

Eastern Illinois University

The Keep

The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

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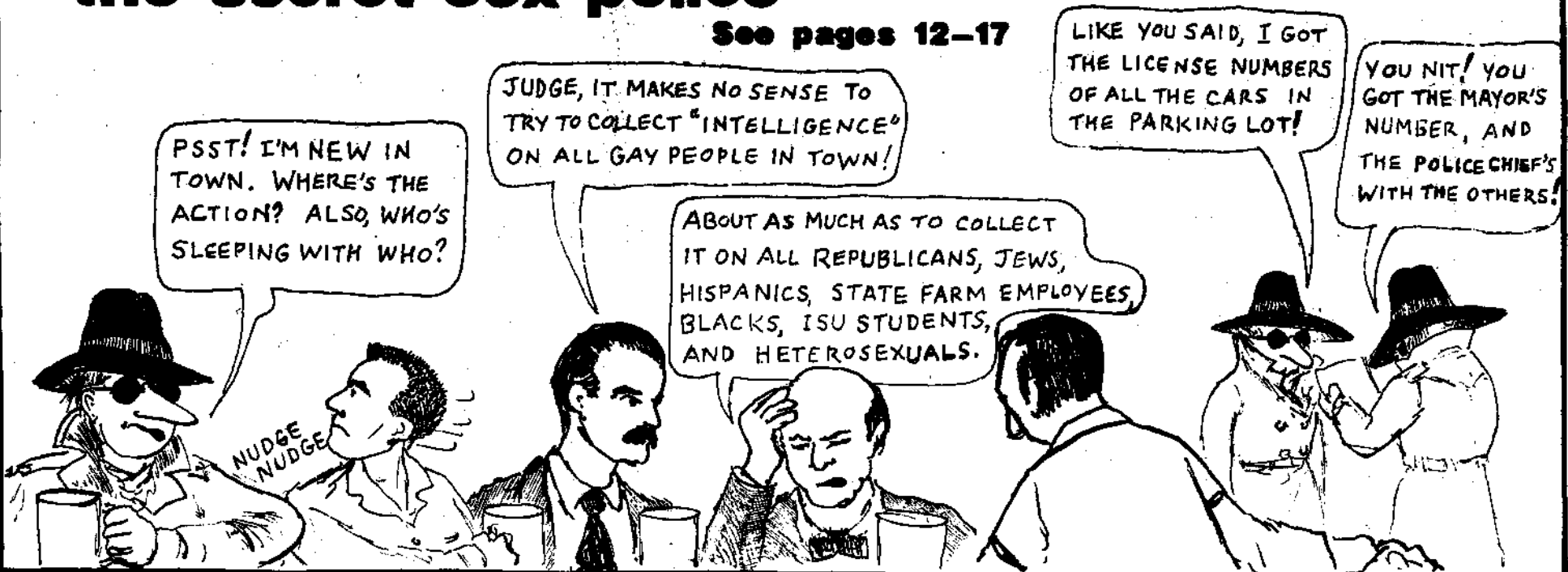
POST AMERICAN

Vol. 13 No. 5
Sept. 1984



DCI Task Force: the secret sex police

See pages 12-17



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POST SELLERS

BLOOMINGTON
 Amtrack station, 1200 W. Front
 The Back Porch, 402½ N. Main
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 Bus Depot, 523 N. East
 Common Ground, 516 N. Main
 D. J.'s Variety, 297 N. Main
 Front and Center Building
 Law and Justice Center, W. Front
 Lee Street (100 N.)
 Main and Miller streets
 Medusa's Adult World, 420 N. Madison
 Mike's Market, 1013 N. Park
 Mr. Donut, 1310 E. Empire
 Nierstheimer Drugs, 1302 N. Main
 Pantagraph (front of building),
 301 W. Washington
 The Park Store, Wood & Allin
 People's Drugs, Oakland & Morrisey
 Red Fox, 918 W. Market
 Susie's Cafe, 602 N. Main
 U.S. Post Office, 1511 E. Empire
 (at exit)
 U.S. Post Office, Center & Monroe
 Wash House, 609 N. Clinton
 Washington and Clinton streets

NORMAL
 Alamo II, 319 North St. (in front)
 Blue Dahlia Bookstore, 124 E. Beaufort
 ISU University Union, 2nd floor
 ISU University Union, parking lot
 entrance
 ISU Milner Library (entrance)
 Mickey's, 111 E. Beaufort (in front)
 Midstate Truck Plaza, U.S. 51 north
 Mother Murphy's, 111½ North St.
 North & Broadway, southeast corner
 Record Service, Watterson Place
 Redbird IGA, 310 S. Main
 Upper Cut, 318 Kingsley
 White Hen Pantry, 207 Broadway
 (in front)

POST AMERIKAN

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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, photography, graphics, paste-up, and distribution are done on a volunteer basis. You are invited to volunteer your talents.

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. If you'd like to join us call 828-7232 and leave a message on our answering machine. We will get back to you as soon as we can.

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 letters 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 submitting material for the next issue is September 27.

good numbers

Alcoholics Anonymous.....828-5049
 American Civil Liberties Union.454-1787
 CETA.....827-4026
 Clare House (Catholic Workers).828-4035
 Community for Social Action...452-4867
 Connection House.....829-5711
 Countering Domestic Violence...827-4005
 Department of Children and
 Family Services.....828-0022
 Draft Counseling.....452-5046
 Gay/Lesbian Information Line...829-2719
 HELP (transportation for handi-
 capped and senior citizens).828-8301
 Illinois Dept. of Public Aid...827-4621
 Illinois Lawyer Referral...800-252-8916
 Kaleidoscope.....828-7346
 Metropolitan Community Church..829-2719
 Mid Central Community Action
 Agency.....829-0691
 McLean County Health Dept.....454-1161
 Mobile Meals.....828-8301
 McLean County Center for
 Human Services.....827-5351
 National Health Care Services
 (abortion ass't in Peoria)..691-9073
 National Runaway Switchboard...
800-621-4000
 in Illinois.....800-972-6004
 Nuclear Freeze Coalition.....828-4195
 Occupational Development
 Center.....828-7324
 Operation Recycle.....829-0691
 PATH (Personal Assistance Telephone
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 Planned Parenthood.....827-8025
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 Prairie Alliance.....828-8249
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Thanx

This issue is in your hands thanks to: Drue, Deborah, Melissa, Diana, Dave, Sue, Susie, Have, J.T., Pink Bob, Bumper, Danny, Nadene, Bobby, Kathy, Diane, Bill, Virgil, Laurie H., Laurie D., Ralph, Stan, Rich, Jeff, and Mark (coordinator)--and others we probably forgot to mention.

Special thanx to M.A. for his generous contribution to the Post. Keep those bucks rollin' in.

Battle of the Bands

Nameless Dread faces the Police

There are certain things you can do when you're in a band that are supposed to be a lot of fun. One of them is going out and taking "band photos." If you really want to go with it, you can dress up in neat costumes, paint your face, and find the perfect location to suit your style.

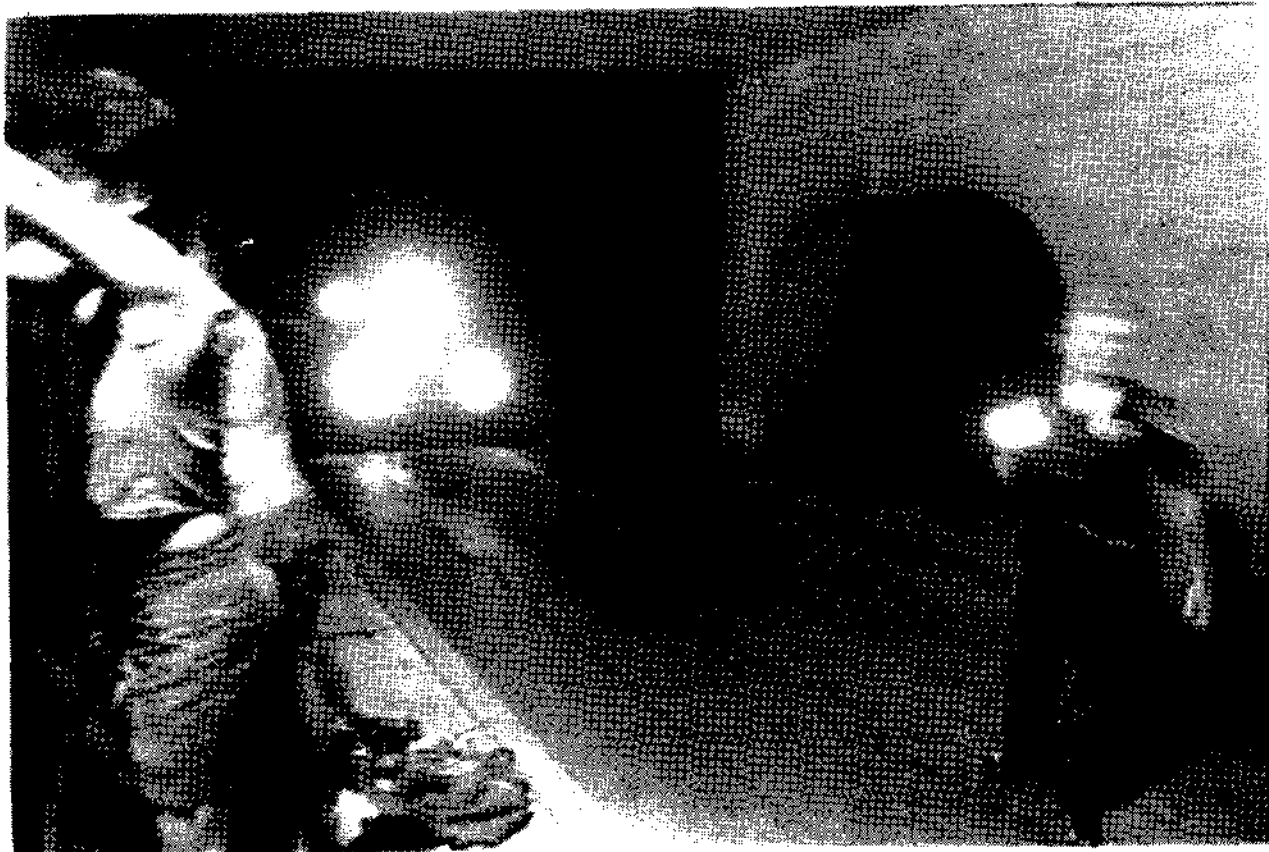
For example, if you were in a country band, you might want to put on some jeans or a calico dress and take some pretty pictures out in some idyllic meadow. Or, if your mode is a little more on the bizarre side, you might decide that the perfect location to take your promo photos would be some dark, creepy underpass and the best time to do it would be after 10 p.m.

And even if you had given a lot of thought to lighting, camera angles, costumes, and props, one thing you probably wouldn't plan for is having the Normal police decide that they need to get in on the action.

On the night of July 27, I went out with the members of my band and a trusty photographer to take our promo photos. We had picked the Division Street underpass as our location, and had decided that we would shoot in black and white, at night, when the lights from both the underpass and the passing cars would lend themselves well to the atmosphere of tension and general creepiness that we wanted to convey. We painted our faces, gathered up costume changes, props, some spray paint, a few beers, and were on our way.

Things were going really well. We were getting into the atmosphere and the way we felt. We were loose enough to try unusual movements, posed and non-posed actions, running in, out, and around shadows, playing with our props, jumping out at passing cars, making faces--just generally having a good time.

We had this feeling that the photos were going to be very good. We were also aware that the people driving through the underpass were taking a long time looking at us as they went by. I remember thinking at one point that maybe somebody would get freaked out enough at this travesty of normal behavior to call the cops.



I didn't have to wonder too long. We had just decided that it might be neat to do a shot in which we were kind of half-laying, half-crouching in the street in the glow of approaching headlights. So when we saw the next car coming on we got down and did the shot. Then we got up and waited for the car to go by. It never did. That's because its occupants happened to be members of the Normal Police Department.

Within a matter of minutes there were three (yes, three) squad cars blocking off the underpass. Officers Gary Wroan, D.H. Stevens, and James Lizinski got out, and that's when the fun really began.

From the moment they swaggered over to us, I had the feeling that this would be a situation in which roles were played to the hilt. Cop roles, social deviant roles. The really funny thing is that, although nothing was said between band members, we started playing our roles. But the cops weren't playing. They really lived their act.

The first thing that they did was shine a bunch of really bright lights in our eyes and ask for identification. We didn't have any. How silly of us not to realize that to get pictures taken we must have proper identification. So they went to each of us and got our names and addresses. Meanwhile, our adroit photographer kept snapping away.

After this it was just one hilarious-cop-against-degenerate scenario after another. They asked us to "Move up against the wall" and in an unspoken cue we lined up, hands and legs spread in a classic pose. They went through all our stuff with great enjoyment, kicking our clothes and props around and holding them up as if they were tainted with some ugly disease. They looked like a bunch of Brownies on a scavenger hunt.

...I WANT PICTURES OF EVERYBODY WHO REQUESTS TO SEE THEIR FILE UNDER THE FREEDOM OF INFORMATION ACT...



Here's one of the more succinct quotes: "Do you like running around degrading yourselves in public?"

They found the can of spray paint and, with an amazing quantum leap of logic, connected it with the name of the band painted on an underpass arch. ("Hey! It's the same color!") At this point, one of the officers gleefully wiped off a bit of paint and ran around exclaiming, "I got it! It's still wet!" (Good detective material, this guy.)

They began to realize that they didn't have anything to bust us for. At this point they asked whether we were going into Bloomington or Normal. Officer Wroan exclaimed, "I wouldn't go into Normal tonight looking like that--like some kind of heathen running around half-naked--you might get arrested!" They got a lot of yuks out of that one.

They ended up instructing us to "clean up this mess and get out of here." ("We know good citizens like you wouldn't want to leave all these beer bottles around, would you?") We left, they left. But not before they confiscated a knife and a pair of handcuffs belonging to a band member.

We went home and had a good laugh. Which I think is real important. If you can keep a sense of humor through something like this, see the absolute absurdity of it all, you'll be okay. We ended up feeling like it was the best part of the show. They couldn't have played their parts better if they had been handed scripts.

Later on in the week we went back to reclaim our (stolen) property. We wanted an explanation for the confiscation of our knife and handcuffs, and were told that the officers involved thought that the articles were "dangerous." I asked if there was anything on the books regarding "dangerous" articles--a list of specific objects which were okay to confiscate without explanation. The answer was "No."

"So," I said, "this is totally up to the officer's discrimination, then?" The answer was "Yes."

That's food for thought, isn't it?

--Diane ("Nameless Dread")

Record wars --part 87

Record Service closed its doors this summer, signalling the end of downtown Normal's decade-long record store war.

To regular devotees of the L.P. fix, the end came as no surprise. Record Service--whose original appearance in Watterson Commons delivered the death blow to struggling record cooperative Divinyl Madness--had been in shaky shape for over a year. Its store space shrunk, its stock diminished, Record Service had been losing regular customers to its Beaufort Street competitor, Apple Tree. The Tree, Normal's longest running record store, had been making smartly competitive expansions in its selection of material, adding smaller label and import platters (a former Divinyl Madness specialty) and a greater singles collection, for instance.

With Record Service's death, that leaves Apple Tree as the area's prime source of music. What that'll do to local record prices is an easy enough guess.

Home taping, anyone?

Witnesses for Peace

Note to readers: The following articles are personal reflections from a trip we took as part of the 19-person Illinois-Wisconsin delegation of Witness for Peace, a grassroots organization that has been sending U.S. citizens to Nicaragua for the past year. Our role is to observe Nicaraguan society as it evolves in this post-Revolutionary period, especially as it is affected by the role of the U.S. government.

As you know, we (taxpayers) have been supplying and training the counter-revolutionary (contra) forces based in Honduras and Costa Rica. It is our policy to overthrow the government of Nicaragua and replace it with a more "legitimate" one.

San Francisco del Norte

We had been in Nicaragua for nine days, having spent the first two in the relative comfort of Managua before heading north to Somotillo, 6 or 7 miles from the Honduran border. There we all slept on the floor of one room, sharing shower and latrine space with each other and with a number of Nicaraguan "delegates of the Word" and their families.

Delegates of the Word are lay persons who have chosen to study and reflect upon the Bible and apply the message of the prophets, and especially the Gospel of Jesus, to the reality of their own lives. In rural Nicaragua, they travel to small villages and remote settlements to help organize and lead Bible studies and prayer services. They must also care for their own families' needs, so many farm 2 or 3 acres or work at some other occupation. Some are still in high school, and many have learned to read only in the last 5 years, since the Triumph of 1979.

Celebration

After several days in Somotillo, we made an overnight trip to San Francisco del Norte, a very small town farther in miles from the Honduran border, but located in an isolated, rugged, mountainous area which has experienced frequent contra incursions. We traveled in a large flat-bed truck for two hours over impossibly rough roads, rutted from erosion, filled with large rocks and sudden holes.

Two men who had been staying in Somotillo, both delegates of the Word, went with us. One young man left us when we reached San Francisco. He still had an hour to walk to reach his little farm. There is no road. The other man was eager to see his family and friends in San Francisco and to prepare for the "Celebration of the Word" to be held in honor of our visit that night in the town church. The Celebration is much like a Mass, but without Communion, as priests are rare in these rural areas.

Because of their emerging leadership and organizational skills, and because of their vigorous and deeply held support of the Sandinista Revolution, delegates live with the knowledge that they are high on contra hit lists.

After attending the candle-lit Celebration, we spent the night in the homes of several families. Two other women and I stayed with a 21-year-old mother and her 3-year-old son. Her husband drives the bus from San Francisco to Chinandega--about 6 hours one way--three times a week. He always stays overnight in Chinandega because no one travels the roads at night. The bus is the only regular transportation in or out of San Francisco and has only been available for two years. Money was obtained from the United Nations to buy the school bus and equip it with extra heavy-duty springs.

As she showed us through her home, actually an old store converted to living quarters, the woman pointed to her framed certificate of graduation from the "basic education program." She told us that she now goes to the

A PATRIOT IS
A MAN
WHO FIGHTS
FOR HIS
COUNTRY



THAT'S
WHY YOU
HAVE TO GO
FIGHT IN
CENTRAL
AMERICA



"Saturday School" to learn more, so she can be a teacher for others. She had never been to school before the Triumph.

Remembering the massacre

Following breakfast the next morning, it was time for us to gather to fulfill our real purpose in coming to San Francisco del Norte. We walked in procession to the hill at the edge of town. At the base of the hill, we were met by delegates of the Word, one of the Sandinista officials, and several women from the town. As we stood looking up the hill to a small, concrete block building at the top, and beyond to the beautiful green hills and grey mountains all around us, the official told us about the Massacre of July 24, 1982.

"The contra were led by the former Somoza National Guard commandante from here. He had run away to Honduras when the Revolution triumphed. He knew the whole lay-out of the town, of course. But besides him, some people came who had been in our town a few days before. They had Bibles with them and said they were missionaries."

He gestured to the hills in front of us and said, "The contra had mortars up there and a grenade launcher behind

us. Then they just marched in from the road, just where you came from yesterday. There were 150 of them. When someone saw them and ran through the town to alert us, many people tried to get here to the hill to defend the town. Those who did, fought here as long as their ammunition lasted. There was more ammunition, but it didn't fit our guns.

"When it was over, 15 of our people were dead and 8 were kidnapped. The contra cut out the heart of each one they shot. Some had their eyes gouged out as well, and some were completely gutted. That is how their families found them. When the contra were killing and mutilating, they screamed, 'We do this for God to fight you Communists.'"

The museum of heroes

We walked up the hill and entered the building, once the town's fort, now called "The Museum of the Heroes and Martyrs." Around the outside were concrete block markers painted red and black to mark the place where each body was found. A series of crude trenches circled the building for protection from mortar shelling.

Inside, the one room was as hot and dusty as outside. Facing each other on opposite walls were the blue and white flag of Nicaragua and the red and black banner of the FSLN. At one

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return from Nicaragua



end, a large pink cloth was stretched across the wall proclaiming in stenciled letters, "Mother: Your fighting son will never be a traitor."

In front of this was one glass case, as dusty inside as the rest of the room. In it were a few items of clothing--a pair of worn jeans, a pair of Harlem sneakers, corduroy pants, and a single boot with the toe blown away. Except for two green t-shirts, all were civilian clothes like young men wear. Strips of paper named the men who wore the clothing.

On the walls, under the flags, were pictures of 13 of the dead. They were grainy, black and white blown-up snapshots. Photographs are a very special, rare keepsake in Nicaragua. Many people asked us to send copies of pictures we took wherever we went. There were no pictures for two of the dead, and one man's picture was from his earliest childhood. He stood in fancy toddler clothes next to his brother.

Under each picture was a strip of faded pink construction paper with the name stenciled in blue marker. Under that was a typed page telling about the person's life and how he died. The typewriter was obviously not new--the letters were uneven and the first letter of every paragraph was elevated, as if the shift key didn't hold.

The youngest was 15

Two of the dead were cousins of the young delegate of the Word who lives an hour's walk away. One was the brother of our guide. All were related to someone we'd met since our arrival.

The youngest who died was 15. His father had been captured and taken to

Honduras, but had escaped after several months and returned to San Francisco. We interviewed him later that day and he told us, "It would be good for you to know the way my son died. He was wounded, but he wouldn't give up his gun. A contra cut his hands off to take it from him."

We walked outside, where more townspeople had gathered. Sitting on a low concrete wall outside the door, we shared prayers in English and Spanish. One of the delegates of the Word read in Spanish from I Corinthians, Chapter 13:

"I may be able to speak the languages of men and even of angels, but if I have not love, my speech is no more than a noisy gong or a clanging bell I may have all the faith needed to move mountains--but if I have not love, I am nothing I may give my body to be burned--but if I have not love, it does me no good."

Not godless commies

Then he said to us, "Tell President Reagan that we're not like he thinks we are, Communists who don't believe in God. Here we are trying to live the Gospel."

Throughout Nicaragua I experienced the pride and hope of a people who believe they have a chance to build their own futures for the first time. But "the guns and boots the contras have are all from the U.S. Their mortars are 81 mm, made in the U.S. The device for generating the contra's radio is made in the U.S. They used it to give me electrical shocks when they questioned me." The man we interviewed told us all this.

I love to visit museums. I've spent hours walking in long, quiet, marble corridors, stopping to marvel at relics of vanished civilizations

housed in immaculate, cool, softly lit glass cases. I've sat on black cushioned benches in art museums and studied famous paintings, hung there in silence, in timeless testimony to beauty and genius. I've stood in long lines and been herded with hundreds of others through once-in-a-lifetime viewings of the treasures of ancient kings and conquerors.

But I also saw a poor, grimy, one-room museum, and the only thing really wrong with it is that the people who really need to see it, never will.

--Susan Heiser

Post-Note:
Two other witnesses for peace have written accounts for the Post of their time in Nicaragua. We will run their two articles in October's issue.

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Thur. 30 **THE MIRRORS**

Fri. 31 **CAPTAIN RAT and the BLIND RIVETS**

SEPTEMBER

Sat. 1 **MR. MYERS**

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Thur. 6 The original "History of Pop" Stage Show
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Wed. 12 **THE GUESS WHO**
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Thur. 13 **PIRANHA BROS. BAND**

Fri. 14 **SPOONS**

Sat. 15 **RANK and FILE** (Tentative)

Tue. 18 **BRAVE COMBO**
(Texas Polka-Punks)

Wed. 19 **ROADDUCKS**
with **OLD WAVE REVIVAL**

Thur. 20 **THE WORKS**

Sat. 22 **ACOUSTIC FEAT** (Formerly of **LOWE PEAK**)
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Thur. 27 **NIGHT FIRE**

Fri. 28 **UPTOWN RULERS**

Sat. 29 **KOOL RAY**

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Benefit

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AUGUST

Tue. 28 **BUGWATER**

Wed. 29 **OUT OF ORDER**

Thur. 30 **THE WONDERS**
(with BRUCE BROOKS)

Fri. 31 **UPTOWN RULERS**

SEPTEMBER

Sat. 1 **THE SPOONS**

Sun. 2 **NAMELESS DREAD**

Mon. 3 **RICH MARGHERIO**

Tue. 4 **BOB BOGAERT**

Wed. 5 **The OUTNUMBERED**

Thur. 6 **BEAUFORT STREET QUARTET**

Fri. 7 **T.B.A.**

Sat. 8 **HUMAN HANDS**

Sun. 9 **BENEFIT PEACE IN CENTRAL AMERICA**
hear **TOXIC SHOCK**
with **OUT OF ORDER**

Mon. 10 **MIKE HOGAN**

Tue. 11 **JOHN C. WISEMAN**

Wed. 12 **THE SAINTS**

Thur. 13 **T.B.A.**

Fri. 14 **CHANGES (6-8pm)**
T.B.A.

Sat. 15 **FUN AND ANGUISH**

Sun. 16 **T.B.A.**

Caravan brings

As everybody knows, there are an awful lot of nasty, oppressive things happening in the world today. Environmental decay, nuclear energy and arms proliferation, the exploitation of women, gay people, and animals. It almost feels like a person must choose between issues or run the risk of spreading too thin and accomplishing nothing. As far as activism is concerned, I think I have kept my politics at a personal level. I consider myself to be both a feminist and a supporter of gay rights and feel that it is my responsibility to raise consciousness about these issues through speaking out and through my own actions. But in spite of the attitudes and positions I have acquired as a result of a sense of anger against injustice, I usually do not extend my activism into the group setting. At demonstrations, I can usually be found on the periphery.

So I have to ask myself: What is it about the situation in Central America that I find so compelling? Why is it that I feel the need to become actively involved in this particular human rights issue? And one that I know so little about as well?

I think it started a couple of months ago when I saw the film "El Norte." It had a profound impact on me. I suddenly saw all of the statistics and reports (which we can get so immune to) in terms of human beings and their struggle for survival and dignity in the face of brutal oppression. An oppression to which our government is a major contributor

in so many ways. The impression haunted me. But I still did not become directly involved in the movement to oppose this outrage. Then last week (mid-August) an event provided me with the opportunity and impetus I needed. A friend came in to see me at work and asked to put up a poster announcing the arrival of a caravan of Salvadoran refugees in Bloomington/Normal on August 14. This group (officially, Caravan of Salvadorans for Peace and Justice in Central America) was travelling over a 15-day period from Cleveland to Chicago to promote awareness of Central American issues and opposition to increased U.S. involvement in those countries. A rally and press conference was scheduled for 12:30 in front of the Old Courthouse and was to be followed by a forum at the Campus Religious Center in Normal. This action was sponsored by Bloomington-Normal CISPES (Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador) as well as other local groups. My interest was revived and I told my friend that I'd be there for both events. In the meantime I read an eye- and heart-opening account of the underground movement to smuggle refugees into this country. (New Age Journal, August, 1984).

The rally and press conference got off to a very late start. The Caravan was almost 2 hours late and we were more than hot and tired--we were anxious. There are a lot of things that could happen to these people who are hunted in our land as well as their own. Detection and deportation are a very real threat.



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SCARFACE

was the basis for an accusation that she was a teacher's union organizer. She said that anyone involved in education was suspect, and that this incident happened to many university people. She also said that every refugee in the room that night had been subject to torture under the paramilitary death squads and "anti-communist" groups.

After her testimony the floor was opened for questions and answers. Many people wanted to know about the situation in El Salvador since the election of Duarte last spring. Another refugee spoke in a very impassioned voice about the escalating murders and torture incidents since Duarte took office. Other people wanted to know what was the best way to help. The answers? Inform yourself, speak out, take action, and try to donate financially to one of the many organizations in this country opposed to our Central American policy.

Since I went to that forum I have been trying to educate and inform myself, so that I can speak to others. I am reading all the handouts from the forum and learning about the U.S. economic, political, and military involvement. I have become an active member of CISPES. And I'm doing this because stories and statistics have now become faces--like the face of Cecilia Moran. And the faces of tens of thousands of other Central American citizens who I will never see--murdered, tortured, outcasts in their own country or hiding in ours.

These are the faces of the people that should move us all to take action--now.

Diane Ferris

For further information on how you can help, contact:
 Bloomington/Normal CISPES
 P.O. Box 4041
 Bloomington, IL 61702



ROBB

Finally they arrived, to relieved cheers and a welcoming banner. They were on the last leg of their trip and looked very tired, but happy and determined. One woman had a very ill one year old son who was taken to a local hospital and treated under the Hill-Burton Act. There was a lot of media coverage (for an event like this) which was very heartening to see.

During the press conference, I was responding mostly to impressions. From where I was standing it was hard to hear the questions passed to the refugees, or the careful answers of the CISPES woman who was translating for them. I heard a statement of this action's purpose to inform and alert people to the following demands:

1. Stop the invasion in El Salvador and Central America
2. Stop the military and economic aid to the Salvadoran government
3. Stop the deportation of Salvadoran and Guatemalan refugees
4. Provide money for jobs, food, and medical services, not for war.

I saw six very tired but very brave human beings taking a great risk for their country and their people, and taking that risk where it is most dangerous--right here in Amerika, the country which supports the slaughter with millions of dollars in economic and military aid.

Later that night I attended the forum. The thirty or so people present were crowded into a small, hot room to hear one very gripping story told by Cecilia Maron, a Salvadoran refugee who had been captured, interrogated, tortured, and finally imprisoned for 32 months. Her occupation as a university student

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Pollution roundup



IPC manager quits after questions of mismanagement; nobody smells trout

The Illinois Commerce Commission (ICC) has for years blissfully supported the Clinton nuclear plant, even though it is likely to be 2.9 billion (not a misprint) dollars over cost estimates, even though it will be at least 7 years late, even though nuclear plants throughout the nation are being found unsafe, even though Illinois Power Co. customers are sick and tired of paying in advance for construction costs, even though the engineers were encouraged to cheat like hell on their qualifying exams, and even though I personally have written at least two extremely persuasive tracts against it which were dramatically read at ICC rate hike hearings.

Now, all of a sudden (I don't know who slept with who or who bought who too many umbrella drinks at the country club), the ICC decides in early August that maybe, just maybe, the cost overruns at the Clinton nuke are the result of mismanagement (Pantagraph, Aug. 2, 1984). There has to be an outside audit, says the ICC, which will cost a million dollars and take a year. ("Outside" means not people they know from the country club. Supposedly.)

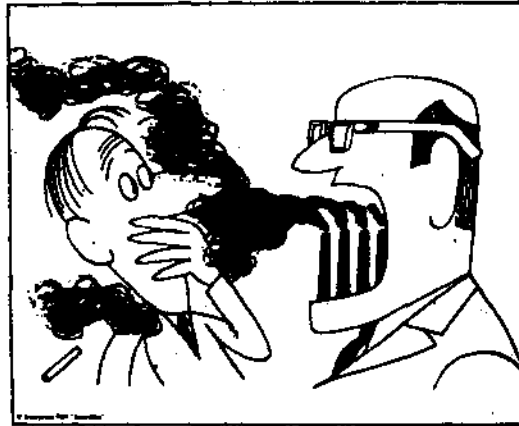
That's not all. On Aug. 4, 1984 (please refer to date above), the Clinton nuclear plant manager has resigned, the Pantagraph reports, "yesterday." Simple subtraction tells us that the resignation happened on August 3.

Huh. The Pantagraph also reports on

Aug. 4 that the resignation was a surprise to the company. This article does not mention the paper's report of this mismanagement audit two days ago. It does not mention that there's anything fishy about this surprise resignation.

Even five days later, when they report that the surprising disappearing manager is unavailable for comment because he's on a fishing trip, the alleged newspaper fails to report the distinct odor of trout.

--Phoebe Caulfield



Sugar Creek may peel paint

Environmental Protection Agency and Division of Criminal Investigation investigators suspect that a local company has been dumping buckets of poison behind the factory--poison that during high water flowed into a ditch and thence into Sugar Creek.

Forrest Park poisoned

Agent Orange, cyanide, arsenic, lead, and mercury have been lying around in Forrest Park for who knows how long, peeling the paint off the maintenance building and requiring the excavation of a chunk of parking lot, but causing "no immediate health hazard," according to an Illinois Environmental protection agency chemist (Pantagraph, 8/4/84).

Quite a trick, huh?

It's the word "immediate" that's suspicious. True, the only person I've known to die of Agent Orange poisoning died over ten years after he'd used it in Vietnam. You couldn't call it immediate, but it was thorough.

The oil residue and other flammable hydrocarbons might be more immediate, if a careless golfer or picnicker tossed a match toward the four 55-gallon drums that have been lying around for two to five years.

Park Superintendent Mike Claver says the Agent Orange was "accidentally produced when two herbicides were mixed," the Pantagraph reports, but the EPA finds "no indication of negligence or willful disregard for . . . hazardous waste laws."

The company is Watlington-Anderson, Inc., that place kitty-corner from the Laesch Dairy Barn on Linden and Empire. The poison, cleaning solvent, may have been dumped without a permit for five years or so.

--Thanx to Pantagraph
8/4/84



Routine poisoning of fish at Holiday Park

Bloomington's Pantagraph warned citizenry not to eat fish caught in Holiday Lake (out there by Lakeside Country Club) during the month of August. The city sprayed an herbicide to control weed growth in the water every Monday of the month.

One hopes that the city will not spray the gravel pits now that they own those, too. (See Post Amerikan, last issue.)

Don't breathe either

Fishers on Holiday Lake were taken to the hospital August 9 after they breathed the fumes from Holiday Pool's chlorine gas tank valve. They didn't feel up to eating their catch anyway.

--Thanx to Pantagraph
8/10/84

Common Ground

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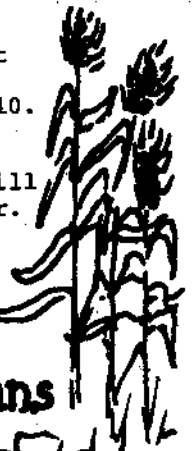


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Once you have your discount card, simply present it at the checkout counter for a 10% discount on every purchase.

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



Tom Sanders bashes handcuffed man with flashlight

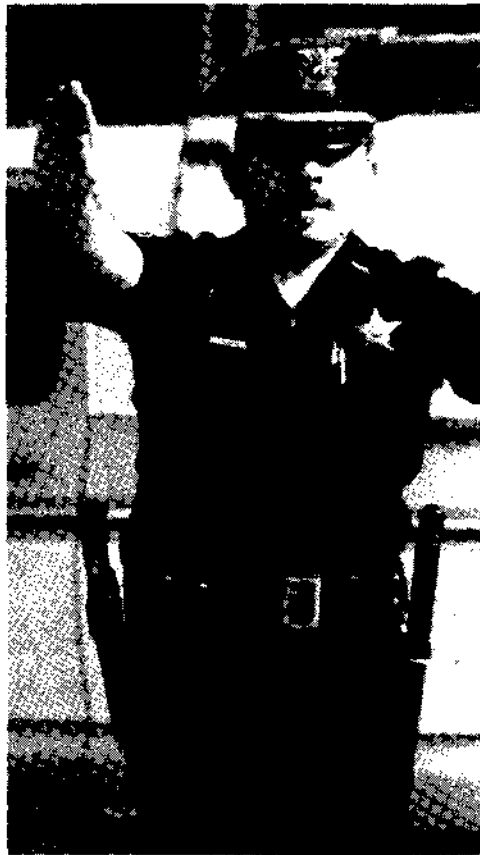
Evidence is still piling up that Bloomington cop Tom Sanders has a knack for taking a bad situation and turning it into a violent crisis.

In fall 1978, Sanders and his partner Paul Wilson escorted Connie Kerrick to her home to pick up some of her belongings. Her husband, Larry, was drunk and argumentative, and Connie had left during a fight. She asked for police protection when she needed to go back and collect her things later.

Given the gender of both Kerrick and Sanders, the drunkenness of one, and the chosen profession of the other, Connie probably expected the two men to engage in a certain amount of adolescent verbal banter and swagger. She didn't expect to see her husband smashed face first into a corner of the room, handcuffed, then smacked in the head with the cop's flashlight, all accompanied by a scary dose of Western-style gunplay.

The lesson: never ask a Bloomington cop to help you get your toothbrush. It's not worth it.

When Connie, Sanders, and Wilson came in the house, a "stupid and drunken" (his own words) Larry Kerrick demanded to know why the cops were there, and they explained that Connie had invited them along. Incensed, Kerrick dove across the room to the other side of the table, 8 to 10 feet away from the others, and drew his handy buck knife from its sheath. Even he doesn't exactly know what good this little act was going to do, since this kind of knife is too unbalanced to throw and at the time so was he.



Above: Patrolman Tom Sanders

Unfortunately, the cops were also unbalanced and proceeded to bring out their own weapons for purposes of comparison; then, in case Kerrick didn't understand that he was outclassed, Sanders commented, "Drop it or I'll blow your head away." Kerrick took that suggestion and dropped the knife; Wilson and Sanders immediately jumped on him, shoved him into the dining room corner, and handcuffed him.

Sanders further expressed himself by saying to the handcuffed man, "You fuckin' punk," and smashed Kerrick's head with his cop flashlight (a recurring motif in the Sanders saga, ripe for Freudian speculations). The resulting cut later required 8 stitches. While such a gesture might be socially appropriate among everyday

drunken citizens, it surely doesn't reflect the way one would hope for police to behave in the course of toothbrush retrieval.

Sanders continued to berate the incapacitated Kerrick while taking him into custody and booking him, swearing at him, identifying him as a "punk," threatening him with his fists, throwing him gleefully to the floor and offering to break his neck, and accusing him of having stinky feet.

Kerrick says, too, that the cops gave him a complimentary joy ride in the police van, taking the lengthy scenic route to the cop shop and making abrupt starts, stops, and turns that rattled him around thoroughly in the back, where he was still handcuffed with nothing to hold on to.

All this resulted in Kerrick's being charged with resisting arrest, unlawful use of weapons, and aggravated assault. It eventually cost him \$200, a large sum from most points of view, but from the state's attorney and judge's point of view a rather half-hearted penalty, as though they took the charges with a grain of Sanders.

Four years later, Sanders (who was not charged with anything), was still reveling in his moment of glory, when he saw Connie and Larry Kerrick at the Union 76 and nostalgically remarked, "You know, Kerrick, you're lucky you dropped that knife. Another split second I'd have blown your head off."

Why do we bother printing interviews that report old news, stuff that happened six years ago? Well, part of the point is that this did happen six years ago, and it clearly fits a recognizable pattern for anyone who cares to recognize it. Six years ago was before Sanders shot an innocent man in 1980, before he bashed Alan Mann with his flashlight in 1982, before the incidents that resulted in the four lawsuits filed against him. Yet Sanders is still swinging his weapons around and exhibiting his stunted grasp of police decorum, the English language, and the golden rule.

--Phoebe Caulfield

(Advertisement)

WANTED: INFORMATION ABOUT BLOOMINGTON POLICE

To all Post-Amerikan Readers:

Thank you for your response to the ad we ran last month.

We are still interested in talking with anyone who has experienced, or has been a witness to, or who has information about a Bloomington Police Officer's excessive use of force, use of racial or ethnic slurs, or who has violated the constitutional rights of any person.

We are seeking this information to assist us in our preparation for trial of three lawsuits which are now pending in Federal Court. The City of Bloomington has refused to turn over this information, even though the Federal Judge has ordered them to do so.

We believe that police officers, like everyone else, should be held accountable for their violations of other's civil rights, and when they are all citizens benefit.

If you think you may be able to help by providing information, please call:

Michael A. Barford
(309) 827-5031

Cop admits calling suspect 'nigger'

Bloomington patrolman Tom Sanders admitted under oath August 1 that he called Alan Mann a nigger in 1982.

Sanders called Mann a nigger just after arresting Mann, smacking him in the head with a flashlight, and punching Mann in the face twice with his fist, according to Sanders' own testimony.

Sanders was arresting Mann for allegedly drinking a beer in the parkway in front of Mann's home July 15, 1982.

Sanders admitted his verbal and physical abuse in a pre-trial deposition taken in preparation for an upcoming trial in federal court. That trial will resolve Alan Mann's suit against patrolman Sanders, which charges that Sanders used excessive force and violated his constitutional rights.

The suit also charges that Sanders' brutal actions against Alan Mann were racially motivated.



Until the pre-trial deposition, Sanders had always denied that he called Mann a nigger.

When the Post-Amerikan first began running a series of investigative articles about Tom Sanders' brutal record, it appeared that a disproportionate number of Sanders' victims were black. Some of those victims also alleged that Sanders used racial epithets during their confrontations.

When asked why he called Alan Mann a nigger, Tom Sanders testified "He pissed me off."

--Phoebe Caulfield

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T-SHIRT - 4-color picture of Big Red and Thor standing in front of the HINEY WINEY on front. "Ask Me About My HINEY" on back. Sizes: Men's S, M, L, XL. Colors: Light Blue, Tan, Bright Yellow.



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AND HERE, FOR YOU, ARE THESE NATURAL SEA GRAINS WHICH BECOME A VELVETY SEA-BLUE SOLUTION WHEN ADDED TO YOUR BATH. ENJOY... AS THEY LULL YOUR BODY INTO THE ETERNAL RHYTHM OF THE SEA.

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ALSO INCLUDED IS A LOUFA... A NATURAL SPONGE. WATCH IT EXPAND, ON CONTACT WITH WATER, INTO AN INVIGORATING TOOL FOR BATHING.

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TAKE IT'S CRYSTAL BEADS AND STARFIRE AND TOUCH IT SOFTLY TO YOUR SKIN.

FEEL HOW SLIPPERY IT IS WITHOUT BEING OILY. BLOW GENTLY ON IT. FEEL THE GLOW OF WARMTH.

TASTE IT. IT'S ALL PURE AND NATURAL WITH A DELICATE INDIAN FRAGRANCE.

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SLIP INTO SOMETHING UNUSUAL... A SHOWER OR BATH WITH THIS CREAMY BATHING POTION. STARTLES THE SKIN WITH AN EXHILARATING FRESHNESS.

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IT HAS A PLEASANT TASTE, FAINTLY REMINISCENT OF ALMONDS.

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HAS A GENTLY NUMBING QUALITY LIKE A CHILLED WIND.

SMELLS LIKE FRESH MINT. TASTES LIKE A PEPPERMINT STICK.

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Student ghetto Survivor tells all

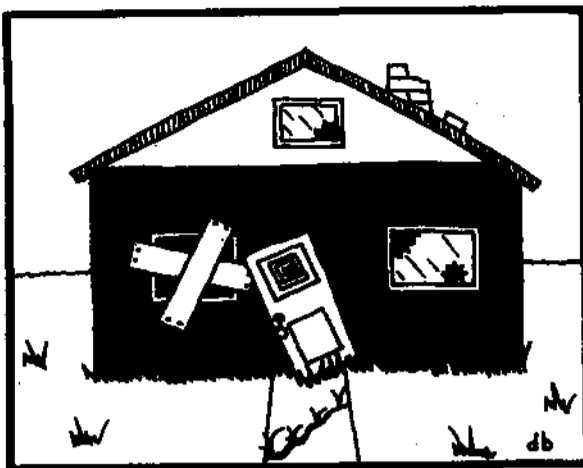
So all of you ISU students are back. Ah, college. I remember it well. But what I remember most about college are the housing accommodations. If you are unlucky, you are an underclass student living in the marvelous residence halls. If you are slightly more fortunate, you live in a student apartment.

But if you are really unlucky, you have signed a lease to rent property from the Smiths for the next 9 months.

Robert Smith and his mother, Elizabeth Smith, are a particularly desperate breed of landowners. Most anyone who has dealt with them in the past will laugh hysterically upon the mere mention of their names.

In my last semester at ISU (summer '84) I had the pleasure of renting the lower half of a house at 306 W. Willow St. in Normal. It was an adventurous 18 weeks, and I learned much. Here is what a person renting from the Smiths can expect:

--an apartment which has not been inspected for cleanliness or damage. Our apartment had a one-month supply of dirty dishes and moldy leftovers in the kitchen. The carpet was rancid, the thermostat had been ripped out of the wall, the water heater didn't work, half the windows were unsecured or unsecured.



--a partially-furnished apartment. My roommate waited 2 months to get his bed, even though it was supposed to come with the apartment. It's a lucky thing the other two of us had our own beds.

--utility bills with large outstanding balances switched into your name without your consent. My roommate received a water bill/disconnect notice (in his name) for \$51. According to the water company, the bill was for water used before we lived there, and it was switched into my roommate's name by Mrs. Smith. It's a good idea-- maybe we could all get our telephone bills into Tom Sanders' name!

--no response to frequent calls to the landowners. Finally, after dozens of fruitless complaints, we called the Building Inspector's office (but more on that later).

--a lecture on christianity and "clean" language by Mrs. Smith, if you are unfortunate enough to let a 4-letter word slip in your phone conversation (you never meet Mrs. Smith; you only talk to her on the phone). Also, if you accuse her of trying to take advantage of you, she will likely inform you that she is a christian who has never tried to cheat anybody in her life. It figures. She is one of those devout christian types who doesn't have to try... it comes naturally.

--a bad reference to future landlords if you ever complain. When our present landlords called Elizabeth Smith to inquire about us, she had to call back the next day so she "had time to get our file together." Luckily our current landlords visited us on Willow St. before she called them back and reported that we "complain too much."

So what can you do about substandard housing? Well, as I mentioned, you can always call the Building Inspector and let him deal with your landlord. You will be asked to come to city hall to file a short complaint. Within a couple of days the Building Inspector will come out and look the place over. Any deficiencies will be noted, and the landlord will be given a short amount of time (usually two weeks) to correct the items. If you do follow this procedure, be sure to go back after the inspection and get copies of the report. The inspector's office will be glad to provide you with this for 5¢ per page.


For legal matters, any full-time student at ISU can get legal advice at Student Legal Services. This is the place to go for unrefunded damage deposits and other illegal practices used by landlords.

Hey, kids! Wanna have some fun with the Smiths? Call up Robert M. Smith (it's listed) and ask him or (most likely) Elizabeth Smith if they have any units for rent. Make an appointment to see one. Show up (preferably intoxicated and with friends) and be extremely critical of the place. Ask Bob if he would live there. Whatever you do, don't rent from these people. College students have enough to worry about without the kind of problems the Smiths generate.

--Pink Bob



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AND I THOUGHT I WAS JUST WATCHING A SITEOM...



DCI Task Force: The

Your name and supposed details about your sex life might be in the files of an undercover police agency operating out of an office on the east side of Bloomington.

No kidding.

The covert Major Crimes Task Force operated by the Illinois Division of Criminal Investigation (DCI) has compiled a shocking quantity of indexed information about the legal, legitimate, and--until now--private sexual activities of hundreds of innocent citizens.

The DCI Task Force compiled all this information on the pretext of investigating allegations that juveniles were engaging in sexual activities with adults at two parties at the Cedric Cooke residence in Lexington.

Only six people were actually charged with any crime. One of the charges has already been dropped. Charges against the five remaining defendants are all based on sexual encounters with the same underage man. In other words, the police authorities found only one juvenile whose sexual encounters they could base a prosecution on.

But while they were investigating they:

**Tried to accumulate the names of everyone who had been to those two parties.

**Tried to get the names of everyone who had ever been to any parties at Cedric Cooke's house.

**Tried to find out about anyone who'd ever associated with Cedric Cooke, even if they hadn't been to Cedric's house.

**Conducted 47 face-to-face interviews to gather information.

**Searched Cedric Cooke's house and seized all his address books, phone records, letters, check ledgers and other information about who knew Cedric and who ever received money from him.

**Compiled an indexed alphabetical list of names and addresses gleaned

from Cedric Cooke's records. Evidence shows this list of names is at least 86 pages.

This information comes from the several-inch thick stack of police reports and grand jury transcripts that prosecution authorities placed in each defendant's court file. I've read all the reports.

The documents reveal that DCI mounted a massive investigation, the scope of which became larger and larger until Cedric Cooke was murdered April 12.

During the investigation, names of people merely associated with people who knew Cedric came up. The DCI

of Cedric Cooke's was said to have been staying temporarily at the home of a woman in Bloomington, a grand juror asked, "Is she gay?" Neither of the subjects of these two inquiries was ever alleged to have committed or witnessed any criminal act. But the hearsay answers to these questions are permanently stored in the police's computers. And the answers are also filed as public documents in the McLean County Courthouse, without the concerned parties even knowing about it, without the concerned parties having any right to correct any incorrect information.

The court documents are packed with rumors and hearsay allegations about dozens and dozens of specific citizens, many of whom are not even alleged to have committed or witnessed a crime. But they are alleged to be gay, or have friends who are gay. And that "fact" could be used against them sometime.

47 Interviews

The DCI investigation was massive. In the course of their 47 face-to-face interviews with people who had been at Cedric Cooke's or who were alleged to have been at Cedric Cooke's, DCI agents obtained the names of still more people. Cedric Cooke's murder on April 12 cut the investigation short--DCI apparently planned to continue tracking down more strands of the network of associations.

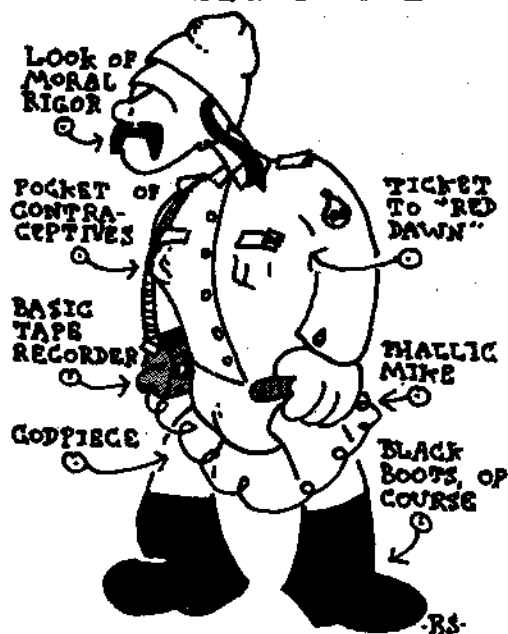
From the 47 interviews, DCI gained the names of perhaps several dozen more people who were alleged to have known Cedric Cooke, or were alleged to be gay, or whatever.

86 pages of names

But DCI has even more. The covert intelligence agency has an indexed list of names and addresses taken from a minimum of 86 pages of Cedric Cooke's address books and telephone records.

The DCI was so thorough in its processing of Cedric Cooke's telephone information that the agency even lists

A NEW BREED OF COP: THE SEX POLICE



asked questions about them, too. Even if people were never accused or implicated in any illegal activity, DCI agents (and curious grand jurors) asked questions about their sex lives.

Rumors, hearsay

For example, when the roommate of one suspect mentioned the name of his lawyer in Champaign, Agent Sanders asked if the attorney was either gay or bisexual. When a former associate

On June 6, 1984, the security police at Illinois State University received a tip from an anonymous caller that one of the men indicted May 31 in the misnamed "sex ring" case was in a rest room on the ISU campus, soliciting sexual activity. The ISU officer called special agent Charles Grooss of DCI's Task Force Six and requested a photograph of the man for identification purposes. Agent Grooss was also advised that ISU Security had checked out the bathroom and surrounding area and would continue surveillance of the location.

The next day the DCI Task Force was again contacted by ISU Security--they had the man in their office and wanted DCI to come conduct an interview. Two special agents interviewed the man, advising him of his constitutional rights and telling him he was not under arrest and could leave at any time. The man agreed to continue the interview and told DCI agents, in some detail, about his cruising activities the day before.

I don't fully understand why the man consented to talk with DCI--he wasn't under arrest. But even more puzzling is why DCI was ever called into the case. The "sex ring" indictments had been handed down several days before

Out of the squad ca

--wasn't the investigation over? DCI knew there was no "sex ring"; were they still hoping to find one? And why did ISU Security call them in the first place?

Public cruising

A lot of gay men cruise in public places (rest rooms, parks, adult book stores) looking for sexual contacts. We aren't allowed to be open about our sexual interests and can't easily meet other gays at work or school or church. There is no gay bar in this town, and even if there were, many men wouldn't go there--going to a gay bar is almost as problematic as coming out to your boss or your minister or your wife.

Cruising public places may be risky, especially if you're really horny and throw caution to the wind, but the (usual) quick, anonymous, impersonal encounters are just the ticket for married men, baseball players, judges, truck drivers, lawyers, State Farm employees, school teachers, clergymen, macho construction workers, and any others who want to preserve the fiction that they are straight. Going

to a public place doesn't label you--after all, it's public. If you don't get caught with your pants down or run into some queer basher, you can have immediate gratification with no messy long-term entanglements, and who's to know?

Well, apparently, the Illinois Division of Criminal Investigation, that's who.

The sex police

Is DCI now monitoring any or all gay action in the area? Having failed to find a "gay sex ring," is the frustrated Task Force Six now attacking other possible gay misconduct? Has the DCI task force become the special anti-gay unit (Task Force Sex)? Are they now the experts that all agencies in the Central Illinois Law Enforcement System consult on matters homosexual? DON'T THEY HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO DO?

Gay cruising won't be easy for DCI to stop. Males in our culture have been taught and encouraged to go out looking for sex. Most gay men, especially the closeted ones, figure



undercover sex police

someone known as AM TRAK as one of Cooke's contacts.

Search warrant

DCI obtained Cooke's telephone records from a search warrant so broad in scope that it has scary implications for any citizen's future rights of privacy from information-hungry secret police.

Basically, DCI agent Jeff Sanders told the judge that he had interviewed two underage men who said they had had (voluntary) sexual encounters with older men at two parties at Cedric Cooke's house. The young men had been paid for the sex. So Agent Sanders asked for a search warrant to obtain all address books, phone records, checkbooks, receipt books, etc. Purpose: to find out the names of others who may have been invited to parties at Cedric's and may have participated in or witnessed any of these illegal sexual encounters between adults and juveniles. The

purpose of seizing all Cedric Cooke's financial records: to find evidence of any juveniles paid for sexual acts.

The judge issued the search warrant.

Think how easy it would be for the secret police to get into your house and find out the names of everyone you've ever known in your entire life. All it would take is this: someone under 21 goes to the police and says they were at a party at your house. The teenager says he was given alcohol at the party. So, to investigate this crime, the police ask for a search warrant, to find all phone records and all financial records. After all, they need to know everyone who may have been invited to that party, and they need to know everyone who may have been invited to any other parties. And they need all your checks to find evidence of liquor purchases.

Although this massive investigation turned up only one juvenile that a prosecution could be based on,

although this probe produced only five currently pending indictments, it was not a waste.

All the information about everyone ever mentioned in the course of the investigation will be preserved, forever, in the files of the police.

And the secret police are already putting their special expertise on gay affairs to good use.

As an adjoining article explains, the closing of the "gay sex ring" case will not put an end to DCI's undercover spying on people's sex lives. DCI agents have already been called in to ISU to investigate an allegation that an adult male solicited another adult male in a university bathroom. There was no crime committed, but isn't it comforting to know the conscientious secret sex police are there conducting interviews, taking names, filling out reports anyway?

--Mark Silverstein

Anatomy of a smear campaign

Documents reveal homophobia, police state tactics in gay sex probe



In mid-April the Daily Pantagraph splashed several sensational stories across its pages about a "gay sex ring" (the paper's phrase) that supposedly operated out of the home of Cedric Cooke, a rural Lexington resident whose murder occurred at the time the grand jury was about to hear testimony in a 3-month investigation into the sexual activities that allegedly took place at Cooke's house (see Post, v. 13, #2, pp.4-5).

It turned out that Cooke's killing had nothing to do with the probe which the Illinois Division of Criminal Investigation (DCI) had been conducting, but the slaying did provide the Pantagraph with a pretext for carrying material about the DCI investigation and titillating its readers with remarks about "area boys as young as 14" being taken to Cooke's house ("complete with an indoor swimming pool and hot tub"), where they were given drugs and "used for sexual purposes" by older men.

A number of weeks later the grand jury indicted six people on charges of taking indecent liberties with a child and contributing to the sexual delinquency of

a child. Although the newspaper reports continued to talk about the "use of teenagers for sexual purposes," the phrase "gay sex ring" was no longer used.

We now know why.

The Post Amerikan's examination of DCI's investigative reports and transcripts of grand jury testimony from 9 witnesses reveals that the "gay sex ring" which supposedly operated from Cedric Cooke's home was not exclusively gay, was not a sex ring, and was only incidentally connected to Cooke and his fancy house.

The same documents also show the frightening scope of the DCI investigation and how both the cops and the Pantagraph drew their sensational view of the sexual activities under investigation from the dubious hearsay of highly unreliable witnesses.

The adjoining stories present many of the details of the DCI investigation and the grand jury hearings, along with comment and analysis about the prejudice and questionable practices of the media and the law enforcement agencies who handled this case.

ar, into the john

they have no other choices. Since we're sexual outlaws anyway, why not make the most of it? If we come out publicly, we'll be vilified, rejected,

SPANKY THE SPERM SEZ:



penalized, etc.--can being arrested for "public indecency" be any worse? Besides, the danger of public sex adds some excitement to a dull life in the closet.

And what's the harm? Very few innocent people are ever approached. The anonymous caller in the ISU incident was probably another cruiser who wanted to get back at the guy who stole his trick. That's the explanation that the man under indictment offered DCI. People who don't want to be solicited usually aren't.

Public gay sex is discovered by police who sneak up on people who think they aren't being watched. Never, never is a complaining witness brought into court. The anonymous caller in the ISU incident said he did not want to sign complaints or get further involved. The complaining witness is always a police officer, sometimes one who led a suspect on and then arrested him.

Pure harassment

When arrests are made, the charges are frequently dropped later or continued for a long time. The arrests are pure harassment. What's objected to is not the sexual activity, which is rarely seen, but the presence of homosexuals. Does DCI have some special mission to keep tabs on the gay presence in Central Illinois?

If the guardians of public decency really think it's important to clean up gay cruising spots, they should quit wasting police resources that could be used to fight real crimes (rape, corporate tax fraud, dumping toxic waste in Forrest Park), and work to put an end to society's sense-

less fear of homosexuality. Give gay people their rights; make it o.k. for men to admit their sexual attraction for other men; let gays out of the closet--that'll put a stop to sex in the rest rooms.

Then gay men will be able to conduct their sex lives like straight guys do: make passes at secretaries, have affairs with a best friend's spouse, hit on sex objects in elevators and bars. In the meantime, I wonder what would happen if I called the police--anonymously, of course--and claimed that Rich Buchanan made a sexual advance in the basement john in City Hall. Would the police check out the area? Would they call DCI and request that the Sex Task Force interview Mr. Buchanan? Would a file be opened on him? Hmmm. Now let's see . . . Jesse Smart, Tom Sanders, Dick Godfrey, Steve Brien. . . .

--Ferdurdurke



The sex ring

The Pantagraph reports on the investigation of sexual activities at the home of Cedric Cooke gave the impression that an organized network of gay men had lured large numbers of area youths to Cooke's place to have sex with them.

The Pantagraph repeatedly referred to the young "victims," always in the plural: "area boys as young as 14," "teenagers used for sexual purposes," "area teen-age boys," "teen-age boys as young as 14," "homosexual activities between adult men and area juveniles," "homosexual sex ring involving teen-age boys in McLean County."

The truth, as revealed by reports of the state's Division of Criminal Investigation (DCI) and by grand jury testimony: the indictments for gay sex are based on only one 15-year-old who had consensual sexual encounters

at two parties at Cooke's house.

Only two of the six people indicted were charged with having sex with this 15-year-old at Cooke's parties. (Cooke also had sex with the teenager, but Cooke was killed before the indictments were made.) The other indictments involved separate sexual acts between this same teenager and three other men. These other incidents occurred before the parties at Cooke's and took place either in the men's homes or in the boy's own home.

There was one indictment involving a sexual encounter between a 23-year-old woman and a 16-year-old male, but these charges were recently dropped, without any explanation from the States Attorney.)

One of the indicted men did not know Cedric Cooke and had never been to Cooke's house. His three

sexual encounters with Steve (not his real name), the 15-year-old, occurred several months before the incidents at Cooke's house. Steve admitted in his testimony before the grand jury that he (Steve) had initiated the sexual acts with the man and had taken the active role in anal intercourse (i.e., Steve was the insertor).

A 14-year-old male, Ted (not his real name), also attended the two parties. Ted is a friend of Steve's and had introduced Steve to the two men who took them to the parties. Both of these men were indicted for having sex with Steve, but those encounters took place at the men's apartment in Bloomington. One of these men, Robert Bernhard, was the DCI confidential source whose information triggered the investigation. (see adjoining story).

Ted's testimony about his own sexual involvement is inconsistent and unclear. That is probably why the grand jury did not return any indictments involving the 14-year-old.

DCI could never verify that other underage males were involved with Cooke or the people who attended Cooke's parties. Several witnesses before the grand jury were asked about other boys: Are you aware of anyone bringing boys there or furnishing young males to perform sex acts? Did Cedric ever tell you that he had paid individuals for bringing young males up there? Did you ever see juveniles at any parties before or after (the two under investigation)? The answers were always NO.

Here is Steve's testimony before the grand jury about the other boys:

- Q. Did Cedric or anyone else, any of his friends possibly, ask you to get any more of your friends to come out there?
- A. No.
- Q. You were never approached that way to bring someone else out there?
- A. No.

DCI followed several leads about young men that Cooke had hired as "houseboys," but these people were not juveniles. The DCI Task Force could confirm none of the hearsay allegations that informers made: "Cooke has had juveniles as young as 13 years of age at his residence" or "Cooke picks up hitchhikers and finds local juveniles through his church swimming and weiner roast parties." These comments by unreliable informers may have led the Task Force and the Pantagraph to conclude there was some kind of "sex ring" operating, but such rumors were never substantiated.

Some other points that the grand

The Daily Pantagraph

36 pages, 4 sections

Bloomington-Normal, Ill., Friday, April 13, 1984

Twin Cities Final 2

Victim linked to gay sex ring

Slain Lexington man subject of probe into use of teen boys

By SCOTT RICHARDSON
Pantagraph staff

Cedric Cooke, McLean County Commissioner

LEXINGTON — A 23-year-old man has been charged in yesterday's slaying of a rural Lexington man who had been the prime target of a police probe into an alleged homosexual sex ring involving teen-age boys in McLean County. The Pantagraph has learned.

Res Leon Bell, who McLean County Sheriff Steve Brannen said was a "relatively new resident" of the county and who is formerly of Knoxville, Tenn., was charged with one count of murder in the death of Cedric Cooke, 68, R.R. 2, Lexington. Sources said Bell had been staying at the house for about a month.

Cooke was stabbed in the neck, sources said, apparently while he slept in a bedroom of his expensive African home. He suffered some superficial cuts and one that severed his carotid artery, the main vessel for blood to the brain, according to Coroner William Anderson.

Bell was returned to McLean County Jail yesterday afternoon in lieu of \$10,000 bond to await a May 10 court appearance. Sources told The Pantagraph that Cooke was the primary target of a McLean County grand jury probe

into an alleged sex ring that operated from his house and involved area boys as young as 14.

Sources said the boys were taken to Cooke's house — complete with an indoor swimming pool and hot tub — where they took part in homosexual activities with area men.

The grand jury probe would have culminated a three-month investigation by the Illinois Division of Criminal Investigation and members of Task Force 6, a cooperative effort of DCI and police from Bloomington, Normal and the Sheriff's Department, sources said.

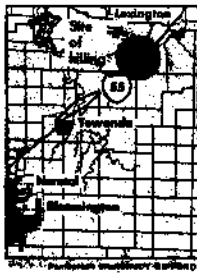
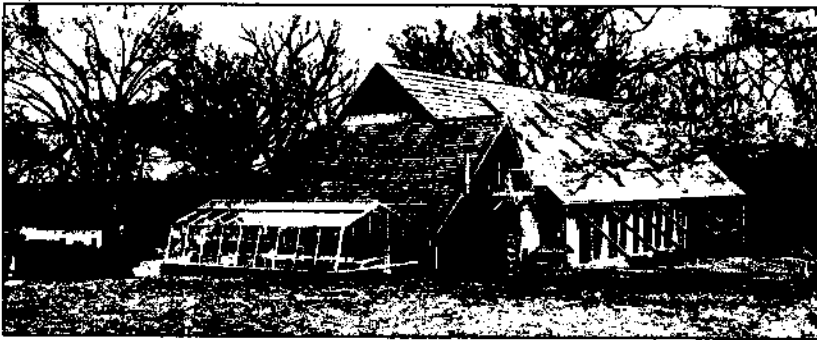
The information was confirmed by a state's attorney's office spokesman, who said the grand jury had been scheduled to begin hearing evidence in the case yesterday.

The spokesman, who wished to remain anonymous, said Cooke had signed a statement confessing to taking indecent liberties with minors. Several other area men have been implicated and were to be included in the grand jury action, sources said.

At a news conference yesterday morning, Brannen said he would not comment on a motive in the slaying. Investigators were working yesterday to determine if any connection exists between the grand jury probe and Cooke's death, sources said.

Bell was arrested at the scene shortly after police received a phone call about 1:30 a.m. yesterday reporting "a possible homicide" at Cooke's residence, Brannen said.

Mr. Cooke was taken to Killebrew Funeral Home. His obituary is on D8.

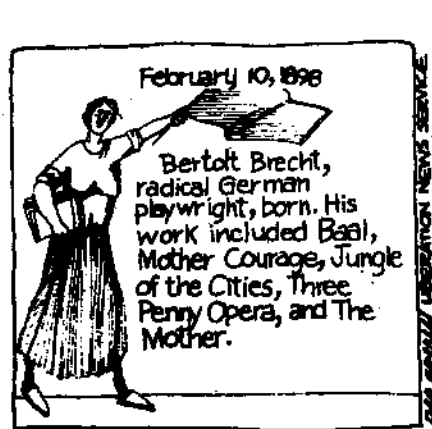
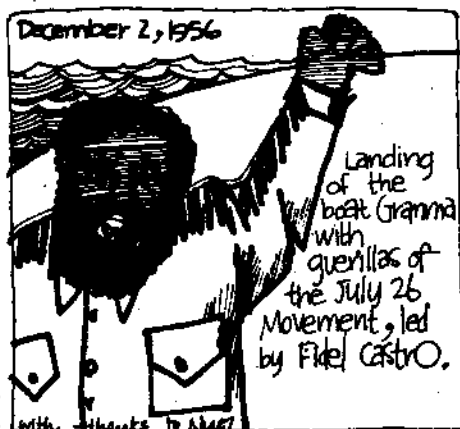
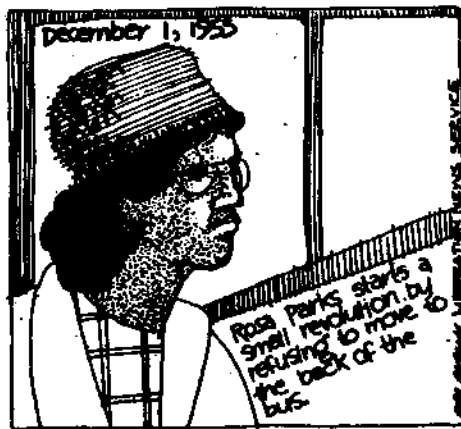


Cedric Cooke was killed in his rural Lexington house, above. Right, the entrance to Cooke's property.



Instead of putting its 14-inch story on page 2 or 3, where it belonged, the Pantagraph chose to add 2 huge photographs, a 6-column headline, an unprecedented police mug shot, and a useless graphic and—presto!—they turned a modest article into a front-page paper-seller that played on the public's fears and misconceptions about gay people.

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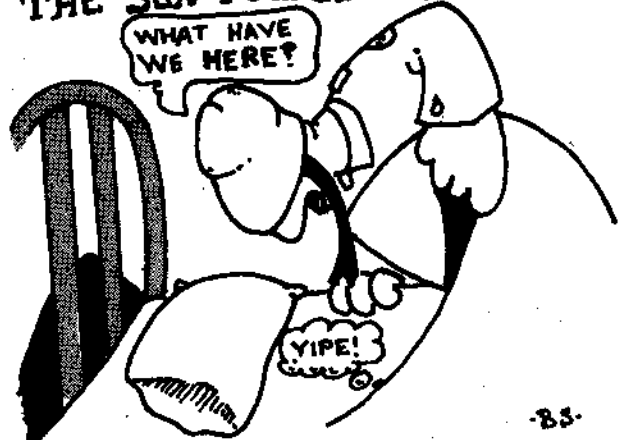
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that wasn't

THE SEX POLICE IN ACTION



jury testimony and the investigative reports reveal:

1. **Drugs.** The authorities tried hard to link the sexual behavior with drugs and alcohol. Yes, there were drugs at Cooke's parties, but Steve and Ted admitted that they brought some of their own. They also admitted that they had their own drug connections, and Steve told the grand jury that he could get pot and booze any time he wanted to.

Steve did claim he was high and intoxicated and even passed out during the sexual activities at Cooke's, but several witnesses reported that "Steve came three times." If true, this feat would suggest that Steve wasn't as out of it as he wanted the police and the grand jury to think. Also, Steve's own account reveals that alcohol played no part in some of his previous sexual encounters with men.

2. **Consent.** Except for saying he was high, Steve never claimed that he was forced or taken advantage of. Here is Steve's testimony about the sex at the second party:

- Q. These acts were all consensual acts, am I correct?
 A. Yeah.
 Q. In other words, you weren't being forced in any way.
 A. No. No one had a gun to my head.

Steve and Ted accepted money from Cooke (\$30 each) and they did go back more than once--not only for the second party, but also a few weeks later to do some work for Cooke: they spent the night and were paid \$35 (no sex occurred).

An investigative report on an interview with Steve reads: "COOKE then unzipped STEVE's pants and began to fondle his genitals. COOKE asked STEVE if he wanted him to do

it and STEVE said no, not really and COOKE stopped. COOKE paid STEVE \$30 in check form. STEVE helped fill out part of the check."

The law does not recognize consent in sex cases that involve juveniles, but it doesn't seem like justice to charge a man with "taking indecent liberties* with a child" when that child is a 6' 2", 180-pound athlete who willingly performs the active role in anal intercourse which he initiated. If that child had done what he did with someone his own age, he could have been charged with a sexual offense.

But the real injustice in this case has to be the exaggerated response of the police (see adjoining stories) and the sensational treatment by the media. These opportunists--who jumped at what they thought was a "big story" and tried to turn it into one, no matter what--have done little to protect "public morality" or inspire trust in the press or the law. They have done a lot to reinforce fear and guilt and bigotry about issues (teen sexuality, gay sex) that need to be approached with sensitivity, care, and honesty.

--Ferdydurke

*Taking indecent liberties with a child is a Class 1 felony offense; a person convicted of this charge on a first offense can be given no less than four years, but up to 15 years in prison.

SEX POLICE ACADEMY

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DCI's own informer

When the Pantagraph reported that the DCI Major Crimes Task Force was investigating allegations that "area youths were taken to" Cedric Cooke's Lexington home "and used for sexual purposes," the reporter forgot to mention one important detail:

The DCI's own confidential source, Robert Bernhard, was the first to invite the two teenagers to Lexington.

Before the two teenage men had ever met Cedric Cooke, they had met Robert Bernhard, according to police reports filed in the McLean County Courthouse.

Bernhard took suggestive photographs of the young men and later showed the photos to Cedric Cooke, according to police reports. Bernhard fondled one of the teenagers while taking photos, and Bernhard's roommate had anal sex at the apartment with the same young man, reports say.

Grand jury not told

After reading hundreds of pages of police reports and transcripts of grand jury testimony filed in the so-called "sex ring" cases, I could find no evidence that police or prosecution authorities ever told the grand jury that DCI's own Confidential Source was ultimately responsible for the illegal sexual conduct they charged in their indictments.

Nor did the grand jury hear that DCI agents had knowledge of, and possibly complicity in, an illegal wiretap their Confidential Source installed on Cedric Cooke's telephone.

During his first appearance before the grand jury, DCI agent Jeff Sanders

testified that their investigation of Cedric Cooke began when they received information from "a Confidential Source."

Sanders did not reveal the name of the source. He also did not tell the grand jury exactly what date the Confidential Source first came to be employed by DCI.

Contributing

The date of Bernhard's first employment by the undercover sex police is important in evaluating the police agency's responsibility for the alleged crimes taking place at all.

Was Robert Bernhard already working for DCI in December when he first met the two young men who eventually went out to Cedric's? Was Robert Bernhard already working for DCI when he took suggestive photographs of the young men, intending to show them to Cedric Cooke and possibly others?

Was Robert Bernhard already working for DCI when he invited and transported the two young men out to Cedric Cooke's Rose Bowl Party January 2?

The second time one of the young men allegedly engaged in illegal sexual activity was Cedric Cooke's Super Bowl Party on January 22. According to police interviews of witnesses, Cedric Cooke and Robert Bernhard had already had a falling out by this time. Bernhard was apparently told not to come to this party. But he came anyway, and had to be thrown out. Was Robert Bernhard already working for the secret police as a Confiden-

tial Source when he entered someone's private house after being told not to?

Trespass

The first Pantagraph story about the alleged "sex ring" investigation, printed April 13, said the investigation had been going on for three months. If this time is accurate, then Robert Bernhard was probably already working for the undercover police when he trespassed at Cedric Cooke's January 22 Super Bowl Party.

The earliest police reports released by the DCI are dated February 16. But DCI has clearly not released all its reports on the case to defense attorneys. For example, police and prosecution authorities did not file any reports of any interviews with their own informant, Robert Bernhard.

Illegal wiretap

During an April 19 polygraph examination, Robert Bernhard claimed that he personally installed a telephone listening device on Cedric Cooke's telephone line. Bernhard said that while he was installing the device, he was in constant radio contact with an officer of a law enforcement agency who was stationed somewhere in the nearby area.

The polygraph examiner's report says Bernhard was telling the truth about installing the telephone listening device. But the examiner said he had no opinion on whether Bernhard was telling the truth or lying when he claimed to have installed the device in collaboration with police authorities.

When was the device installed? Was Bernhard already working for DCI, but installing the illegal wiretap on his own? Did Bernhard install the tap on his own and only later begin to work for the secret police? Or is Bernhard telling the truth--that DCI helped install an illegal wiretap to spy on Cedric Cooke's telephone conversations?

Blackmail

As the DCI's investigation progressed during February, March, and April, there is evidence that the secret police became somewhat wary of Robert Bernhard.

Reports show that Cedric Cooke became increasingly anxious about some unknown person making phone calls to Cedric's mother about the investigation. Cedric suspected Bernhard. Mrs. Cooke was also being blackmailed, according to police reports.

Apparently DCI also believed, at one time, that their Confidential Source Robert Bernhard was the blackmailer. During the investigation of Cedric Cooke's murder, Sheriff's detective Greg Fillmore wrote in a report that DCI told him Robert Bernhard was blackmailing Cedric Cooke's mother.

Murder

Cedric Cooke was murdered the morning of April 12. There is some evidence that DCI agents Chuck Grooss and Jeff Sanders were somewhat concerned that their Confidential Source may have been involved.

Jeff Sanders told the grand jury that he and his partner drove by Bernhard's residence after they learned of Cooke's murder. Bernhard wasn't there. "But we didn't handle the homicide investigation," DCI agent Sanders told the grand jury.

The McLean County Sheriff's Department handled the investigation of Cedric Cooke's murder. And it's only from reading their reports (found in the court case file of Rex Bell, the man eventually charged with the killing) that I learned that Robert Bernhard was DCI's informer.

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brought teens to Cooke's

I also learned that DCI was thinking about their Confidential Source by the time Cedric Cooke was killed.

Here's a quotation from Sheriff's Detective Dana Becker's report on what happened April 12:

"Sheriff Brienen and Chief Brown both came to the scene, as did Chuck Grooss from the Division of Criminal Investigation of the State Police, and accompanying him was Jeff Sanders, who is with Bloomington Police Department, assigned to the Division of Criminal Investigation, District 6 Task Force. Grooss and Sanders related that they had been working on a criminal investigation involving involving illegal sexual activities involving Cedric Cooke's residence, Cedric Cooke himself, and others.

"They stated one individual they had been dealing with on this matter was Robert Bernhard, who had been working on an informant basis.

"Chuck Grooss related that Bernhard was a very dangerous individual and that he had reason to believe that Bernhard had sophisticated electronic surveillance equipment including equipment that could tape telephone conversations, photographic equipment, radio transmitter type listening equipment, and video taping equipment.

"They also related that Robert Bernhard should be treated with caution as he was commonly known to carry a firearm and had a questionable mental stability. At one point Grooss related that Bernhard had a schizophrenic personality."

Eavesdropping

Rex Bell had been staying at Cedric Cooke's house at the time of the murder. Bell signed a confession that very night.

Despite Bell's confession, McLean County Sheriff's Police were very interested in an additional piece of evidence about the Cooke murder; Robert Bernhard telephoned the Sheriff's Department and said he'd talked with Rex Bell soon after the murder.

According to police reports, Bernhard said he received a telephone call from Rex Bell, and Rex Bell allegedly said, "I just killed him."

When Bernhard came in for questioning April 13, reports say, Bernhard made comments indicating that he had listened to his phone conversation with Bell several times.

Search warrant

Police immediately slapped a felony eavesdropping charge on Bernhard. (It's a felony to tape a phone conversation if only one party to the conversation knows it's being taped.) Bernhard denied taping the phone call, but authorities charged him anyway.

Then, on the flimsy grounds that Robert Bernhard had mentioned listening to his conversation with Bell "several times," McLean County Sheriff's Police obtained a search warrant for Bernhard's apartment. The judge gave the Sheriff's cops authority to seize all audio recording tapes and equipment, and all notes of conversations recorded.

Busting in

By the time they broke down Robert Bernhard's door, McLean County Sheriff's police already had enough evidence against Rex Bell for Cedric Cooke's murder--he'd already confessed.

Why were they so interested in looking for a tape of Bell's conversation with Bernhard just after the murder, a tape they didn't know existed?

Did DCI want to get its hands on all Bernhard's tapes to protect themselves?

If Bernhard really had been operating an illegal wiretap on Cedric Cooke's house (he passed a polygraph on that) and had been doing it with DCI's knowledge and collaboration (the polygraph examiner had no opinion on this), then DCI might have been very interested in getting Robert Bernhard's apartment.

What they found

Police took 59 cassette tapes from Robert Bernhard's apartment. We don't know what was on them. Apparently, authorities found no evidence that Bernhard had taped the specific conversation they were searching for.

A SEX POLICEPERSON INVESTIGATES HIMSELF



Police also confiscated a telephone recording device, along with a receipt indicating it was purchased January 18, 1984. Was Robert Bernhard working for DCI at this time? (This would pre-date the Super Bowl party.)

Police also confiscated several hundred pills of various description. Bernhard was never charged with possession of these substances.

Polygraph

On April 18, Robert Bernhard took a polygraph test about his alleged taping of his phone conversation with Rex Bell, about his alleged blackmailing of Cedric Cooke's mother, and about his possible involvement in Cedric Cooke's murder.

According to the polygraph examiner, Bernhard was telling the truth when he denied all involvement in Cedric's murder. He was also telling the truth when he denied blackmailing Mrs. Cooke, and was telling the truth when he said he installed a listening device on Cedric Cooke's phone.

Bernhard admitted receiving a call from Rex Bell the night of Cedric's murder; he said Bell confessed over the telephone. But Bernhard denied taping the call.

But the polygraph examiner said Bernhard "has not told the complete truth relative to the alleged telephone call from Rex Bell."

In other words, Bernhard flunked the portion of the lie detector test dealing with his alleged taping of Bell's phone call.

So guess what happened? The State's Attorney dropped the eavesdropping charge against Bernhard. And in his petition to drop the charge, the State's Attorney explained that Bernhard had passed a polygraph test on the matter.

High speed chase

After Bernhard took his ambiguous polygraph examination, he got himself in more trouble, quick.

According to Bloomington police reports, Bernhard was stopped for speeding. But he didn't stop. He tried to run. By the time police caught up with him, they slapped him with a dozen traffic charges.

Although the entire high-speed chase occurred in Bloomington, reports show that McLean County Sheriff's Detective Dana Becker was at Bernhard's residence to escort him back to the police station. Becker is the detective who'd investigated Cooke's murder and searched Bernhard's apartment.

Why was Becker sent to bring Bernhard in on another police agency's traffic charges?

The next day, April 19, according to a later report in Rex Bell's court file, Robert Bernhard admitted himself to Brokaw Hospital's psychiatric ward.

On May 31, the grand jury hearing evidence on the alleged "sex ring" operating out of Cedric Cooke's house indicted Robert Bernhard. He was charged with contributing to the sexual delinquency of a child--a misdemeanor. The charge stems from the alleged fondling of the fifteen-year-old during a December photo-taking session at Bernhard's apartment.

Grand juries are legally entitled to hear hearsay evidence.

DCI agents told the grand jury a lot of hearsay accusations that DCI agents admitted they were unable to confirm. But the grand jury apparently never found out that the source of the allegations DCI was so feverishly investigating was Robert Bernhard himself.

--Mark Silverstein

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Adult-teen sex can cause damage

Dear Post Amerikan,

I have some very mixed feelings about a reprint from another paper in your last issue. The reprint was about "man-boy love." I am not a male so perhaps not everything I have to say will be perfectly relevant. However, when I was 14 I did have a sexual and personal relationship with a man much older than myself, a man who was then 26. (For the record, I am now close to 30.)

If I had been asked at that time whether the relationship was of my own choosing, I would have answered vehemently in the affirmative. If I had been asked whether I had felt used or abused in any way, I most likely would have said "no." But then I was an independent cuss and I would have resented any implication that I couldn't look out for myself. (Besides, I had learned to strongly distrust adult motives. Adults were always trying to pin you down in ways that were convenient to themselves.)

The bald truth of the matter, however, was different. The relationship was completely unequal from the start. While I was "precocious" (his term) for my age and wanted nothing more than to become an adult (with all of the freedoms and responsibilities that entailed), the man I was seeing had more than a slight jump on me in terms of life-experience. He knew what he expected and wanted from our relationship while I only had the vaguest of ideas. Ultimately he came away from our relationship with just what he expected, while I came away convinced that something was probably wrong with me. An adult whom I had done my best

to please, and who initially seemed quite affectionate in return, finally found someone his own age.

The point I am trying to make here is that to an adolescent, even to an independent, intelligent one, an adult is an authority figure. One's relationship with an authority figure is always different than one with an equal. When an equal puts you aside, resentment may or may not grow, but one's self esteem is usually left intact. When an authority figure puts you aside, especially one you've accorded a degree of respect and affection, the resulting emotions are harder to deal with.

Looking back now I wouldn't say that the guy I went out with at that time deserved to go to court or to be put in jail. But I must say that I hold him, and others like him, at about the same level of respect that I hold, say, landlords who raise the rent when the roof leaks and other such petty opportunists . . . because ultimately he formed a trust that he knew he would have to break.

Sincerely,
Name withheld by request

Hostage needs letters

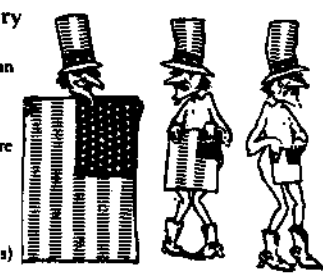
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MAYBE I OUGHTA JUST SETTLE DOWN AND HAVE KIDS...

C'MON, NOW, KIDS! IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO START THE VITAMIN THERAPY MOMMIE READ ABOUT IN TRUE DETECTIVE STORIES!

MOM! HE'S PULLIN' MY HAIR!

BUT SHE WAS PLAYING FRISBEE WITH YOUR RECORDS!

WAS NOT! WERE TOO!

WORKS FAST
WON'T HARM PIPES!

BORN TO REPRODUCE

... NAH



OR MAYBE I SHOULD SUCCUMB TO ONE OF THOSE WHACK-O (IS THERE ANY OTHER KIND) RELIGIOUS GROUPS WHERE EVERY MINUTE OF EVERY DAY IS PLOTTED OUT FOR YOU!!

O-O-MAHDI-PADNI-MUMBO JUMBO-FATHER, SON, HOLY... BLAH, BLAH BLAH...

BORN TO BE BORN AGAIN



THEN AGAIN, IT MIGHT BE NICE TO BECOME A REAL JUNKIE—AND THEN I'D ALWAYS KNOW WHAT TO DO...

MIKE'S OUTA MY WAY, COPPER!

BORN TO S.D.



OR MAYBE I COULD JUST FALL IN LOVE! BUT LOVE IS INSIDIOUS! IT INNOCENTLY CREEPS UP AND MIRE'S YOU IN COMPLACENCY UNTIL YOU'RE DULL! LAZY! PARALYZED!

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THINGS! I NEED THINGS!!

BORN TO...
WIN SOME THING GREEN!
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS ON WHAT TO BUY? SEND THEM TO THE...
P.S. I WANT!



Ates, Pentecosts split hairs over doctrine

Church board gets snippy, cries heresy

Pastor D. Wesley Ates, known to area rock and roll fans as the zealot who denounced rock music as the work of Satan and offered to baptise Grace Slick when the Jefferson Starship passed through town in 1982, is making news again, only this time around it is Ates himself who is suspected of forming an allegiance with the devil.

Accusing him of deviating from church doctrine, members of Ates' congregation at the First Pentecostal Church in Bloomington have filed a lawsuit which also alleges that he mis-managed church funds and assets. Those assets include two church vans which the pastor used for his personal dealings rather than their intended purpose of busing children to Sunday school.

But the real reason behind the lawsuit, according to Ates' attorney, is the disagreement over doctrine. Parishioners contend that Ates told some of them--in a private conference --that he believed a deceased member of the congregation had probably not gone to hell even though she was suspected of cutting her hair, because she was a good person.

Now, before we start thinking that Ates might not be such a bad guy after all, it should be mentioned that the reverend is denying that he ever said anything of the sort. He believes, like all God-fearing Christians (and is there any other kind?), that all women who wear cosmetics and/or cut their hair are headed straight down a path of eternal damnation in the fiery depths of Hell itself. Seemingly, these wanton women are not accompanied by the male members of the congregation, who crop their God-given gift of hair at least close enough to reveal their red necks.

--LH



"All right lady, Drop those scissors!"

A pig in a poke

Hog-calling--or calling a pig--is one of those fine Midwestern traditions that gets dusted off every year 'bout county fair time, a fine chance for the locals to display their skill and everybody to have a hoot-hollerin' good time.

And of course in our age, not all of these events happen in their proper rustic setting, but occasionally find their way to air-conditioned halls, far removed from a hog's home.

So it was last month, about County Fair time, that McLean County Republican State Representative Gordon Ropp squared off against former Eastland Mall manager Carl Hamm (appropriately named) for hog-calling honors.

The Pantagraph found this all so amusing, they gave it front page coverage. And of course, none of this happened in a barnyard, but at a rubber-chicken downtown luncheon, the monthly gathering of the Kiwanis, Elks, Water Buffaloes or some other white-male "gosh aren't we having a great time" group.

Some poor young woman, the previous County Fair Queen, was there to judge the respective squeals, although she admitted little knowledge of the subject. But you have to give her credit for knowing her pigs, since she picked Gordon Ropp as the champion hog caller.

In the guffaw-humorous way of such things, various pigs were described involved in reproductive acts, and the inventive caller had to then give the "proper call" to break up the natural processes.

Through it all, and in the Pantagraph's thorough front-page coverage of the event, certain key questions were left unanswered.

For instance, when businessman Carl Hamm gave his pig call, did good Republican Ropp start to stamp and squeal, as good Republicans are prone to do when business calls? Or vice-versa, when Ropp gave his famous cry, was there a rumbling in downtown banks and corporate seats? Did the businessmen at nearby tables feel a certain uneasiness in their tummies, an urge to root about in their plates and scurry for fear? Did the moguls of McLean county suddenly have the urge to pollute, slash wages or raise

prices because the Republican siren song was sounding in their ear? Or that night, did they all scurry home to write a check to the Re-Elect Reagan campaign?

Calling society's "heavies" a "pig" was quite the fashion ten years ago--I give the downtown crowd credit for dusting off a good hippie tradition, and letting a solid Republican like Gordon Ropp romp and buck in good hog-gish fashion, and having a good time throughout.

Now, if they could only take it one step further. Let's invite Ronnie himself to Bloomington, and give him a set of situations, and see what hog call he would use to bring the little piggies home. What call do you use to get the Falwell faithful scurrying to their school prayer knees? To pay those squeaky-clean "aren't you proud to be an American" Reagan campaign commercials, what holler brings in them corporate dollars? And to let the little piggies know that the Big Bad Red Wolf is at the door, what ear-splitting scream brings them to open the tax coffers and buy your new missiles and submarines? And by the way, Mr. Reagan, whose pig call do you answer to anyway?

--The runt of the litter



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WAIT A MINUTE...

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE...

THAT WOMAN IS AN IMPOSTOR!

Channel 47 to air child sexual abuse series

A pioneering television series that looks at the realities of child sexual abuse--and provides clear, straightforward information about what we can do to protect our children--will be aired Sept. 17-20 on WTVP-Channel 47.

CHILD SEXUAL ABUSE: WHAT YOUR CHILDREN SHOULD KNOW, hosted by actor Mike Farrell, will include five programs designed to reach specific audiences.

The first program, which will air Monday, Sept. 17 from 7 to 8:30 pm, is aimed at parents, teachers and others who have contact with children. It explains sexual abuse of children: who falls victim, who are the perpetrators, and what can be done to prevent it. This program also previews the forthcoming programs so that parents can select the appropriate ones for viewing with their children.

A program for children in kindergarten through third grade, scheduled for Tuesday, Sept. 18 at 7 pm was taped in a Chicago classroom and focuses on some of the problems children have with touching--good touches ("a hug") or bad touches ("a pinch") or touches that may be uncomfortable or confusing. Through storytelling techniques and "what if"

games, the program helps children develop coping strategies for tough situations--say "no," run away, and tell.

A program for 4th through 7th graders--following that same evening at 7:30--explores prevention techniques and looks at problems with babysitters, sex-role stereotypes, and communication with parents.

"No Easy Answers," a 1 hour program for junior and senior high school students, will air Wednesday, Sept. 19 at 7 pm. To illustrate the uncomfortable and sometimes dangerous situations young people encounter in adolescence and ways to cope with them, the Minneapolis Illusion Theater Company acts out some typical and traumatic scenes. The short, dramatic sequences are discussed by a studio audience of teenagers, led by sex therapist and Theater Company Director Cordelia Kent.

The final one-hour program, aimed at senior high school students will air Thursday, Sept. 20 at 7 p.m. Taped at Evanston Township High School, the program includes a frank discussion of sexual assault--how it happens, who is the victim, who is the assail-

ant. They learn to anticipate the kinds of situations that can lead to and assault--and discuss how to minimize those risks.



The Plaza/cpf

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The Bloomington Human Relations Commission is here to assist and to help.

Free school check-ups

McLean County children whose families can't afford the required school physicals can get free ones. The county health department provides the service. Call 454-1161.

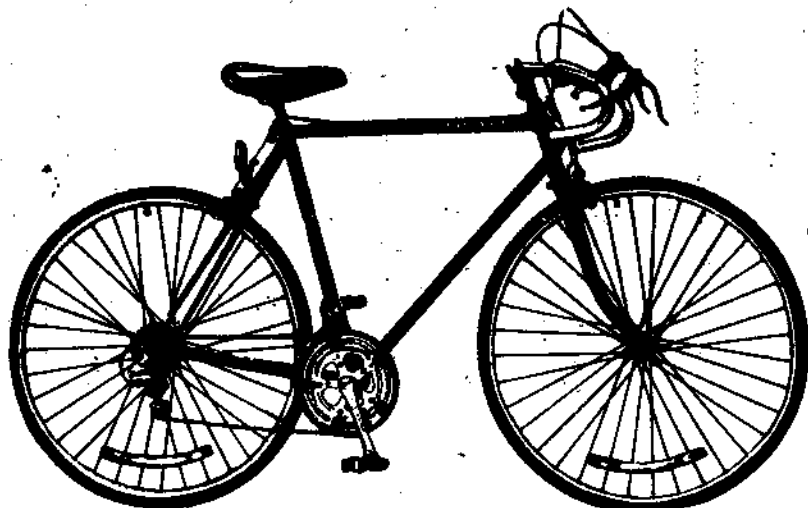
WRBA wrap-up

To nobody's surprise, local AM station WRBA has undergone a new format change, copying the format of its sister FM station WMLA and abandoning Top Forty radio in favor of country.

As regular readers know, RBA was purchased by WMLA's ownership last spring, a move that was rapidly followed by the firing of popular new wave deejay Robin Plan. Station management, at the time, denied Plan's firing had anything to do with projected programming changes, but the recent full shift pretty much shows how upfront they were being.

Cue the Sex Pistols' song: "You're a li-ar, a li-ar . . ."

--BS84



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Ad Analysis

New balance or old blather?

Sneaker ads are, for the most part, fairly inoffensive pieces of fluff. They promise to make you run faster, jump higher and look cooler than James Dean while you are wearing their product. Sneaks will cushion your foot falls, massage your feet while you run, cool your tired tootsies.

Hell, there may be a pair somewhere that will even fix your overbite and help you get laid. Anything to improve your life. New Balance (Dept. B, 38 Everett Street, Boston, MA 02134) has gone a step further. (Here comes the offensive part.) New Balance will not only correct your stride, they also want to correct your politics.

Their latest ad (Aug. 20, 1984, Sports Illustrated) pictures a parade in Red Square (dull, black and white) marching off to the right, a flag of Lenin waving. Superimposed (in full color) Amerikan Olympic Marathoner Pete Pfitzinger (clad in New Balance sneaks, of course) striding against a tide of marchers.

The caption? Big block letters "Why runners make lousy communists." The ad states "In a word, individuality. It's the one characteristic all runners, as different as they

otherwise are, seem to share. Is it that the sport attracts the type of person who has an innate sense of singularity? Or does the very act of running create a deeper awareness of one's own unique make-up."

It follows with a rap about the New Balance system which tries to accommodate every type of runner. The ad finishes with "one final exhortation: Stick with it. Push yourself. Keep running. And you'll never lose that wonderful sense of individuality you now enjoy. Right, comrade."

In a word, Bullshit. What I want from a sneaker is simple. To fit well. To be comfortable. Last a long time. Help me run like a gazelle. Jump like Dwight Stones. Stop on a dime. Build my Karma.

I don't want my tenni runners to correct my politics, engage me in a philosophical debate or deliver a position paper. I already have a cereal that talks to me. What the hell is next? Theological toast? Bagels taking a stand on abortion? Eggplant for ERA? Or underwear that revolts and goes into the voting booth in your place? Seems to me that New Balance, like a lot of the world, is unbalanced.

--Sylvania Blue Dot



Whine & Dine with Phoebe
Gen Tel policies encourage new radical trend from Germany

As you may recall, last month I put precious hours of my life into complaining about Gen Tel's new policy of charging us for directory assistance calls. Now they've changed the rules, so I'll give you a quick update and try to restrain the kvetching.

If you will refer back to last month's issue, you will see that last month's Chinese-menu system of charging for information calls is clearly too complicated for Gen Tel's computer to handle. Remember, this is the same computer that insists, against your steadfast and sane denial, that you're having frequent and remarkably long calls to a mystery pal in Nova Scotia.

So the original system had to go, replaced by one that could be done on a 1960-model Matel Add 'n' Spell. Now we must pay 30 cents per assistance call after the first two per month. That goes for both local and long-distance calls. The service rep I talked to this time believes that both are free when made from pay phones.

See ya at the gas station.

--Phoebe Caulfield

Note: The widely publicized Greens, a left-liberal group originating in Germany, have created the practice of Peer Assistance (P.A.) in order to wrest directory assistance power from telephone companies. So here goes: the number for Wrigley Field is (312) 281-5050, and the closest campground to Rock Island, Illinois, can be reached at (309) 795-1040. If we all share our useful telephone numbers, world peace can't be far behind.

--P.C.

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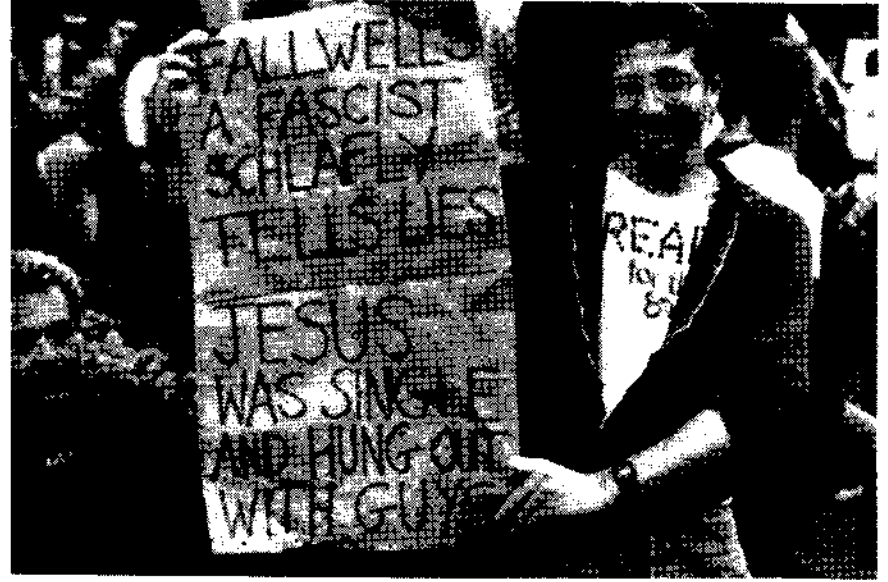
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Protests rock S.F. demo

It started on Thursday, July 12. The Moral Majority was in town holding its Family Life Forum III at the Holiday Inn. The theme was "Homosexuality: the threat to the Family." Jerry Falwell talked about queers; Phyllis Schlafly talked about abortion and the ERA. I think it's great that right-wingers keep reminding us that Gay rights, abortion, and ERA are all related.

Actually, I think they were pretty gutsy to show up in a "Gay Mecca" on Friday the Thirteenth, during a full moon, and try to steal the lime-light from queens and dykes by talking about Christianity of all things. So of course there were demonstrations and rallies and marches and vigils protesting the presence of the so-called Moral Majority.

THURSDAY, 4pm

What was called the "noisy angry" demonstration took place outside the Holiday Inn near Union Square. This was the first demo of convention week and the cops were out with every bit of gear and new toy they had. There were mounted cops; the tactical (or riot) squad in tasteful blue jump-suits, white helmets and black riot sticks; and of course plenty of plain-

clothes cops. There were several hundred demonstrators with signs and banners across the street from the hotel behind police barricades. The cops were trying to keep people on the sidewalks and traffic moving. Tourists were met with chants of "Welcome to the police state" and "Moral Majority, cops and Klan/Work together hand in hand."

After the demo, people walked to the next rally--in Union Square two blocks away. A cop on his new red motor scooter rode between two women in the street. One of the women kicked at the tire of the scooter because she was mad at the cop for coming so close to her. Two cops jumped her and put her in a choke hold. Her friend came to her aid and was beaten with riot sticks. A nurse wearing a t-shirt bearing the word "Medic" and a big red cross was also beaten while trying to help the two women. All three victims were taken to the hospital--the nurse received five stitches.

It seemed the cops were looking for a fight and when no one else would start one, they did.

The rally was a pretty good one. Mostly it was people saying that the so-called Moral Majority was all

wrong and that they should go home, and that dykes and faggots were great and that we're here to stay.

FRIDAY, THE THIRTEENTH

The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence held an exorcism at high noon in Union Square. It was packed.

The Sisters are not quite so easy to describe. They are an order of gay male nuns who poke fun at the Judeo-Christian ethic, while at the same time being very spiritual, doing full moon rituals and related things.

They got right down to it. An evil spirit in the form of Jerry Falwell appeared. He was stripped of his hypocrisy to reveal a black lace corset and fishnet hose. Phyllis materialized draped in an american flag. She was laid out on a table, and the Sisters removed her heart (actually a black snake) and gave her a new heart which looked like a valentine's box of Fannie May's. That ended the exorcism.

SUNDAY, JULY 15

The day of the big labor march. 150,000 people marched down Market Street carrying signs and banners making connections between Central

Give 'No Re-Ron' some play time

Though some folks might disagree, art and politics are not inseparable. Note the timely appearance of the flick "Red Dawn" at your local theatre, full of "the commies are coming" fears, well-timed with the re-election of the great fear-monger himself.

But the right wing isn't the only one with media option. They can repeat their stale and tired old tribulations but for some zest and spirit, there's nothing like a little left-wing message to lift the soul.

Gil Scott-Herron, famed black musical artist and poet, has recently released a 45 rpm single, "No Re-Ron," full of references to old movies and current politics ("Attila the Haig"), with the message to send R.R. back to Hollywood.

Scott-Herron can be credited with beginning and pre-dating much of the current popular urban "jive" song, full of rhyming messages and a fast-moving beat. He's been poking satirical jibes at Reagan since he was Governor of California, and Nixon was the man in the White House Gil Scott-

Herron was aiming at--who can forget "H.O-gate Blues" or "The Revolution will not be televised"?

The local radio stations have all gotten the complimentary "No Re-Ron" record from Arista records, ready for studio air time. They might be a little slow to play it, but who can turn down a listener's request?

Give the stations a buzz, and ask for "No Re-Ron" by Gil Scott-Herron. If they refuse to play this current chart climber, ask for an explanation--every time you call--or even better, ask for the station manager.

WBNQ - 663-6101
WGIL - 438-5431 (10 p.m. on Jazz/urban
WMBD - 1-688-3131 show)
WIHN - 829-0096

And if you really want to freak some folks out, call up WJBC (829-2345) and ask for it on the regular day-time slot --Problems and Solutions will be buzzing for days.

"It's the neutron bomb for Lebanon, Space Invaders in Grenada, millions more for El Salvador, he's up to his keester with the Sandinistas. . . .

No Re-Ron No Re-Ron
It's a black and white flic from ages ago,
I swear I've seen this somewhere before
No Re-Ron No Re-Ron."

"No Re-Ron" by Gil Scott-Herron

--mgm

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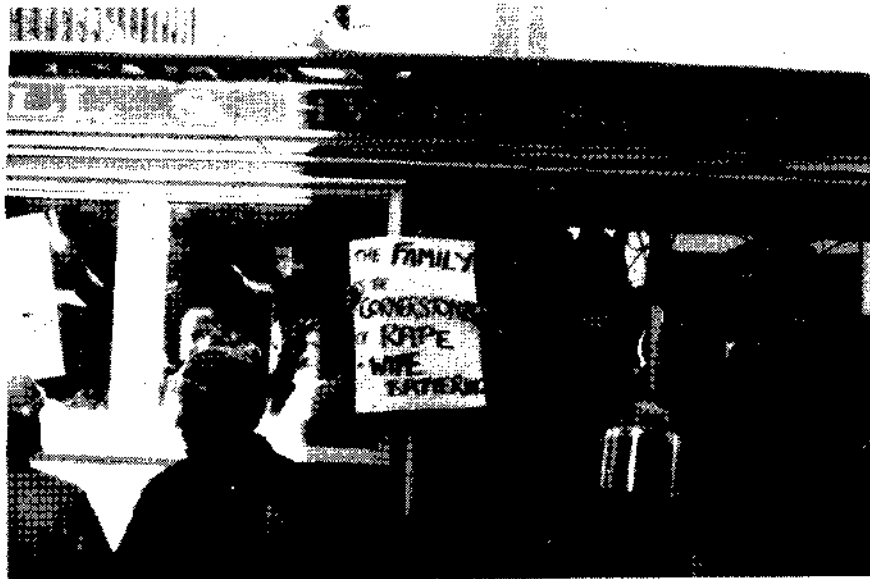
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Adolescent Parent Program
for Learning Essential Skills



national convention

Post Amerikan September 1984
Vol. 13, No. 5 Page 23

America and Reagan. One sign said "What does Detroit have in common with Central America? Reaganomics!"

Then came the National March for Lesbian and Gay Rights. There were 100,000 of us in the best march I've been in.

I didn't listen to the speakers much. Cesar Chavez told us the grape boycott was on again. Lesbian and Gay speakers told us we were wonderful and this was the largest assembly of dykes and faggots ever. For awhile I watched the crowd and forgot about the convention that was to begin next day right next door.

MONDAY

The first day of the convention. Another big rally at the Convention Rally Site. This time it was the Vote Peace '84 rally. Very respectable. George McGovern and Jesse Jackson were

two of the speakers. I was involved in a living theatre group, so I didn't hear the speakers much. Besides, they were all democrats who aren't that much different from republicans. There was mention of Central America, the defense budget, and the Simpson-Mizzoli bill. I guess they forgot about the dykes and faggots already.

TUESDAY, 2nd DAY OF THE CONVENTION

It was rumored that the Ku Klux Klan was going to march. Fortunately for them, they did not.

There was a counter demonstration held at the rally site. Can you call it a counter-demonstration if there is no demonstration to counter?

In the evening there was a rally sponsored by Livermore Action Group (LAG) a coalition of anti-nuke and anti-intervention groups. The general theme of the rally was anti-authority with

not much faith in electoral politics.

Immediately following the LAG rally was a Christian rally in the very same place. Thus, as I was leaving, I was confronted with hundreds of clean scrubbed Christians waving bibles, carrying crosses (the big kind), and singing about the blood of Jesus. I went home sat in a hot bathtub, and read science fiction.

THURSDAY, LAST CONVENTION DAY

Casa El Salvador sponsored a formal march to commemorate the 50,000 people murdered by the U.S.-backed death squads in El Salvador. Over 300 people were dressed in black and carried 15 coffins covered with flowers.

The Living Theatre people were at the beginning of the procession. We walked slowly with our hands clasped behind our heads as prisoners, then we opened our arms to clasp our hands in front of our hearts in a meditative position, then back to hands behind our heads. We chanted a wordless and mournful chant that was picked up by the entire procession.

The procession moved through the financial district, stopping to do our piece at a place where office workers gather to eat their lunch.

We moved on slowly, chanting, until we reached a busy subway station with an open plaza below street level. We did our theatre piece again, this time for a large crowd of commuters, shoppers, and street people.

To say that it was a moving experience doesn't really convey what happened. We stood in the hot sun chanting our four questions over and over again: What is Vietnam? What is El Salvador? What is Reagan? What is intervention? I was caught up in the pain and anger and sorrow of all these people being murdered, and not just in El Salvador. We could not finish our piece as planned, but the crowd continued the questions over and over.

After we moved out the open area of the plaza, we hugged each other and cried. The procession had lasted three hours. I was exhausted, drained but felt good.

AFTER THE CONVENTION

I had been in the largest gathering of dykes and faggots ever; I had been in a powerful theatre piece; and I had witnessed people taking to the streets to protect their rights. It was all worthwhile; I'd do it again (after a little rest); I have no regrets. But we'll never know how much effect it had on the Democrats, Republicans, or the people in power. But we'll keep doing it because we know that they know we'll do worse if they don't keep in line.

--Jack

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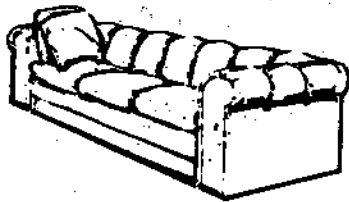
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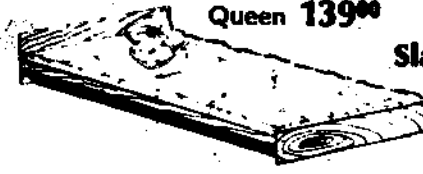


Night Life

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Double 79⁰⁰
Queen 89⁰⁰



Platform Bed
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Double 129⁰⁰
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Slat Bed
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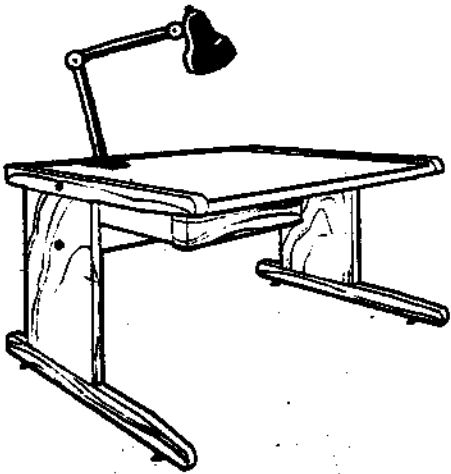
Trimline



179⁰⁰

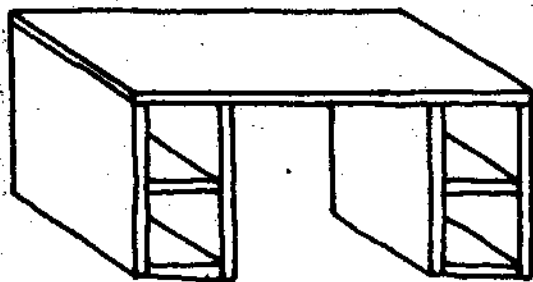
Sneak Preview

School Life



Desk
119⁰⁰

Particle Board Desk
28⁰⁰



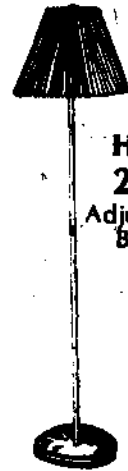
City Lights



Mini Flex
88⁸⁸



Swing Arm
36⁹⁵
Adjustable
Brass



HiLo
24⁹⁹
Adjustable
Brass

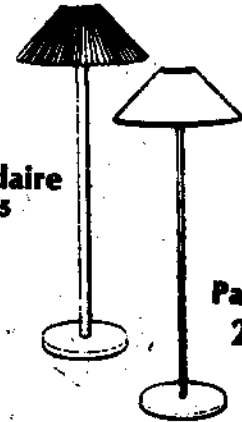


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