

Eastern Illinois University

## The Keep

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The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

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1-1987

## Volume 15, Number 8

Post Amerikan

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comix music politics Life Itself

Bloomington-Normal

25¢

# POST AMERICAN

January -  
February 1987

Vol. 15, No. 8

**WHAT LIES AHEAD IN COMICS?**

**BLAME**

**BAT MAN**

**WANDY SWIM WANDY HINTS NO. 1**

**1947**

**1957**

**1967**

**1977**

**1987**

**SNAZAM!**

ARABY TO-NIGHT! A...  
T TO INTERFERE IN THE...  
OTHERS WILL BE LEFT ON YOUR...  
NIGHT... IF YOU EVER AGAIN INTER...  
WILL BE KILLED. I

BUT I... YOU SHALL...  
MOST UP... BY SPEAKING...  
LONGEST... IN THE...  
WORLD... AND...  
MARVEL!

SUN!! STRETCHIN...  
LIKE A RUBBER...  
BAND!!

CLIP AND SAVE

DON'T WEE WE...  
ON YER...  
TEE VEE SET.

AS MY COMRADES...  
STIFFENED AND...  
GAGGED, SHE...  
LEAPED...  
TWELVE FEET...  
INTO THE AIR...

...ON ALL SIDES...  
THERE WERE...  
EXPLOSIONS...  
I COULD SEE...  
NO PLANE...

WHY...  
YOU WANT...  
TWO TO HEAT...  
FOUR SEAT

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# POST AMERIKAN

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## 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 nine issues a year. Staff members take turns as "coordinator." All writing, typing, editing, photography, graphics, pasteup, 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 next deadline for submitting Post material is Feb. 19, 1987.



## Good numbers

- Alcoholics Anonymous.....828-5049
- American Civil Liberties Union.454-7223
- Bloomington Housing Authority..829-3360
- 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
- HELP (transportation for senior citizens, handicapped).....828-8301
- Ill. Dept of Public Aid.....827-4621
- Ill. Lawyer Referral.....800-252-8916
- Kaleidoscope.....828-7346
- McLean Co. Health Dept.....454-1161
- Mid Central Community Action...829-0691
- Mobile Meals.....828-8301
- McLean County Center for Human Services.....827-5351
- National Health Care Services--abortion assistance, Peoria..1-800-322-1622
- Nuclear Freeze Coalition.....828-4195
- Occupational Development Center.....828-7324
- 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



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

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 Street: \_\_\_\_\_  
 City/State/Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

## Thanks

This issue is in your hands thanks to Laurie D. and Laurie H. (coordinators), Dave, Melissa, Deborah, Cathy, Val, Chris, Tim, Laurie S., Dan, J.T., Sue, Margaret, BUMPER, Ralph, Peg, Susie, and Spot.

Special thanks to Laurie S. and Dan for the exotic cuisine.

## Post Sellers

- BLOOMINGTON**  
 Amtrak Station, 1200 W. Front  
 The Back Porch, 402 N. Main  
 Bloomington Public Library (in front)  
 Bus Depot, 533 N. East  
 Common Ground, 516 N. Main  
 Front and Center Building  
 Hit Shed, 103 E. Mulberry  
 Law and Justice Center, W. Front St.  
 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 & Morrissey  
 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  
 Upper Cut, 409 N. Main  
 Wash House, 609 N. Clinton  
 Washington and Clinton streets

- NORMAL**  
 ISU University Union, 2nd floor  
 Hovey Hall, ISU (in front)  
 Midstate Truck Plaza, U.S. 51 north  
 Mother Murphy's, 111 North St.  
 North & Broadway, southeast corner  
 White Hen Pantry, 207 Broadway  
 (in front)

# Dying for dollars

We all know that Xians (and other more legitimate folks) use many different methods to raise money for their many different causes. There are telethons, phone-athons, direct mail campaigns, auctions, raffles, benefit concerts, panhandling, and robbing gas stations in Indiana, to name but a few. Almost every cause with funds to raise uses one or more of these techniques. The appeals are basically the same--only the cause changes. No one has come up with a new and innovative way of raising money since Hal the Computer learned to dial a phone.

No one, that is, until January 1987. Although the year is only a few days old, it will be remembered as the year that a new fund raiser was developed. The place: Tulsa, Oklahoma. The man: Oral Roberts. The technique: Dying for Dollars.

People have often threatened to lose many things if money were not given to their cause: research, air time, housing, personal freedoms. But no one, in the entire history of fund raising, has threatened to lose their life. But that's just what Oral is threatening to do.

The story goes like this. Several years ago, God talked to Oral and told him to build a medical school at Oral Roberts University (ORU) in Tulsa where medical science and religious mythology could meet in the bodies and spirits and checkbooks of the chosen few. So, not to be one to argue with the Big Guy, Oral opened a medical school/hospital and called it the City of Faith. (Not to be confused with the City of Hope--which is a children's hospital in Los Angeles--nor with the City of Brotherly Love--which is Philadelphia.)

Now, according to Richard "Let's give God a big hand clap" Roberts, the son and heir apparent who has his own tv show out of ORU, the City of Faith is doing just fine. Those folks who somehow cannot be healed by placing their hands on their 19-inch black-and-white Zenith's can come to the City of Faith and be healed there.

But the Big Guy thinks this is not enough, seemingly, because he just spoke to Oral again. God is not pleased with old Oral. Not pleased at all. God seems to think that having a medical school and training doctors, uh, excuse me, medical missionaries, is not nearly enough. Oral reports that God told him that if he doesn't "turn that medical school around and get all those students on scholarships by March, I'm calling you home to heaven."

Oral, never being one to hide what the Lord God has to say, reported this immediately and said that if he and son Richard cannot raise in the neighborhood of 4 1/2 million dollars in the next 8 or 10 weeks, he will die.

It is, on the one hand, a brilliant funding move on Oral's part: blackmailing an unsuspecting and (largely) unintelligent following into sending their money to save Oral's life, and in so doing saving the life of the ORU medical school as well. It is not a totally original strategy, of course. Small children have been using it for years ("If you try to make me eat my peas I will hold my breath until I turn blue") as have teenaged children of divorced parents ("If you will not get me my own phone I'll go live with daddy"). But in the arena of professional fund raising, it's a first.

On the other hand, this latest evangelistic funding scheme raises some serious questions for the true

believer, and even the false believer, for that matter. In order for Oral's plan to work, you have to believe that the Almighty is a kidnapper.

If Oral is really speaking for God, God is, in essence, holding Oral for ransom. The ransom note (or phone call, or divine intervention) is nothing more than your basic, run of the mill ransom plea. If you do not come up with, in this case 4 or 5 million dollars, I will kill your loved one. Old Oral is no longer working for the Lord, nor is the Lord



working through Oral. Oral has become a pawn in his own kidnapping.

Kidnapping is a very serious federal crime in this country. Instead of informing the body of believers, Oral should have informed the FBI. God should be placed on the Ten Most Wanted list. Getting a recent photograph or finger prints could prove difficult, but I hear God looks a lot like Charleton Heston. His address, while difficult to find and stake out, is very well known, and Oral should be able to describe what God sounds like. The FBI could even stay with Oral for a while in the hopes of getting a voice print the next time God talks.

Oral is setting a very dangerous precedent here. Will God stop once the ransom is met or will he, as is the case with most kidnappers, raise the ante? Will God kill Oral anyway, after the ransom is paid? Will God stop with only this one kidnapping, or will he move on to kidnap Pat Robertson or Jim Bakker next? Even the best of my atheist friends has never thought of God as a kidnapper. A fascist, yes, but never someone who would hold one of his own for ransom.

And if God really needs the money, why would he stoop to ransoming one of his own? He would make a better statement--and much more money--if he would kidnap Madonna or Vanna White.

Another question that should be raised here is why death is being used as a threat. Death, to a Xian, is not a defeat, it is a victory. It is cause for celebration, not mourning or fear. It means that you will be going home to God, to live in the heavenly mansion, to pass through the pearly gates and walk for all eternity on streets paved with gold, to wear the stars of your earthly good works in your crown, to be reunited with the loved ones who have gone before you, to be made aware of all of the secrets of the universe, to achieve full understanding of all the mysteries of life, to have life everlasting, to be with God, and to be one with God.

What more could a person ask, for God's sake (if you'll pardon the expression)?

I, for one, do not want to be a party to keeping Oral from reaping his last reward. I'm not going to be the one to selfishly allow him to remain here with us mortals instead of going to the home God has prepared for him. No siree bob, not me. I'm gonna help Oral meet his maker by not sending him one thin dime. I encourage others to do the same.

Then there is the possibility that Oral misunderstood the Lord God. Perhaps all God wants is for Oral to die a martyr. Lord knows Xian martyrs have been few and far between of late. Perhaps the 4 1/2 million was all Oral's idea, to do one last good work before leaving us forever.

Martyrdom is quite well thought of by most Xians. Saints and martyrs abound in Xian history. But I don't seem to recall St. Stephan selling the rocks--today, and today only, only \$9.95!--used to stone him. The whole idea behind martyrdom is that you take it on the chin, a la the strong silent type; you don't whimper and whine and plead.

But maybe Oral doesn't want to be a martyr, perhaps he is looking more at sainthood. In order to be beatified, he must work at least three miracles. Getting millions of dollars for a third-rate medical school by claiming that God is holding him for ransom could be considered, in some quarters, a miracle.

I have no doubt that Oral's extortion plot (blackmail is such an ugly word) will work: all ORU medical students will have their scholarships, Oral will have his life, and Richard will have his ratings. If they play their cards right there could even be a Dying for Dollars Death Watch on Richard's show come March, and we could all watch Brother Roberts, weak from lack of money, grow stronger by the minute as the pledges roll in. The secret of Oral Roberts' ministry, like the secret of all tv evangelists' ministries, is money. And their coffers are probably lower than usual, due largely to the fact that people who have no money to live on cannot, in good conscience, give it away. They will now, of course, for they have been told that by not giving to ORU immediately they are effectively pulling the trigger that would kill one of the best-known evangelists in the world. By not giving, they are participating in murder.

So of course the Dying for Dollars plan will work. Oral knows it, Richard knows it, I know it and presumably, God knows it. But it ranks as a new low among evangelical ministries. I always thought Jerry Falwell had sunk as low as one could get. I guess I was wrong.

# More music musings



Last August the Post ran an article by LH about the women's music industry--where it came from, and where it seems to be heading ("Women's Music: Ready for Change?," Vol. 15, No. 4). Since it was printed, I've been mulling over the concerns LH brought up, along with some concerns of my own, and some expressed by others. An article by Maida Tilchen in the Gay Community News (GCN) out of Boston sort of put the whipped cream on the sundae, though ("The State of the Music," Vol. 14, No. 9).

There do seem to be common concerns--to begin with, there's the tendency for musicians in the genre to stick to folk/pop (albeit more and more polished, slick folk/pop lately). Also, the same musicians tend to work together regardless of which woman's name is on the cover, resulting in several artists' work that all have very similar sounds.

Olivia, the grandma of women's recording labels, is a perfect example of this phenomenon--even Motown didn't have the across the board similarity in style, tempo, sound, and lyrics that Olivia has, with the exception of Mary Watkins' work. The industry is getting inbred--maybe the little groups could spread out some and work with each other, or look for some new musicians (I can name a few if they can't find anyone), or maybe some of these women should just call themselves something and admit they perform as a group.

## Love songs

Another big issue is the drifting away from political music--protest music, songs about issues besides romantic love--and toward a sort of genderless love song. Not only are love songs starting to predominate, they are also losing the, as LH put it, "unusual" ("girl meets girl" instead of the usual "boy meets girl") use of gender. Instead, in an attempt to reach a broader audience, the songs are addressed to a nebulous "you."

An openly lesbian love song is a political statement--it illustrates the falsity of the "A woman has to have a man" myth that permeates our culture. Genderless love songs lose that, and so the artist is "reaching a broader audience" without an explicit message.

Another problem is that as the industry moves more into the mainstream, the issue becomes more and more profit, and less and less social change. Originally women's concerts were women-run events, where the workers were at least primarily female, and where such things as day care, signing for the hearing-impaired, accessibility for folks in wheelchairs, and sliding-scale prices for the less affluent were standard operating procedures. The industry is moving toward more traditional concerts, though, where the roadies and techies are likely to be men, even the producers may be men, and all of the women-oriented services are considered expensive and unnecessary extras.

## Changed feelings

Along with the lost services, the community feel is also changing. Used to be you could go to a women's music concert, and there was a feeling of camaraderie with the musicians. Not like an ordinary pop or rock concert, where there was a clear division between you and the performers. There's power up there, and most male musicians revel in it--look at concert videos if you disagree--all those 16-year-old women begging beneath the feet of the musicians for a glance or an occasional drop of sweat to fall their way.

The women's concerts weren't like that. When Holly Near played in Champaign four or so years ago, she stopped after the first song and asked the audience if anyone had a book to loan the pianist (Adrienne Torf), since the piano seat was too low. Can you see that happening at a David Lee Roth concert? I think not.

And when I saw Meg Christian and Chris Williamson in Chicago, the emotions I felt were similar to what I feel when my little sister does a particularly graceful and original choreography--pride and a sense of shared triumph (see, we can too do this), along with my enjoyment of the performance.

But the more the industry moves toward mainstream, the more the musicians become stars instead of folks just like us, and the bigger the division becomes between performers and audience. One of the goals, it seems to me, was to show women that we can all be performers in our own realm--we don't have to be observers.

If the difference between musicians and listeners becomes the same as the difference between makers and consumers, then that lesson is lost, and women's music starts to go the way of Ms. magazine and NOW (i.e., "let's get a bigger piece of the pie for women--read straight, white, middle-class women," instead of working toward a new pie altogether. Also known as "selling out."). That would break my heart.

## Lesbian music

One solution, offered by Maida Tilchen in her GCN article, is to change the name of the genre. She argues that it was only called women's music to avoid legal battles and a too-narrow audience. And maybe she's right--I wasn't around much then, I don't know. So she wants to stop being chicken about it and call it lesbian music.

That would be fine with me if, for starters, it was only lesbian music. But in fact, it is not. Predominantly, yes. Completely, no. And what are we going to say to the women who have been working hard in the industry who happen not to be lesbians? "Gee, Ms. Lems, I know you're a founding mother and all, but you see, well, we've decided that you can't play with our team anymore because you're not a dyke." Pretty attractive, no?

I don't think it becomes a movement

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whose primary bitch with society is that we are expected to follow rigid and basically arbitrary rules of behavior, at risk of our health and safety, to impose our own rigid and basically arbitrary rules. If that's our goal--to replace the current right-wing inflexibility with our own inflexibility, then I'm going home. I've got better things to do.

Secondly, I don't think calling it lesbian music is going to solve the problems of profit motivation and increasing conservatism. I don't know what it's like in Boston, but here in Central Illinois, there's plenty o' lesbians that are conservative, and just as many that are lots more concerned about money than they are about political issues. If anyone thought straight people had a monopoly on rampant commercialism and conservatism, they aren't looking at the real world.

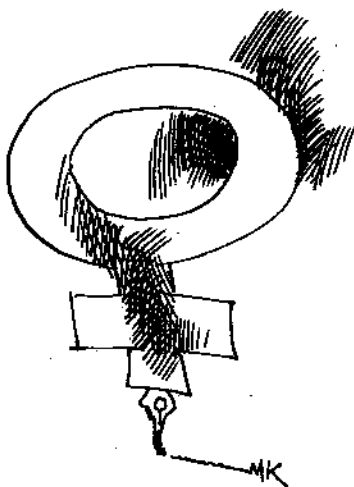
**Causes**

When you think about it, it seems clear that the problems I listed are symptoms, and not causes. So what might the causes be? I'm not sure--I'm a lowly grad student in the island in the corn, and I don't have much connection with the women who crank out those records and tapes. But I have my suspicions.

I'll bet a big one is lack of money--women make a hell of a lot less money than men do in this country, and to do things the way the founders of women's music wanted to is expensive, and bad business--lots of money going out, and those sliding scales mean not much is coming back in.

A business can only operate on donations for so long--then the donations start to dwindle (ask our treasurer if you don't believe me!) as folks find new causes, or bigger bills. So if you want women's music to be a going concern, you need to make it a sound business, which means profit becomes at least a priority if not a high priority. Or you need to win the lottery in a big way.

Another cause, it seems to me, is the general trend of this country toward the right, or at least the safe middle. A lot of the lesbians I know don't like women's music. They don't want political music--they want dance music, they want love songs, and they want to have heard them before so they can sing along. So sexual reference



alone won't guarantee an audience for these musicians. And, at least from where I sit, there's not nearly as many politically active anyone as there was when women's music got its start.

So the music has to be the selling point--it can't be politics alone, and it can't be lesbianism alone. And it's the music that's becoming predictable. If the music has originality and life--if the music grows and changes the way art has to --then you can write what you want. But the music has to carry the message--the message cannot carry the music.

**Individual labels**

It is true, as one friend pointed out, that (especially if you look at the Ladyslipper catalogue) there are women's music records in all genres from punk to jazz to reggae to classical. Usually, these albums are recorded on individual labels, and within each label there's a distinctive sound.

The big problem is availability--of records or concerts. The producers of the big women's music concerts usually have a pretty firm idea of what women's music is--the National Women's Music Festival, for example, is a three-day concert for the Olivia style of women's music. Which is fine, unless you're expecting variety. And, except in the big cities, even the big names don't make individual concert appearances--unless the artist happens to live nearby.

And records are just as hard to find. Here in Bloomington, somebody (Small Changes folks from days gone by, I suspect) leaned on Appletree to carry women's music. They used to have a whole section, but the leaning stopped some time ago, especially since it can take six to 12 months for special orders.

Last time I looked, all that was left in that section was a few classic but dusty Sweet Honey in the Rock gospel albums. You can find the big Olivia names, and Holly Near, in the rock stacks under their names, but the interesting new young artists? Forget it. (I don't particularly blame this on sexism--I suspect it's true of all independent labels.)

Don't get me wrong--I like the big Olivia names (Cris Williamson, Meg Christian, Mary Watkins, Tret Fure), and I probably owe those women, along with Holly Near and Kristin Lems and a few others, my sanity. But I think the industry needs desperately to widen its gene pool, and the only realistic way for that to happen is for the new artists to be heard, both by the audience and the current artists.

One way to do that is through the Ladyslipper catalogue (obtained by sending 50 cents to: Ladyslipper, Inc., P. O. Box 3130, Durham, NC 27705). Remember, though, that not all the music in Ladyslipper is "women's" music--they also have women musicians who don't consider themselves part of the genre (Joan Armatrading, Laurie Anderson, etc.) and some gay men's recordings.

--Chris M.



# Water tanks full of surprises

Round water tanks looming over a small town may seem to city folk like a relic of the past, best remembered in a Norman Rockwell painting or a black and white movie.

But many rural residents still depend on the tanks as a primary source of water, making all the more disconcerting statements like that of diver Gerald Dildine. "They have sediment up to three feet deep and skeletal remains of birds, rats and snakes," says Dildine of many tanks he has cleaned in the Midwest. Adds Kansas-based water-tank repairman Jim Walker, "I've found tanks with dead pigeons ankle-deep."

How common is this mouthwatering phenomenon, created when animals get into the tanks through vents and other openings? According to Bob Spangler of the American Waterworks Association (AWA), a scientific organization that helps set standards for water tanks and system supplies, waist-high accumulations of potentially hazardous sediment "aren't uncommon at all" in rural water-storage tanks. "It's a national problem."

The sediment can contain biological contaminants like bacteria, viruses, protozoa, worms and fungi that can cause serious and lethal diseases if proper maintenance is not followed. And "high doses of chlorine can't be expected to kill the toxic pathogens that get all the way through this sediment," says Jon DeBoer, an environmental scientist at the American Waterworks Association Research Foundation. "Contamination is potentially serious in small communities" that

can no longer afford maintenance on the tanks, adds DeBoer.

Repairman Jim Walker estimates that unless steps are taken immediately to improve tank maintenance, perhaps as many as a quarter of the tanks in 12 midwestern and central states could deteriorate to the point of rendering them "incapable" of meeting safe drinking-water standards.

As it is, according to a rural water survey conducted by researchers at Cornell University, 15 percent of the small water-treatment systems in the United States already do not adequately disinfect against waterborne diseases.

"A rural water system should be inspected at least yearly," says Johnny Taylor, the overseer of Oklahoma's public water systems. "But we estimate that less than 5 percent of our systems are inspected annually, with 25 percent every three to five years." And even then, Taylor notes, "we don't normally climb tanks and look inside."

The Environmental Protection Agency says it has made no specific study of the problem of deteriorating water tanks. Oversight is the states' responsibility and, says one EPA official, "about all we are capable of doing is setting standards."

--Anthony L. Kimery  
from Mother Jones  
January 1987

**Post note:**

This article prompted us to do a little inquiring about the condition of our own water tanks in Bloomington-Normal. So first we called on Joe Martin, the director of the Normal Water Department, who informed us that in addition to underground water storage tanks, Normal has three 500,000 gallon elevated water tanks still in use. Martin claims that the Normal Water Department follows the "recommended industry standard" of complete washout and interior inspection of their elevated tanks on a five year schedule, at an average cost of about \$1,300 per tank. In addition, says Martin, screens (to prevent debris from falling into the tanks) are inspected and cleaned "regularly" and routine structural inspections are made of the tanks' exteriors and foundations.

A second-hand conversation with the Bloomington Water Department (I talked with the secretary while she relayed my questions over the phone to her boss) proved a little less satisfying. While Bloomington only has one 750,000 gallon elevated water tank in use, they weren't exactly sure about how often it gets cleaned, although they thought that it received a washout and inspection last fall.

---LVD

## Censorship

# Welcome in 1987 -- 50's style

The appointment of Edwin Meese as U.S. Attorney General didn't bode well for freedom of speech in Amerika--it was Meese, after all, who prosecuted the Berkeley Free Speech movement in the 60s. Now, it seems that censorship is once again becoming an (un)appealing tool, particularly to right-wing political and religious organizations. The following is a synopsis of some of the more recent attacks on First Amendment rights.

### Literature

Meese provided for one lawyer in each of the 93 U.S. Attorneys' offices to deal exclusively with pornography. This, of course, stems from last year's Meese Commission Report on Pornography, which suggested a causal link between porn and violent sex crimes.

Interestingly enough, though, one of Meese's Commissioners, Dr. Judith Becker, states that "there are just no scientific studies that I know of that show that non-violent sexual material causes a person to commit a crime or become more sexually expressive."

Why, then, did the commission find as it did? The Feminist Anti-Censorship Task Force offers the most plausible explanation: "The Meese Commission is trying to sell the traditional right-wing agenda by cloaking it in feminist language." And the current installation of "pornography" lawyers will move that agenda along all the more quickly.

Beyond legal channels, many right-wing groups have begun to utilize the domino effect. In other words, they realize that their power lies in their ability to intimidate just a few publishers and distributors into self-censorship, thereby pressuring others to do the same. Already they've racked up some big-name victims: after a recent visit by the Rev. Jimmy Swaggart, all 800 Wal-Mart stores stopped stocking 32 rock and teen magazines. That's right, this time it wasn't Playboy or Penthouse getting pulled from the shelves, or even Hustler; it was The Rolling Stone.

The so-called "Scopes II" trial in Greeneville, Tennessee, is yet another instance of the conservative crusade against the printed page. In this, seven fundamentalist families sued the public school system, citing the Holt Basic Reader for "indoctrinating children with a philosophy that is alien to mainstream Amerika."

Their suit alleged that because the Reader teaches "feminism, pacifism, other religions, and one-world government," they were forced to send their children to private schools; they asked the courts to award them the costs of such tuition.

Startling, the fundamentalists won the case.

This can only add fuel to the fire of other censorship litigation, which now focuses on such "alien" works as Kurt Vonnegut's Cat's Cradle, Sylvia Plath's The Bell Jar, Allen Ginsberg's Kaddish and Other Poems, and John Gardner's Grendel.

### Music

Well, the Parents Music Resource Center (a.k.a. the Washington Wives) is still on the move against rock music, and it's picked up some political muscle. Notably, 16 U.S. Senators and Congresspeople, two members of President Reagan's cabinet, the senior advisor to Reagan's 1980 Presidential campaign, and the executive director of the National School Board Association now support the group.

Apparently, the PMRC was not satisfied

with 1985's compromise with the recording industry, which forced companies to put warning stickers on albums or cassettes that the PMRC might deem "offensive." In 1986, a California woman brought the punk



group Dead Kennedys to court over their Frankenchrist LP, even though the album was clearly labeled "Warning: The fold-out to this album contains a work of art by H.R. Giger that some people may find shocking, repulsive, or offensive."

The PMRC is offering the woman support.

The Los Angeles City Attorney's office is also ready to jump on the censorship bandwagon. City Attorney Michael Guarino makes this statement: "I think that this (case) is a cost-effective way of sending out the message . . . that we're not going to look the other way--that we're going to prosecute."

Unfortunately, the tactic of tying up artists and small record companies in court is in itself effective, even if the pro-censorship groups lose their cases. Legal costs for the defendants may be enormous--the Dead Kennedys are expected to end up with a \$20,000 bill. Judith Toth, a Maryland State Senator, touts the game plan: "I say (the recording industry) is going to go broke defending themselves. The purpose isn't to win--the purpose is to keep them so tied up that they won't know what hit them."

In addition, the PMRC is pushing for a rating system for concerts, so that youths could attend certain "X"-rated concerts only under adult supervision. Most ominously, the PMRC has demanded that record companies "reassess the contracts" of particularly extreme (to the PMRC) artists.

All in all, the modus operandi of the PMRC and other music censorship groups is best described by Ira Glaser, executive director of the ACLU: "What they are doing here is using the threat of legislation to force voluntary compliance. And the threat of legislation doesn't exist since no such legislation would survive a constitutional challenge. The only purpose is to try and create self-censorship in the music industry."

And it seems to be working. Even CBS, the company that declared in the 60s, "The man can't bust our music," and "The revolutionaries are on CBS," has now taken to editing some of their artists' lyrics.

### Ideas

Did you know that the last three Nobel Laureates hailing from Latin America were all denied visas by the U.S. government at one time or another? That's right, Pablo Neruda, Carlos Fuentes, and Gabriel Garcia Marquez were all denied entrance into the United States under provisions of the McCarran-Walker Act. This act, passed during the anti-communist paranoia of

the mid 50s, was designed as a tool towards stabilizing American government; now it has become a means of petrifying it.

There's a lot going on in Latin America that our leaders in Washington would prefer us not to know. Our subversion of the Allende government in Chile, for example: the U.S. has repeatedly denied visas to Hortensia Allende, widow of the slain president. Thus, the American people are prevented from hearing details of how the U.S. backed the military coup which installed Pinochet's dictatorship.

Also, the U.S. has recently denied a visa to Rosario Ortega, Nicaraguan first lady. What's going on down there? Further, the Reagan administration denied entrance to four founding members of Comadres, a human rights organization in El Salvador, who were to receive the first Robert Kennedy Memorial Award in Washington, D.C. Apparently, the existence of a human rights group in El Salvador is inconsistent with Reagan's foreign policy, which maintains that conditions there are just peachy.

And the Reagan administration is also trying to deport some artists and writers who are already well-rooted in the United States. Poet and photographer Margaret Randall, a native of New Mexico, is being threatened with the "ideologically excludable" section of the McCarran-Walker Act. In 1967, Randall became a Mexican citizen in order to work in that country. Subsequently, she has written books on Cuban women and Nicaraguan politics. Because of these, Washington has had enough of Ms. Randall. Too many "dangerous" ideas.



The dark cloud of censorship is looming ever larger across this country, and unless we fight to maintain freedom of expression, we will lose it. In North Carolina, homebase of archconservative Senator Jesse Helms, a censorship law was just passed, in the name of "Christian decency," that not only allows each community to define obscenity at will, but makes the offense a felony rather than the usual misdemeanor. The law is so broadly written that sex education classes have been pre-empted and it is now illegal to show such movies as Splash, A Clockwork Orange, and A Passage to India even in the privacy of one's own home.

Of course, Rambo is still quite legal.

--MJ

Sources: No More Censorship Defense Fund Newsletter, San Francisco, CA; The Visa War on Ideas, a PBS documentary.

# Digging in to the comix underground

Post-Amerikan

January 1987

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In researching an article on Wonder Woman for the last issue of the Post, something became increasingly apparent--comics are not what they used to be. Oh, sure, there is still an unhealthy dose of glorified and gratuitous violence, your basic super-heroes, alien invaders, unimaginable plotlines, and just plain escapism--all the stuff we loved in our childhoods. But look beyond that surface and there is a fascinating underground worthy of our consideration.

Comic book freaks are a special lot, and these articles are not meant to turn you into one. Rather, we hope to turn you on to an interesting cultural phenomenon in the same way that we try with interesting music, books, or movies that you may not hear about elsewhere.

Most of us probably have some distinct childhood memory of comics or cartoons of some kind. Personally, mine came from animated Disney films. I vividly recall the evil Cruella DeVille and her coat made of puppy fur, and her vile hooded henchmen with the glowing eyes loading cases of whimpering puppies onto boats in 101 Dalmatians. I can also recall the horror of Bambi's mother getting shot by hunters.

Though these were "only cartoons," they affected me deeply. Perhaps some of you have found an excuse to see these and other Disney films in recent release. Think about other comics you are currently exposed to--many of us turn to the comics first thing in the morning to read "Doonesbury," "Bloom County," "Sylvia," and, of course, "The Far Side." Weird, odd, even political (gasp!) cartoons are working their way into mass culture. Who would have thought that those strange reptiles, dinosaurs, and chicken people of "The Far Side" would become the hottest thing around? Keeping in mind that there is at least a little bit of the comic geek in all of us, let's look into the comic underground.

In 1965, cartoonist Jules Feiffer wrote "comic books, first of all, are junk," and pointed out that those that tried to be more than junk inevitably failed. That may have been true in the past, but recent perusal of the comic book stores indicates that something else is going on in the comics of the eighties.

Perhaps most striking is the artwork. Some of the new comics reflect the graphics trends of recent years. Used to be they all pretty much looked alike--same drawing, just different characters, with the color washing out on that cheap paper. No more. The good ones, selling for \$1.50 and

up per issue, feature vivid colors on high quality paper, with styles as unique as their storylines. "American Splendor" has that seventies underground press look, while "Electra--Assassin" uses fluid water color brush strokes, and "Ronin" has a distinctively Oriental feel. The superheroes were never like this.

The images stand alone as artwork, rather than functioning as a vehicle for the words. These comics are by and large less wordy than the traditional, without those imageless panels to further the story. It is not unusual to find full page illustrations with few or no words of explanation. "Biff" and "Pow" can be felt rather than read.

It also appears that great pains are taken to establish a harmony between the artwork and the story. The narration in "Electra--Assassin" has been called overstated, pompous, and vague, but, to a non-comic freak, anyway, the fluid prose seemed to match perfectly with the flowing brush strokes.

The storylines of these alternative comics are not quite the stuff of your run-of-the-mill superheroes, either. Plot devices, character development, and storylines have always taken risks in comic books, but many of these seem particularly weird, off the wall, politically correct--you name it, you can find it. The previously mentioned "Electra" comments on a variety of leftie issues--child sexual abuse, political torture, mental institutions, and covert government involvement in Central America (next month's Post will feature a closer examination of this series).

"American Splendor" is the autobiographical account of the mundane life of a file clerk in Cleveland. (You may have seen this guy on the Letterman show recently--his comics are every bit as weird as he is.) "Mister X" has taken a drug which keeps him awake all the time, and if he stops taking it he'll fall into a coma and die. As long as he's awake, he might as well bust a few heads. "Mage" is a modern day King Arthur, only Excalibur is now a glowing golden baseball bat. Shades of "Walking Tall." These are just a few examples. Others (which you may find descriptions of elsewhere in this issue) focus on homosexual relationships, animal sex, the Holocaust, political satire--there's something for everyone if you look hard enough.

For many of us, looking is the problem. We gave up our comic books when we gave up our Tonka toys, and the thought of buying a comic book now, as an adult, would never cross our minds. So who are these people, great enough in number to support not one, not two, but three comic specialty shops in Bloomington-Normal alone?

Good question. They are probably everywhere and we just don't know it. They are not just your stereotypical young geeks who play "Dungeons and Dragons" on weekends, though that accounts for some of them. They are mostly male, however, since comics have traditionally only targeted males as an audience. It's hard to get behind a medium that only depicts women as victims, sex objects, and otherwise ineffectual sub-human beings. One of the local shop owners says that his very few female customers only come in for "Dr. Who"-related items.

According to one comic aficionado, comic freaks are all kinds, and hanging out in the shops on new comic day shows that to be true. A steady stream of addicts came through the door, no two alike, and for the most part, no two together. Businessmen, students, kids, hippies, rednecks--all looking for their weekly fix of comics. On a particularly tense afternoon a few weeks ago, the shipment didn't make it in because of airline difficulties. The addicts were freaking out, wanting to know the earliest time when they could be fixed and would the shop owner consider driving to St. Louis to pick up the shipment yet today?

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

# MORE! INSIDE!



CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE

Another visit allowed me to eavesdrop on a philosophical debate on pornography in comics and whether or not it should be tolerated, and, if tolerated, should it be sold in this particular shop? Recent developments in this area have resulted in the arrest of several dealers for selling comic pornography to minors, and the imprisonment of at least one of said dealers. The dealers are rightfully nervous, though at least two of them will sell those X-rated comics.

There are lots of these comic freaks who are in it for more than the few thrills that the stories themselves provide. These are the collectors, buying up several copies of each issue, speculating on the comics futures market, gambling that a mint copy of "The Dark Knight" might be worth more than a used Dodge Dart in just a few months. And, as with any collectible, they are often right, scoring huge profits from relatively small investments. (See, there is even room for capitalists in this underground world.)

What conclusions can be drawn about this comic book underground? Read the rest of these articles and you can draw your own, but there is more than meets the eye. The community is growing, flourishing out of most of our sights, and developing interesting aspects that even the casual observer can appreciate. If you are interested in thrills and chills, adventure, leftist politics, history, science fiction, or if you just want to see erotic drawing of cats in the act, check it out.

--LH



# Alternative A guide to

Twenty years ago, the accepted picture of your grown-up comic book reader was comical: the thuggish dolt cheaply shot in a gangster pic, perhaps. That may not've been entirely fair--from the forties on you can find intriguing uses of the comic book format--but the fact remains that comics were primarily produced for a kid audience and perceived as kids' fare.

The undergrounds changed that. With the late sixties boom in counter-cultural comix, the image was modified (to that of a longhaired dolt!). Drawing comix based on "real" life as perceived by a bunch of drug-crazed arty types, underground artists opened the door for a more (you should excuse the expression) mature type of comic art. Never mind that most of the undergrounds themselves were as childish and self-illusory in their own way as the dippest superhero comic, the potential was there. Comic books were openly no longer just being produced for kids.

Today, with every major city boasting at least one comics specialty shop, that potential is occasionally being reached. Make no mistake about it: most of the comic books produced today still have a target audience with the emotional age of your average Trekkie, but with small-scale publishers producing titles aimed straight at the comics shop buyer, some more sophisticated fare has begun to slip through the cracks.

Some of it can be traced to the underground movement (Speigelman's Raw, Weirdo); some takes the pulp inspirations of the original superhero books and updates 'em to an eighties sensibility (vis-a-vis the hi-tech violence of your latest Hollywood fantasy); some of it's just-plain-unique-and-soon-to-be-imitated.

Here, then, is a selected bibliography of the best current alternative titles, from the weighty to the relaxingly silly. If not immediately available from your local comics shop (and at this writing you have three shops in the area to choose from!), they can be easily ordered.

**Creme de la creme**

American Splendor. Harvey Pekar self-publishes this title, a slice-of-life look at street-level existence in Cleveland (!) that's full of moments that make you laugh without quite knowing why. Scripter Pekar has a knowing ear for dialogue and a sense for the tellingly mundane that's unmatched in comics. As drawn by a variety of artists (including underground grandpa R. Crumb), Splendor challenges our view of what comics

should be about and, more importantly, works as a document of small city life in our times. In addition to its ten issues, Pekar recently convinced Doubleday to publish a trade paperback collection of his best. Look for it in your favorite chain bookstore.

Love And Rockets. Put out by Fantagraphics Books, publishers of the critically gadflying Comics Journal, L & R is the centerpiece in a varyingly successful line of alternative comics. Simply put, it's a wonderful title: a sexy, emotion-charged collection of continuing stories that remind me of Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Fellini's Amarcord, Speed Racer, and the gang at Riverdale High. Brothers Jaime and Gilbert Hernandez are responsible for Love And Rockets; each tackles his own characters and series--Jaime with "Locus," a look at barrio life in California (with occasional sidetrips into more exotic science-fictional terrain); Bert with "Heartbreak Soup," a series of stories set in the mythical Mexican town of Palomar--and their work is unmatched in its energy and small truth detail. Where so many comics give you archetypes in place of character, L & R has a cast that you know exists--and would kind of like to meet.

Raw. Onetime undergrounder Art Spiegelman, along with his wife Francois Mouly, edit this title, a collection of cutting edge comic art in a coffee table magazine format. In Raw, graduate art students bump panels with old-time undergrounders, European artists, and prose stylists out of the Voice Literary Supplement. As with any anthology title, the material varies (when Raw's artists flub, they usually fall into pretension), but Spiegelman, who once drew a hard-boiled comics parody of Picasso, draws on a pool of appreciation that is able to embrace both Maggie and Jiggs and your gloomiest German expressionist. Added bonus: regular installments of Spiegelman's own "Maus," a work-in-progress that looks at the Holocaust in traditional cat-and-mouse iconography.

Weirdo. R. Crumb is one of the greats, an artist who created some of the most striking images of the underground era (as well as some of its most endearing characters: Fritz the Cat and Mr. Natural, for example). After years of being ripped off by advertising creeps like Peter Max and harassed by the I.R.S., Crumb appeared to have lost his will to draw comix--the fount of crazy creativity that gave up a new title every other month in the sixties was struggling to maintain a greatly reduced output and much of that was depressing to read. Weirdo, which premiered in 1981, is a return to form: a Mad-format anthology, featuring Crumb and a lot of equally comically alienated types. After editing the title himself for nine issues, Crumb turned the task over to others, though he's still a consistent contributor to the title. (Crumb's Weirdo creation, the self-centered and trendy Mode O'Day is his best character in years.) Most recently, Crumb's wife, Aline Kominsky has taken over the editing chores; her first issue ups the ante of women artists significantly.

**Solid and satisfying**

Cerebus. Canadian Dave Sims has to be one of the crankiest guys in comics, which is fine because Cerebus is one of the crankiest characters in comics. A barbarian aardvark, Cerebus started out appearing in a set of adventure parodies of Conan, the thuggish hero of pulp lit and Marvel Comics, but as Sims got more assured, Cerebus' focus got broader. Now with



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# comics: the good stuff



its issue numbers in the nineties, Sims' title has turned into an idiosyncratic political/religious satire, with vaudevillian turns that recall Walt Kelly's "Pogo" at its peak. A difficult title to start reading (its characters' political maneuverings get pretty convoluted), Cerebus is an even harder habit to kick.

Critters. At one time American funny animal comics were considered the province of the youngest comic book reader. (This was not the case in newspaper strips, of course, where creations like Krazy Kat, Snoopy, and the aforementioned Pogo crew were



"LOVE AND ROCKETS"

expected to enthrall both adult and kid.) Today, with animals like Cerebus and Omaha (see below) taking their cue from the liberating antics of Fritz the Cat, the possibilities for animal characters has expanded. Look in your average specialty shop and you'll see a slew of funny animal superhero parodies, most of them not especially funny or interesting, but between them rest a few characters worth your buck-and-a-half or so. Most of these have appeared at one time or another in Critters, an anthology title (yes, another one!) devoted to animal comics that's a wonderful overview of the genre. Personal favorites in the series: Stan Sakai's "Usagi Yojimbo," the adventures of a samurai rabbit, and Freddy Milton's "Gnuff," with its dragon protagonists, sly class-based viewpoint, and Disney comics art.

Miracleman. The best of the modern superhero work is being written by a scroungy-looking Englishman named Alan Moore, and this title, while not his best (the limited series Watchman probably deserves that distinction), is definitely worth a look: comic book heroics with a whiff of sensibilities who keep Alien in their videotape collection. If you've got to read something with a cape in it, this is the way to go.

Omaha. Omaha premiered as a character in the sporadic underground title, Bizarre Sex, which ought to tell you right there that this ain't the book to leave around when your little nieces and nephews come visiting. Its heroine is a cat dancer, who has fled the underworld with her lover, only to find herself enmeshed in an equally dark world in San Francisco. Despite its hardboiled underpinnings, Omaha is one of the brightest titles around, rendered by writer-artist Reed Waller with some of the most seductive ink lines around. You wouldn't think a comic that has cats and other animals as its leads could be so erotic, but you'd be wrong.

### Empty calories

American Flaggi. At one point Flaggi, under the writing and art of creator Howard Chaykin, was being hyped as a bold future vision (of both comics and

Chicago), but Chaykin's since left his creation to concentrate on various mini-series projects. In his wake have come any number of less-than-successors, struggling to keep the work going and only marginally succeeding. The thing is Chaykin's original creation was so full of fun imagery and moments, that they haven't milked the book dry yet. Futuristic corruption, lots of lingerie, media pastiche, a group of eccentric characters--they all make Flaggi the kind of good time Heavy Metal used to promise but rarely delivered.

Judge Dredd. But for real future fun, try this British title, best of a series of titles produced by Quality Comics (though I'm also personally fond of Sam Slade, Robot Hunter). Unlike so many superhero titles, which mealy-mouth their way around the more fascist underpinnings of their subject matter, Dredd revels in it. Set in a futuristic America--rendered as only a disgruntled Britisher could visualize it--Dredd depicts an urban jungle so bedevilled that its police have been given the title of judges in order to be able to efficiently dispatch wrongdoers on the spot. With heroes almost as grotesque as the villains (in Dredd's world, a victim is just as likely to be jailed for some minor infraction of the law as the perpetrator), Judge Dredd is just the book to give to that young comic reader who thinks Transformers are really cool. Show the little rug rat what the world is really about.

Mr. Monster. A sublime bit of silliness for those who want their superhero viciousness tempered by an explicit tone of pastiche. Mr. Monster is a pipe-smoking vigilante who destroys (you got it) monsters for kicks. Writer-artist Michael T. Gilbert started out under the shadow of Will Eisner, creator of the "Spirit" and a master of exaggerated gothic angels and caricature, and has learned his lessons well. Shamelessly adolescent fun for those moments when you're too tired to do Raw.

### Worth tasting

The following titles, either because they're based on limited runs or haven't been around long enough for me to definitely label great or whatever, are appended for your approval:

Anything Goes!--a worthy Fantagraphics anthology title produced as a fundraiser for the legally besieged Comics Journal, a critical review and interview publication that has pissed off more than one mainstream comics professional;

Death Rattle--a horror comics title from Kitchen Sink Press that, in addition to your typical walking corpse horror comics fare, includes more experimental documentary and surreal material;

Elektra Assassin--an infuriatingly overstated mini-series from Marvel that has delightfully Steadmanish art and a pulp political sensitivity Judge Dredd would admire;

Evangeline--an intriguing s-f revenge title with a neatly contradictory heroine;

Journey--a long-running alternative title currently being chopped into mini-series for future consumption, Journey is a complex, witty look at life in frontier Canada circa 1812 (writer-artist William Loeb is a Talent to Watch);

Reid Fleming--subtitled the "World's Toughest Milkman," Dave Boswell's title is a comic pean to bad manners, a comic book approximation of what The Blues Brothers should have been: an unmatchable title;

Those Annoying Post Bros.--a wonderful piece of post-new wave comic book s-f that's rather annoyingly published by the erratically distributed Canadian company Vortex, writer-artist Matt Howarth deserves better;

Watchmen--a twelve-issue limited series by Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons that could be the definitive statement on superhero comics, an examination of the ethics and motivations behind the fantasy set in an alternative earth that's a fascinating invention by itself.

### Even guiltier pleasures

Captain Jack (one of the sillier funny animal titles around); Crossfire (a Batman-style hero comic set in Holly-

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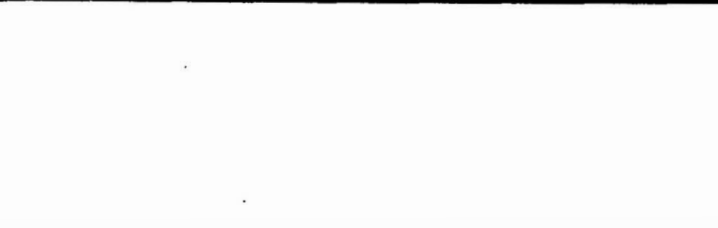
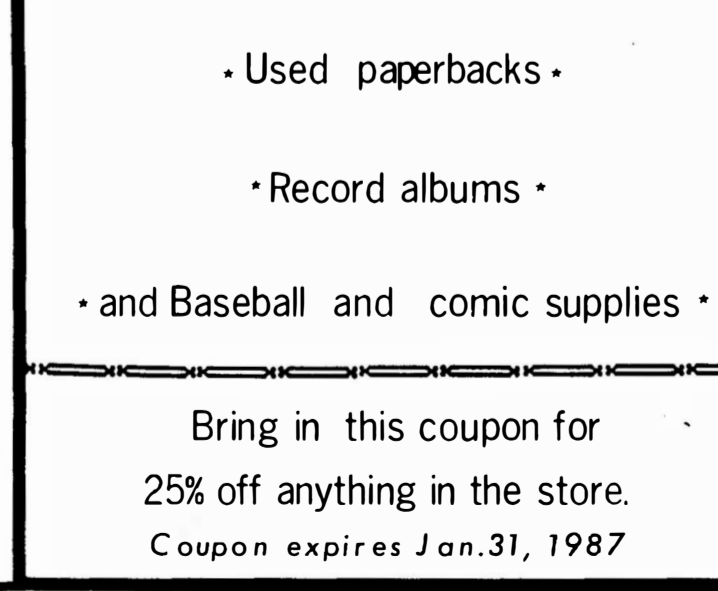
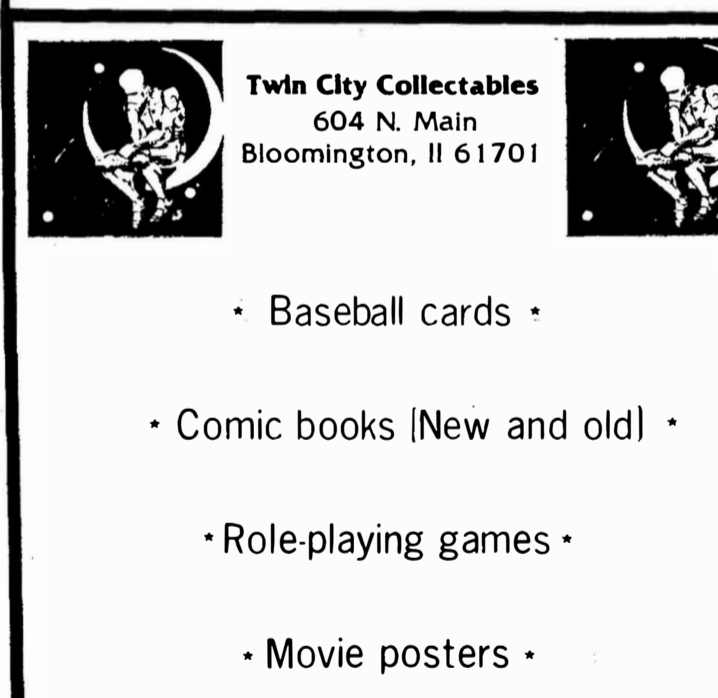


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# A short history of underground comix



In my mind, no self-respecting underground newspaper would cover the comic book renaissance without mentioning the underground comic. After all, when the rhetoric of the New Left was flying fast and thick in the 60s, it was the comic strip that brought the ideas home to the regular person (more on that in a minute). But first, some of you might be wondering just what is this je-ne-sais-quoi that makes a comic "underground"?

Well, some Post staffers might assert that since the Post Amerikan is produced in a damp basement, all comics therein qualify as underground comics, but I'll venture a little further into the definition. I guess you could say that basically, the underground comic does not depend upon mainstream sources for its creation, publication or distribution. The mainstream comic, like those you see in the daily newspaper and most of those you see in comic book shops, may be created and drawn by a whole staff of writers, artists, letterers and colorists. These comics are published by an established company which may have the rights to lots of different comics, which can actually pay the staff, and which also has an organized, effective system of distribution.

On the other hand, the underground comic's creation is shared by few--typically, the artist probably does his or her own writing and even pays for the printing/publishing alone or perhaps with a few investments from dedicated friends. OK, now what's the difference between low-budget comics and underground comics? Well, underground comics usually feature opinions, subjects and lifestyles that are contrary to those of the Establishment, which also used to be considered too hot for the straight comics press to handle. But now that the mainstream comics publishers are becoming bolder in their subject matter, I'm not exactly sure where the underground comics stand. It seems to me that the cooptation by the mainstream press of taboo subject matter (sex, nihilism, contemporary American crisis, blah, blah, blah), which used to be the exclusive domain of the underground comics, has dealt those comics a hard blow.

Now, the scores of alternative comics which are published by small-time companies on shoestring budgets (see adjoining articles) which might even be considered "underground" are

forced to compete with big fish with new wave pretensions. Now I wonder if the same forces which are out to censor rock music and videos (the wiley watchdogs of decency), might someday soon come after the comics.

You know, history repeats itself. In fact, it was the fight for freedom of the press which drove some cartoonists underground in the late 50s. In the heat of the cold war and at the height of American paranoia, F. Wertham published an inflammatory book called *The Seduction of the Innocent* which asserted that comic books encouraged delinquency, homosexuality and perversion in young readers. Wertham diagnosed Batman and Robin as queers, Wonder Woman as a queer-sadist and perceived Porky Pig as an open invitation to buggery. This ignited a fire of hysteria over the comics and eventually led to the creation of the Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency, where comic book publishers were called to testify about (defend) their publications.

Out of these sorry circumstances emerged the once-mighty, now impotent Comics Code Authority, which was the industry's own board of self-censorship, designed to keep the feds out of the comics biz. And they took themselves very seriously. Among some of the more totalitarian clauses of the code were:

- No comic shall use the word horror or terror in the title.
- In every instance good shall triumph over evil and the criminal be punished for his misdeeds.
- Illicit sex relations are neither to be hinted at nor portrayed.
- Policemen, judges, government officials and respected institutions shall never be presented in such a way as to create disrespect for established authority.

What? No portrayals of bumbling cops or crooked politicians? It was a slap in the face of free speech. The Comics Code Authority seemed to hold all the cards until 1955 when along came the first magazine to successfully dodge the Code---

that granddaddy of comic satire, *Mad* magazine. *Mad* simply ignored the code by pitching to an older audience, whose parents weren't likely to complain. Specifically, they hit on a format of biting satire and sometimes sophisticated, sometimes silly, mostly anti-authoritarian humor that appealed to the growing ranks of college students. And the publication of *Mad* happily coincided with the beginnings of the civil rights/ban the bomb/student involvement movements. The audacious, nose-thumbing tone of *Mad* (What? Me Worry?) struck a true chord with disenfranchised youth.

## Counter culture/counter comics

As the protest movement of the sixties gathered steam, underground newspapers began putting down roots all over the country to help spread the word of revolution, liberation, meditation and celebration. And in the midst of a mountain of didactic, confusing, and dry rhetoric, the comics rediscovered their old ability to deliver political messages simply. Underground newspapers like the *East Village Other* realized early on that a picture is worth a thousand words, and comics worked effectively to bring messages to the people--people who hadn't read Marx and Nietzsche. And with a convenient home in the pages of the underground press, artists with leftist or countercultural sentiments began to surface in the comics.

By 1967, artists like R. Crumb (*Mr. Natural*, *BoBo Bolinski*), Spain (*Zodiac Mindwarp*) and Vaughn Bode (*Cheech Wizard*) had made names for themselves with their distinctive styles of humor, angst and art in the *East Village Other*. Underground papers all over the country were following suit with dozens of talented comic strip artists who attacked the establishment mercilessly and hilariously with graphic, sometimes deadpan, sometimes vicious humor.

As the movement began to break up into dozens of factions, so did underground comics. You had your Skip Williamson psychedelia-with-overtones-of-violence (*Snappy Sammy Smoot*), your Justin Green surreal critique of decadent American society (*Theater of Cruelty*), your Jay

Lynch naughty sexual antics (*Pat n' Nard*), your D.J. Arneson-Tony Tallarico spoof of politicians and super heroes (*Great Society*), Trina's exploration of feminism (*Belinda Berkeley*) and your Gilbert Shelton drug funnies (*The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers*), to name just a few.

The popularity of the underground comics even surprised the "industry" itself. In fact, by the late sixties, many artists had outgrown the protection of the newspapers and were ready to get out on their own, in book form. True to the tenets of the times, they ignored the traditional avenues of comic production and distribution. Considered by some to be the first fully developed underground comic book, Robert Crumb's *Zap No. No. 1* came out of San Francisco late in 1967. Crumb wrote it, drew it, edited and published it, and distributed it out of the trunk of his car to head shops, record stores and co-ops.

The underground comics were truly a grass roots affair which unconsciously made a statement about the ability of the individual to create something unique in a society which constantly affirmed the average, the mundane and the conservative. Many of the comic artists from the glory days of the underground are still producing new stuff. The mainstream press never thought those books could get a foothold in this world. But they did. It's a well-worn truism that they who laugh last laugh best.

--LVD  
with help from  
Steeff Davidson, *The Penguin Book of Political Comics*



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"THE GOOD STUFF" From THE LAST PAGE CONT.  
wood and crammed with real-life anecdotal detail); *Flaming Carrot* (a dadaist superhero title that's a little too politically retro to be fully successful, but watahell); *Grendel* (dark fantasy with a modern sword-wielding heroine); *Groo* (slapstick barbarian parody by Sergio Aragones, the guy behind all those tiny drawings in *Mad's* margins); *Jonny Quest* (yup, a comic based on the old Hanna-Barbera cartoon series that's better written than it deserves to be); *Laser Eraser and Pressbutton* (more British comic book violence); *Rip In Time* (a throwback to the old fifties s-f comics given the obligatory modern twists and voluptuous bodies by Bruce Jones and artist Richard Corben).

--Bill Sherman

## Comix convention

Hey, comic book lovers, cartoon coveters and quizzical questioners of comicking customs!

Get ready for the midwest comix happening of 1987--and right here in our own town! Because on March 29, from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., the Bloomington Holiday Inn will host a Comic Book Convention. About forty dealers will be there, with all kinds of back issues, current issues and collector's issues. And if that ain't enough, lemme tell ya that some of the bona fide artists who probably draw some of your favorite books will be there, signing autographs and doing sketches. The entire creative staff from Arrow Comics has already confirmed that they'll be there, as well as artists from *Troll Lords*, and maybe a few surprise guests.

So whether you're a committed collector or simply curious about the new comics phenomenon, you'll be in for a graphic good time at the Comics Convention!

For more information, call Metropolis Book Exchange at 673-3700 (Peoria) or 829-3917 (Bloomington).

---LVD



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Mother Murphy's in Normal is the most popular hangout for the deal finder. If you only have a buck, you can leave with an album, which is in surprisingly good shape and usually very popular during its time.

Murphy's specialize in used records and also sell silk screens, buttons and other assorted items ideal for the dorm room. It is located at 111 1/2 N. Street.

— Tim O'Brien  
Entertainment Editor  
Daily Vidette

# Of maus and men

Maus is one of the most unique and interesting examples of the new wave of comic books. As unlikely as it sounds, it is a comic book history of the Holocaust told through the experiences of a Jewish family of mouse characters.

But don't get the wrong idea--this is no Mickey Mouse affair. The Germans are menacing cats, the Poles are pigs, and the Amerikans, dogs. The story focuses on 10-year-old Art, born in Amerika, and his tormented relationship with his family, all affected by various guilts and disappointments stemming from the war. A young brother died at the hands of the Nazis, Art's parents are both survivors of concentration camps (Mauschwitz), and his mother eventually commits suicide.

At first the reader may be somewhat deceived by these cute mouse figures, but soon the horrors of the story begin taking shape as Art's father relates the story to his son. Eventually the reader is no longer aware that the characters are animals. A personal note here--when I originally read about Maus my initial reaction was "Wasn't 'Hogan's Heroes' bad enough?" But after reading through the first book, I have nothing but admiration. Maus is a unique use of a form of popular culture. It is like the best Bob Dylan songs--we can enjoy the music on one level while we get the message on another.

Maus appears in regular installments in the avant garde comic publication, Raw, and is available in book form at your local comic emporium. These characters, created by Art Spiegelman, first appeared in an 1972 underground comic anthology called Funny Animals.

--LH



# Comic books grow up

In my youth, one way for my mother to keep my mouth shut and make me behave was to take me to the corner drug store and buy me some comic books. This resulted in a growing stack of Superman, Action, Batman, and the Justice League of America. In the late sixties these comic books were pretty cheap, usually 12 or 15 cents an issue.

I didn't care who wrote the story or who drew the artwork. My only concerns were to see Superman defeat Lex Luthor, get Lois Lane, and save the world. Batman was different. He pretty much stayed in Gotham with Robin, the Boy Wonder at his side, and kicked some petty thug's ass. These comic books didn't last long. They were read and reread and traded and reread until they became torn piles of pulp.

After a while, I became less interested in comics. They just didn't seem to grow up with me. The stories became too simple and I started to care that the artwork had become too "cartoony." I couldn't accept villains such as Terra Man, the cowboy from space who rode a horse with wings. He tried to defeat Superman with deathray six-shooters and an electrically charged lasso.

While Superman was busy with Terra Man, Batman had his hands full with some trendy villains. Calculatorman relied on gimmicks that were generated from a calculator attached to his head or chest. I allowed myself to become too analytical about these comics and couldn't enjoy them as cheap entertainment. I relied less and less on comic books and turned towards science fiction and modern history. My interests were piqued by Asimov's Foundation and Nixon's Watergate.

When I was 14, I had a pocket full of cash and was in a mood to spend. Hoping to find a new s-f novel or news magazine, I stopped in a book store. After wandering the store and finding nothing, I was drawn to the comic book racks. I started to pick out something that looked good to read. Contained in this pile were a combination of D.C. and Marvels. None in the pile were Superman or Batman. It wasn't long after this reintroduction to comics that I was soon up to 15 or 20 comic books a month.

As I grew older, comic books became a means of escaping from the growing complexities of life. These comic books weren't much better than the ones I had read in the late sixties,

but at least it appeared that there was a concerted effort to improve both the story and the art.

I really don't need comic books for escape any longer, but I do study them as an important part of American popular culture. I'm noticing, as are others, that in the past few years comic book publishers have been trying to expand their audience beyond boys ages 6 to 12. There are successful attempts to appeal to women and men who want to read about other themes than simply superheroes. People can purchase titles of a much wider variety. Political commentary, adaptations of literature (even better than Classics Illustrated), romance, science fiction, funny animals, Ninja animals, 50s suburban paranoia, mystery, and action/adventure are all fair game in comics these days.

My monthly purchases include a good cross-section of these subjects with my favorites being American Splendor (see adjoining article); Nexus (a science fiction tribute to Saturday morning's Space Ghost); Watchman (see adjoining article); Boris the Bear (a funny parody where Boris kills the Ninja animals that flood today's market); ESPers (full of action and suspense); Airboy (the revival of the adventures of the 1940s boy aviator); Swampthing (Alan Moore's muck monster masterpiece); Mister X (the art deco, drug induced, insomniac detective); Wonder Woman (the amazing Amazon, defender of Olympus and Earth); and, surprise, three years ago Batman (the "Dark Knight" detective) and just recently Superman (granddaddy of all superheroes) have returned to my collection. These last two series have benefitted from caring artists and writers. Their publisher, D. C. Comics, seems to have realized that they could increase sales by restoring the quality that both titles need and deserve in both the comic book market and in the American popular culture.

You've probably heard enough about comic books in this issue, and you might even think it's still kid's stuff. But if you've got an hour to kill, stop in a comic book shop. Take a look at all the different titles. You might just walk out with a sack full of comic books purchased with the rationalization that you're collecting art, reading good literature, starting a trend, following the crowd, or making plans to cash in on a potential gold mine. It doesn't really matter as long as you have a good time and don't get too analytical.

--The Secret Avenger!



# Miscellaneous animal outrages

Happy 1987 to you all! The beginning of a new year leads many of us to take stock of ourselves, and resolve to make changes and modifications to enhance our lives.

As an omnivore, I sometimes have twinges of conscience. Knowing that the swallow of Whopper, the Kentucky Nugget, the Big T tenderloin were once living, breathing creatures brings a sour taste to my mouth. Yet, I do not have the discipline to totally eliminate meat from my diet.

Therefore, I have made a compromise resolution. For one day a week, I will not eat any flesh product, substituting instead the necessary legumes and vegetables for good nutrition. Then, at the end of that day, I will calculate how much I would have spent on meat, save that amount in a piggy bank, and monthly send the money to a different animal activist/environmental organization.

Perhaps I will find that I am not as dependent on meat as I've always assumed, and the one day will become two or three. According to that great book Diet for a Small Planet, to produce one pound of meat protein, a steer is fed at least 16 pounds of nonmeat protein in the form of corn and beans. The amount of protein thus wasted each year (for the meat consumed entirely in the U.S.) is equal to 90% of the world's yearly protein deficit. Perhaps my one day (or two or three) won't make any significant dent in that deficit, but I know it is a start.

And then, there are the animals: a quote from an anonymous teacher of meditation in Laurel's Kitchen, "When we come into the human context, no more precious responsibility falls upon our shoulders than that of trusteeship to the earth and all its creatures. All animal life looks to us for protection. How can we bear to be its predators?"

## The sportin' life

I work with several hunters who, after a long weekend of duck/goose/deer hunting, come to the office ready to regale anyone willing to listen with tales of their macho exploits. The long miles, trudging through fields, searching for a ten-point buck. The frigid hours, sitting cramped in a river blind. The satisfaction of carrying home a brace of pheasants on their belts . . . Hemingway revisited.

It seems that this year, hunting regulations have banned the use of lead shot for waterfowl hunting. Lead poisoning as a danger to waterfowl has been known for well over 100 years. Undernourished ducks, their digestive systems paralyzed by the lead shot in their gizzards, die horribly, unable to walk or swim or even hold their heads above the water. They starve with gizzards full of grain, unable to digest what they've eaten.

The ban against lead shot has ushered in the use of non-toxic steel shot. Steel is heavier, with a faster rate of drop, which means that hunters must shorten their shooting range. That's where the office hunters' stories come in.

It seems that one early season weekend, Ed and a friend were at their favorite Illinois River blind, shooting at every likely flock that ventured into range. They'd shoot and shoot, seeing that the shots were hitting true and dropping feathers, but the birds wouldn't fall. Shots that would have brought them down with lead just weren't as effective with steel.

My stomach turned with the thought of those lovely creatures, fragile bodies taking shot after shot, enduring the pain of piercing hot pellets. Perhaps they would live a normal lifespan, or maybe they would die horribly somewhere down the river.

## FELINE FANTASY #142:



I've asked the hunters that if they must tell their stories, to please do so out of my earshot. They think I'm weak and womanly, and maybe I am. All I know is that I would rather thrill to the sight of gamebirds on the wing without knowing that men a mile away are waiting to slaughter them for "sport."

## Bravo for Blackie

Another office co-worker (and friend) recently helped rescue a dog from a torturous past and an uncertain future. After the death of one of her two dogs, she decided to find another to comfort the survivor. Her vet knew of a dog which had been taken from its previous owners, a victim of abuse. This poor creature had been castrated by them in a most heinous fashion; they tied rubber bands around his testicles to cut off the blood flow and make them fall off. Of course, this caused infection and untold suffering. It did the job, but at what price?

Now Blackie is welcome in a loving home, with canine and human companionship. His visible scars have healed, and we can only hope that the memories will fade. He is a bright, happy-go-lucky pup, and after his earlier experiences, he deserves only the best.

As for his torturers, they deserve worse than they gave.

## Politically correct products

For those of you who wish to use products with a conscience, here is a short list of companies who sell cruelty-free products. Most do not use animal components, or test their wares on animals.

Nature's Colors  
424 Lavern Avenue  
Mill Valley, CA 94941

Mirror, Mirror On The Wall  
247 Everett Street  
Middlebore, MA 02346  
(10% profit goes to the Animal Protection Society)

Beauty Without Cruelty  
ATTN: Tina Chamberlin  
Box 37399  
Parnell, Auckland, New Zealand

For a more detailed listing of companies that offer cruelty-free products, write to:

The Compassionate Shopper  
175 West 12th  
New York, NY 10011



What do Brigitte Bardot, Rutger Hauer, and Loretta Swit have in common? How about Bob Barker, Betty White, and Cleveland Amory? If you guessed that all are outspoken animal rights advocates, you get a gold star. Maybe you don't think that Doris Day would be much of a comrade-in-arms, but her compassionate eloquence is legendary.

Celebrities who are willing to expose themselves to ridicule and scorn for their humanity should compel us to stand ever-firm in the fight against senseless cruelty toward all life. We are the vanguard, and we all have so much to lose.

## Oops!

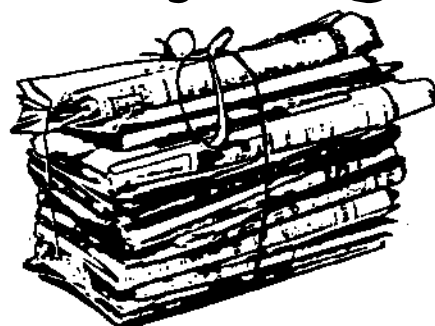
In the last issue, I failed to define an acronym which I used, and an over-zealous typist did it for me. So, while Committee to Fight Animal Research is an exemplary notion, the true fill-in-the-blanks for C.F.A.R. is Citizens for Animal Rights. This Peoria-based group has provided me with many items of outrage and inspiration, and I cite them often in my column. A small yet powerful group, they could use your support. A membership can be had for as little as \$10, and it all goes to help the animals. For more information, or to become a member, write:

Citizens for Animal Rights  
Gene Pratt  
7237 North Lakeside Court  
Peoria, IL 61614

Add your voice, for "We Speak For Those Who Can't."

--RAF,  
with thanks to CFAR  
and Patti

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# LETTERS

## Water Dept. musings

Dear Post,

On page 5 of the Post Amerikan, dated November 1986, is an article regarding security deposits. This states that 1.) the amount of the deposit should be based upon the estimate of the annual bill divided by six; 2.) the deposit should be returned after one year of prompt payment; and 3.) the deposit should earn a credit or interest at the rate of 5.25%.

On October 27, 1980, I paid a deposit of \$25.00 to the Stronghurst, IL., Water Department, a municipal company operated by the village trustees. My water bill has averaged about \$40.00 per year. I have tried unsuccessfully to get the earned credit or interest, and to have the deposit refunded.

Will you please check with the writer of this article concerning the basis of the statements. Is this a ruling of the state department which regulates utilities? I recall that about ten years ago utilities, including the telephone company, returned deposits, since they were required to pay interest, which they had not done prior to that time.

It is of interest that the policy of the village board is the renters must pay this deposit, but property owners do not. Therefore, renters are subsidizing property owners for part of the costs of their water supply. This deposit was collected when I moved into this town, and no attempt was made to check my previous record regarding payment of utility bills. No other utility company required such a payment.

Thank you.

--A Post Reader, Stronghurst, IL

### Post note:

Dear Reader:

Because the Stronghurst Water Dept. is a municipal company, it is not regulated by the Illinois Commerce Commission. The Commission limits the deposit amount which public utility companies can charge, and the length of time the deposit can be held by the company. Your only avenue for getting your deposit returned is to talk to the folks down at city hall. Good luck!

## Hey Pete - read this!

Hello my old friends...how you go?

I don't know if you will remember me because it's been about eight years since I have been to Bloomington.

I was 16 years old back then.

I first met a few of you during the '78 Smoke-In at the State Capitol in Springfield. If I'm not mistaken I was the youngest person to get arrested that day when all those police showed up in their riot gear.

I lost all my addresses of my friends from Bloomington. That is the main reason I lost touch. But I do remember "Pete"--he wore glasses. He is all right as far as I am concerned.

I left Illinois that winter and came back home to Texas. I have been wanting to go back and visit, but I have been in trouble with the law too much.

I am currently doing a four year sentence for possession of L.S.D. I have already done 17 months flat and I will have to do 24 months before I get out.

I am and have been in solitary confinement since May of '86. I live in a 6 by 9 foot cell 23 hours a day. I am allowed one hour dayroom time and a 3 minute shower every day. I am in solitary because I refuse to work for these snaggle-toothed, corn-fed, bible-toting red-necked bibli-hows...

The boys try to mess with me all the time but I don't let them break my spirit of resistance.

I pass the time doing plenty of exercise and plenty of reading. Currently I am receiving Black Star, Overthrow, Anarchy, The Match, Gentle Anarchist and Waves. Those people are nice enough to send me free prisoners subscriptions.

Can you please send me a subscription until August of '87?

Also can you tell Pete hello for me? And ask him to drop me a line or two.

Respectfully  
"Ernie"

Ernest M. Martinez  
Beto One Unit--T.D.C. #404323  
P.O. Box 128  
Tennessee Colony, TX 75861

\*Please keep in touch\*

## Pen pal in the pen

Dear Post Amerikan:

I'm finishing the last eleven months of my seven year sentence in Graham Correctional Center. My friends and relatives stopped writing me a long time ago and I really enjoy writing. As a matter of fact, I'm a reporter for the newspaper in here.

Most prisoners are a lot different than people think, and we have all the same needs as everyone else---especially the need to communicate. I'd enjoy writing to anyone who has an open mind and likes to talk.

Yours in struggle,

Kent Kuszajewski  
Graham Correctional Center  
Box 500-57865  
Hillsboro, IL 62049

## Lecture series on antiques

The McLean County Historical Society announces a five-part guest lecture series on the identification and care of antique American collectibles, on consecutive Tuesday evenings from 7-9 p.m., beginning January 20.

The schedule of individual classes is as follows:

January 20--American Glassware--a slide talk by Professor Duane Elbert, director of the historical administration program at Eastern Illinois University and noted authority on American glass.

January 27--Textiles in America, 1820-1920--a presentation by Professor Naomi Towner, director of the fiber program at Illinois State University's Art Department.

February 3--Illinois Ceramics--a talk by Janice Tauer Wass, Curator of decorative arts at Illinois State Museum in Springfield.

February 10--American Furniture, 1820-1920--a slide talk by Dan Barringer of the Illinois State University Museums.

February 17--Paper Collectibles--a presentation by McLean County Historical Society's Archivist Greg Koos.

All classes will be held at the McLean County Historical Society, 201 E. Grove, Bloomington. Enrollment for the entire series is \$20.00, with a 20% discount for Historical Society or Old House Society members. Individual programs may be attended at a cost of \$5.00 per session. Advance registration is required.

To reserve a place in the workshops, call the Historical Society at 827-0428, by January 12, 1987.

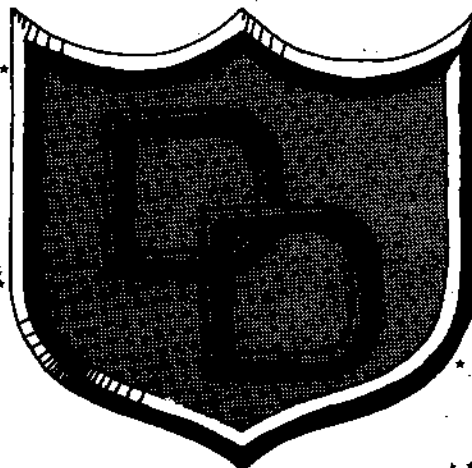


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828-1714

# COMMUNITY

# NEWS

## 1987 health services fees

Since the Board of Health has decided to have clients share in the costs of services, they have introduced fees for a number of Health Department services.

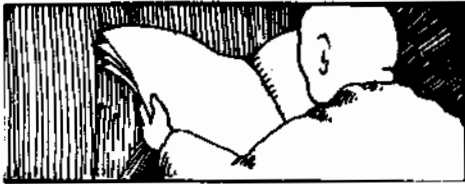
Fees newly introduced in December, 1986, include:

Sexually Transmitted Disease Clinic:	\$10.00
HIV Test:	\$30.00
Eye Glass Co-Payment:	\$10.00
Walk-In Clinic--per test:	\$.50 -- \$3.00
Hypertension Screening:	\$.50
Community Clinic Screening:	\$.50 -- \$3.00
Dental Clinic--per visit:	\$1.00
Immunization--per immunization:	\$1.00

The Board of Health also adopted fees for tuberculosis care and treatment services for out of county residents, which are:

Tuberculin Skin Test:	\$5.00
X-Ray:	\$15.00
Physician Office Visit:	\$15.00
Physician Hospital Visits:	
Admission Physical:	\$35.00
Daily Visit:	\$15.00
Medications:	cost
Laboratory Tests:	cost

In addition to health service fees, a septic permit fee of thirty-five dollars has been established.



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## Turn your garbage into lunch

Recyclers bringing in 20 or more lbs. of container glass to Operation Recycle during the rest of January will get "double prices" and a coupon good for a free Burger King hamburger and a free regular Pepsi. The new glass price of two cents a lb. is about a penny a container, making glass on a per container basis the most well paid for recyclable goods.

The buyback is open from 9 to noon on Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 1100 W. Market. Glass should have the lids removed, but paper labels may be left on. Only container glass is recyclable; no window glass, mirrors, drinking glasses, light bulbs, etc. will be accepted.

The recycling center also buys back aluminum cans, bimetal cans, and newspapers at the buyback. For more information, recyclers can call 829-0691.

## Women's potluck

This month's women's potluck will be at 1311 W. Market, at 3:00 p.m., on January 18th. All women are welcome-- just bring one of your favorite dishes and yourself and any friends you want to have with you.

If you need any encouragement or information, call 829-9667.

## "Prairie Rails" exhibit

The McLean County Historical Society cordially invites the public to the opening of their special new exhibit, "Prairie Rails" on Sunday, January 18th from 1 p.m. until 4:30 p.m. at the historical museum, 201 East Grove Street, Bloomington.

A highlight of the event will be the presentation of awards to the twelve winners of the History Essay Contest. This will take place at 2:30 p.m.

There is no entrance fee. The public is welcomed. For more information, please call 827-0428.

## Story hour registration

Registration for the Bloomington Public Library's Pre-School Story Hour will begin on Monday, January 19 and continue through Friday, January 23. Registration may be completed in the Children's Room of the library, 205 E. Olive, or by calling the library at 828-6091. Children of 3-5 years are welcome to register.

As always, the Story Hours will feature stories, songs, games, and finger plays with Children's Librarian Phyllis Wallace, Jan Lucas and Jane Swaney of the Children's Room staff, and an occasional guest.

There will be three Story Hour times: Tuesdays at 10:00 am and 1:30 pm, and Wednesdays at 10:00 am. Each program will last about half an hour. The Story Hours will begin on Tuesday, February 3 and will continue through Wednesday, March 11.

For more information about the Story Hours, call the Children's Room at 828-6091.

# EQUAL OPPORTUNITY IN HOUSING IS YOUR RIGHT!

*If you feel you have been denied housing or treated unfairly of race, color, religion, sex, national origin, ancestry, physical or mental handicap, or because you have children under 14 or require the use of a guide dog, contact the*

## Bloomington Human Relations Commission

at

**828-7361, Ext. 218/219**

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

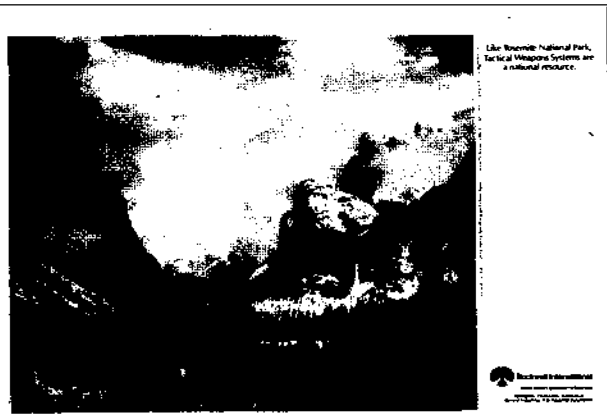
# Ansel Adams, arms peddler

What becomes a legend most? For the late wilderness photographer and celebrated environmentalist Ansel Adams, it's apparently a magazine ad campaign for the Pittsburgh-based defense contractor Rockwell International. "It seemed like a good, different approach, a fresh approach, and we took it," says Brian Daly of Rockwell's public relations department of his firm's planned year-long campaign, in which a variety of Adams's photos will be used. Daly explains that tactical weapons systems, like those heralded in the Adams campaign, are used for "local, regional levels of conflict." Strategic weapons systems, like the 100 B-1 bombers Rockwell is currently building under contract to the U.S. government, are, by contrast, part of a "higher defense posture" on the international level.

When Adams died in 1984, the rights to many of his photographs were placed in the care of the Ansel Adams Publishing Rights Trust in Carmel, California. "We were asked by Rockwell for our consent," says trustee David Vena, Adams's former personal attorney. Vena and the two other trustees were unanimous with their approval, under certain conditions. Besides the usual care the trust demands be taken with Adams's photographs--they may not be cut, distorted, or blocked, and no type may be superimposed upon them--the trust limited the ads to certain trade publications and denied permission to use Adams's name or to quote from him in the ads. "You're not going to see them in Time magazine," Vena says. All the same, is that rumbling we hear the sound of Adams turning in his grave?

"Ansel was no dove, you know," says Vena "and often controversial because of it, particularly in regard to nuclear power. (Adams, who feared the polluting effects of coal and oil burning, supported nuclear power.) We try to use our best judgement and do what Ansel, alive, would have done under similar circumstances. Maybe we were wrong."

---Bill Wyman  
from Mother Jones  
January, 1987



The Gospel according to Rockwell International and the Ansel Adams Publishing Rights Trust: They shall beat their swords into cameras, and their tactical weapons systems into national parks.

Well, you'll all be thrilled to hear that the Post Amerikan benefits are not a thing of the past, despite the demise of the traditional locale, the Galery. Yes, even under adversity, the fun never stops.

This time, the hilarity will be in the Eddy Building (429 N. Main, Bloomington). We don't know just which room yet, but if you show up at the Eddy Building on the appointed date (February 7--a Saturday), the building will be festooned with signs

## Operation Recycle starts new projects

Recycling increased quantities of office paper from the IWU and ISU campuses is a major goal for Operation Recycle, McLean County's non-profit community recycling center. Recycling will be started in two buildings at IWU and six buildings at ISU as a result of a grant received by the recycling center from the Illinois Department of Energy and Natural Resources.

The project will aim to recover "mixed paper"--white and colored paper, paper from copiers, even non-glossy paper from "junk mail," according to Myra Gordon, recycling center coordinator. Drop offs will be designated in each participating building and the recycling center will pick up the paper once a week from each building.

The recycling center is looking for volunteers to help get the project up and running on each campus. A committee of faculty and staff will be set up at each school to act as liaisons between the center and the school.

As to what the value of this type of recycling is, Mrs. Gordon commented that it not only saves trees from being destroyed and energy from being wasted, it can also save the universities money for trash hauling and landfilling costs if the quantity recycled is great enough.

The recycled paper is eventually sold to Fort Howard Paper Company, which manufactures paper towels, napkins, and tissue products.

Other DENR grants received by the recycling center will allow it to add four new 24 hour drop off locations this spring and summer, and to set up a system for recycling plastic milk jugs, expected to be operating by spring.

## It's party time!

telling you which room to go to. Fear not. Just show up, about eight o'clock--if you're late, you'd better bring a note from your mother.

Among the stellar talent performing for you will be It, Ed & Dean, Mike Hogan, and maybe, just maybe, if you're very good, the famed Post Toasties Revue. All for your aural and visual pleasure.

Don't miss it. We'll talk about you if you're not there.

## Rape Crisis Center training set for February

The Rape Crisis Center of McLean County will hold a volunteer training session on Saturday, February 7, Sunday, February 8, Saturday, February 14, and Sunday, February 15. The hours for the Saturdays are 9:00 am to 5:00 pm, and the Sundays' hours are from 11:00 am to 6:00 pm. The training sessions will be held at the Fairchild Hall Lounge on the ISU campus.

Both female and male volunteers are needed. Child care can be arranged upon request. Although the training session is open to the public, anyone wishing to become a volunteer for the organization must attend all four days of training.

The Rape Crisis Center is an all-volunteer organization that provides support and information to victims of all types of sexual assault, sexual abuse, and sexual violence. Its volunteers also present educational programs in the community.

A pre-training meeting will be held on January 28 at 7:00 pm in the Normal Public Library's Community Room. Any questions you might have about the organization itself or about volunteering for it can be answered at that meeting, or by calling PATH at 827-4005 and asking for the Rape Crisis Center.

**We need writers!**  
Send your main pains to the Post, P.O. Box 3452, Bloomington, IL, 61702.

## Rape Crisis Center of McLean County

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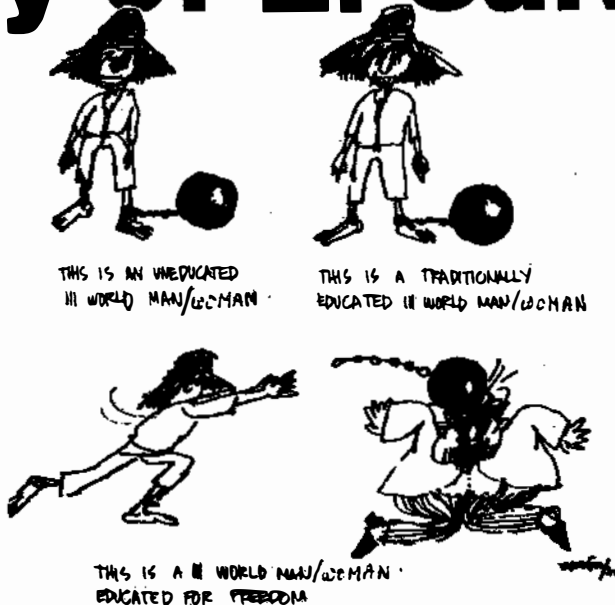
# U.S. student delegation visits University of El Salvador

Two local students, Michael Garman, an ISU senior, and Dan Wyman, U High 1986, now attending Western Illinois, are among twenty U.S. students visiting the University of El Salvador for one week in an expression of solidarity with the students, faculty, and administration there, who are suffering severe repression from the Duarte government. The trip is part of a nationwide campaign of solidarity sponsored by the U.S. Campaign for the University of El Salvador (USCUES).

International support for UES is crucial. It is the only public university in El Salvador, and historically its students, faculty, and administration have played an active role as critics of the injustices of the Duarte government and the Salvadoran military. The government has responded with repression. On June 26, 1980 at 10 o'clock in the morning with 30,000 people on campus and classes in full swing, over 300 members of the Salvadoran armed forces, armed with bazookas, machine guns, and hand grenades, stormed the University. At least 60 persons died. Several months after the occupation, University Rector Felix Ulloa was assassinated. The occupation lasted four years. (Duarte, the great "moderate" was the leader of the Junta in power in 1980.)

## Buildings without walls

Throughout the period of closure, students, faculty, and administrators tried to keep the University alive. Holding classes in private homes and rented space, they educated thousands of students. Obviously, however, with no funds and few materials, instruction was minimal. Finally, on May 22, 1984 domestic and international pressure forced the reopening of the University. Now 35,000 students attend classes there, some in buildings without walls, in rooms without desks, and with few textbooks. The Duarte government provides only enough funding to pay salaries. Students must now pay



"voluntary fees" to keep the University functioning, limiting access to the poor.

Army helicopters (provided with U.S. tax dollars) fly overhead daily. Security forces harass students entering and leaving the campus--and some have been arrested or "disappeared." Eleven university people, most members of AGEUS (General Association of University of El Salvador Students) were openly threatened with assassination by a death squad in a letter published by a daily San Salvador paper this past July. And in addition:

January 29, 1986, Marta Perez Cervantes, professor of biology, was murdered.

February 9, 1986, Gerardo Antonio Lisandro, president of the Society of Agronomy Students, was captured by heavily armed men in civilian clothes and interrogated for 15 days.

February 28, 1986, Ernesto Lopez Zepeda, Dean of Sciences and Humanities, was shot twice in the chest by heavily armed men in civilian clothes.

Assassinations, captures and threats continue.

## Donations needed

The future of the UES (and even the lives of its faculty and students) depend on continued international pressure, especially from U.S. citizens and U.S. campuses. Throughout the spring semester, beginning with a reception for Michael on his return, B/N CISPES will be carrying out support activities at ISU and Wesleyan for UES. We need people to help us. We need money for Michael's trip and for our local activities.

Central American support work makes a difference. CISPES has been growing steadily for five years now, as has the Pledge of Resistance and other Central American support groups. That work makes a difference. Just as the anti-war movement of the 1960s pushed the Nixon administration into the Watergate scandal (which crippled the U.S. war-making capacity), so Central American support work of the last five years helped pressure the Reagan administration into its present Iran-Contra embarrassments. Activism makes a difference. Help the local Pledge and B/N CISPES. Help us maintain support for the students and staff of the University of El Salvador.

Only continued international support (both political and material) can protect the University against repression--and perhaps force a higher level of funding from the government. And the most powerful way to support the UES is by visiting it. The presence of U.S. citizens can thwart harassment. For this reason, AGEUS invited 20 Central American activists and other supportive student leaders to visit the UES during the week of January 11-17. Michael Garman and Dan Wyman are two of those twenty.

B/N CISPES is sponsoring Michael, and has raised nearly \$1,000 through telephone solicitation of the ISU faculty to pay the expenses (\$850 for transportation; \$150 in material aid to UES)--but only nearly. We have had to borrow several hundred dollars for Michael, while Dan has borrowed from his own college fund to cover his expenses. We need to repay those loans. We hope readers of the Post can help.

If you are interested in attending our meetings, B/N CISPES meets every other Monday (starting Jan. 18) at 7:30 p.m. in Fairchild Hall 112 on the ISU campus (across from the old Redbird IGA). Join us or call 829-3701 for more information.

--Jan Cox

Enclosed is my pledge of \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for Michael and \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for Dan. I look forward to hearing both students' experiences on their return.

Please make checks payable to B/N CISPES, P.O. Box 4041, Bloomington, IL 61702

You are invited to a reception for Michael Garman on his return from the U.S. delegation to the University of El Salvador

When: January 27, 1987  
Where: Founder's Suite, Bone Student Center  
Time: 7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.

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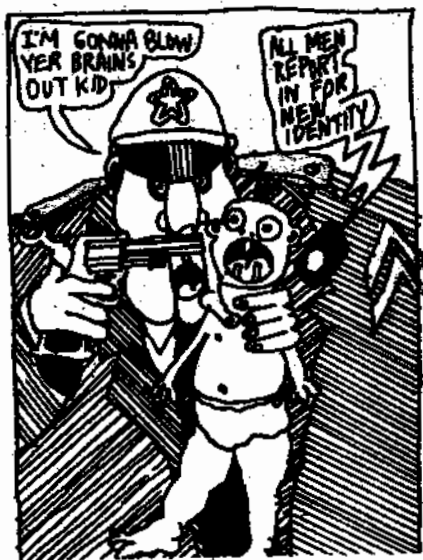
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# Be all that you can be: Anywhere but the military

"The basic reason you go in is to be trained as a soldier. Period."  
--Bernard Tuff, Marine Corps veteran



If I could be granted one wish it would be that some magical force would intervene during a military recruiter's spiel in one of those glossy TV ads and compel them to tell the truth. Their normally bright, beady eyes would go glossy and their kind, enthusiastic faces blank, as they blurt out statements such as the one above. Or this one, from Bill Galvin, draft counselor for the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors (CCCO): "The object of the military is not to give adventure or job training--the object is to be prepared for and fight wars."

The armed forces recruitment ads are looking slicker than ever these days, thanks to a \$219.2 million advertising budget for fiscal 1987, bringing the honor of being among the top five Madison Avenue contracts. Although the focus of each military branch differs slightly, they all promise basically the same things: sound training in a high-tech career, the adventure of a lifetime, and the opportunity to push yourself to the limit of personal development. In other words, to "Be All That You Can Be." The campaign is very alluring, very persuasive, and, unfortunately for a lot of short-termers and veterans, very misleading. Yet thousands of starry-eyed, hopeful youths faced with the end of high school and the feeling that their lives are going nowhere, are hooked by these ads. They march down to the local recruiter's station in the belief that they have found an easy and glamorous ticket to the American Dream.

Once in the recruitment office, phase two of what has bitterly been referred to as a "classic bait and switch" routine begins. Military recruiters are trained salespeople. They study the "Army Recruiter's Sales Manual," which reads more like a script for selling used cars, or maybe Rainbow vacuum cleaners. These sales techniques are particularly effective with 17-19 year olds who are already intimidated and vulnerable. The Army offers 340 different military occupational specialties, all of which are couched in adjectives which transform often menial tasks into exotic occupations. For example, "multi-channel communication specialist" translates into radio operator. Many veterans claim that the high-tech jobs they were lured by resulted in nothing more than manual labor, such as repetitively drilling bores into a carrier or changing the oil in aircraft engines. One electrician-to-be reported that the only tool box he ever got close to was the one used to clean and repair his M-16 rifle.

Of course, they don't tell you these kinds of things in the recruitment center. The recruiter urges the young hopeful to divulge his/her "dream" of what career they would like to go into. Then, just like in the commercials, this choice is assigned a MOS, or Military Occupational Specialty, which shows up on a computer as one of those 340 job titles. What the commercials don't show you is that there is a second computer which categorizes those occupations according to the current military priorities for war-making. That information allows the recruiter to inform the person that "we don't have any openings in that school, but we've got one just like it." Or they might tell you that there are only a few openings in that school and that if you don't sign up now you may lose your opportunity.

Another recruitment technique involves the use of a "casual observer." If a recruit-to-be is hedging on enlistment, another recruiter happens to wander over (read: is signalled) to inquire about the young person's position. This person enthusiastically launches into another persuasive rap, making sure that he/she is always standing above the recruit. Reminds me of when I was shopping for a used car....

As previously mentioned, recruitment is aimed largely at high-school age people. In particular, they are targeting "high-quality recruits," high school graduates able to score in the top three categories of the Armed Forces Qualification Test (AFQT). Although the Military claims an "increasingly technological orientation" (to war-making) as the reason for this stepped-up recruitment, the truth of the matter is that when skilled work from experienced workers is required, the armed services rely heavily on civilian and outside contractors instead of its own personnel. Lt. Col. J.H. Marcia, an official of the Defense Department's manpower planning branch, explains that it's more cost-effective to contract out than to train the steady stream of new recruits.

The two major lures aimed at high school and college-aged persons are the DEP (Delayed Enlistment Program) and The Army College Fund/ GI Bill. The DEP, a program outlined by JROTC (Junior Reserve Officer Training Corps) for high school students, is particularly appealing. It allows students the option to sign-up now and report a year later. In this case, the military plays on the high schoolers' vacillation about the future. They understand that it's a lot easier to commit to something that you don't have to act on until later, and they target kids that are unsure about their futures.

They also count on peer pressure tactics by providing recruits with a pay incentive: if you get three of your friends to join, you start at a higher pay. 95% of the high schoolers that enlist sign up for the DEP. The important thing to remember here is that, because this "breather period" counts toward your 8-year stint, once you sign up for the DEP you are technically in the reserves and subject to the rules and regulations thereof.

The combined GI Bill- Army College Fund targets people interested in financial assistance to college. Although the military does have provisions to make good on it's claim of \$25,000 for college over a four-year tour of service, it also provides itself with plenty of loopholes and escape hatches. For example, the money only applies if you enlist for certain job categories, many of which are hard to fill. Once you've enlisted, they take \$100 out of your pay each month for the first year. If you stay in for four years, they'll match that money. You can't change your mind later about college and expect to get your money back- if you don't decline within the first week, too bad. And you only get your money back if you go to college, and then only for as long as you're in.

You also no longer qualify for your money back if you get out early (for any reason), if you get out as a Conscientious Objector, or if you get a dishonorable discharge. What the Army is really counting on is the knowledge that only a small percentage of short-termers go on to

college. Meanwhile, they make a lot of money selling school security.

A lot of the problems mentioned here, dangerous though they may be, can be uncovered by personal investigation and by the reading of induction/enlistment contracts. Unfortunately, the really insidious nature of military life is something you can't find out until you're in. To me, those are the things that really need to be considered before making a decision to enlist.

When a person enters the military, they enter into a different legal status than they had as a civilian. It is very important to understand that the rights and laws you grew up with no longer apply. You lose the right to trial by a jury of your peers. If you are up for a court-martial, you will be tried by a jury of officers and by your accusing officer. And they have a 97% conviction rate.

In boot camp, the young recruit will be told that the purpose of basic training is the "breaking and remaking" of personality. Some parents have admitted that they don't know their sons/daughters when they come home. Seems like a high price to pay for a gamble on an almost non-existent high-tech career. Speaking of careers--remember that the military is the only job you can't quit. You can get thrown in jail for being late or talking back to your superior.

And once you do get out of the military, there is the serious problem of unemployment. There is a very good possibility that you will be unemployable in the civilian world. A study by the Wall Street Journal showed that only 6% of female and 12% of male veterans were able to use their military skills in civilian jobs, citing lack of certification and licensing carry-over, as well as impracticability, as major problems. Most businesses won't have a Pershing Missile in their storeroom for you to tinker with.

W. S. Sellman, the director of Recruiting Policy at the Pentagon, fends off accusations of misleading recruits by saying, "We don't make any promises". Maybe not. But they sure do distort the facts.

--Diane Ferris

Sources: Bill Galvin, Draft Counsellor, CCCO; The Wall Street Journal, Oct. 9, 1985; Resistance News, #22, Fall 1986; The Objector, Vol. 7, #1, Sept. 1986; The Army Times, Oct. 1986.



# What's in a name

What do women want? Psychologists like to think that they have come a long way from the psychoanalytic point of view that people, especially women, are the direct cause of every major form of disorder that afflicts them. This may sound strange because in psychology one is supposed to own one's problems and faults.

But add incest, rape, and sexual abuse to the list of mental problems and one can see that a situation existed which helped perpetuate the stereotype that if a person was abused or raped he or she unconsciously desired for it to happen.

Or maybe it did not even happen at all. It was probably just a sexual fantasy. If a young girl said she was raped by her father, she probably was not raped at all. Rather, she was having sexual fantasies about him which she was acting out by describing such fantasies to her therapist.

Luckily, these sorts of attitudes have largely disappeared from the collective psychological mind. Unfortunately, psychologists still have a need to label things, which goes beyond the fact that most psychologists are obsessive-compulsive.

The way the insurance system is constructed, if a person wants to be able to have his or her insurance pay for his or her psychological treatment, they need to have their psychologist submit the name and number of their disorder to their insurance company. The name and number come from the DSM-III (Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders), which is a manual which contains a list of the currently recognized mental disorders.

Psychologists, insurance companies, and even courts use the DSM-III as something like a Bible. If the DSM-III lists something as a mental disorder, then that label is quite likely to last a long time as a diagnosable mental disorder.

This creates something of a problem when the psychological community wants to eliminate a label. Once created, labels are difficult to eliminate. In 1972 and 1973, many psychologists had a long, bitter fight to remove homosexuality from the official list of disorders.

Recently, revisions are being worked on which will update the new DSM-III. Controversy was aroused once again when part of the psychoanalytic community wanted to include "self-defeating personality disorder" as a new category of mental illness. If images of the word "masochism" come to mind when you read this label, then you get an idea of what the controversy is all about.

The label is proposed as a tool for diagnosing those people who sabotage their own success (masochists or self-defeaters). The psychologists who oppose the new label, mostly feminists, see it as a stigmatizing label which could be misused to blame people, especially battered women, for failures which are not actually under their control. They fear that the inclusion of such a label in the manual would help perpetuate the myth that the battered woman actually enjoys being battered.

To these psychologists the implications for misuse of this label in criminal cases, funding for shelters, and treatment of battered women and

children are too important to ignore. By using the label "self-defeating" they fear that the victims will be blamed for their problems and the treatment of such cases will be set back to where they were 10 or 15 years ago.


The psychologists who oppose the label were able to keep it from the main text of the revised edition of the DSM-III (DSM-III-R). However, the label did make it to the appendix and its advocates are still trying to get it moved to the main text of the DSM-IV, due out in the 1990s.

There is still a long battle ahead for the psychologists who oppose the label. What they are fighting for is more than a quibble over words. Whether the label is included in the DSM-IV will have far-reaching effects for all women, not just battered women. It will reveal just where the psychological community stands in its current opinion of a problem which is more prevalent for women than men and which will have a major impact on the treatment of a large number of people, especially women and children.

So, what do women want? Hopefully, they want the right to not be blamed for a problem which is society's problem, not theirs alone. It will be a disparaging blow not only to women, but to the field of psychology, if the label is allowed to remain in the appendix of the DSM-IV. It will be nothing less than frightening if the label enters the main list of disorders.

--PSW

Source: "The politics of masochism," by Deborah Franklin in Psychology Today, January 1987.



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