

Eastern Illinois University

The Keep

The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

4-1985

Volume 14, Number 1

Post Amerikan

Follow this and additional works at: https://thekeep.eiu.edu/post_amerikan



Part of the [Gender, Race, Sexuality, and Ethnicity in Communication Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), [Publishing Commons](#), and the [Social Influence and Political Communication Commons](#)

Supreme Court ruling: Blm. cops must shoot less. p.4-6

POST AMERICAN

April 1985
Vol.14 No.1

25¢

ABORTION -

whose decision?



BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
PERMIT NO. 168
BLOOMINGTON, IL 61702

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED
POST AMERICAN
POST OFFICE BOX 3452
BLOOMINGTON, IL 61702

POST AMERIKAN

About us

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 March 29.

In this issue

Page	
3	READING SKILLS DISCONNECTED AT GEN TEL More phone problems for Phoebe
4-6	COURT'S RULING MEANS BIG CHANGES FOR BLOOMINGTON POLICE Cops must learn to hold their fire; plus a history of shootings by Bloomington cops
7	GAYS CONVENE IN MADISON "Strengthening our ties" theme of gay student gathering
8-9	MUSIC REVIEWS Shockabilly coming to town; plus That Hope review and more
10-11	TO BE OR NOT TO BE: DON'T LOSE THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE Interviews with five women who faced problem pregnancies and survived
12	ABORTION TERRORISM Two wrongs don't make a right to life
13	ART AND MUSIC FOR THE RAPE CRISIS CENTER Jazz and lithographs help support RCC
14-15	LIFE IN THE ELECTRONIC FACTORY A look at the Pantagraph classified's sweat shop
16-17	MISCELLANEOUS OUTRAGES
18-19	WHEN THE FALCON FLEW, THE FUZZ FLOUNDERED What happened to the Falcon after the movie ended
20	MY SISTER, THE PUNK ROCKER
	Letters p. 19 Community News p. 14

Post Sellers

BLOOMINGTON

Amtrack station, 1200 W. Front
The Back Porch, 402 1/2 N. Main
Biasi's Drugstore, 217 N. Main
Bloomington Public Library (in front)
Bus Depot, 533 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
The Gallery, 111 E. Beaufort (in front)
Midstate Truck Plaza, U.S. 51 north
Mother Murphy's, 111 1/2 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)

Good numbers

Alcoholics Anonymous.....828-5049
American Civil Liberties Union.454-1787
Clare House (Catholic Workers).828-4035
Community for Social Action....452-4867
Connection House.....829-5711
Countering Domestic Violence...827-4005
Dept. Children/Family Services.828-0022
Draft Counseling.....452-5046
Gay/Lesbian Info. Line.....829-2719
HELP (transportation for senior
citizens, handicapped).....828-8301
Ill. Dept. of Public Aid.....827-4621
Ill. Lawyer Referral.....800-252-8916
Kaleidoscope.....828-7346
Metropolitan Comm. Church.....829-2719
McLean Co. Health Dept.....454-1161
Mid Central Community Action...829-0691
Mobile Meals.....828-8301
McLean Co. Center for Human
Services.....827-5351
National Health Care Services
(abortion assistance,Peoria)691-9073
Nuclear Freeze Coalition.....828-4195
Occupational Development Center828-7324
Operation Recycle.....829-0691
Parents Anonymous.....827-4005
PATH (Personal Assistance Telephone
Help).....827-4005
Or.....800-322-5015
Phone Friends.....827-4008
Planned Parenthood.....medical.827-4014
bus/couns/educ.....827-4368
Post Amerikan.....828-7232
Prairie State Legal Service...827-5021
Prairie Alliance.....828-8249
Project Oz.....827-0377
Rape Crisis Center.....827-4005
Sunnyside Neighborhood Center..827-5428
TeleCare (senior citizens)....828-8301
Unemployment comp/job service..827-6237
United Farmworkers support....452-5046
UPIC.....827-4026

Thanks

This issue in your hands is thanks to Diana, Chris, Susie, Mark, J.T., X, Bumper, Ralph, Melissa, Sue, Deborah, Laurie H., Laurie D., Rich, Nadene, Susan, Have, Gil, Kathy, Dave (coordinator), and probably others we forgot to mention.

Special thanks to those of you who responded to our plea for funds with your generous donations and letters of support.

Moving?

When you move, be sure to send us your new address so your subscription gets to you. Your Post Amerikan will not be forwarded (it's like junk mail--no kidding!). Fill out this handy form with your new address and return it to us, P. O. Box 3452, Bloomington, IL 61702.

Name _____

Street _____

City/state/zip _____

Phoebe and the phone

Reading skills disconnected at Gen Tel

One month recently I had a mysterious charge of some weird figure like \$63.03 appear on my phone bill. Thinking it a leftover from the last month, a payment that hadn't caught up with itself yet, I simply deducted it and paid the current bill.

The next month, the \$63.03 still appeared on my bill, along with the legitimate (hah) month's charges. I decided to go through my old bills and check stubs, find the date and payment figures, and send a note along with my bill saying that I had indeed already paid that and please take it off my bills (which are close to incomprehensible now anyway, as you've probably noticed from your own with its scrawny little letters and overload of stubs to tear off).

To my surprise, the problem was deeper than I thought. I found all my bills and check stubs for about eight months back, and none of them were for the mystery figure.

It was paranoid to think that the phone company was getting back at me for my constant and well-publicized complaints. Wasn't it?

Just in case, I wrote a very polite and charming note (gag) carefully describing the problem and recording the dates and amounts of my payments for the previous six months. Even though the mystery figure had only appeared for the last two months, I wanted to present myself as a confirmed and responsible bill-payer.

Three weeks later, as I sat at my kitchen table sealing up a biting recriminatory letter to Montgomery Wards and feeling quite good, I got a

long distance call from Joan at Gen Tel in Ohio or wherever.

"I have the note that you sent here," she announced. "What seems to be the problem?"

"Um...you have my note there?" I asked.

"Yes, I do."

"Well...I think that explains it pretty well," I ventured.

"Hm...well...let me read it," she said huffily.

As I sat and waited for her to read my note over long distance, I thought about the phone company. I thought about how they charge us when we won't look up telephone numbers in print. How they make us feel guilty for tying up lines when we're too lazy to use the phone book. How she could've read my note first and let me snicker over my vicious remarks to Montgomery Wards a bit longer.

"Everything seems to be in order here," she said.

"Yes, well, except that I have that \$63.03 charge on my last two bills, and I don't know where it came from, because all the last six months' payments are covered, as you can see from my list."

A lengthy silence ensued, as no doubt she tried to read my note again.

"No," she said, "there is a payment listed here on 12/28 and then one on 2/4, so there is a January payment missing."

"The 2/4 payment is the January payment," I said, "isn't there also a 2/27 payment listed?"

This obscure innuendo was beyond her. She had no idea why I would talk about the 2/27 payment. She tried to tell me that the 2/4 payment was for my service in February. I pointed out that the phone company really doesn't bill you for four days of service.

Still not understanding, she sighed, "Well, let me call your record up on the computer terminal."

Click, click, click. More silence.

She said, "Now, this matter must have already been resolved, because your current account shows clear and paid up."

Stupidly, I said, "Huh. I wonder what happened."

"Obviously, one of your payments lagged behind in being credited to your account," she said.

With the numbed weariness that my interactions with Gen Tel inevitably engender, I gave up. I even believe I said thank you.

The moral of the story is, if you have a problem with your bill, don't write an explanatory note about it, no matter how clear, coherent, and convenient that may be. Remember, they don't have to read: they're the phone company. Simply enclose a note that says, "Call me."

--Phoebe Caulfield

Blind Vision: How the Pantagraph helped solicit prostitutes

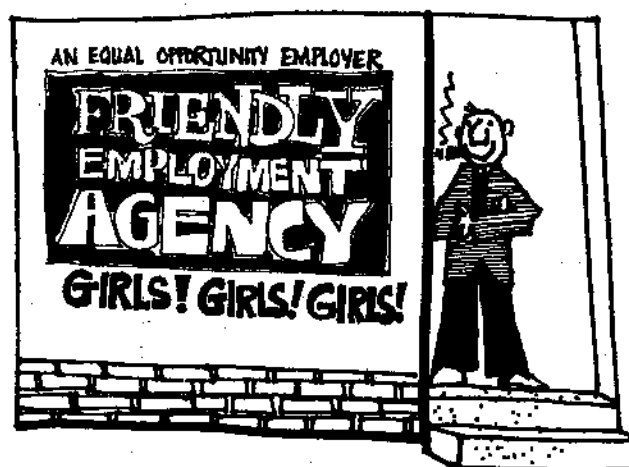
Have you ever answered one of those blind employment ads--the ones that require you to send a letter and/or resume to a Pantagraph box number, not specifying the address, phone number, or sometimes even the exact name of the business you're applying to?

Carefully protecting the confidentiality of the classified advertiser, the Pantagraph has a system that keeps information about who's really advertising locked up and in a separate department, so most classified staffers don't know the advertiser's identity.

Most businesses who use these blind ads are motivated by the time they save by publicizing their positions this way. They can keep applicants' mail separate from other mail, and they won't have eager job-seekers calling them up or showing up at the door.

More subtly, the system requires that applicants be able and confident enough to write a letter and resume, address it, stamp it, and mail it--in short, it screens for a certain level of middle-classness. (If you can't imagine someone being scared off by the prospect of producing these documents, you are hopelessly middle class yourself.)

A company called "S & M Building" placed a blind ad in the Pantagraph, advertising for a secretary and listing the usual typing and shorthand



requirements. After laughing at the company's suggestive name among the pages of the Pantagraph, a "family newspaper," one jobseeker sent along her resume to the box number.

A man then called her, identifying himself as from S & M Building, and asked her if she would like to make more money than a secretarial job would pay. He invited her into the exciting world of prostitution.

Hanging up, the woman called the Pantagraph classified department, which took the news calmly. They said that her experience was "impossible" and that it was "all your imagination."

It is difficult enough for single or divorced women in our community to avoid harassment, especially difficult when seeking employment while trying to maintain some privacy. Does the Pantagraph care more about protecting its advertisers than its women readers? Have you ever had your picture in the paper for a promotion, prize, or announcement and requested NOT to have your address listed? Were you laughed at and called paranoid? Is the Pantagraph aware that even in Mayberry RFD they don't publish ladies' addresses?

If employers have job openings, why not be open about it? If our economy here is so good, then they won't be swamped with job seekers. If they are, they can use the free Job Service to sort applicants for them.

But the Pantagraph makes money assuring their confidentiality, even though their classified department is already getting rich from all those farmers going under selling their land and equipment.

So, while the second oldest profession, agriculture, may be in trouble in Central Illinois, the world's oldest, prostitution, seems to be thriving.

Isn't it nice to know this family newspaper is doing its part to serve the needs of its readers?

--Jane M. Glize

Cop shooting chronology

Some highlights of the Bloomington Police Department's recent history regarding the use of deadly force:

- mid-1970's Chief of Police Harold Bosshardt issues General Order #11, which prohibits officers from firing warning shots and firing into crowds and limits the circumstances when police may fire at fleeing vehicles.
- April, 1978 Bloomington Police initiate shoot-out with fugitive Jimmie Barker in crowded Sunnyside playground.
- April, 1978 Lewis DeVault, Assistant Chief, tells Pantagraph that BPD has no written use of deadly force guidelines, and that there "isn't much point" in having them.
- June, 1980 Bosshardt retires; Lewis DeVault becomes Acting Chief.
- August, 1980 Patrolman Tom Sanders shoots innocent, unarmed man at Regal 8 Motel, causing permanent brain damage.
- August, 1980 Lewis DeVault says Sanders was "totally justified" in Regal 8 shooting. DeVault said he "felt comfortable right from the beginning."
- September, 1980 State's Attorney Dozier says Sanders was "legally justified," but he "questioned" Sanders' judgment.
- December, 1980 Donald Story becomes Chief of Police.
- January, 1981 Patrolman Ogg shoots unarmed fleeing burglar.
- February, 1981 Pantagraph reports that Chief Story is circulating a draft of a new deadly force policy, which would rule out shooting at unarmed burglars.
- August, 1981 Chief Story issues a watered-down version of February draft. Shooting at unarmed suspects is still permitted, but officers must balance the force used against the law enforcement purpose to be served, and cannot shoot if there's a risk of endangering innocent bystanders.
- March, 1983 Detective Crowe shoots unarmed swindler at Eastland Mall.
- March, 1983 State's Attorney Dozier admits that Crowe's shooting was illegal, but declines to prosecute.
- March, 1983 Chief Story files charges against Detective Crowe with the Board of Police and Fire Commissioners.
- April, 1983 Chief Story asked to resign; DeVault becomes Chief.
- May, 1983 Chief DeVault imposes 3-day suspension on Crowe and asks Police and Fire Commissioners to drop the case.
- May, 1983 Chief DeVault announces that there was "no violation of the rules" when Officers Barkes and Cox fired at a fleeing burglar.

Court's changes

At least four shootings by Bloomington police since 1980 would not have occurred if officers had conducted themselves according to the ruling on deadly force handed down by the Supreme Court March 27.

Illinois law and Bloomington police department policy has permitted officers to shoot certain unarmed suspects who are fleeing from police, such as burglars and robbers.

Under the new ruling, police can shoot only if the suspect has committed a violent crime and will pose a threat of great physical harm to others if escaping, and if shooting is the only way to prevent the suspect's escape.

No matter what crime the suspect has allegedly committed, police can still shoot if their lives or the lives of others are in imminent danger.

In the case before the Supreme Court, a Memphis police officer shot and killed a 15-year-old who was running away after stealing a purse.

Pantagraph misleading

The day after the court's ruling, the Pantagraph printed a very misleading front-page article about the local effects of the court's decision.

The story was headlined "Area police say ruling consistent with current policy."

Actually, the ruling will be a big change for Bloomington police.

The Pantagraph wrote "Department policy was revised in 1981, partly because a Bloomington patrolman shot a burglary suspect in January of that year while the suspect was running from the scene of the reported crime."

(That officer, David Ogg, was recently sued for police brutality in an unrelated case.)

But the Pantagraph is wrong. Department policy was not substantially changed after Officer Ogg shot the burglar.

Changes not adopted

Chief Donald Story did propose a significant change in the department's policy on deadly force. Story's proposed change, which reflected a standard adopted by the International Associations of Chiefs of Police, would not have permitted shooting unarmed burglars. The Pantagraph printed an article about the proposed change in February 1981.

But the change was never adopted.

Instead, Chief Story issued General Order 37-81 in August, 1981.

This order merely summarized Illinois law, re-confirmed and restated previous policy, and added two new guidelines:

First, Story ordered that use of firearms was to be considered a last resort.

Second, Story also added that officers were not to shoot, even when legally justified, if there was "a likelihood of serious injury to innocent persons or if the use of such force would likely outweigh the police purpose served."

(This last guideline was probably written with Patrolman Tom Sanders in mind. A year earlier, in August, 1980, Sanders shot an innocent man in the parking lot of the Regal 8 Motel.)

What's forcible felony?

As Story's order pointed out, Illinois law allows officers to shoot fleeing suspects if shooting is the only way to prevent their escape and if they

Herbs · Spices · Fruits · Vegetables · Nuts

Common Ground

NATURAL FOODS

516 N. Main St.
Bloomington, Ill. 61701

Common Ground has a wide selection of wholesome foods, natural body care products, vitamin and mineral supplements, and books for organic cooking and healthy living.

By selling many foods in bulk, Common Ground reduces your costs on nuts, flours, spices, grains, snack mixes and many other items. You may also purchase just the amount you need! Come see the gourmet coffee beans and fresh produce section as well. Experience a new and healthier way of life!

For an additional savings of 10% on all purchases, you may purchase a discount card for an annual fee of \$10.00.



Juices · Books · Snacks · Teas

Soaps · Coffees · Breads · Beans

Vitamins · Grains · Flours · Shampoos

shooting ruling means big for Bloomington police

are fleeing after committing a "forcible felony."

Illinois law defines the term "forcible felony" to include a number of crimes which can be committed without the use of weapons or without serious physical harm occurring to anyone.

Forcible felonies, in Illinois, include burglary and robbery. They also include arson, treason, and aggravated battery.

Simple battery (a shove or a slap in the face) becomes aggravated battery--a forcible felony--if the victim is a teacher, police officer, prison guard, firefighter, park district employee, taxi driver, bus driver, or public aid caseworker.

In addition, according to Illinois law, simple battery becomes aggravated battery if the offense occurs on public property or on a public right of way.

Under the technicalities of Illinois law, police could shoot a man seen shoving another on the public sidewalk if the man started running from police.

Chief Story's 1981 General Order at least required police officers to balance the need for shooting to effect a capture against "the law enforcement purpose which would be served" by the use of deadly force. But, contrary to the information printed in the Pantagraph, Chief Story's 1981 guidelines still permitted Bloomington officers to shoot at unarmed fleeing burglars.

Burglar shot at again

And that's just what two Bloomington officers did in May 1983. According to a Pantagraph article, Richard Barkes and James Cox fired three shots while chasing burglary suspect Paul Zeter.

"There was no violation of the rules," Lewis DeVault, who had just become the new Chief of Police, told the Pantagraph at the time. "And if they



"Well, I'll be darned... I guess he does have a license to do that!"

hadn't fired, he would have escaped."

Chief DeVault doesn't have much use for guidelines and policies on police use of guns anyway.

In 1978, police reported that a shoot-out with Jimmie Barker at Sunnyside playground area began when Barker, a fugitive wanted for attempted murder, opened fire on police. A few days later, the truth came out--police fired first.

In an April 29, 1978 article on that shoot-out, the Pantagraph reported these comments from DeVault, who was then Asst. Chief:

"Lewis DeVault...said the department has no written policy on the use of handguns by officers, except that they

must be used legally, in this case against a fleeing man, armed and charged with a felony.

"DeVault said 'there isn't much point' in having a general policy, since 'you very seldom have situations in which the circumstances are identical.'

"All our men are quite aware of the law and what it says about the use of justifiable force."

Wrong again

DeVault's men may have known the law, (which, remember, permitted them to shoot at someone who was running away after slapping their social worker), but DeVault didn't even know his own department's written guidelines.

Whether DeVault thought it "made sense" or not, the Bloomington Police Department did have a written policy at that time on officers' use of deadly force.

General Order #11, issued by Chief Harold Bosshardt long before the Barker shoot-out, states that the Bloomington Police Department prohibits:

1. Firing any weapon into a crowd of people.
2. Firing any weapon over the heads of a crowd of people.
3. Firing at a fleeing vehicle except that in which a person or persons is known to have committed a forcible felony.
4. Firing any warning shots where the use of deadly force is not permitted. Even when deadly force is permitted, warning shots will not be fired as they are likely to injure persons other than those against whom deadly force is authorized.
5. Firing into buildings or through doors when the person or persons fired at is not clearly visible.

At the time the police opened fire on Barker, according to a Pantagraph article, the playground was filled with neighborhood children. Fortunately, none were hit.

Shooting in malls

One of Lewis DeVault's first acts after resuming the powers of Chief of Police in April 1983 served to demonstrate how seriously he viewed infractions of the guidelines and laws governing police shooting suspects.

He let Charlie Crowe off with an affectionate pat on the wrist.

In March 1983, Charlie Crowe, a plainclothes detective, shot a suspect at Eastland Mall. Even if there's no big sales going on, Eastland Mall isn't the best place to shoot a suspect if you're trying to make sure that innocent bystanders are free from danger.

Crowe didn't shoot an armed suspect. He didn't even shoot someone who was fleeing after committing a forcible felony.

He shot a man who was going to be charged with trying to sell some railroad ties that didn't belong to him.

Crowe's mall shooting wasn't just a violation of Bloomington police department policy--it was a violation of Illinois law.

But State's Attorney Ron Dozier declined to prosecute. "Anyone who knows Charlie Crowe knows that he is

Continued on next page

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY IN HOUSING IS YOUR RIGHT!

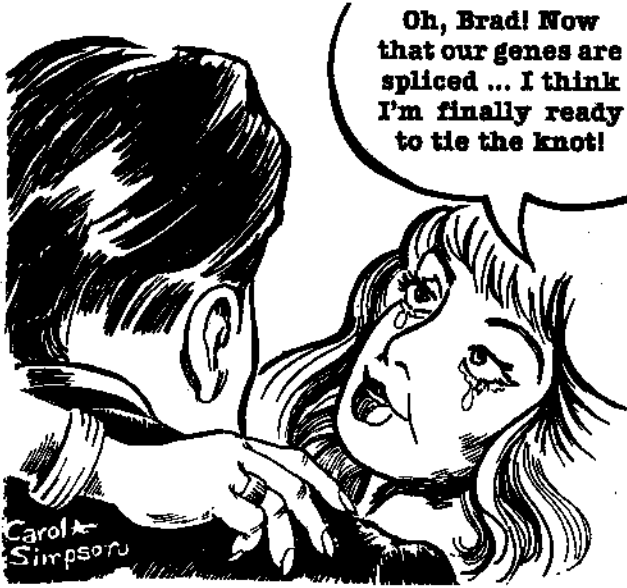
If you feel you have been denied housing or treated unfairly because of your race, color, religion, sex, national origin, ancestry or physical or mental handicap, contact the

Bloomington Human Relations Commission

at

828-7361, Ext. 218/219

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



Couple ousted for living in sin

"God comes in like a landlord and flashes on his brassy lamp."
--Anne Sexton

Or is it the other way around?

Brenda rented an upstairs apartment from landlord Charles Nichols for 2½ years. The last 15 months of that time, from fall 1983 till winter 1984, her boyfriend Michael lived there too.

Most of that period, Nichols lived in Arkansas. He moved back to Bloomington in fall 1984 and took up residence in the apartment below Brenda and Michael's.

"We were good tenants," Michael says, "polite, quiet, accommodating . . . no wild parties . . . paid our rent every two weeks."

Three days before Christmas, Nichols confronted Brenda in the hall, making some noises about how she had to start paying rent a month in advance. When she said she guessed she could handle that, he said, "It would be best if you found another place."

When pressed, he said that his "conscience just can't handle you living together over my head." The fact that Brenda and Michael hadn't invited the state into their private lives was too radical for him.

They immediately looked for a new place. Nichols told Brenda that she didn't have to move, only Michael. She was offended at the suggestion, and Nichols said, "Why don't you just get married?"

"As though either of us would want to rent from him under any circumstances," both members of the couple asserted.

They found a nearby place and moved out in January. Both fantasize about Nichols' renting their old apartment to a nice married couple who have knock-down-drag-out brawls and drunken parties. As they moved, Brenda played with the idea of whispering to Nichols, "You know, we're still going to be Doing It, just down the street."

She didn't. She did notice that Nichols threw away the bed they had slept in. She saw it on the curb.

--Phoebe Caulfield

TELL OUR ADVERTISERS
YOU SAW THEIR AD
IN THE POST AMERIKAN

Continued from previous page

Court's shooting ruling means big changes for Bloomington police

not a criminal," Dozier told the Post-American.

Donald Story was still Chief of Police when Crowe shot the swindling suspect at Eastland. Story viewed the shooting as serious. Story could have imposed as much as three days suspension himself. But instead, he asked the Board of Fire and Police Commissioners--which has power to impose more severe sanctions--to consider disciplinary action.

Before that hearing occurred, Story resigned under pressure. Lewis DeVault became Chief.

DeVault asked the Fire and Police Commissioners to drop the case against Crowe. DeVault handed Crowe a token 3-day suspension, and everything was forgotten.

Shooting 'totally justified'

Letting Crowe off wasn't the first time Lewis DeVault has backed up a cop involved in a questionable shooting.

On August 23, 1980, Patrolman Tom Sanders fired two shotgun blasts at a fleeing car in the parking lot of the Regal 8 Motel. An innocent man, Charles Vasquez, was left with permanent brain damage. The van of a passer-by on Washington St. was sprayed with shotgun pellets.

State's Attorney Ron Dozier said Sanders was "legally justified" in the shooting, because Sanders thought he was shooting at an armed man fleeing after committing kidnapping, a forcible felony.

No guns were ever found. No forcible felony had been committed. There was no kidnapping.

In what State's Attorney Ron Dozier described as a "lover's quarrel," a woman and her child had been held briefly against her will (the man had grabbed her car keys). By the time Sanders arrived on the scene, the woman, car keys in hand, was walking away with her child.

The incident would have been over, but the man ran when officer Sanders approached. The man jumped into a car driven by Charles Vasquez.

Sanders shot twice at the fleeing car, permanently ruining the life of the

driver, who had had nothing to do with the non-existent kidnapping anyway.

While State's Attorney Dozier said that Sanders was "legally justified" in the shooting, he also said that he questioned the officer's judgment, and intended to discuss the matter with Lewis DeVault, who was acting Chief of Police at the time.

DeVault had previously stated that he would have no comment until the Division of Criminal Investigation (DCI) completed its routine investigation of the shooting.

But DeVault couldn't resist heaping praise on his impulsive officer. Several weeks before the DCI report was finished, DeVault told the Pantagraph that Tom Sanders was "totally justified" in shooting Charles Vasquez. "I felt comfortable with it right from the beginning," DeVault reportedly said.

The City of Bloomington's insurance company wasn't so comfortable. They settled the subsequent lawsuit for over \$600,000, a rather steep sum to pay if the officer had really done nothing wrong.

* * * * *

The 1978 shoot-out at Sunnyside may have occurred even if police followed the recent Supreme Court rulings on use of weapons.

But the new ruling would have prevented police from firing in all of the other four incidents.

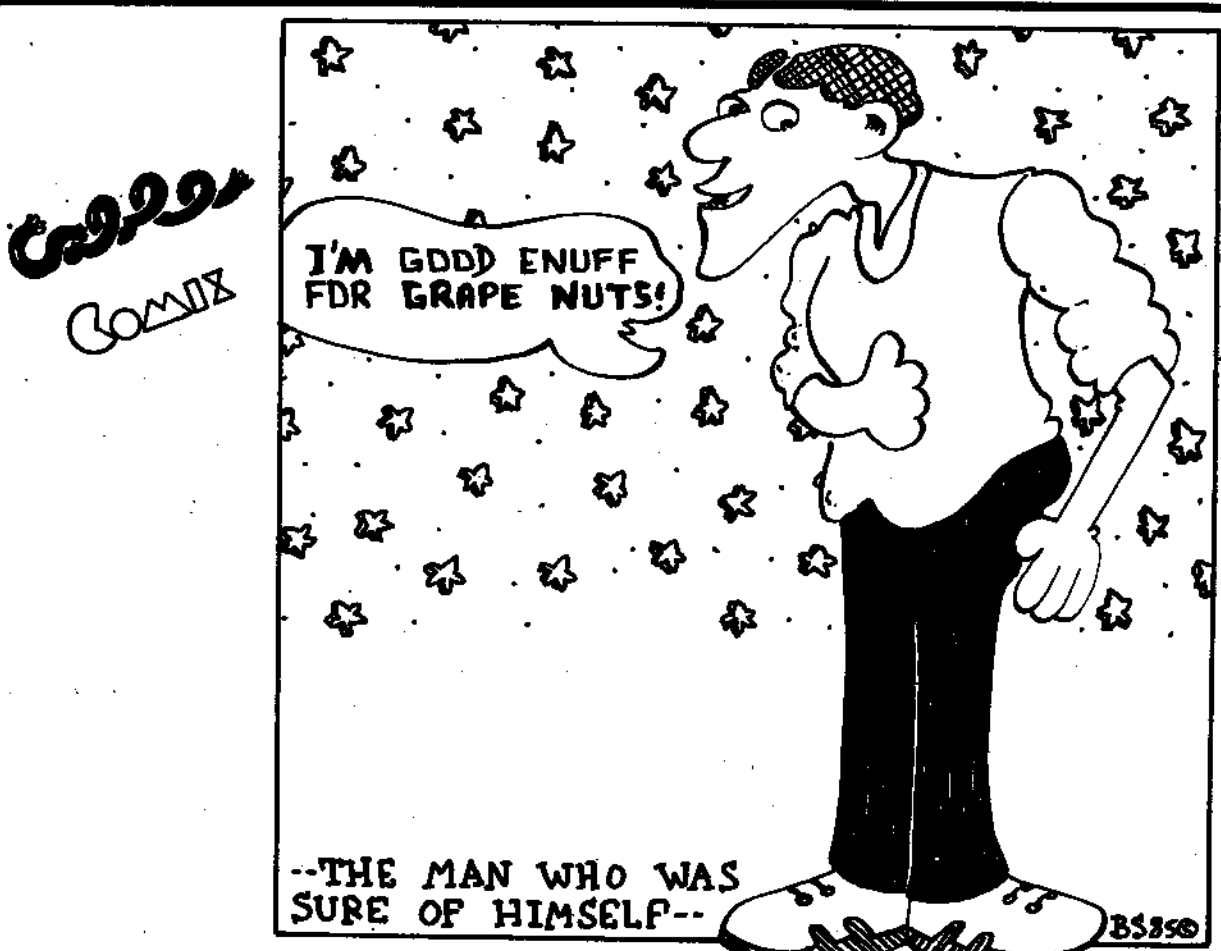
Rules are one thing. Day-to-day practice is another. A change in the rules means nothing unless the rules are enforced.

When Charley Crowe shot an unarmed con man at a shopping mall, he was violating both department policy and Illinois law.

But Chief DeVault thought the incident merited only a mild 3-day suspension.

If the Supreme Court ruling is to make a real difference, Chief DeVault will have to show that he takes illegal shootings by police more seriously than he has in the past.

--Mark Silverstein



Gays convene in Madison

Last month, members of ISU's Gay People's Alliance were among the 120 people attending a conference for gay/lesbian student organizations at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. The first of its kind in the midwest, the conference was attended by representatives from twelve organizations and seven states.

An ambitious effort on the part of the 10% Society (UW-M's gay/lesbian organization), the conference provided room and board for the weekend for all the attendees, at a fee of \$10-15 per person. The 10% Society received funding from the Chicago Resource Center, the Cream City Foundation in Milwaukee, and the UW student government to cover the remaining \$2400 or so they needed to finance the conference.

Serious planning began in June, 1984, when a theme for the conference was decided ("Strengthening Our Ties"), and the funding search began. After sending questionnaires to 44 organizations, and receiving responses from 16, the 10% Society decided on 8 workshops: AIDS and Men's Health, Lesbian Health Issues, Coalition Building, Racism, Separatism, Alcoholism, Recruitment and Retention, and Organizing for Lesbian/Gay Rights Legislation.

Nancy Roth, executive director of the Gay Rights National Lobby, gave the keynote address at the luncheon on Saturday, as well as presenting the legislation workshop. She stressed the importance of continuing legislative efforts, despite the conservative political climate. Roth said she did not see that conservatism as interfering with gay rights, which she sees as a human issue and not a liberal issue.

The conference guests met on Sunday to further discuss areas in which the organizations might be effective and to plan a similar conference for next year. The group shared methods of tying the women's and men's communi-



ties together, dealing with racism, and slowing turnover within the organizations. Several people stressed the importance of working with other groups on human issues and of avoiding reverse bigotry.

The members of the Gay People's Union at the University of Iowa offered to take on the responsibility of next year's conference. The name "Midwest Lambda Student Network" was chosen for the umbrella organization of conference attenders and planners. A quarterly newsletter was arranged to keep interested organizations informed of the planning, and workshop topics for future conferences were discussed, including fundraising, parenting, mental health, and bisexuality.

--Pollyanna

Badgers and faggots and dykes --Oh my!

Saturday night, just as we were getting ready to caucus (and thinking more about dinner and the following dance than politics, if truth be known), a campus evangelist, soul kin to Brother Jed and Sister Chrissie, established himself outside the main door of the University of Wisconsin Student Center. Students gathered, like they always do (mostly to giggle and heckle), when he began to rant a about the dee-prav- itee and per-ver-sitee of those dreaded ho-mo-sex-yoos.

We were appalled--and delighted. We had been talking and talking all day --now here was something we could do! About 50 of us hurried out, and, sitting crosslegged on the cement in concentric circles, we sang. Arms around each other, and on the verge of tears, we sang. "Singing for Our Lives" and "We Shall Overcome" (which we were most embarrassed to discover almost no one knew the melody line

to) drowned out the unnamed missionary. He surrendered, and left. Sigh.

Most of us didn't touch the ground for hours afterward.

Now I know full well that as soon as we left, he came back. That's OK. And I know many of you will think the whole thing is pretty sappy and sentimental. That's OK, too.

Because he knows we'll come back, too, and it seems to me that that's what it was about.

And sure, it's sentimental, but I tell you this: we all do what we have to, to keep working, and if a little sentiment, and one small moral victory, will keep the singers and the watchers working, then thank the goddess for sentiment.

--Pollyanna

CLUB PHORIAN DISCO
 733 SW ADAMS,
 PEORIA 'IL
 676-9030

**FINEST GAY ENTERTAINMENT
 IN CENTRAL ILLINOIS**
 OPEN NIGHTLY 'TIL 4 A.M.
 PRESENT THIS AD AT THE BAR
 FOR A DRINK. LIMIT ONE PER
 CUSTOMER PER NIGHT

Diesel Dick's

WE SPECIALIZE
 IN GM DIESEL
 CAR REPAIR

COMPLETE
 AUTOMOTIVE
 &
 TRUCK
 SERVICE

FOREIGN &
 DOMESTIC

GAS and DIESEL

508 N. MADISON 9:00-5:30 828-1714

**Rape Crisis Center
 of McLean County**

WE'RE A NON-PROFIT VOLUNTEER GROUP WHOSE MAIN PURPOSE IS TO OFFER ASSISTANCE AND SUPPORT TO VICTIMS OF SEXUAL ASSAULT AND THEIR FRIENDS AND FAMILIES. FEMALE VOLUNTEERS ANSWER OUR CALLS, BUT BOTH MALE AND FEMALE VOLUNTEERS ARE AVAILABLE FOR CRISIS ASSISTANCE, INFORMATION AND SPEAKING ENGAGEMENTS.

If you want to talk to one of us
Call PATH 827-4005
 and ask for the
Rape Crisis Center

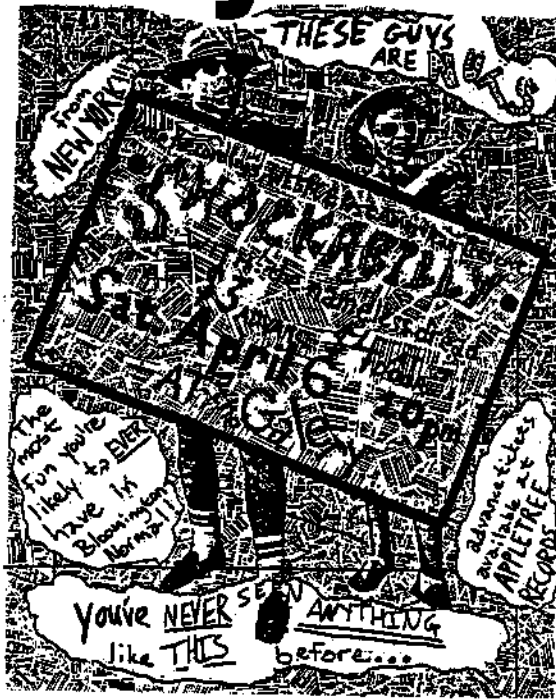
Shockabilly stretches it

Be forewarned. Shockabilly knows who and what they are. Bartok begs to boogie and the shrimp have learned to whistle. . . "Psychedelia, C & W, Heavy Metal, Art-Rock, Free Jazz and Gnarling Hardcore. But all in the same song?" Shockabilly is all things.

Listening to a Shockabilly record is something of a tour through the short-wave radio bands, snatching up both the noise and the culture from around the globe, while the television blares from an adjoining apartment. Everything is there all at once, understated, tongue-in-cheek, truthful, and outlandish, all dragged through smearing rhythms, howling drones, caterwauling voices, tape loops, and sonic slide guitar explosions. Like the heyday of be-bop, all notes work, keys change dangerously, and the outer limits are touched. Sooner or later the music will find its way back (or forward) to some secure (or obscure?) reference point.

For Shockabilly, the finite is no longer, and the lengths to which something can go have been stretched; however, within these ranks, "Stretching it" is not a musical misdemeanor, but rather a new frontier meant to be traversed. Ralph J. Gleason once said in reference to Miles Davis that when the rules are mastered and understood then these same rules are ready to be broken and treated with disregard.

Chadbourne and Shocko break the rules with abandon, glee, irreverence, and confidence, to produce some of the most refreshing, musical, and entertaining sounds to date. Unabashed, unafraid, and unconventional, Shockabilly happily hounds the senses and sensibilities of their listeners. Chadbourne's guitar reeks of Bluegrass, C & W, and Mountain Music as well as Rock and Roll Radio a la 1967, while hard-bop-cum acid seems to have gotten the best of him. Swallow equal parts of Chet Atkins and Jimi Hendrix and chase with a jigger of Dead Kennedys. Kramer's bass and organ-isms are akin to John Cales'



early Velvet underground sound where dirge and drone loom ominous over much of the proceedings. David Light is symphony kettlist gone hardcore then jazz (repeat). Sheer bombast gives way to utter taste and split second timing. Dynamics be his moniker, madness be his method.

Chadbourne's Shocko owes as much to Harry Partch and John Cage as it does to Bill Monroe and his Bluegrass Boys; as much to Thelonius Monk as it does to the Fab Four. Open the door and the influx of influence screams from a desolate curb like some drugged-up Elvis from Hell howling "Winchester Cathedral." Strange, alien, yet hauntingly familiar.

Listen to "Born on the Bayou" from the Vietnam record and hear Chadbourne whine with all the panache of a decapitated chicken hooked on Tremolo. Then there is the demented sneer of "Your USA and My Face" with Chadbourne as Neil Cassidy speaking to those who might scoff at his approach to life (and music) in America. "If you were driving my brain you would wanna change lanes, but I want to drive. . .right off the highway."

When asked to conform the tiniest bit, Chadbourne retaliates with a bee-line move in the opposite direction. Reactionary? Maybe, but he would rather drive blind through the thickets of creation than listen to one more reading of the DOPEY RIOT ACT.

"Iran into Tulsa" sends up flares and drops bombs alongside of taped strangeness and religious-like chants. Then there's the vicious treatment of John Lee Hooker's "Vietnam" that Jimi Hendrix would have liked to include on "Electric Ladyland" right down to the leslie-fueled organ squalls. Voodoo children indeed.

It continues with "Flying," a floating dreamscape where Kramer's melodic organ chintz sets the scene and Chadbourne's guitar fill skitters like a flock of birds testing their wings in spring. Behind these aural pictures is the familiar voice of Mister Rogers asking coyly "Have you ever looked into someone's eye. . .and seen sparkles?" Whew! Rogers and Hendrix on the same plane and Shockabilly knows it. "Have you ever been experienced?" Have you ever pulled down your pants and yodeled to greet the dawn?

Eugene Chadbourne is 31. Had he been born in another time and another place he might have replaced Zoot Horn Rollo or Antennae Jimmy Semens in Beefheart's band and the Magic would have been theirs to share. Says Eugene, "Maybe in the Sixties a guy like me could have gotten famous, but nowadays, piss up a rope." Well, piss away with vengeance, I say. Just give 'em enough rope.

Critics claim Chadbourne is insane, a nut with a guitar and music in his head screaming to get out. And get out it does. Through countless recordings and tours of North America, Japan, and Europe, the music gets out. Insane? Out of touch? Hardly.

Shockabilly is in touch with those things that only cats and babies see, dogs can hear, and jelly fish can feel. We will teach our senses to enjoy such lunacy. When Chadbourne sings "Lucifer Sam," madcap Syd Barrett's own loon toon, he brings to it the heartfelt knowledge that weird is wonderful. Shockabilly's manic version of the Doors "People are Strange" is further reckoning with music and the mind that makes such things. I'm fond of the notion if I know that I am insane, then I must be all right. Shockabilly knows who and what they are. Be forewarned.

--Michael Goodrich

HOME RECORDINGS

Bloomington Normal's Only Alternative Music Label

Cassette Tapes Available at
APPLETREE RECORDS



see Shockabilly

For The Most Fun ever to Pass

Saturday April 6

Thru Town.

at the GALERY in NORMAL

10 pm

"Big Fun Low-Budget Operation" Op

Shockabilly to play here

Shockabilly, Eugene Chadbourne's baby, is coming to The Galery on April 6th. All I can say is, "Don't miss it!"

This is a special evening with unique talent, a rare experience for those with open ears. Bloomington/Normal's underground scene is getting international recognition. This town was recommended to Shockabilly by Skeleton Crew aka Fred Firth and Tom Cora. What a privilege!

Please keep the ball rolling and see Shockabilly with Nameless Dread at the Galery on April 6th. Tickets are available at Appletree Records for \$3 in advance; they'll be \$4 at the door. The show begins at 10 pm. Do not miss this show.

--Have

Local music tapes graded C,B,A

The Sediments

Pink Bob "The Light at the End of the Tunnel"
The Bob and Jeff Show "Welcome to Our House"

What we have here are three more tapes offered by the nutty laboratory of Bloomington's basement tapes, Home Recordings. In case you've missed the last six issues of the Post Amerikan, in which I discuss just who these people are and what they are trying to do, let me reiterate: They are a bunch of crazy musical groups who share a certain fascination with off-beat humor and anti-mainstream music who have all been lured under the banner of Home Recordings to make their music available to you, the consumer.

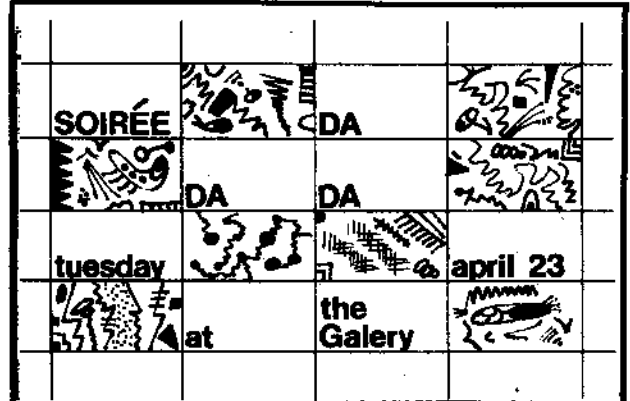
These groups have a homogeneity in their diversity and their music typically ranges from terribly clever and absorbing to inbred and self-indulgent. The Sediments, Pink Bob, and The Bob and Jeff Show share the same strengths and weaknesses.

The Bob and Jeff Show has a particular

failing: As a musical comedy group, they're best appreciated live, and on tape, the spirit of hilarity which they try to create just doesn't come across.

Pink Bob suffers from a different problem--he's 100% Pink Bob without any modifiers and stabilizers thrown in. I think Pink Bob is an oddly brilliant guy, but he works best with input from other people.

So it isn't any surprise that my personal favorite of the month is the Sediments, which is a collaboration between Pink Bob and Brian Keyes. They make a gr-r-r-eat team who make music really rich in wit, ability, and kooky style. "Perverse Waltz" is stupidly haunting and wonderful. "The Answering Machine Messages" #1 and #2 are witty in a Laurie Anderson kind of way. "The Morning After a Night in the Life" could become a Saturday morning anthem for the heavy drinkers among us. All in all, a very amusing and listenable tape. --LVD



An unusual event coming up at the Gallery April 23rd: Soiree Da Da Da, a showcase for experimental fine and liberal arts. Features include drama, film, performance art, poetry, music, and other absurdities. There is still room for additional artists. For information, call 828-5706 or 828-7292.

MUSIC

That Hope: Fun and daring mixture

The music scene in Normal is varied, from folk to progressive. The Gallery, being an accessible showcase for live music, provides this array. With nightly live entertainment one is able to witness various degrees of talent, and often, no matter what style of music is performed, talent is evident.

Of all the offerings which show potential, the band That Hope gives more than a hint, as a serious but less than pretentious sound and a thought provoking yet fun band. Separate members on their own would provide for a serious study in experimentation, but in the context of an ensemble they are straightforwardly entertaining.

One can observe these young musicians and detect the charisma of a successful combination. Their progressions are made comfortable on sight even for an entrenched traditionalist. Charisma and charm are old tags which are, as of late, avoided in review rhetoric. That Hope seems to redefine charm through progression, making the step a little less than steep for those who are unfamiliar and reluctant. One is not frightened away by over-serious intensities or non-comprehensible products. The music and performance suggest a handshake between intricate talent and loose fun. That Hope is serious behind the face of entertainment.

Indeed, That Hope is a pleasurable and sensible experience. These fine musical expressionists have whetted the curiosity of many and have attracted the serious as well as the detached listener. When albums are available for my collection, which will most likely mean the band's success, I will be satisfied to have known it from the start.

Just when I thought I would not readily accept what I was hearing, another notion or texture would be included into the whole and simply round everything off with quality. I am reluctant to compare That Hope to popular recording artists because they have captured--or better, created--a realm of their own, definable only through the experience of hearing and seeing them. They do not pretend to be a music-for music's-sake art combo or middle-of-the-road progressive popsters, yet they have integrated the foremost qualities of each. --G.

Shockability!

THE
NAMELESS DEAD

Saturday April 6

the GALLERY

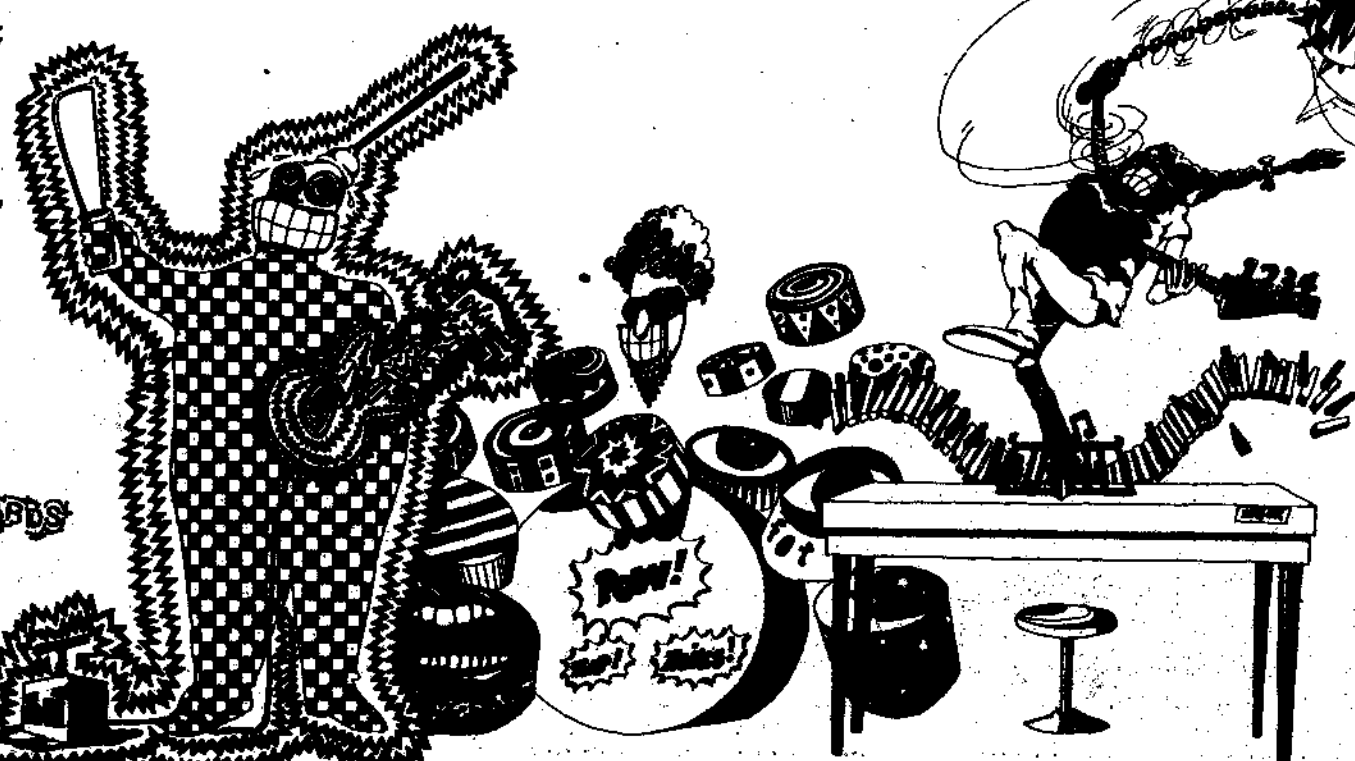
10 PM IN NORMAL

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT

apple tree RECORDS

\$3 IN ADVANCE

\$4 AT THE DOOR



To be or not to be: Don't

What is an abortion? Is it a medical procedure? Or is it a personal manifestation of a woman's choice?

A question as personal as this can only be successfully answered by the individual. Unfortunately, a small but determined group of busybodies is committed to eliminating the option of legal abortion, which would only condemn women to having unwanted children or illegal abortions. It is crucial that we do not forget to protect our right to control our own bodies. The stories which follow are the personal experience of five women in different situations who faced this difficult decision.

—LWD

1953: Illegal abortion

It was probably early fifties...I had two children, one about three years old and one just about a year old--just learning to walk--a real handful, and I certainly didn't want any more. A real problem was trying to find out how one could get an abortion. You'd always known that people could get them, but if you're middle class and don't have any idea and had never met anybody who's had one, what do you do?

At first I asked my gynecologist...but his answer was unequivocally no; in fact, he didn't even want me to have the surgery on my legs (for varicose veins) because he said, "You'll be wanting more children." And I said, "Oh no, I'm quite sure I won't be wanting any more children." But they always act as if they know better than you.

Anyhow, this surgeon did write down the name of a doctor with offices downtown...The first thing I noticed when I went into his office was that it wasn't all shiny and sparkling and clean...but it certainly was safe--it was expensive; it cost \$500 and that's probably the one thing that's gone down in price since the fifties.

And he did have a nurse who was supportive, I remember she held my hand and kept telling me I was not allowed to scream...there were probably people working in the next suite of offices; it was just understood from the beginning that I was not to make any noise. What it amounted to was a D and C but without a general anesthetic...it was extremely painful and I remember the relief with which I felt the warm liquid flowing out of me...I thought, "It must be about over, then."

But the worst part was having to go through the whole thing all by myself.

All in all, I considered it a blessing--it was in no way the trauma for me the way it apparently is for some people. I never thought of it as a life I was taking; I just saw it as getting myself out of a terrible, terrible mess.

1968: Giving the baby up for adoption

It was 1968, and abortion was illegal...people nowadays don't have any idea what it was like to be pregnant before abortion was a real possibility. At this time if you wanted to have an abortion, you had to have an illegal abortion, and they were extremely gruesome, dangerous, expensive, and not always effective. Finding out that you're pregnant and

that there's no way out was an incredibly horrible feeling unlike anything I'd experienced before or since.

There was a lot of home abortion activity, but none of it worked. I had a roommate who sat in a boiling hot bathtub of water that was full of ten boxes of Durkee's dry mustard and then powered down two bottles of gin at the same time, trying to abort. She puked her guts out and felt like shit and eight months later gave birth to a perfectly healthy baby boy.

The abortions that were most closely available to us were in St. Louis and Iowa City. The one in St. Louis cost \$550, and there they inserted a straw into the cervix and blew carbon dioxide into the uterus, until you aborted.

The other one in Iowa City cost \$700, and what they did was pack your uterus with cotton batting...both of these were done under very sleazy circumstances...you'd be blindfolded and driven to a motel. They would do the procedure until you began to miscarry, and then they would leave, and you would have to call a hospital emergency room yourself. You weren't allowed to bring anybody with you.

Anybody who wanted to get one of those illegal abortions could get one...people knew who to call. But I was too chicken, and I didn't admit to myself that I was pregnant until it was too late to have one of those kind anyway. So then the possibilities were to keep the baby yourself (the fathers, of course, didn't stick around too long, once you told them you were pregnant), or go to a home for unwed mothers and leave the baby there for adoption, or stay in town and have the baby and give it away for adoption, which is what I decided to do.

Of course, people who saw that you were pregnant were always asking you about your husband, and it was embarrassing to admit that you didn't have one. It was really hard on us, it was hard on our parents. There were 24 obstetricians in the phone book and I called all of them. Only one would take me--because I was unmarried.

Of the five or six girls that I knew at the time who were pregnant, we would have all had abortions gladly, if we would have been able to have them. We would have scraped up the money and had them, and dealt with our consciences later. It was so bad then, to be a pregnant girl.

1975: Teenage abortion

Without intending to belittle the anxiety felt by some women who choose abortion, I think it is important to point out that abortion does not necessarily ruin your life, nor should it disrupt your life any more than any type of minor surgery. But for years I've noticed an anti-abortion bias in television where writers have recognized the dramatic potential of abortion and have exploited it appreciably.

Some specific culprits are the soap writers, who know that they can get more mileage out of a negative abortion experience than a positive one. Rarely will a "good" woman on the soaps choose an abortion; usually she makes it as far as the clinic before she admits that she couldn't do that to her innocent baby, husband, boyfriend, etc. etc. Of course, the "bad" woman will choose abortion because she's really selfish at heart, but we all know that she'll end up paying for it with years of guilt,



Don't lose the right to choose

bitterness and catastrophic love affairs. And then one day, when she finally straightens out and settles down, she'll decide she wants a baby more than anything. Well, you know what happens...she finds out that she's sterile from having that damned abortion!

This kind of coverage in the media isn't helping the reputation of abortion. But I am living proof that the belief in abortion as an invitation to grief and remorse for the rest of your life--is a myth. I was seventeen when I got pregnant. I lived in a small farming community where the only types of birth control available to teenagers were barrier methods (condoms and foam) and these were literally behind a barrier at the counter of the only pharmacy in town...so I crossed my fingers and did it anyway.

When I found out that I was pregnant, I drove sixty miles to a clinic in another state (boy, was I scared of my parents!) to arrange an abortion. However, since I was a minor, I needed my parents' consent to have the abortion. Even now, ten years after the fact, I have trouble finding the words to describe their reaction--but words like disgust, horror, and shame begin to express it. They thought I had committed treason upon the family and that I was soiled merchandise...a rotten tomato. The abortion itself was like Sunday in the country compared to the guilt and humiliation that I suffered over being in the shoes of a "bad" girl who got caught.

But that lousy cloud had a silver lining...the experience changed my life in a positive way. My decision to have the abortion was the first decision of self-determination which I had ever made. (The decision to have sex in the first place was in itself a powerful one, but hardly one that I made alone.) Knowing that I had turned a bad situation around gave me the confidence to take control of my life in many other ways.

1978: Legal abortion

This was about six years ago, and I was going to study in Europe for the summer, and the same day that I found out that I got accepted to go to Europe on this trip, I found out I was pregnant about fifteen minutes later, when I picked up the results of my test. So it was very disturbing.

I never thought seriously about having the baby...I mean I felt sort of remorseful about it, because I knew it would be unpleasant to have an abortion, but I never really thought about not doing it. But I never regretted it for a minute. I didn't even tell the father about it--he was just a jerk that I went out with a couple of times. It was a drunken boo-boo--I had a diaphragm which I'd never used and felt uncertain about--and it was an accident, and I only did it once.

It was at Rachel-Cooper that I had the test, and I wanted them to tell me where I could get an abortion, but they wouldn't tell me--they said I had to go to Planned Parenthood to get counseling and I said, "I don't want counseling, I just want an abortion." I was already upset enough about it; I didn't want to have to talk to some stranger about it. But they insisted that they didn't have any names of abortion clinics, and wouldn't give me any names, so I ended up at Planned Parenthood, and I had to see a counselor and pay for it, but I was very broke at the time.

I felt stupid explaining myself to some total stranger, but it wasn't too bad. Finally I got the names of clinics in Peoria and Champaign. So I

had a friend drive me to Champaign. I was reading those stupid magazines that they have in doctors' offices while I was waiting and the first thing I happened to turn to was this article "Abortion: Pro or Con? On one side of the page were all these interviews with women who had positive experiences with abortion, and on the other side of the page were all women who had had negative experiences with abortion. So I read all the positive ones and skipped the negative ones.

It didn't last very long, but the pain was so bad at the time that it felt like a million years. After it was over, I was in a drugged stupor for a while. Then I went to the recovery room and sat in this reclining chair next to another woman who had just come out of the surgery, too.

She was about thirty, and had a husband and a kid, but didn't want to have another baby. Then something kind of strange happened. Her parents came in and started giving her all kinds of shit about how she wasn't pleasing her husband; you know, really laying into her, and she was acting like she had a right to get an abortion if she wanted one.

I would never not use birth control again. It makes me mad when I hear people talk about women who have abortions, like they are completely at fault for getting pregnant in the first place, and deserve to be punished by the pregnancy. Even though I'm using birth control, I don't feel confident that it will never happen to me again. It still could happen again. I think about it a lot, and how I would hate to have to do it again.

1982: Keeping the baby

I was married--but not very well, and I knew I wouldn't be married very much longer. And so my decision was not only whether or not to have a baby, but whether I wanted to be a single parent. If I had had a good relationship with a man when I got pregnant, I wouldn't have given abortion a thought, but I knew how hard it would be to raise a child alone. I knew that if I was going to get a divorce, that it would be nice to be out and single and free and start a whole new life the way I wanted to do it...and a baby would really get in the way.

My first reaction when I found out that I was pregnant was that there was a real baby inside me, and so from an abortion point of view, it didn't seem right--it wasn't a zygote or little mass of dividing cells--it was a baby. I still believe in freedom of choice, but my choice was to go ahead and have the baby. I felt right away that it was a girl.

I felt really isolated. My marriage was definitely breaking up; I wasn't getting much support from the people around me--the doctor wasn't supportive, my friends without children didn't understand why I wanted to have it, and all the people who had kids and were raising them in the way I wanted to were married and didn't really have time for me--I felt kind of lost. But I had really high standards for myself as a parent, and I felt that if I couldn't live up to them, then I didn't want the kid. That's what I was thinking for the first three months.

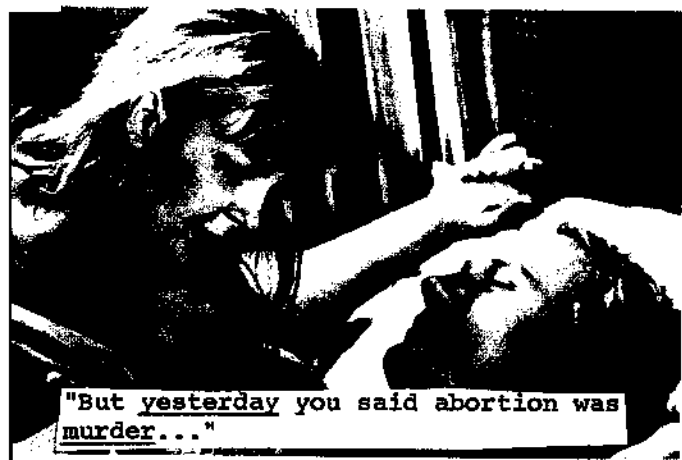
I have the same regrets that any other parent would, because a young child is intense, but I have never felt that it was a mistake. I still think that abortion should be the decision of the woman. But just as a woman should not be chastised for choosing abortion, neither should a woman be chastised for choosing to have the child.



"But Cindy and Cathy and Susie and Linda and Laurie and Marsha will love to have a new baby brother!"



"What d'you mean, don't try to pin it on you?"



"But yesterday you said abortion was murder..."



"Yes, I'd make a good mother...but I'm also an excellent brain surgeon and trial lawyer...kinda busy..."

Abortion terrorism

Urban and suburban terrorism is once again on the rise in America. But this time around, it is not the Weathermen, the SLA or some miscellaneous international terrorist organization which is taking credit for at least 30 abortion-related firebombings and arsons which have occurred in the last year. All of the credit for this string of terrorism goes to members of the Moral Majority-backed Right to Life Movement who call themselves the "Army of God."

"It was a gift for Jesus on his birthday."

- Karen Wiggins, arrested for 3 Florida clinic bombings on Christmas Day, 1984

(The Army of God made its first major impact in 1982, when it kidnapped an Illinois doctor and threatened to kill his wife for abortion crimes.)

This wave of violence against abortion and family planning facilities, the people who run them, and the patients who use them, has accelerated at an alarming rate over the past year--the list of bombings accompanying this article is up from only a handful the year before. FBI Director William Webster denies that the bombings are a conspiracy (although some of the Right-to-Lifers have been arrested for picketing facilities in several different parts of the country, according to the National Women's Health Organization) and therefore not true political terrorism, prohibiting a full-scale FBI investigation.

"Death stalks at your job, you murderous bitch."

- anonymous Pro-Life message to a San Diego clinic director

Under pressure, Ronald Reagan finally issued a press statement condemning "in the strongest possible terms those individuals who perpetrate these and all such violent, anarchist activities," ordering the Attorney General William French Smith to ensure the cooperation of all federal agencies to investigate and prosecute the crimes. (On January 22, the 12th anniversary of the Supreme Court decision which legalized abortion

Reagan also assured Right-to-Lifers rallying in Washington of his "great solidarity" with their cause.)

The government denies a conspiracy, and the mainstream media perpetrate that denial--Time, in a Jan. 14 story on clinic bombings, said unequivocally and without any stated evidence to support its claim, "Of course, such terrorist violence is totally

unconnected to the mainstream right-to-life cause [emphasis added]." But these denials cannot obscure the fact that an organized movement of increasingly more desperate and daring reactionary anti-abortionists are terrorizing a nation of women who have a constitutional right to govern their

It is a crime for 2 or more people to "conspire to injure, oppress, threaten, or intimidate any citizen in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured to him by the Constitution of the United States."

- Sec. 241 of the Federal Criminal Code which the Justice Dept. claims does not apply to abortion clinic terrorism.

own bodies. Though no one has yet been killed or seriously injured, if things continue to escalate at this pace, it can only be a matter of time before someone is harmed, intentionally or unintentionally.

One young couple, frightened by picketers at their local clinic, attempted--and botched--an abortion themselves. The girl, only seventeen, underwent an emergency hysterectomy.

Staff members are the victims of vandalism and threats, both at work and in their homes, and live in constant fear of what might happen next. Of course it is no picnic for the other side, either. Quoted in Newsweek (Jan. 14), William Price, president of the Greater Dallas Right to Life, said, "you should see the way the clinic people treat the right to life people. At the very least, they are cursing you . . . at the worst, they are shoving you around." How

rude. But then again, the clinic people could argue, "at the very least, they are calling you a murderer . . . at the worst, they are trying to murder you."

Perhaps the most blatant act of political terrorism by the anti-choice fanatics was the recent attempt on the life of Supreme Court Justice Blackmun, author of the historic Roe vs. Wade decision. A shot was fired through a window of the Justice's home, into a room occupied by Blackmun and his wife. No one was hit, and no group or individual has taken credit for the attempt though the Justice has long been the object of threats stemming from his role in that historic decision. Coincidentally,

"If someone wants to call this a terrorist act in a semantical term, I'm not going to argue with them."

- William Webster, director of the FBI

six Supreme Court Justices, including Blackmun, recently reiterated their support for the Roe vs. Wade opinion.

The judicial system, in general, has been far less tolerant than the President and the FBI on the subject of abortion-related terrorism. The courts aren't buying defendants' arguments that they are only causing property damage, and are handing down fines and prison sentences consistent with the true nature of the crimes. Several men convicted of bombings in the state of Washington were sentenced to twenty years, several others in Florida were given thirty--hopefully, a message to hypocritical government officials who ignore terrorism in their own streets while condemning it in other countries, and to the extremists who turn to violence to impose their own beliefs on others, and whose concern for life ends at the moment of birth.

Sources: Ms., March 1985; Newsweek, Feb. 4, 1985; Jan. 14, 1985; Time, Jan. 14, 1985; The Nation, Feb. 2, 1985; and the National Organization for Women.

--LH

"Can a mother forget her infant, be without tenderness for the child of her womb?"

- tombstone for unborn fetuses in Dallas

1984/1985 attacks on abortion clinics

- March 4--Anonymous facility, Bellingham, WA. Fire-bombing.
- March 16--Ladies Choice Clinic, St. Petersburg, FLA. Explosives.
- March 26--Everett Feminist Women's Health Center, Everett, WA. Arson.
- April 19--Everett Feminist Women's Health Center, Everett, WA. Arson.
- May 12--Bours Birth & Surgery Center, Forest Grove, OR. Two arson attempts.
- June 25--Ladies Center, Pensacola, FLA. Dynamite.
- July 4--National Abortion Federation, Washington, D.C. Bombing.
- July 7--Planned Parenthood, Annapolis, MD. Bombing.
- August 20--Cy Fair Clinic, Houston, TX. Molotov cocktail.
- Sept. 7--West Loop Clinic, Houston, TX. Molotov cocktail.
- Sept. 9--Clear Lake Women's Center, Webster, TX. Torched.
- Sept. 13--Birth Control Institute, San Diego, CA. Fire-bombing.
- Sept. 13--North Side Family Planning Clinic, Atlanta, GA. Fire-bombing.
- Sept. 20--Planned Parenthood Clinic, Marietta, GA. Fire-bombing.
- Nov. 11--Anonymous doctor's office (at which abortions are performed), Houston, TX. Arson.
- Nov. 19--Metropolitan Medical & Women's Center, Wheaton, MD. Bombing.
- Nov. 19--Randolph Medical Clinic, Rockville, MD. Bombing.
- Dec. 25--Ladies Clinic, Pensacola, FLA. Bombing.
- Dec. 25--Dr. Permenter's office, Pensacola, FLA. Bombing.
- Dec. 25--Dr. Bo Bagenholm's office, Pensacola, FLA. Bombing.
- Jan. 1--Hillcrest Women's Surgi-Center, Washington, D.C. Bombing.
- Jan. 14--Repro Care Center, Dover, DEL. Arson.
- Feb. 17--Hillcrest Clinic, Norfolk, VA. Attempted fire-bombing.
- Feb. 28--Prince George County Reproductive Health Service, College Park, MD. Fire-bombing.

Art and music for the Rape Crisis Center

The Rape Crisis Center of McLean County will be sponsoring its annual fund-raising event from now until April 28.

This year's fund-raiser includes the public offering of a signed, limited edition lithograph by nationally-known artist, Harold Gregor, and a jazz concert on April 28, at the Miller Park Pavilion, featuring James Boitos and the ISU Jazz Ensemble, playing contemporary Big Band numbers and Old Swing hits.



The art

The artwork this year was donated by ISU Professor of Art, Harold Gregor. Copies of the print, entitled "Landscape V," will be given to the first 30 members of the community who donate \$150 or more to the Rape Crisis Center.

The print is a 15 x 20-inch, 5-color, blend-roll lithograph, featuring a representative Central Illinois rural scene with croplands, trees, and farm buildings. A copy is on display in the case outside room 128 in the Center for the Visual Arts on the ISU campus.

The music

The music is being donated by James Boitos and the 20-piece Jazz Ensemble. The concert, "Jazz in the Park," will be held on Sunday, April 28, from 7:00 to 9:30 p.m., in the main floor of the Pavilion in Bloomington's Miller Park. There will be room for dancing, and at the intermission, a drawing will be held in which some of the lucky ticket-holders will win copies of the Gregor print.

Those attending the concert will be asked to donate \$3.00 or more (less for anyone who can't afford \$3.00). Tickets will be available at the door, at the ISU Music Department Office (room 230, Centennial East), and by mail.

The Rape Crisis Center

The RCC is an all-volunteer agency, consisting of about 20 people, female and male. It is incorporated as a not-for-profit agency under the laws of the State of Illinois. It has been serving victims of rape and sexual assault, their families, and friends in the community for over 10 years.

It serves 800-900 clients (victims, families, and friends) annually on a budget of some \$2000 (all from community donations) supplemented by more than 50,000 volunteer hours of work a year. It also reaches 700-800 people in the community a year through speaking engagements, workshops, training sessions, and other educational programs. This event is the RCC's major fund-raiser for the year.

Send donations--for the print or for tickets--to the Rape Crisis Center, P.O. Box 995, Bloomington, IL 61702. For concert tickets please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

If you have questions, call PATH at 827-4005 and ask for the Rape Crisis Center.

--Bill, for the RCC

Le Yee Yee
 We buy & sell anything
 606 N. Main Bl.
 Mon.-Fri. 10am-3:30 pm
 Sat. 10am-5:30 pm

Help send a feminist to Nairobi

In July 1985, Reagan appointees will be representing you to the women of the world at the United Nation's Women's Conference in Nairobi. Your tax dollars will purchase airplane tickets and hotel rooms for these men and women--people who argue that abortion is murder, lesbians are perverts, and women should be house-bound.

They will praise the Amerikan corporations that give women starvation wages. They will glorify the US military for making the world safe for democracy.

The Reagan administration is banking on the steep cost of the trip to Nairobi to keep away "trouble-makers." But they underestimate the determination of women.

We will be there. We will talk. And we will listen. The cost, \$2,800, can be managed if we all pitch in. Your donation of \$50, 25, or 10 can make this possible.

You deserve a better representative in Nairobi than Reagan's going to provide. Send someone like yourself, send a feminist.

SEND A RADICAL FEMINIST TO THE UN CONFERENCE. DON'T LET JUST THE REAGAN ROBOTS SPEAK FOR THE USA.

Here's my donation of \$50 \$25 \$10 other \$

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Make check out to: off our backs
 send to: off our backs, Rm 212, 1841
 Columbia Road NW, Washington DC 20009

APRIL THE GALLERY

New Talent
 Call Spike 452-9192

111 E. BEAUFORT, NORMAL

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
1 C. GOODMAN & J. BERNIUS	2 Rich Margherio	3 The Rhythm Section (Jazz)	4 THE OUTNUMBERED	5 Fun & Anguish	6 Shockability & Nameless Dread	7 SILVER
8 John Walsh	9 Frank Powell	10 SERVICE	11 Edge	12 Head First	13 OASIS	14 The Rock-Outs
15 Mitch Duerfeld	16 MIKE HOGAN	17 The Wonders	18 LYNX	19 SERIOUS BUSINESS	20 Out of Order	21 King Snakes
22 to be announced	23 THE ABSURD THING	24 To be announced	25 Beaufort Street Quartet	26 Spoons	27 OLD WAVE	28 to be announced

Chain gang clericals in classifieds

Life in the electronic factory

The computer is rapidly changing office life in Bloomington-Normal. For many women it has meant increased workloads and new stresses for the same old low pay while juggling child care and housework. You can count on conglomerates like State Farm to hire an increasing number of women programmers, and eventually de-skill this job to the level of typist, while protecting its white male management.

Unless women office workers organize across the board locally, they will find themselves chained to dead-end, low paid jobs controlled by outside companies. As the service industry grows, our paychecks may get smaller. But not the profits.

The pillars of the community say they know what's best for us: long hours with no overtime, odd part-time hours, health insurance which doesn't work when you get sick, no breaks, getting fired without explanation or a grievance hearing, and pay cuts. Some of these pillars seem stuck in the Fifties. In the case of The Pantagraph, the 1850s.

Deep ad becomes chained to classified

Recently, a Post staffer, "Deep Ad," infiltrated this Owens-Nursery-Without-Shrubs to see if The Pantagraph reputation as one of Bloomington-Normal's Worst Employers still holds up. While there are many award winning departments, Classified Advertising shows unusual promise.

According to our source, chain gang clericals who work on the Ad Supermarket must be adept at handling the public over the telephone and in person--sometimes at the same time--if they are lucky enough to work the counter. They must know all the different kinds of farm machinery, livestock, cars, trucks, antiques, motorcycles, real estate, and employment classifications. There are lists, of course, but when the phone is madly ringing, there is no time for looking things up.

For even more fun, chain gangers must type the ads into a computer system which "goes down" so often they have threatened to do the ads in crayon. For those who relish hours of tedious typing on a CRT, there are the Legal Notices and Auctions. While most chain gang clericals have eyes-of-iron (they test this at State Farm to weed out "non-clerical vision"), most complain about eyestrain so severe they are unable to read The Pantagraph

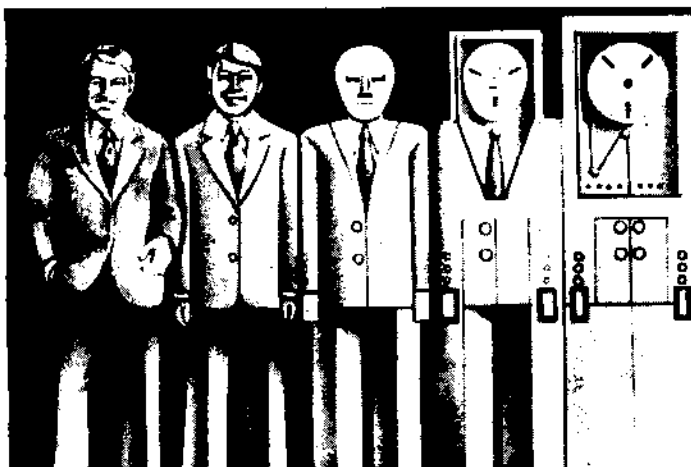
or find their car in the parking lot after working overtime.

Experts in medical problems of CRT operators recommend a fifteen minute break every four hours. In many word processing centers where workers seldom answer telephones, these breaks are scheduled, and the paper assembly line shuts down.

"Like a family"

But not here! There are a whole roomful of workers, but the Supervisor does not see fit to give the workers a rest. Chain gangers don't ask either because they are "like a family," one of the most effective oppressors of women ever invented. They do, however, get time off to go to the doctor for their headaches, backaches, eyestrain, and even pregnancy-related disorders. After all, these women are sitting in front of a machine which emits radiation. It is not uncommon to work on the CRT for ten hours with only a lunch break.

If the weather is bad, chain gangers get to line up at the vending machines in the cafeteria or fight for the microwave. The room is decorated in Early Bus Station. On the walls are facsimiles of famous Pantagraph headlines featuring The Great Stories of Our Time: Lincoln, FDR, JFK, David Hendricks. Workers eat quickly as if they may miss the bus to this Big Time. They all have the look of convicts plotting to escape.



And some do. There is a reason Personnel interviews applicants in the lobby with their coats on. Some newly hired never take their coats off to guarantee a fast getaway. Maybe they go to Owens Nursery to find better working conditions?

But not all want to escape. Yes, there is dedication at The Pantagraph

supervisor is dedicated to his long lunches.

Clerical chains

Chain gangers are not so lucky. One woman alone prepares the valuable real estate supplement, The Home-Market. She deals in thousands of dollars' worth of real estate listings every week. There was no backup and, yes, she had not been feeling well lately.

Deep Ad was assigned as the new backup. She had always wanted her own newspaper. Doesn't everybody? But this was too much. She recommended Bill Flick for the job. He could give the Home Market supplement the flair it so desperately needed. On deadline day the real estate chain ganger looked feverish.

"I just wanna run outta here!" wailed the Home Market editor.

"I know what you mean," said Deep Ad, untwisting her chains.

Will this chain gang break their clerical chains?

They could by walking off the job, to leave the supervisor taking all those ads, over the many telephones, type the codes into the computer, helping the public compose their ads, and most of all, keeping those valuable advertising dollars rolling in. Where would they quickly find substitutes with Classified Advertising experience? There are many details these women must have at their fingertips. And they do. Collectively, they have the power to shut down the life-blood of the smug Pantagraph.

And what a story that would make!

But don't count on reading it in The Pantagraph!

--Jane M. Glize

Cans as good as cash at Bloomington Library

In honor of National Library week, your cans are as good as cash at Bloomington Public Library during the entire month of April. The CANS GOOD AS CASH program offers the opportunity for library users with overdue library materials to help their needy neighbors by returning a can of food with their overdue books to the library or bookmobile instead of paying the usual overdue fine. However, the program is not restricted to those with overdue books. All who visit the library are encouraged to participate.

All canned goods collected will be donated to Clare House, Home Sweet Home Mission, and the Loaves and Fishes Soup Kitchen. The agencies serve over 500 meals each week to McLean County's hungry.

Last year Bloomington Library patrons donated almost 1,000 food items during April. Unfortunately, the need still exists. Our goal this year is to be able to distribute 2,000 food items.

Clare House distributes food from their "pantry" to 30-40 families daily. The Mission will distribute food baskets at Easter as well as meet the needs of those who come to them for help. Loaves and Fishes Soup Kitchen provides hot meals to almost 100 people twice a week.

For more information about CANS GOOD AS CASH and other National Library Week Events, call 828-6091.

RECYCLE

Because using it once is never enough.

Operation Recycle now accepts:

- *Newspapers
- *Aluminum cans
- *White and colored non-glossy paper



OPERATION RECYCLE • 1100 W. Market St., Bloomington, IL 61701

Call 829-0691:

Find out how easy its is to recycle now

- *Container glass
- *Tin cans
- *Corrugated cardboard
- *Aluminum foil, pie plates, etc.
- *Bi-metal cans
- *Grocery sacks

Community News

Local citizens pledge resistance to Central American war

Within the last month, a plan for mobilization against a U.S. invasion of Nicaragua has begun to form in Bloomington-Normal. Representatives from many local solidarity groups, including CISPES, Witness for Peace, Peace and Justice Coalition, and various local church groups have joined together to form a Bloomington-Normal Pledge of Resistance group.

This group, although still in the formative stage, hopes to model its plan from both the National Pledge of Resistance and local sources, such as the brochure distributed by the Peace Initiative in Champaign.

The National Pledge of Resistance describes a structured set of procedures in the event of a U.S. invasion of Nicaragua, a U.S. naval blockade of Nicaraguan harbors, air bombing in Nicaragua, and/or invasion by proxy forces. These procedures include vigils, marches, peaceful occupation of senate and representative offices, and mass civil disobedience, at local, state, and national levels.

The Witness for Peace Pledge also describes contact with sympathizers in Nicaragua and subsequent actions there. A network of contacts has been established to send out a call for action to all of the groups, chapters, organizations, and churches involved, at predetermined meeting places.

The Bloomington/Normal Pledge of Resistance group is planning on drawing up its own pledge in the form of a brochure which will be distributed to contacts and supporters of Peace in Central America as well as various local organizations and church groups. The body of this brochure will be the pledge itself. The pledge as is now stands gives a person a variety of options to commit her/himself to, ranging from willingness to support the pledge to willingness to receive training to participate in non-violent civil disobedience.

It is hoped that by providing several possibilities for levels of participation, the pledge will reach out and

involve a larger and wider spectrum of people. These options will also allow people to make decisions about their own participation based on the gravity of the situation. For example, increased military aid to the Contras may not call for mass civil disobedience, but could be the cause for letter writing, phone calls to representatives, and marches.

After the pledges have been distributed and returned, group members will assess the information received in order to determine the strength of the various levels of participation, and can then begin to formulate a specific plan of action for the Bloomington-Normal area. We hope there will be a strong showing of support and commitment.

Copies of the B/N Pledge of Resistance are available at the Newman Center, 501 S. Main Street, Normal.

Diane Perris

Operation Recycle looking for office paper

One person's junk mail is Operation Recycle's treasure, according to Myra Gordon, Recycling coordinator. The community recycling center is now able to recycle larger quantities of white and colored office papers.

This kind of paper includes everything except glossy or coated papers, computer paper and construction paper. Newspapers must be kept in separate sacks from the office paper, as the two go to different markets. Envelopes may be left in with the office paper as long as they do not have cellophane windows.

The recycling center no longer needs recyclers to sort the paper by colors. Office paper will be accepted at the recycle drives, starting with the next drive on April 13. It may be left in any of OR's drop boxes or brought to the OR warehouse at 1100 W. Market.

To promote the use of recycled paper, Operation Recycle will be selling recycled stationery at a display at College Hills Mall April 27-28 during recycling week. Twenty kinds of stationery featuring peace symbols, nature, low technology symbols, and so on, will be for sale. Proceeds

will go toward funding Operation Recycle.

For more information, contact Operation Recycle at 829-0691.

April 13-Recycling drive at Sears, Eastland and ISU Turner Hall lots from 9am-3pm. All recyclables accepted.

April 22-28-State of Illinois Recycling Week.

April 27-28-Operation Recycle booth at College Hills Mall. Sale of recycled stationery. Aluminum can buyback machine demonstration.

Operation Recycle buyback open every Wednesday and Saturday 9am-12noon.

So, you think you're funny?!

Now's your chance to prove it when ISU's Student Center Board presents the Lite Beer Comedy Challenge. Stand-ups or groups are welcome to try their material in hopes of winning the \$125 grand prize and a booking at a future show. \$60 will be awarded to second place, \$30 to third place, \$20 to fourth place, and \$9.98 to fifth place.

All contestants receive a Miller t-shirt or hat. You can sign up until April 10th in the administrative office on the first floor of Bone Student Center (across from Crock n' Roll). The show will be held Thursday, April 11th at 8:00 p.m. in the Prairie Room. Admission is free. For more information call 438-5411. Get your act together and take the comedy challenge!

Senior health screening

The McLean County Health Department will be conducting a health screening clinic for senior citizens at the LeRoy Community Building, 201 S. East St., LeRoy, Illinois, on Friday, April 19th from 10:30 A.M. to 12:00 noon. Blood pressure, urine, hematocrit and glucose tests will be provided to senior citizens sixty years of age or older.

Senior Citizens Health Check is a program provided by the McLean County Health Department through partial support of the East Central Illinois Area Agency on Aging.

No appointment is necessary. Donations are accepted. For more information, call the Health Department at 454-1161.

Additional clinics:

Bloomington--May 3, 9am-11:30am, Miller Park Pavillion

Colfax--May 1st, 12:30pm-2pm, American Legion Hall

GPA schedule



ISU's Gay People's Alliance has the following schedule for the rest of the spring semester:

Wednesday April 3: Guided discussion on Lesbian separatism. 8:00 p.m. 112 Fairchild.

Wednesday April 10: Bowling. 6:30 p.m. Bowling and Billiards Center.

Wednesday April 17: Gary Link, speaking about his gay counseling program at Peoria's Human Services Center. 8:00 p.m. 112 Fairchild.

Saturday April 20: First Annual Big GPA Picnic. B.Y.O. whatever. Noonish Ashe Park.

Wednesday April 24: Literature presentation. 8:00 p.m. 112 Fairchild.

Wednesday May 1: Social. 8:00 p.m. 112 Fairchild.

For more information, see the Today section of the Vidette, or stop by during one of the meetings.

Shipmates sought

A reunion will be held in St. Louis on October 24-26, 1985 for survivors of the USS St. Lo, CVE 63. Please contact John Ibe, 1477 Lakeridge Lane, El Cajon, California 92020 or phone his office (619) 458-9822.

Childbirth and parenting information exchange garage sale. 2908 Grandview Bloomington. Saturday, April 27th, 8-4.



Miscellaneous outrages

Pantagraph ignores black mortality

On March 23, the Pantagraph printed a glowing report--complete with a 3-color chart--on the state of Americans' health.

The story was based on the annual report of the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, which reported that deaths from heart disease and stroke have declined, while life expectancy has increased.

"Among other health standards," the Pantagraph reported, "infant mortality continued to decline, though at a slowing pace that worries some."

That's all the Pantagraph had to say about infant mortality.

The Pantagraph completely ignored one of the report's most alarming statistics: that infant mortality for U.S. blacks is on the increase.

Several national radio broadcasts carried the news about blacks. I assume the AP wire also carried it.

The information's absence from the Pantagraph may reflect the priorities of Pantagraph editors who condense wire service stories.

And the statistic's very existence also reflects some priorities--Reagan's. Malnutrition and inadequate health care--the results of Reagan's social service cutbacks--are taking their heaviest toll on poor black women and their children.

As Alexander Cockburn said in The Nation, "That's Reaganism for you; let the embryo come to term and then allow the magic of the free market to do it in with a supply-side postpartum abortion."

Reagan policies kill babies. The

latest budget shows that Reagan is planning to kill more babies.

If the Pantagraph could restrain its editing, maybe even make a few connections between social policies and their effects, maybe some of our community's self-appointed champions of children would be inspired to agitate in a useful direction.

Why wait for public input?

Every few years lately, the Illinois Commerce Commission holds public hearings to gather the public's opinions on Illinois Power Company's latest request for a rate hike.

After studying the power company's proposal, hearing arguments, and gathering public input, the ICC staff makes a recommendation to the full commission.

Most of the public don't really believe their opinions matter. But the ICC staff continues the charade, and a few hundred citizens voice their objections each time an increase is proposed.

This year in Bloomington, the ICC staff messed up its timing a bit.

Just one day before the public hearing in Bloomington, the Pantagraph reported that the ICC Commission staff had recommended that IPC get a 14.4% increase. (The power company had asked for 19.3%.)

Well, they knew what the public would say anyhow.

Ethnic background brings theft suspects \$100,000 bail

Three foreign-speaking suspects arrested for theft over \$150 in early March were held on \$100,000 bail each, according to a March 2 Pantagraph article.

The unusually high bail was set for only one reason: the suspects are gypsies.

State's Attorney Ron Dozier told the Pantagraph he was pleased the prohibitively high bail was approved.

"We don't know if they are Polish," the Pantagraph quoted Dozier. "We don't know if they are who they say they are. We do know they are gypsies."

The Constitution, which applies to both citizens and non-citizens, states that people charged with criminal offenses are entitled to bail that is reasonable.

But Ron Dozier explained to Pantagraph readers why the Constitution shouldn't apply to members of certain ethnic groups.

Dozier made a distinction between "good gypsies" and the ones "who come through and make long hauls" of stolen goods, use fake names, and are "non-existent no-shows" for court appearance if they get out on bail.

Mirror, mirror, on the wall...

This morning, after just getting over the shock of having to put my feet on the floor at 4:45, I happened to pass the full-length mirror. What a sight to behold so early. I cursed the day I decided to hang that mirror in such a conspicuous place. Stopping to stare at the CREATURE before me, I thought, "Is this a creature of God or just an advanced stage of molecular evolution, frightening to see until it is washed groomed, and clothed?" I could have come to work just that way, but I like the people I work with and have no wish to frighten anyone.

Turning sideways (always a mistake), I wonder how I'll ever get that stomach into last winter's pants. I guess I'll start exercising tomorrow...not enough time this morning. Maybe I should switch to 'light' beer. It has one-third less calories. I know that because BUBBA SMITH told me so...on T.V.

Back to that gruesome thing in the mirror. I sure hope nobody tries to guess my age today. I'm aware how many years older I look when I had one-too-many drinks and not enough sleep the night before. I guess I should slow this fast life down a little... I'll start tomorrow.

I escape from the full length and retire to the security of the bathroom. And it's now, seated on my private throne, that I can relate to the COMPANY PRESIDENT, who is doing the same thing at about the same time. Looking down I notice how badly my toenails need cutting... I'll do it tomorrow.

There are two kinds of showers: the one you take when you plan to be intimate with someone, and the good ole, fast, work shower. I'm out in one

minute thirty seconds... I know some ladies at work that I would like to be intimate with, but I don't want them to see what I saw in that full length mirror. Rushing past the sink, the dental floss seems to be crying out to me... Oh well, I'll take care of the old gums tomorrow when there's more time.

My morning's getting better cause I just remembered a pair of pants that were too big for me last year. Stepping into above-mentioned pants causes another shock... I call it pants with three choices... above the roll, on the roll, and below the roll. I choose below the roll since above causes them to be too short and on the roll would bust the seams. It's obvious that I need to diet... I'll begin tomorrow, along with my

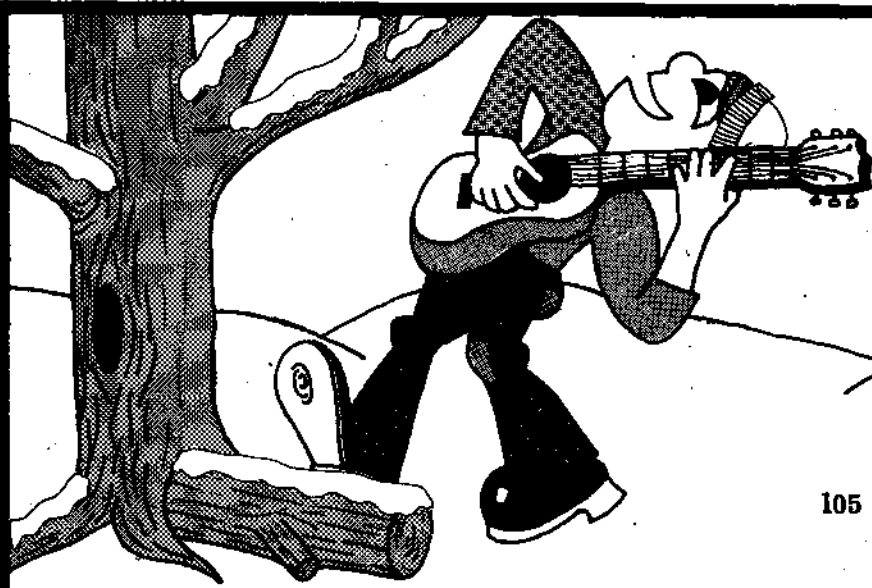
exercise program.

I'm in a hurry now... No time to fix anything for lunch except a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, so I throw two of them in the Igloo, which barely leaves room for two cokes and a box of cookies for snacks, and it's out to the car. The damn thing won't start... I knew the battery was weak but I figured it had one more week worth of starts left in it. By the time I get the car all together I would be two hours late for work.

It's now that the best idea of the day occurs to me. I'll call my buddy who is unemployed, we'll ice down a case of moosehead and go fishing.

There's no tomorrow!

--Steve E.



Welcome in Spring

105 Broadway • Normal

GUITAR WORLD

We teach you to play, then sell you the right guitar.

Pantagraph reinforces anti-woman stereotypes

Police beat reporter Scott Richardson is at it again.

Last year, Richardson's overblown stories about the so-called "gay sex ring" served to reinforce hysterical anti-gay attitudes.

Last fall, the Post criticized Richardson's uncritical acceptance of police drug misinformation, in a story which served to reinforce hysterical attitudes about the dangers of experimenting with substances other than alcohol, tobacco and caffeine.

In a March 15 story, Richardson went out of his way to reinforce hysterical anti-woman attitudes.

Richardson was writing about McLean County police filing a disorderly conduct charge against a woman from Kempton. She was charged with filing a false police report.

She was charged with falsely reporting earlier in the week that she had been beaten, abducted, and threatened with rape in rural McLean County.

That's what the news story was about.

But Scott Richardson added these two paragraphs:

"She was the second woman charged with filing a false police report in the county this month."

"A Bloomington woman who first reported she was hospitalized after eating glass bits in a granola bar was charged after she later admitted

putting the glass in the bar herself, police said."

I have urged before, in print, that Richardson attempt to learn pattern recognition. I was irritated, for example, when a story relating a citizen complaint about Patrolman Tom Sanders' alleged police brutality failed to make use of the Pantagraph's clipping file on the officer. That file would have revealed that Tom Sanders had previously shot an innocent person and that a Bloomington woman was acquitted of an aggravated battery charge after Judge Knecht ruled that Sanders had used excessive force.

It took several complaints, several investigations, and even a couple lawsuits before Pantagraph articles took note of the violent pattern in Tom Sanders' conduct.

Now that Scott Richardson is noticing a pattern, I should be pleased with his progress. But reporters are supposed to note significant patterns. They are not supposed to take note every time two separate incidents have one or two things in common.

For example, reporters don't say "It was the second time this month that a traffic accident occurred on a sunny day."

Scott Richardson chooses which patterns to recognize and mention in print and which ones to ignore. So why did he choose to notice that two separate local police agencies had

each filed charges against two separate women for falsely reporting two separate incidents?

Can you think of any stereotypes he might be trying to reinforce?

Tenants won't get notice of inspections

Bloomington's urban renewal department plans to begin inspections of a large number of west-side homes June 1.

Inspectors are looking for housing code violations.

Urban renewal head Don Tjaden says that property owners will receive notice from the City before an inspection is to begin.

But tenants will get no such notice.

Why?

The City has "no way" to notify tenants, Tjaden told the Post-American last month.

Now I would think that if the inspectors knew the address of the building they were going to inspect, then they would also know how to put that same address on an envelope.

Perhaps someone should let Don Tjaden know about the U.S. Postal Service.

Only with your consent

When city inspectors want to get into your house, you don't have to let them in. If they don't have your consent, they have to get a warrant. (They will be able to get such a warrant, for the limited purpose of inspecting for code violations.) Even if your landlord says the inspectors can come in, you still don't have to let them in unless they have a warrant.

Gordon Ropp oinks again

State representative Gordon Ropp must be spending too much time at his farm outside of Normal. His legislative proposals are beginning to sound no better than the squeals, grunts and oinks of certain domesticated animals.

For example, consider Ropp's bill to force the Department of Corrections to maintain only one centralized law library for its 17 separate institutions.

According to a Pantagraph article, Ropp wants a centralized system "rather than allow such a small percentage of these inmates who can even read to have that much money tied up in the system."

Ropp, who is free to walk into any library in the state during any of its open hours, added that prisoners "have a greater access to law libraries than you and I."

Ropp, of course, doesn't need a law library. He can hire any lawyers he needs. Most prisoners can't. And even with a small law library in each prison, security procedures limit prisoners' access to already limited materials, straining prisoners' abilities to comply with deadlines for their appeals.

Ropp probably thinks that prisoners shouldn't be allowed to waste the courts' time with appeals anyway. Fortunately, he can't introduce bills in the state legislature to do away with that right. (The Supreme Court gets to squelch that one.)

SPRING SCHEDULE

WESN 88.1 FM

TIME	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	TYPE
12:00 a.m. til 3:00 a.m.	Tim Tyckoson	Ian Schmitz	Catherine Hatcher/ Bill Wetzel	Laura Will/ Elan Stevens	Dr. Squid	Jonnell Simpson	Joe Lange	NEW WAVE
3:00 a.m. til 6:00 a.m.	Mike McMants	Mike Wohl	Drew Crosby/ Doug Hamm	Alex Hrabcak	Bill McCullom	Melanie Miller	Rick Austin	SOFT ROCK
6:00 a.m. til 9:00 a.m.	Monica Kelbley	Chris Hatcher	Jorge Garcia	J.D. Thomas	Fred Maleki/ Jeff Rasche	Andy Best	Lisa Gosker	OLDER ROCK
9:00 a.m. til 12:00 p.m.	Mickey & Mike	Kathy Greenholdt	George Baird	Dave Herkert	Tom Trendl/ Kevin York	Craig Southern	Nicky Panagiottis	JAZZ/ LIGHT
12:00 p.m. til 3:00 p.m.	Niki Andre	Don Burns	Dan Boland	Melvina Witherspoon	Bob Bridges	Steve Pickering	Kent Jones/ Mike Schmidt	ROCK
3:00 p.m. til 6:00 p.m.	Rob Schedel	Robin Rothbard	Robert Women	Heidi Miller/ Kurt Bergland	Joe Serio	Greg Kujoth	Greg Tejada	BLUES/ ROCK
6:00 p.m. til 9:00 p.m.	Merrill Chandler/ Eve Benton	Isaac Frazier	Darrell Powell	Ovida Dyer	Allison Keyes	Vince Akers	Beryle Randall	FADE TO BLACK
9:00 p.m. til 12:00 a.m.	Chris Kennedy	Cathy Voss	Gary Prichard	Jim Gungor	Margaret Hirschberg	Vic Wagner	Jeff Solber	P * A



Thrilled

Dear Post,

Bravo! As an avid fan of both the Post Amerikan and the Daily Pantagraph Pantagraph, I was thrilled to see the story on the YWCA in the March 7 issue of the Daily Pantagraph giving recognition to the Post, even though it took them eleven paragraphs to do so.

It's about time the citizens of these beautiful twin cities became aware of, as the Pantagraph so appropriately put it, the other "Twin Cities publication." As I said, I enjoy both newspapers. The big difference I seem to make between them is the fact that I scan the Daily Pantagraph, from cover to cover, but I read the Post Amerikan from cover to cover.

At any rate, you should all be proud of the quality work you do, with or without the Daily Pantagraph's approval. Keep up the good work!

--Jim Rednour

Thanks, Post

Dear Post Amerikan,

Thank you for sending me the subscription ordering form to where I can continue receiving the paper.

It's a very interesting paper, and thank you for your printing the truthful matters of Bloomington and Normal.

Hopefully, within the next couple of months I'll be able to send you a donation.

Respectfully,

--John Woodruff A-57811
Box 99
Pontiac, IL 61764

**Making sex/
making babies**

Dear Post staff,
but more than that, Post readers--

I'm not sure if this is a letter to the editor or a short "article," but here goes.

Vasectomy. I've had mine too.

I must have had the same doctor that Bill had (look out for a guy with a lot of Germanic names). My lover was living out of town at the time, so I didn't have to put up with the "little woman" bullsh*t (and neither did she), but I did find him amazingly unobtrusive and insensitive.

At the hospital, as he was washing me up in preparation for the surgery, I protested (mildly) that he was being a bit rough, and he answered, "Oh, I don't think so." "Whose balls are those anyway?" I blurted out--just as the valium took effect and I began to doze out. My last fully-conscious thought was "Real smart--make the guy with the knife mad just as you're going under." Anyhow, it was OK, and I'm glad I did it.

Which brings me to reasons. The angle on vasectomy in the February issue (the cover and the articles) worries me. Seems to me that having the surgery for somebody else, even somebody you love, is a false reason, a self-deception, and dangerous.

Isn't the question whether or not you want to be fertile? It was for me anyhow--and I didn't, so I had the operation.

Then the next question is why don't you want to be fertile? Well, again, it's nice if it is good for somebody else (turns out mine was that too--that was a bonus, however, not a reason), but I didn't want to be fertile because (1) I didn't want to have any more children, and (2) I wanted making sex and making babies to be separate activities.

Think about that for a minute. If making sex and making babies are separate, sex gets a chance to be something it can't be otherwise. It's only a chance, not a certainty, but it is a chance. And if we get away from the tyrannical idea of what constitutes "real sex" i.e. heterosexual intercourse to orgasm--the whole idea of sex opens up.

Think about what it would do our nation's homophobia, for example, if we could see our way clear to make that distinction--if we weren't committed to the idea of coitus as "real sex," the rest of it being "foreplay" or something else.

Anyhow, my big thing in this piece is that the question for a man ought to be "Do I want to be fertile?" If so, why? If not, why not?

Seems to me it's ultimately patronizing (a way of treating your lover as "the little woman" just like the Doctor ordered) to have a vasectomy in order to "help out with the fertility problem"--like helping out with the dishes, the child care, etc., as if they were really women's problems and not men's. My kids are mine too, and so are the dirty dishes mine too--and so's my in/fertility.

Think about it.

--Gabriel Oak-

**That certain
"je-ne-sais-quoi..."**

Dear Lovable Lefties:

The \$30 you request is, alas, a bit stiff for a student budget. I too live on Blatz beer (though not on sprouts). I hope the enclosed smaller sum can do you some good; no doubt you can find a use for it. At any rate, please accept this lousy ten bucks as a token of gratitude and commendation for your efforts to date, and keep the good work coming. The Post helps to endow Bloomington with its own peculiar charm. But perhaps you are not willing to concede to Bloomington the possession of any such "je-ne-sais-quoi"? If not, you haven't lived in Champaign.

--M.A.

Charge more!

Dear Post:

Enclosed is a check in the amount of \$10. Sorry it can't be the \$30 requested, but money is tight everywhere. I have been subscribing for about 12 years. I did not particularly enjoy when you concentrated on drugs and MEG, nor gay rights as you do now, as it gets boring after a while. I do like to read about the downtrodden in Bloomington/Normal, health, and the landlord abuse stories.

I think the purpose of an alternative newspaper is to dig up the little known accounts of people being run over by the system...to give a fair accounting of both sides...and not to lean so heavily on one side so as to give a biased accounting (something for which you criticize the Pantagraph).

You have a good newspaper. Part of your financial problem is that you do not charge enough for it, and perhaps you need to get more advertisers. You publish 10 issues a year. Each issue is worth at least 75¢. Make the subscription price \$7.50. Inflation hits everything. No one should kick about paying 75¢ an issue.

--C.H.

Post Note: If you notice the Post Amerikan staff frisking about with unlined brows and blissful smiles, the cause is not just spring. It's partly relief, because our direct mail fund drive has been so successful. Here are some notes we've received along with the many generous contributions.

Great work

Dear Post staff:

Enclosed is a contribution in appreciation for your great work in exposing the abuses of the local police.

--G.T.

No greater freedom

Dear Post Amerikan:

Would that I could claim this was a wild, impulsive gift prompted by the clever direct-market appeal that included a self-addressed envelope. but no, my impulsiveness is oftentimes checked by the absence of free postage on such envelopes.

Alas, I must admit to a purely rational motive in responding to your collective call. There is no greater freedom we have than free speech; no truer manifestation of that than the free press; and no finer example of the press than opportunities for the average guy to contribute freely to the general discourse. Take this from one who, as you know, makes his living in this very field. For an underground paper to last as long as the Post, through volunteer energy and commitment is laudable; to continue in this age of self-centered conservatism is no less than remarkable.

Advocacy journalism from the point of view of the little guy (gender-neutral term) is a sorely needed commodity. Keep up the energy

Love, peace & change,

--T.L.

APPLETREE RECORDS
FOR THE FINEST SELECTION OF LP'S, CASSETTES, AND COMPACT DISCS AT LOW PRICES. WE HAVE A FULL LINE INVENTORY OF ESOTERIC MUSIC, BOTH IMPORT AND DOMESTIC. IF WE DON'T HAVE IT, WE'LL GET IT.
→ HOME RECORDS AVAILABLE
WE HAVE SHOCKABILLY TICKETS!
129 E. BEAUFORT NORMAL
APPLETREE RECORDS

When the falcon flew, the fuzz floundered

Those of you who were intrigued by The Falcon and the Snowman, the book and recent movie about the two California middle class youths, Christopher Boyce (the Falcon) and Andrew Lee (the Snowman), who drifted into espionage, will want to read the followup that traces the falcon's flight from prison in January of 1980 and his eventual apprehension in August of 1981.

The story of Christopher Boyce's escape contains an improbable and daring break-out, an incredible series of inept efforts by two law-enforcement agencies (the U.S. Marshals Service and the FBI) to track the lone and inexperienced fugitive, and the surprisingly simple capture of "America's most-wanted spy." The Flight of the Falcon by Robert Lindsey details just how easily Boyce was able to elude the massed forces of law and order for almost two years. While the hunt ranged as far afield as Costa Rica, South Africa, southern California, New Jersey, Australia, and Mexico, Boyce was holed up in a hideout of a frontierswoman in the Idaho mountains. Later he moved on to the Seattle, Washington, area, where he lived well as a bank robber and quite openly under aliases.

Boyce escaped from the Lompoc Federal Correctional Institution, a maximum-security prison about 175 miles north of Los Angeles. He literally lived off the land, eating berries and insects and wandering the hills around Lompoc before making his way north to Monterey and then to Idaho. Until 1980, federal officials thought that the fugitives had probably perished in the wilderness surrounding the prison or had fled to a foreign country with the help of the KGB.



Some reviewers have criticized Lindsey for devoting two-thirds of this book to the unsuccessful attempts of law-enforcement to find Boyce. But I think these accounts are very revealing. The U.S. Marshals Service was competing with the FBI and was so eager to find Boyce--and save their agency from being disbanded--that they were willing to run down any lead, no matter how harebrained or preposterous it was.

Costa Rica

For example, there was the Costa Rica fiasco. The Marshals heard about this lead from watching tv: a newscaster had dug up an informant by the name of Tommy Roger Harmon, an American Viet Nam veteran who claimed to have seen Boyce in Mexico City. Harmon also claimed that Boyce was smuggling guns into Central America with the financial backing of Cuba. This outlandish tale fit so well with the agents' own view of Boyce as a sinister Commie spy that they lapped up all the bait Harmon threw out.

Two Marshals tailed the newscaster to Costa Rica, where they all sat for a week. It turned out that the newscaster was waiting for Harmon to show up, but Harmon was detained by the U.S. Marshals Service who had taken him to Washington, D.C., for lie detector tests. Harmon supposedly "passed" three such tests and then proceeded to Costa Rica, where he said he would lead the federal agents to Boyce.

Harmon, whose real name was Lynch, claimed he had agreed to go into the gun-running business with Boyce and that he was to have another meeting to make the final arrangements. He even showed the Marshals a telegram he allegedly received from Boyce before changing the meeting place from Mexico City to San Jose, Costa Rica.

Waiting for Boyce

Lynch/Harmon and the agents (five of them by this time) waited in San Jose for Boyce to show up at a bar that Lynch/Harmon claimed the spy visited at least once a week. Boyce didn't show. So Lynch/Harmon took the U.S. agents and three Costa Rica police on a four-hour trip into the jungle to find Boyce's hideout. Lynch/Harmon couldn't find it. So they waited again in San Jose, at the bar. Two more weeks went by, several agents returned to the U.S., Boyce didn't show.

In the meantime, the newscaster, who didn't know Lynch/Harmon was in Costa Rica leading federal agents into the jungle, began to get suspicious about meeting the Boyce connection. So he located someone who knew Lynch/Harmon in San Jose, a man named Carlos who told the newscaster a curious story. It seemed that Lynch/Harmon, a few months before all this was happening in Costa Rica, had called Carlos and asked him to send a telegram which read: "Cancel meeting in Mexico City. Change to San Jose, Costa Rica. Must see you." Carlos couldn't remember why Lynch/Harmon wanted the telegram sent, but he did remember one more detail: "He asked me to sign it 'C.B.'" The newscaster left San Jose a few days later.

Not in touch with the newscaster, the U.S. agents stayed on in Costa Rica for several more weeks. It was March, 1981, more than a year since Boyce had escaped. Lynch/Harmon kept assuring them Boyce would show. He didn't. Finally the Marshals reluctantly concluded that Lynch/Harmon was a liar and a hoaxer. No closer to the Falcon than they were 14 months before, the federal agents flew back to California. And so did Tommy Lynch/Harmon, using a ticket paid for by the U.S. government.

A loony world

The Costa Rica hunt was not the only wild goose-chase the U.S. Marshals went on in their pursuit of Boyce. An ex-mercenary named Riley staged an elaborate ruse that diverted the hunt to South Africa and San Francisco. (Riley was later judged to be mentally ill and a danger to society.) Acting on tips from inmates, ex-cons, and other informers, the searchers weren't outsmarted by Boyce--he did almost nothing to mislead his pursuers--but by their own inability to distinguish between worthwhile leads and phony ones. In the loony world of spies and counterspies, it's apparently not possible to tell the difference between the loonies and the CIA operatives whose definition of "the truth" is something they don't tell the public.

The Flight of the Falcon doesn't concentrate on Boyce's experiences while on the lam, and what it does reveal about this fascinating side of the story makes us wish Lindsey had told us more. But the author does a real service by exposing how much time and energy our law enforcement agencies waste in playing their cloak-and-dagger games.

The final irony of the book comes after the Marshals finally run Boyce down. America's "most wanted spy" was captured because he revealed his identity to a fellow bank robber who snatched on him. Although the federal agents almost didn't follow the tip (they had been burned so often in the last year and a half), they wasted no time in patting themselves on the back for their "investigative" work. Less than a month after Boyce's apprehension, the director of the U.S. Marshals Service gave the Distinguished Service Award to the man who led the hunt and Special Achievement Awards to nine agents involved in the search for Boyce. The Attorney General, the head of the CIA, and various congressguys sent letters of congratulation.

Nobody figured out how much money the capture of Boyce cost the taxpayers.

--Ferdurdurke

GEORGE F. TASEFF
ATTORNEY AT LAW

General practice with emphasis on Criminal Law and Civil Rights

503 E. Empire, Bloomington, IL 61701, 827-6528

Business card size ads

\$6 for individuals
(businesses slightly higher)

A Great Deal!

Call 828-7232
or write P.O. Box 3452, Bloomington

The Incredible Shrinking American Dream

A hilarious cartoon history of the good old U.S.A.
By Estelle Carol Rhoda Grossman and Bob Simpson

\$6.95

Ask for it at your local bookstore or order from:
Allyson Publications
PO Box 2783 Dept. B-1
Boston, Massachusetts 02208
\$7.50 postpaid
(reduced rates for multiple copies)



Your dog eats better than this hippie.



YES!

That's right. Sprouts, bean curd, Blatz beer. And do you know why? Because she works for the Post Amerikan. And the Post Amerikan is a non-profit organization and that means no salaries, wages, tips or other compensation for Ms. Hippie. But Ms. Hippie and the others like her at the Post Amerikan aren't complaining for their own sake--no, they just want to keep bringing you their wild propagandistic opinions and delightfully wry observations of the world around us. But that gets difficult when we have no money. Think of us as the Underprivileged Newspaper. And you could help. A \$10 donation costs a measly ten bucks. A subscription to the Post costs a measly \$4.00. That's just 33¢ a month. For the price of a lousy cuppa coffee you could make a group of needy lefties so happy. Think of it. Or buy one of our classy T-shirts. Or write us a letter telling us you love us. Is there anybody out there?

Yes, I want to support a

- Leftist propagandist
- Gay activist
- Deluded nut
- Depressed feminist

Post Amerikan
PO Box 3452
Bloomington, IL
61702

- Send me a subscription, \$4
- Send me a Post Amerikan or Punk Rocker T-shirt, \$6
- S M L XL
- Got no money, but I like you.

Name _____

Address _____ City state zip _____