faculty handbook. He was told that he would be offered a terminal contract, but that he shouldn't tell the students!

Of course he did. They organized a petition drive--for Wesleyan students the equivalent of bombing a building. Wesleyan's president claims that he never got the petitions, even though they were hand delivered.

McArdle never got any reasons for his firing in writing. When an American Association of University Professors representative asked for written reasons on McArdle's behalf, he was denied, with the comment, "We're afraid he'll sue."

--Phoebe Caulfield



Animal rights and the goals of biology

As a young child I once spent 2 or 3 weeks during the summer at Loon Lake, in the Adirondack Mountains. One day, as I was walking by myself, I noticed a school of tadpoles swimming near the edge of the lake. Many of the tiny creatures had little legs and were well on their way to becoming adult frogs. A miraculous transformation was taking place right in front of my eyes, and the feelings of wonder and amazement that awoke in me at that time were quite overwhelming. I spent a good part of every day for the next 2 weeks watching the tadpoles and marveling at the experience, which for me was unforgettable.

Very rarely during 8 years of study in college and graduate school did I have any feelings of wonder or admiration or respect even remotely similar to that earlier experience of the tadpoles. I learned a great many facts, modes of analytic thought, and advanced techniques of research, but the actual experience of living creatures as living creatures was not part of my education.

It seems that biology has largely forgotten that organisms are alive. The study of life is in many cases an investigation of "components and processes of living systems"--a description that suggests the emphasis on mechanisms and mechanical principles.

Education in biology ought to concentrate on developing an understanding of, and a devotion to, animals and life: intuitive faculties will never be developed in students who cannot truly love all living creatures.

Science is the leading force in modern life. In the future, scientists will more and more determine the course of world events. Science itself is neither good nor bad, but it is an extremely powerful institution for either the destruction or the salvation of humankind.

--excerpted from an article by George K. Russell

Seeing (god) is believing

It's not quite the Church of the Presumptuous Assumption, but it's close. A small Arizona sect, the Peyote Way Church of God, is, according to the March/April edition of Liberty magazine, taking on both the federal government and the state of Texas to determine the fate of this "psychedelic" church.

Seems there are laws in 5 states, New Mexico, Arizona, Texas, California, and Colorado, in which the Native American Church has won the right to use peyote in their rituals. But in order to belong to the Native American Church, you have to be at least 25% Native American.

The Peyote Way Church of God, most of whose members are not Native American, believes that that the Texas law is unconstitutional because it creates a "pet race" and a "pet religion."

The ACLU agrees.

The state of Arizona, in which the Church members reside, has acknowledged the Church as a legitimate corporation and allows them the use of peyote in

their rituals. The IRS has granted them tax-exempt status.

The problem is that one can only get peyote in Texas, and one can only get it legally from a Drug Enforcement Administration licensed distributor. Church officials filed a letter of intent to "procure holy sacrament" with officials in Travis County, Texas, then went to Texas in a 1965 Dodge pick-up with the name "Peyote Way Church of God" blazened across it in large, colorful letters.

The truck was stopped and three church officials were arrested on charges of impeding traffic (Liberty did not mention whether it was the sign on the '65 truck or the truck itself which impeded the traffic) and possession of a controlled substance.

That case was dismissed by a Texas Judge because of illegal search and seizure and because he said the arrest was an obvious case of "subterfuge."

But the church was not satisfied, because it is still not clearly legal for

them to buy peyote in Texas. So they're going to court.

The church sounds like a bunch of old hippies who retired to Arizona for a while. They make pottery, eat whole-grain and unrefined foods, don't smoke, drink, or watch tv, and do peyote when they want to see God.

If they win their case in court (they are challenging the Texas law on the grounds that it violates their freedom of religion under the First, Fifth, Ninth, and Fourteenth Amendments) the director of the drug rehabilitation program in the church intends to open a branch in California using cannabis and psilocybin as sacraments.

And if they do win, I'm thinking of opening up a church in Bloomington where the members would be encouraged to eat all the salt, sugar, starch, and red meat they could consume, smoke cigarettes, drink alcohol, and use MDA and crystal meth as sacraments.

You go to your church, and I'll go to mine. •

--Deborah Wiatt

AIDS: What is it is and what you

In the summer of 1981, the medical community became aware of reports from New York and California of two rare and potentially serious illnesses that were affecting otherwise healthy, young homosexual males. Since that time, these illnesses have also affected exclusively heterosexual men, women, and people outside of the United States.

Information concerning this condition, now called AIDS, has recently been spread in the popular press. Unfortunately, many misconceptions and some incorrect information have arisen concerning the physical and social issues related to these new diseases.

So far, AIDS has affected at least two people per day since 1981 for a total of more cases than Legionnaire's disease, Toxic Shock, and the Tylenol product tamperings combined. As of

early May, the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta had received 1,339 reports of confirmed cases of AIDS.

Approximately 40% of those persons affected by AIDS have died.

What is AIDS?

AIDS is an acronym for Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome, a group of illnesses and symptoms which form a similar medical picture. With AIDS, the normal functioning of the immune system is severely impaired, and individuals may become vulnerable to infections and illnesses which rarely affect the average person.

Two of the diseases that are often involved are: Kaposi's sarcoma, which is an unusual form of cancer, and *Pneumocystis carinii* pneumonia, an uncommon infection of the lungs.

Seventy-five percent (75%) of those individuals who have developed AIDS have been homosexual and bisexual men. But some women, some individuals outside of the U.S., and some heterosexual men have also developed AIDS. Thus, AIDS should not be considered a "gay plague" or a "gay cancer" but rather a public health issue.

As yet, it is unknown exactly why one person develops AIDS, while another person does not. Some scientists think that there may be an infectious process which causes AIDS. During this period of scientific uncertainty, it seems wise that everybody consider lifestyle factors that help or hinder a normally functioning immune system.

Preventing AIDS

While no one risk factor has been definitively implicated in producing AIDS, it seems that the number of different sexual partners that a person has may be an important factor. If there is an infectious process that causes AIDS, then having many different partners probably increases the risk of exposure.

It also seems wise to observe positive health practices that enhance the operation of immune defenses. These include: abstaining from intravenous drug use and heavy recreational drug use in general, maintaining healthy nutritional and hygienic practices, and seeking regular medical care from an informed practitioner.

So far, no one has been able to further define other risk factors that are specific for AIDS. However, if you have an active sex life, you should get regular medical check-ups which screen for sexually transmitted diseases. These illnesses, if they occur frequently, may be a contributing factor to the development of AIDS. In the Bloomington-Normal area, the McLean County Health Department (905 N. Main, Normal) provides inexpensive, convenient screening for syphilis and gonorrhea.

What are the signs?

AIDS is a complex and serious illness that develops gradually over time. Any one of the signs listed below (or more than one) is a cause for concern, but it is not a reason to panic. The important point is to take stock of your own health. Seek medical atten-



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Feds ignoring

Medical researchers are sharply critical of the federal government for ignoring the mushrooming AIDS epidemic. These hospital and university scientists allege that surprisingly little action is being taken by Congress or the National Institutes of Health (NIH) to curb the numbers of new victims or to isolate the still unknown cause.

So far, Congress has appropriated only \$2.5 million to fight the 2-year-old epidemic.

Since 1981, the Center for Disease Control has been the only federal agency to show strong interest in the emerging epidemic. By contrast, the much larger NIH is still only marginally involved in the fight against AIDS.

At this late date, not a single research hospital or university has received a major grant from NIH for AIDS research. The largest grant awarded so far has been a relatively modest \$133,000 research subsidy to Houston's M.D. Anderson Hospital.

It is no surprise that AIDS researchers are furious at NIH's snail's-pace response to the epidemic. "The NIH will go crazy trying to investigate two isolated cases of leukemia," says one government scientist, "but here's

can do about it

tion if you suspect that one or more of the following symptoms may be occurring in you:

--Multiple or enlarging lymph nodes (swollen glands) in the groin, neck, or armpit. (Many other conditions can cause this problem and are not serious);

--Weight loss of 10 pounds or more in two months that does not appear to be related to dieting or increased physical exercise;

--Fever or night sweats, with or without shaking chills, that appear unrelated to a cold or viral infection and which do not appear to be improving;

--Persistent diarrhea;

--Purplish bumps or spots on the skin, inside the mouth, nose, or anus that do not heal promptly;

--Severe fatigue (extending over more than one week) which persists despite having usual periods of rest and normal diet;

--Shortness of breath unassociated with exertion, especially in connection

with a dry cough unrelated to smoking.

There is no one symptom or sign of AIDS and no single screening test that can tell you if you have AIDS. However, many different illnesses can occur in the person with AIDS and these can be diagnosed and treated. As is true in most illnesses, prompt recognition and treatment are helpful.

What to do

Sometimes it is difficult for gay men, who appear to be at an increased risk of acquiring AIDS, to get the best health care. In some instances, gay men are reluctant to notify their medical providers of sexual preferences because of uncertainty about negative attitudes. In other cases, the providers are not well versed in the diagnosis and treatment of illnesses related to gay sexuality.

For whatever reason, it is essential to discuss AIDS and to be evaluated for it by someone who is knowledgeable about the condition and aware of your sexual preference and your sexual activity. If you cannot do this with your current medical care giver, you should seek a physician you can be open with. In the Bloomington-Normal area, you can call the Gay and Lesbian Information Line (829-2719) for a referral.

The recognition of AIDS as a national health issue is causing controversy in the gay community. Sometimes the AIDS issue can lead to inappropriate feelings of fear, panic, and guilt. If you have any of these thoughts or feelings, it is important to realize that you do not have to cope with them alone. The gay volunteers who work with PATH (827-4005 or 800/322-5015) are prepared to offer appropriate guidance and referrals.

If you wish to join those who are working on the AIDS issue, one very easy and critical act is to send a copy of this article to your Congressional Representative and Senators. In your cover letter, ask their support for federal funding for research into the cause and treatment of AIDS. More specifically, seek the continued and increased funding of the Centers for Disease Control and the National Institutes of Health.

--Adapted from a brochure prepared by the Fenway Community Health Center in Boston

Court dumps nuke waste on us

In a ruling in early May, the U.S. Supreme Court doomed an Illinois law that would have kept out-of-state nuclear waste from being dumped at a General Electric-run site in Morris.

The 1980 law had been struck down earlier by a federal appeals court on the grounds that it interfered with interstate commerce. The Supreme Court finished off the law by refusing to hear an appeal of that earlier ruling.

At the same time, the court refused to save a similar Washington law that had been passed in a state-wide referendum in 1980.

--Wall Street Journal

AIDS epidemic

this huge, unprecedented wave of breakdowns in people's immune system, and they seem barely interested."

An aide to Rep. Henry A. Waxman (D-CA), chair of the House Subcommittee on Health and the Environment, is also sharply critical of NIH's slow response to the AIDS crisis. "The NIH," says the aide, "is slow to change research priorities. It's like a luxury liner that takes ten miles to turn around at sea."

Dr. Marcus A. Conant of the University of California--San Francisco Medical School claims that the epidemic "is going right through the roof. Its growth curve is not linear--it's exponential. The federal government is doing almost nothing to support us."

NIH officials admit they have not given AIDS top priority, but they point an accusing finger at Washington. Says Dr. Gordon of NIH: "Congress has not earmarked any funds for AIDS to NIH, so we feel that we have not received marching orders and that AIDS should be viewed as a normal priority in relation to competing medical problems."

Researchers counter that NIH has considerable freedom to spend a

large portion of its \$4 billion budget as it chooses, independent of any "marching orders" from Congress. They also add that NIH has failed to take into account the extreme mortality rate of AIDS and its believed infectious nature in weighing it against "competing medical problems."

One government scientist says the recent flurry of media attention has placed AIDS right at the doorstep of NIH and Congress. "This epidemic," he says, "has been picking up speed now for over two years, but only recently has it gotten a lot of publicity. The real test of the federal response is coming now."

Many gay activists are complaining bitterly that AIDS began to get attention only when it spread to white heterosexuals. As long as the disease was confined to homosexuals and dark-skinned immigrants, nobody seemed to care much. I bet if we changed the name from AIDS to Rich White Bankers Disease we'd see the money gushing out of Washington like it did during the outbreak of Legionnaire's disease.

--Ferdydurke

Sources: New York Native, May 8, 1983; Gay Community News, May 14, 1983.

No AIDS in B-N

The rumor that's been circulating about cases of AIDS in central Illinois and in Bloomington-Normal specifically cannot be verified. Several members of the B-N gay community have attempted to corroborate the rumor and can find no personal or official substantiation for it.

One man spoke with the Pantagraph reporter who supposedly had knowledge of AIDS cases in the area, but it turned out that she, too, was just checking on a rumor and had been unable to confirm it.

The infection control nurses at St. Joseph's and Menonite hospitals had no knowledge of any reported cases of AIDS, and neither did the pharmacy department at Brokaw. The woman at the McLean County Health Department said that no incidents of AIDS had been reported to her office. She explained that while it was likely that any cases would be reported to the health department, there is no mandatory reporting procedure for AIDS in McLean County, as there is in the Chicago area.


As of late April, 23 confirmed cases of AIDS within Illinois had been reported to the National Center for Disease Control. According to the material I have read, all of these cases are from Chicago or the Chicago area.

The rumor that there is a case of AIDS in Peoria has not been checked out by anyone I have talked to. Anyone with verifiable information about AIDS in this area should call the Gay and Lesbian Information Line (829-2719) or the Post-American (828-7232) so that our community can stay informed about this serious health threat.

--Ferdydurke

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Abortion: Glad to

I recently had an abortion. While I regret its necessity, I know that it was the right decision for me. Fortunately my freedom of choice has not been legislated away, and I had the necessary financial means. If telling about my experience will help another woman approach this difficult decision in an informed manner, I will be satisfied.

When a lab test confirmed that I was pregnant, my very first reaction was panic. I'm 29 years old, but I am not emotionally mature enough to be a single parent--the responsibility is more than I can handle alone. My boyfriend is a good man, and I love him, but there is no honor in trapping a lover into a commitment "for the sake of the baby." I had basically decided on an abortion even before I told him, and after much heartfelt discussion, we agreed that it was the only realistic solution at this time and under these circumstances.

My first move was to contact Planned Parenthood of Mid Central Illinois where I set up a confidential counseling session. My counselor was exactly what I needed: knowledgeable, compassionate, non-judgmental. When she learned that we had mutually decided to terminate the pregnancy, she explained the procedure, using a plastic model to show exactly what would take place. She handed me a list of clinics approved by Planned Parenthood in the Illinois area, including places as far away as Chicago and St. Louis. Two clinics, one in Champaign and one in Peoria, fit my needs and budget, so she gave me literature on both. While Planned Parenthood will give referrals, the patient must make the appointment herself. I was able to get an appointment for the following Friday in Peoria at National Health Care Services.

I believe that the hardest part of the whole ordeal was the waiting, knowing that the longer the delay to terminate the pregnancy, the closer the fetus was to being a viable human being. My physical and emotional well-being was taking a real beating, but the love and support of my boyfriend and a few dear friends helped me to handle the wait.

Friday finally arrived, and my lover drove me to the clinic. (It was recommended that a friend go with the patient to be sure that she gets home

safely.) We found the clinic in a modern office building in a northern subdivision of Peoria. The office was decorated in soothing shades of blue and green, with muted lighting, comfortable furniture and many lovely art prints.

I checked in with the receptionist and received a clipboard of papers to be read over and signed. I read the literature about possible risks, filled out several forms and waivers, and waited for my name to be called. The receptionist asked me into her office, took the \$220 cash that I had brought and directed me into the lab. A technician took a blood sample and informed



me that the urine specimen I had given them upon arrival had proven my pregnancy positive. I was then sent into another room where they administered a sonogram to determine the age of the fetus and its position. A tubal pregnancy would have entailed hospitalization and surgery, but luckily I was spared that ordeal.

I was then led to another room where two other women and I were informed about the procedure and its risks. When we understood what we could do about it at that point, we were taken to a room where we waited our turn to undress in the bathroom, put on colorful cloth gowns and slippers, and then joined three other women who were already waiting.

It was during this wait that I learned that there are many good reasons to choose an abortion. The six of us never learned each other's names, but we easily became allies. The oldest woman was in her 40s and had four teenage children; she did not want to begin another family. A 27-year-old unmarried woman had considered keeping the child, but her genes may carry a hereditary disease that killed and crippled several of her family. Then there was the terrified 15-year-old who had passed out when the lab had taken her blood test. She didn't join in our conversation; she just sat hunched over and waited.

The 21-year-old college student lives with her parents, who knew nothing of her problem. She and her boyfriend had used the money they'd saved toward an engagement ring to pay for the abortion. At one point in her life she had considered becoming a nun, and she expressed fear for her soul. The other girl was a high school junior. For prom her mother had given her \$20, and her boyfriend's parents had given him \$60 for the dance and dinner. They attended the dance, but went home afterward to eat bologna and cheese sandwiches, and put the money toward her abortion. That made six of us, and we were called one by one.

I was the last to go. After the woman before me was called, I was left alone with my thoughts and apprehensions. Finally I was led into the room where the procedure is performed. There I was directed to lie on an examination table; instead of foot stirrups, two knee rests assured the proper position. While one nurse assisted the doctor, who is an OB/GYN in Peoria, another stood next to me and held my hand, explaining what was happening and what to expect.

First, the doctor did a manual pelvic exam by inserting two fingers into my vagina and pressing with the other hand on my abdomen. Next he inserted a speculum to open the vagina. After swabbing out the vagina with warm soapy water, he administered shots of xylocaine, a local anesthetic, to the cervix. He gave this a chance to take effect before continuing with the dilation.

A series of graduated rods were then inserted into the cervix, opening it

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little by little until it would accommodate the tube for the vacuum aspirator. The dilation was really the first pain that I felt, similar to strong menstrual cramps. The doctor then inserted the vacuum tube; its suction is very gentle, and there is little chance of damage to the uterine wall. I experienced pain with the aspiration and the curettage (scraping of the uterine wall) which was followed by one final suctioning. While the procedure seemed interminable to me, it probably took only a minute or so.

The doctor left, and the nurses led me to the recovery room where there were several comfortable recliners. They sat me back, covered me with a blanket, then took my blood pressure and pulse. I was feeling pretty shaky at this point, but after sitting quietly for a few minutes, I regained my equilibrium. I was offered a glass of 7-Up and a plate of cookies and crackers, and was told to just sit back and relax for a while. They checked my vital signs again, then told me that when I felt up to it, I could change my clothing and leave.

I was anxious to get back to my boy-

friend, who had by this time been waiting patiently for 3½ hours, but I stopped to thank the nurse who had been so kind to me in recovery. We talked for several minutes about abortion, the male legislators who want to take our bodies away from us again, and the former Right-to-Lifer who picketed the clinic but then found herself a patient when she wanted to terminate her own pregnancy. I rejoined my boyfriend whose relief was evident in his face and comforting embrace.

After eating lunch in Peoria, we returned to Bloomington where I filled the prescriptions I had been given: methergine to shrink the cervix and uterus back to normal, tetracycline to prevent infection, and darvocet for pain. The clinic had supplied me with a package of birth control pills, as well as a list of dos and don'ts to follow, including no strenuous exercise, no tub baths or swimming, and no sexual intercourse until after my three-week checkup with Planned Parenthood. The literature also outlined what possible reactions and complications to expect, as well as emergency situations about which they should be

notified immediately (they furnished a 24-hour hotline number to call).

I would be lying if I told you that I felt wonderful Friday night, but with the help of drugs and peppermint schnapps, my boyfriend's care and concern, and a healthy dose of relief that it was finally over, I was able to relax for the first time in weeks. The bleeding stopped by midafternoon of the following day, and for several days afterward I spotted and passed a few clots, but mainly the pain and discomfort disappeared within a week or so. The literature I had been given assured me that there is no single "normal" reaction, so it was just a matter of letting my body heal at its own rate.

My psyche is healing as well. The shame, fear and anxiety are fading away, and the support and concern of my lover and a few friends have been invaluable in helping me to cope. I am so thankful that I could choose this path, that I have the chance to pick up the pieces of my life and go on.

--R. A. F.

Opposition to South Africa grows in US

The movement to break all U.S. economic links to South Africa has begun to gather momentum. For the first time, anti-apartheid activists can claim they are beginning to hurt the South African government and its U.S. economic partners.

Last fall the Massachusetts legislature passed a law that required the state's public pension funds to sell their holdings in companies doing business with South Africa. The lame duck governor vetoed the bill, but the legislature easily overrode his veto.

The Massachusetts action was the latest in a series of state and local initiatives in the past year that will take \$300 million out of firms that do business in or with South Africa. The divestment movement has achieved more in the past 12 months than in the previous 12 years.

South Africa's divestment headaches are growing across the U.S.:

--One week before the Massachusetts victory, Michigan barred state educational institutions from investing in companies operating in South Africa.

--Last fall conservative Grand Rapids, Mich. (home of Gerald Ford) banned deposit of "idle" city funds in U.S. banks lending to South Africa, as well as corporations doing business there.

--Last June, Philadelphia became the first major U.S. city to pass a strong pension fund divestment bill.

--Wilmington, Del., home of the DuPont company that has significant financial interests in South Africa, followed suit about a month later.

Added energy

City divestment took on added energy in March when Chicago's Democratic and Republican mayoral candidates both announced that they would seek to withdraw city funds from Chicago's two largest banks if they do not stop selling krugerrands, one-ounce gold coins that earn much-needed foreign exchange for South Africa. A local banking official said the amount involved hundreds of millions of dollars.

Last year divestment bills lost in

state legislatures in California, Maryland, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, but the issue remains alive in each state as well as in Connecticut, which thus far has only partially divested its pension fund holdings in South Africa. And several cities and at least 11 states plan to introduce similar bills this year.

The most symbolic test lies ahead in the District of Columbia, where a divestment bill--if passed--will be reviewed by House and Senate oversight committees, thereby forcing Congress to take a stand on divestment.

Introduced in January, the D.C. bill would bar deposits of city funds in banks that have lent to South African government or to banks and corporations active there. It would also require the city's pension funds and housing finance agency to sell their holdings in any bank or corporation with financial or investment ties to South Africa. The D.C. bill has strong community support, particularly from local churches and some labor unions.

Reason to fear

South Africa has good reason to fear these latest developments. The U.S. is South Africa's second largest foreign investor and the source of almost one-third of its foreign loans.

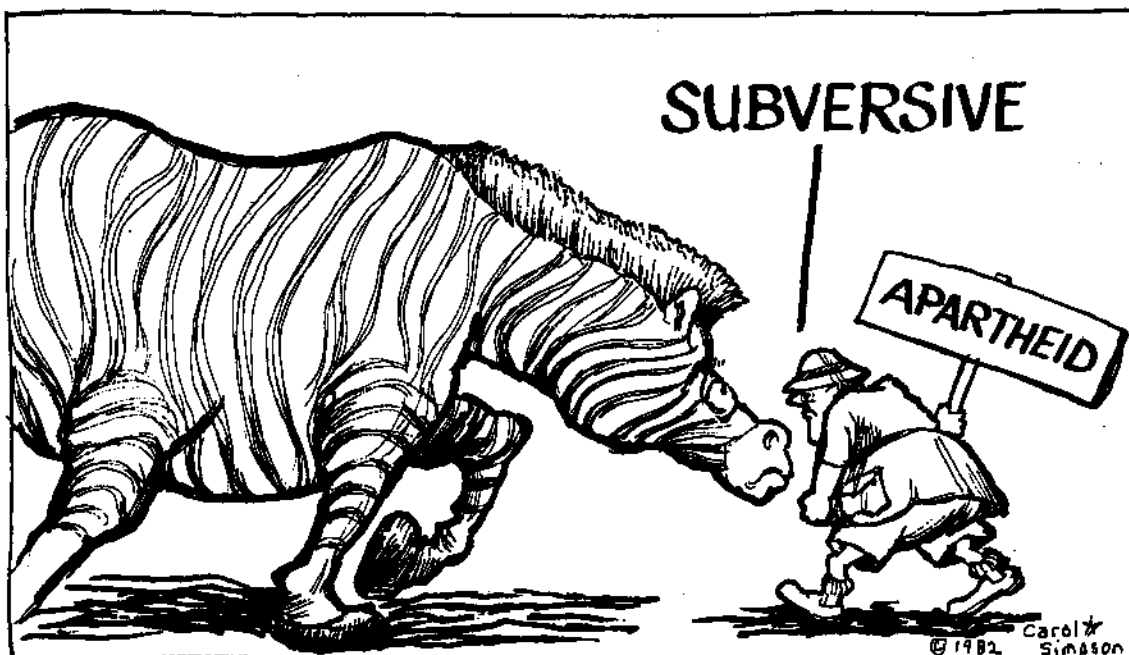
APARTHEID A CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY

The divestment movement is the most important opposition to the increasingly uncritical pro-South Africa policies of the Reagan administration. In the last two years Reagan has removed restrictions on trade with South Africa's military and police, eased restrictions on nuclear-related exports, provided training for South Africa's coast guard, and sent a pro-investment ambassador, former *Fortune* editor Herman Nickel, to Pretoria.

As casualties from Reaganomics mount, and so do calls for divestment in South Africa and re-investment in deteriorating neighborhoods and new jobs in this country.

--Ferdurdurke

Thanks to Carole Collins of *In These Times* for information and analysis that appeared in the April 6 and April 13 issues.



**Fortification
award**

Prize sign designs



As we zipped by the sign on the left, when it first went up in the Post-Amerikan's neighborhood, we missed the words and caught the symbol.

Deborah said she thought at first that it meant "No pole vaulting."

Another staffer thought maybe it prohibited downhill skiing on Oakland Avenue.

I thought it denied Parisians the right to disco dance in the area.

Any of those meanings smacked of the unnecessary. Then we read the illuminating slogan and found out that the neighbors were supposed to watch each other's windows for men climbing in or out of them.

Hah. They should've watched for people opening car doors. Ten days after the Neighborhood Watch signs went up, cars all up and down the street were mysteriously rifled.

An anonymous informer told us that the culprit looked just like the guy on Normal's sign, on the right.

He's cuter, and a lot easier to spot.

--Phoebe Caulfield



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