

Eastern Illinois University

## The Keep

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The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

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6-1989

## Volume 18, Number 1

Post Amerikan

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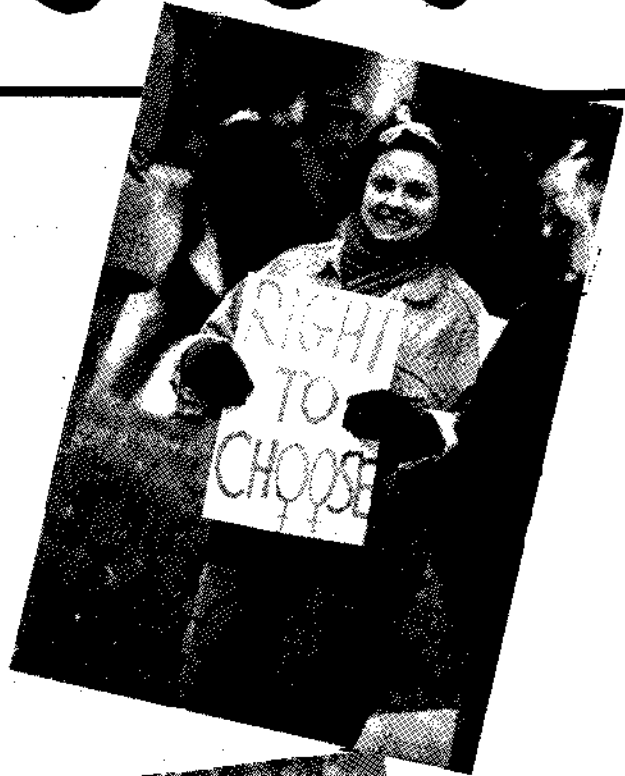
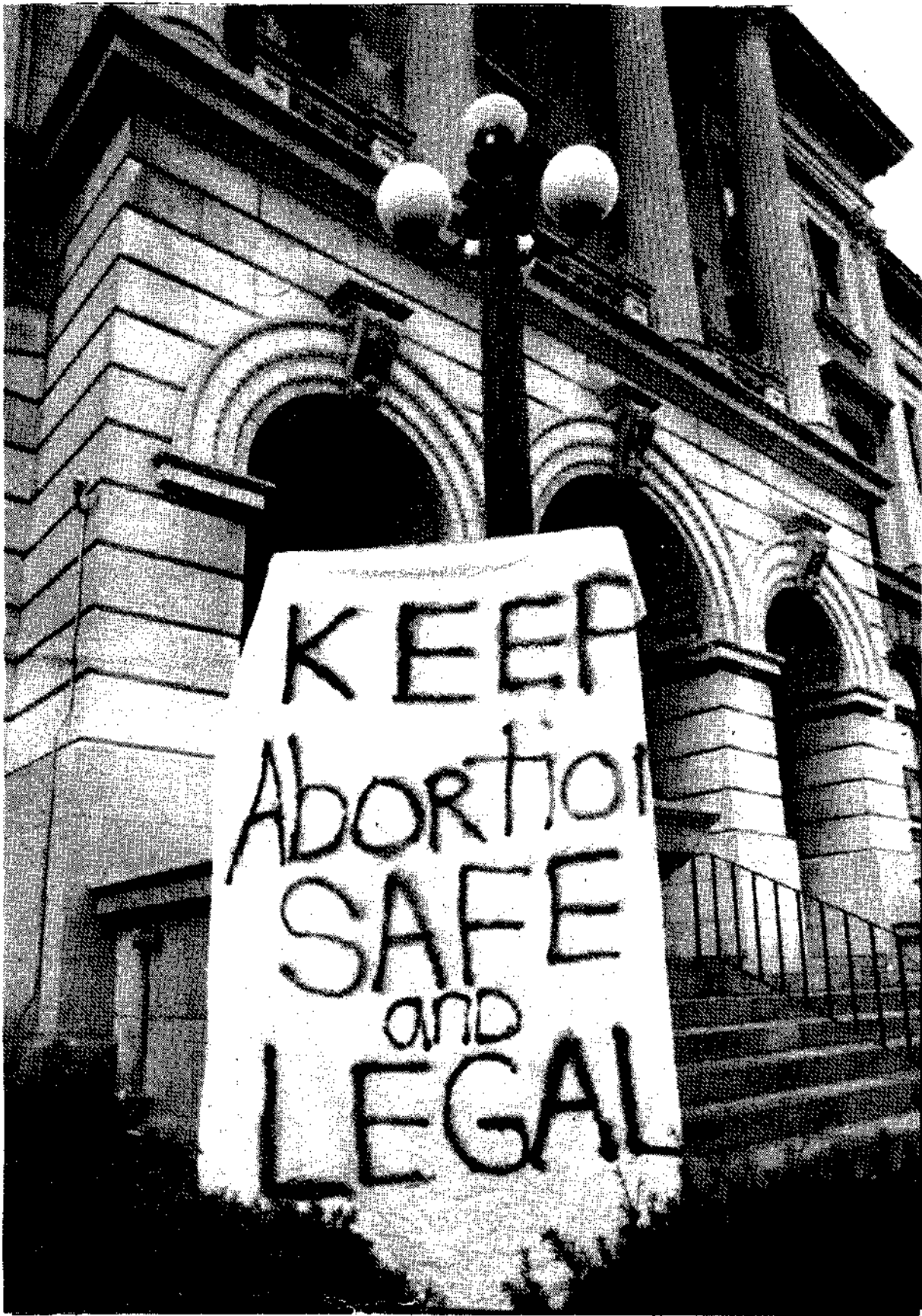
Bloomington-Normal

june/july 1989

25¢

# POST AMERICAN

vol. 18  
no. 1



**Courthouse under siege  
by rabid feminists!**

page 11

BULK RATE  
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BLOOMINGTON, IL 61702

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POST AMERICAN  
POST OFFICE BOX 3452  
BLOOMINGTON, IL 61702

# Bloomington-Normal POST AMERIKAN

Pssst, wanna start somethin'? Pass this paper on to a friend.



25c For All/cpf

## In this issue:

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- 3 What every good feminist should know: a primer
- 4 Controversy roars over animal rights
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- 20 Ms. Hippie dispenses the last words on hip etiquette; Post benefit ad

## Post sellers

### BLOOMINGTON

- Amtrak Station, 1200 W. Front
- The Back Porch, 402 N. Main
- Bakery Banc, 901 N. Main
- Bloomington Public Library (in front)
- Bus Depot, 533 N. East
- Common Ground, 516 N. Main
- Convenient Mart, Emerson and Main
- Front and Center Building
- Hit Shed, 606 N. Main
- Hungry House, 103 W. Jefferson
- Law and Justice Center, W. Front St. Lee St. (100 N.)
- Main and Miller Streets
- Medusa's Adult World, 420 N. Madison
- Mike's Market, 1013 N. Park
- Mr. Donut, 1310 N. Park
- Pantagraph (in front), 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
- Washing Well, E. Front St.

### NORMAL

- Avanti's, 407 S. Main
- Big Rudy's, 107 E. Beaufort
- 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)

## About us



The Post Amerikan is an independent community newspaper providing information and analysis that is screened out of or down played by establishment news sources. We are a non-profit, worker-run collective that exists as an alternative to the corporate media.

We put out six issues a year. Staff members take turns as "coordinator." All writing, typing, editing, graphics, photography, 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, letters, 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. Don't worry if it takes a while--we don't meet every week.

An alternative newspaper depends very directly on a community of concerned people for existence. We believe it is very important to keep a newspaper like this around. If you think so too, then please support us by telling your friends about the paper, donating money to the printing of the paper, and telling our advertisers you saw their ad in the Post Amerikan.

The next deadline for submitting Post material is Thursday, July 28. Material submitted after the deadline will probably not get printed.

## lips, n. [ME. *lip*, *lyp*. AS. *lippa*, *lippe*, *lip*.]

1. either of the two fleshy folds, normally pink or reddish in color, forming the edges of the mouth in man and many animals. In man the lips are important in speech: hence, the lips, by figure, denote the mouth, or all the organs of speech, and sometimes speech itself.
2. the official factual and historical misrepresentations (lies) of the Bush Administration. further, the pitiful abstractions postulated, preened and presented. No matter how ignoble the cause, we were willing to finance it, overlook it or attribute the problem to others.

This issue is in your hands thanks to Sue, Sue, Susie (really!), Scott, Angela, Pite, Laurie (coordinator), Richard, Bumper, and Ralph, and probably others we forgot to list.

## Good numbers

- Alcoholics Anonymous.....828-5049
- American Civil Liberties Union.454-7223
- Bloomington Housing Authority..829-3360
- Childbirth And Parenting Information Exchange (CAPIE).....452-0310
- Clare House (Catholic Workers).828-4035
- Community for Social Action...452-4867
- Connection House.....829-5711
- Countering Domestic Violence...827-4005
- Deaf Children/Family Services.828-0022
- Draft Counseling.....452-5046
- Gay & Lesbian Resource Phoneline (11-4 M-R).....438-2429
- 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 Co. Center for Human Services.....827-5351
- National Health Care Services-abortion assistance....1-800-322-1622
- Nuclear Freeze Coalition.....828-4195
- Occupational Development Center.....452-7324
- 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

## Moving?

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

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Street: \_\_\_\_\_

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

# The Good Feminist Primer Lesson #2

## D is for Dumb

"Aw, what d'you know, you're just a dumb girl!" Who among us did not grow up hearing these words flung at us anytime we attempted to assert our competence among the boys? Our reply, "And you're just a stupid ugly boy!" was of little satisfaction when it bounced off their backs like a rubber arrow, as they were walking away, going off to do something IMPORTANT that we were not allowed to join in.

The real problem is not that we didn't get into the clubhouse as little girls, but that we may never get in at all if we don't change. Too often those little boys convince us, even into our grown-up years. We look at tasks like figuring percentages, running meetings, and making investment decisions as too hard for us. Meanwhile, we balance checkbooks, train our bosses, alter recipes, organize households, patch up distraught friends, and fix haywire sewing machines without hesitation--because those aren't important?

Part of no longer being--or playing--dumb involves taking on "men's" tasks that seem hard (they aren't all that bad). Another part is insisting on the dignity and difficulty of "women's" so-called easy work.

## E is for Education

A good feminist needs a good education in women's consciousness and issues, and that we have to do pretty much for ourselves. Reading is one of the most fun ways.

Despite the incredibly large monopoly of male authors, thankfully there are those publishing houses who can see through the the implications of men constantly defining women through a fictional medium. I wouldn't want to say that no male writer is capable of recreating a credible woman, but it is refreshing and somehow exhilarating to find yourself lost in a book whose whirlpool plot and complete lack of rational order provides a snatched sense of sinful pleasure, all of which is penned by a woman.

No, I don't speak like that all the time. But as I was skipping down a corridor one day, escaping from a computer and a paper on feminist criticism, such sentences were still self-destructing somewhere behind my eyes and beneath my crop of newly shorn hair (sheep farmers do have their uses if you can find a good one these days). It was on such a day that LVD's voice put my escape plans on hold and offered me the diversionary proposition of a lifetime, (or so it seemed at the time): to put together a selection of feminist reading material, or reading material for feminists, or books about women by women.

After the initial response of "Thank goddess... a worthy means of procrastination," you know my next reaction was one of panic. Panic not because I hadn't read all that much writing by women, but because I had to pause and think.

"Hmiph... feminist reading material... books by women... umh..." before titles and authors actually came to me. Anyway the short fragmentary blurb that follows is aimed at acting as a starter kit. I've included country of origin--which is usually reflected in the writing itself--and the name of the publisher in those writers who are as yet less familiar. It would be great if this list could be added to over the following additions of The Post, so please... worthy donations will be printed and the donors won't even be made to accept free coupons...

- Here goes--
- Angelou, Maya. *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*  
-- *All God's Children Need Traveling Shoes*
- Aspen, Jean. *Arctic Daughter: A Wilderness Journey* (Womankind Books: Rising Tide Press).
- Atwood, Margaret. *Cat's Eye* (Canada)
- Burford, Barbara. *The Threshing Floor* (Chatto & Windus)
- Chopin, Kate. *The Awakening*
- Cobham, R and Merle Collins, ed. *Watchers and Seekers*
- Collins, Merle. *Angel* (Women's Press)
- Desai, Anita. *Clear Light of Day* (India)
- Dreher, Sarah. *Lesbian Stages* (Womankind Books: Rising Tide Press).
- Emecheta, Buchi. *The Bride Price* (India)
- French, Marilynne. *The Women's Room*
- Gilman, Charlotte Perkins. *The Yellow Wallpaper*
- Grace, Patricia. *Mutuhenua* (New Zealand)
- Greenwood, Lisa. *The Roundness of Eggs* (New Zealand)
- Gordimer, Nadine. *Burger's Daughter* (South Africa)
- *The Conservationist*
- Johnson, Amryl. *Sequins for a Ragged Hem* (West Indies--Virago)
- Kuzwayo, Ellen. *Call Me Woman* (South Africa)
- Lattimore, Jessie. *High Contrast* (Womankind Books: Rising Tide Press)
- Lessing, Doris. *The Golden Notebook*
- *The Good Terrorist*
- Lynch, Lee. *Amazon Trail* (Womankind Books: Rising Tide Press)
- Morgan, Claire. *Price of Salt* (EOS Women's Books)
- Morrison, Toni. *Beloved*
- *The Bluest Eyes*
- More, Meredith. *October Obsessions* (Womankind Books: Rising Tide Press)
- Naylor, Gloria. *The Women Of Brewster Place*
- Olson, Tillie. *Tell Me A Riddle*
- Rhys, Jean. *The Wide Sargasso Sea*
- Ramos, Juanita. *Companeras: Latina Lesbians* (Womankind Books: Rising Tide Press)
- Senior, Olive. *Summer Lightning* (Longman)
- Shan, Sharan-Jeet. *In My Own Name* (India--Women's Press)
- Sturtevant, Katherine. *A Mistress Moderately Fair* (Womankind Books: Rising Tide Press)
- Tyler, Arne. *Breathing Lessons*
- Robinson, Marilynne. *House-Keeping*
- Walker, Alice. *The Color Purple*
- Woolf, Virginia. *A Room of One's Own*  
*To the Lighthouse*

- Science Fiction:
- Atwood, Margaret. *The Handmaid's Tale*
- LeGuin, Ursula. *The Earth Sea Trilogy*  
*Maltrana*
- Kuss, Joanna. *The Female Man*
- Wilhelm, Kate. *Let The Fire Fall*  
*Where Late The Sweet Bird Sang*
- Zimmer-Bradley, Marlon. *The House Between Two Worlds*

- Poetry:
- Angelou, Maya. *And Still I Rise*
- Bell, Sharon. *Exploring All Of Me* (The Bookplace Press)
- Benji. *Scribe Sisters* (Centreprise Press)
- Nichols, Grace. *I Is A Long Remembered Woman*
- Plath, Sylvia. *The Bell Jar*
- Rich, Adrienne. *Diving Into The Wreck*
- Solanki, Mahendra. *Shadows Of My Making* (Lokamaya Press)
- Walker, Alice. *Goodnight Willie Lee, I'll See You In The Morning* (Women's Press)

- Children's Books:
- Kaye, Geraldine. *Comfort Herself* (Magnet)
- The death of Comfort's mom raises a choice: stay in London with her grandparents, or move to Ghana where her father lives.
- Hunter, Kristin. *The Soul Brothers and Sister Lou* (Livewire)
- A tough novel about growing up in the US in the 1960's.
- Taylor, Mildred. *Roll Of Thunder Hear My Cry* (Puffin)
- Mississippi, the 1930's. Cassie's family fights against racism and the fight to retain farmland despite the hardships.

- Feminist Criticism:
- de Beauvoir, Simone. *The Second Sex*
- Eisenstein, Hester and Alice Jardine. *The Future of Difference*
- Gilbert, Sandra and Susan Gubar. *Mad Women in the Attic*
- Marks, Elaine and Isabelle de Courtivron. *New French Feminisms*
- Mill, Harriet Taylor. *Enfranchisement of Women*
- Muntaz, Khawar. *Women of Pakistan*
- Showalter, Elaine. *The New Feminist Criticism: Essays on Women, Literature and Theory*
- Silman, Janet. *Enough Is Enough*

And finally... a must for all women,

The Boston Women's Health Book Collective,  
*The New Our Bodies, Ourselves*

If you'd like more information, or have difficulty in obtaining any of these books, please get in touch and we'll be as helpful as your problem allows.

- LVD  
--Phoebe Caufield  
--Virginia Girly

# Rape Crisis Center of McLean County

WE'RE A NON-PROFIT VOLUNTEER GROUP WHOSE MAIN PURPOSE IS TO OFFER ASSISTANCE AND SUPPORT TO VICTIMS OF SEXUAL ASSAULT AND THEIR FRIENDS AND FAMILIES.

FEMALE VOLUNTEERS ANSWER OUR CALLS, BUT BOTH MALE AND FEMALE VOLUNTEERS ARE AVAILABLE FOR CRISIS ASSISTANCE, INFORMATION AND SPEAKING ENGAGEMENTS.

If you want to talk to one of us

Call PATH 827-4005

and ask for the

## Rape Crisis Center

# Relatively speaking

Dear RAF--

You have your sophomoric head up your moral ass. You see cruelty, which is evil, so you shout "Let's get 'em, gang!" and lynch the nearest carnivore, which is that stray cat mama. Evil arises from maya, such veils of ignorance of the common center. Joseph Campbell, Ann Rice, Joseph Heller, and Arjuna's taxi driver have all said recently, Look, existence is complicated enough to entail evil. All actions have myriad interpenetrating consequences with some self-contradiction inevitable; the best we can do is lean toward the good--no, the best is to find the center, God or whatever, then lean toward the good. Affirm the miracle. "Interconnectedness is the essence of everything." (--the dragon in John Gardner's *Grendel*.)

The problem is indirectness, and the commerce and capitalism that exacerbate it. "Money is the root of all wealth." (--Tom Smothers.) Therefore we raise our own meat, always have, always will, unless we go completely veggie. And butcher it ourselves. To me, to eat someone (which can be done respectfully) is not as evil as to pay somebody else to kill someone for you, and then to eat them. You may think I hate the cost more than the cruelty, but it is the opposite. The exchange of money makes the cruelty inevitable, "expedient," while the direct approach forces kindness, forces an involved grappling with the moral reality. How do you kill kindly? Live kindly, mostly, especially on the way to the block, make death swift and painless and honorable, the falling of ripe fruit. And deliberate, make death not a consequence of negligence.

Biology at ISU and then homesteading in the Ozarks, on top of a hunting, fishing and gardening upbringing, has left me in the thick of the biosphere. Listen. We're animals. Even vegetarians kill to live. It is truly consciousness-centrism that makes it more evil to kill a man than a chimp than a horse than a rabbit than a mouse than a fish than a grasshopper than a worm than an oak than a carrot than a bacterium. True, it is more evil, but it's also true that it's relative to many other factors. We're all in this dance together, from quarks on up. The lion is no more evil than the antelope. What is the best way to die? Life entails death, and Buddha says, sorrow.

"I came upon a butcher,  
He was slaughtering a lamb.  
I accused him there,  
With his bloody hand.  
He said, 'Listen to me now,  
I am who I am,  
And you . . .  
Are my only son."  
--Leonard Cohen, "The Butcher," who is God.  
He kills us all.

Aw, shit. On the homestead the weeds from the garden go to the rabbits, and the manure goes back to the garden, and the people eat the carrots and the rabbits, and they plant and raise more, and drink from the spring, and raise babies and wonder about the world and grow old and die, and are buried down the road, and bacteria eat them, and grandchildren visit the grave, well-fed, and pray they won't be sent to die too soon.

But life is mostly beans and rice, with meat on Sunday, maybe, and occasionally no food at all for a while. But the garden is pretty, and so are the baby rabbits, even though they will be eaten, in time. And the woods and the river are pretty, too, and the hills and the sky and the blue planet in the black of starry space. And even the blood and manure and old bones. Where does your dinner come from and go to? Including the trace metals in vehicle effluents, the plastic wrappers, the road kills to get it to you, the rape and domination of nature--all to increase the weight of human meat on the planet.

And on that abortion question, the answer is contraception, be part of the world, deliberately, instead of against it. And vivisection, does that include mowing the lawn? Swattin' skeeters? Spaying cats? Removing fish hooks from cats? Or surgery on horses, or people? Jehovah's Witnesses refuse transfusions, for "the blood is the Life," but such absolutism eventually leads to absurdity. Not that there are no rules, just that they have exceptions, given the Big Picture. And a pluralist reality.

Vaguely,

Steve Folkers

save human life, and "only if no alternative exists."

"My animal companions include..."

A single respondent has chosen not to share a home with any animal. However, the remaining readers could nearly populate the ark: dogs, cats, birds, fish, rabbits, a rat, goats, ISU students, "about 20 million cockroaches," and something called a "Scott." These creatures enhance our lives, (with the possible exception of the last three), and we are richer for their companionship. But there are moral and ethical arguments about even this, in a society where the average cat or dog lives better than the homeless or the elderly.

This completes the first half of the survey. (I would have the entire summary here, but a power glitch wiped out my nearly-finished article. Bummer!) I will have the remainder of the poll results in the next issue.

In closing, I would like to comment now on a letter I received from "Vaguely, Steve Folkers." His rambling tirade was aimed, I gather, at anyone who questions whether cruelty and suffering should be eased. [see "Relatively Speaking"] He says: "Listen. We're animals. Even vegetarians kill to live." I can understand his nihilism, where "life entails death . . . God. He kills us all."

Of course, I might accept his treatise with more grace if not for his opening line. (Should this man read *How to Win Friends and Influence People*?) Look, I've never aspired to any sainthood; I just write this column because I feel it's important, and other people, who send in opinion polls say, "Thank you to the Post . . . I enjoy your articles and I thank you for keeping us informed on animal issues."

And so, Mr. Pluralist Reality, you are welcome to your opinions. I want reader input, even from you. So keep those cards and letters coming, Mr. Folkers. And please stay tuned for Part II of the Animal Rights Opinion Poll.

--RAF



Eat your date,

not your livestock

The results are in . . .

## Post Amerikan opinion poll #2 For the love of animals

Two issues ago, the *Post* ran an Animal Rights opinion poll. While the response was not large (due either to readership disinterest or lack of the requisite stamp to mail it), there were enough responses to get an unscientific analysis of local interests.

The poll was written to represent a small handful of the tenets involved in the A-R issue. I hoped to rely on the reader to supply the "meat" (so to speak) of the response. In this goal, I was not disappointed, though maybe in the legibility department. Here is a summary of the first half of the survey, with appropriate guest commentary.

"You are given a mink teddy bear as a valentine gift..."

Opinions were split on this one. 37% of the respondents would slug the giver and donate the bear to PETA. 25% would love the sinner and hate the sin by refusing the gift. 25% would welcome a mink Teddy, though one person deleted the "bear" and just wants to wear it. To each their own...

"A banquet you attend serves veal roulade, broiled lobster and pheasant under glass..."

A full 50% of the readers would discreetly eat the salad and veggies, with, perhaps, a quiet comment that "calves are cute." 37% would just chow down, while 12% would lambast the host and leave. Then there's the one homebody who needs to be invited out more often...

"A feral cat gives birth under your porch..."

First, I would like to state a personal opinion. I believe that responsible compassion should always

be the best choice. Circumstance should dictate whether you take the responsibility for another life. The options I included may be right or wrong, just depending. 63% responded that she should be left to nature, with maybe a nutritional nudge or two. 25% would rather let Animal Control deal with the problem. One person of the eight said s(he) would take responsibility for the family's future. Bless you, but do you realize how hard that can be?

"You hit a dog while driving to work..."

Once again, there is no one favorite answer. The workaholic minority (25%) can't wait to get to work to call the Animal Control. 37% would put it in the car and drive to their personal vet. However, the best response came from the three readers who would, after making sure the dog is out of immediate danger, start knocking on doors or trying to find the owner. Two readers expressed fear that an injured dog might bite, a very real possibility. If the owner couldn't be found, they suggested calling the police from near the site of the accident. A thoughtful and timely solution.

"Animals should be used for laboratory research..."

Luckily, only one respondent in eight felt that cosmetic testing and laboratory research should be given carte blanche in using animals for anything that benefits humanity. Too many millions of sentient beings are tortured and mutilated to allow this senseless destruction to continue. 37% felt that under no circumstance should animals be used in labs -- "unless they volunteer!" The other 50% could sanction "non-redundant" research in new procedures that would

## Hats off to BHS! High school honchos unveil hat rule

Here's a story that will make you nostalgic for the days of school rules about hair length. Paranoid school officials at Bloomington High School recently initiated a new dress code in the last two weeks of school. The code: a regulation forbidding the wearing of bandanas or hats on school grounds during class periods.

The reason for this somewhat arcane regulation is a newfound fear of gang activity on school grounds. The recent knifing of a man on Bloomington's west side (with two adults and two teens involved in the stabbing) has sparked anxiety among local officials about the spectre of gang violence. The hat reg is an attempt (however ridiculous) at quashing gang involvement among disenfranchised BHSers. According to school officials, local gang members have been using headgear as a means of identifying colors.

At least one non-gang-affiliated student has reportedly been suspended for refusing to kowtow to the constitutionally questionable rule.

Nice to know that stupidity hasn't gone out of fashion among high school administrators.

--Denny Colt

## THIS IS AN URGENT MESSAGE

Don't

let 'em pull the plug!  
Electric Coffee  
needs your help

Electric Coffee has lost its lease. That's right, on May 16 Eddy Building owner Bill Mullins served Electric Coffee notice to vacate by the thirtieth of June. Mullins doesn't seem to think EC will fit in with the character of the businesses he hopes to have occupying the Eddy Building in the future. Fortunately, though, we've been able to talk him into giving us a probationary period, until June 30.

Electric Coffee has housed many community groups and artists who appreciate and need a public forum, including Heartland Productions, Rape Crisis Center, Habitat for Humanity, the Animal Protection League, Freedom Thrust, the AIDS Task Force, McLean County Dance Association, PETA, Operation Recycle, Alcoholics Anonymous, Pledge of Resistance, ISU Freestage, and an array of talented artists, musicians, dramatists, and writers.

Please show your support for Electric Coffee by writing a letter to Bill Mullins, c/o Electric Coffee, 427 N. Main, Suite 214, Bloomington, IL 61701. If he learns that this community wants and needs EC as a noncommercial, public access space, he's not likely to shut it down. For more information on using EC for your group, performance, etc., call (309) 827-7464.

# Community News

## C.A.P.I.E. lecture: birth/environmental issues

C.A.P.I.E. Childbirth and Parenting Information Exchange is a group dedicated to providing information for alternatives in birth and child care. All meetings are free and open to the public. Children are welcome to attend meetings. The next C.A.P.I.E. meeting will be held at the Bloomington Public Library on Monday, June 26, at 7:00 p.m. Deone Beth Orvis, an environmental educator from Pana, IL, will speak on "Birth and Environmental Issues." Children are beautiful. Every adult should help to provide them with a beautiful world. Come to find out how you can help. For more information, call Patti at 828-1735.

## Planned Parenthood needs you

Planned Parenthood of Mid-Central Illinois is collecting anonymous first-hand accounts of abortion experiences in our fight to keep abortion safe and legal. Call Planned Parenthood at 827-4368 for more information, or send your story to:

Planned Parenthood  
of Mid-Central Illinois  
318 W. Washington  
Bloomington, IL 61701.

## Pro-choice lobby day

The Pro-choice Alliance has planned a lobby day at the Springfield legislature on Tuesday, June 6. Let's keep abortion safe and legal and show legislators our strength. We will be silent no more! Supporters are urged to meet at the Hall of Flags, Centennial Building, 2nd and Edwards Sts., in Springfield, for a day of pro-choice action. On the agenda:

Morning Coffee, Networking and  
Registration, 10:30 to 11:30 a.m.

Briefing, Lunch and Featured Speakers, 11:30  
a.m. to 1:00 p.m.

Legislative Visits, afternoon

Return to Hall of Flags, Debriefing, 3:30 p.m.

Were you at the pro-choice demo in  
Bloomington April 9? Do you remember  
your photo being taken? If you'd  
like a copy, call 828-7232 and leave  
a message.

## Nominations for Elder Activists

Nominations of outstanding elder activists for social justice and peace at the grassroots level are being sought for the 1991 War Resisters League Peace Calendar.

With the theme, "Celebrating Sustained Activism," the Calendar will profile selected veteran activists from each state, as well as from the District of Columbia and among Native Americans. Each will be portrayed and quoted on a page of the appointment calendar opposite the listing of one week's days and dates.

Calendar Editor Pat Farren, who also edits *Peacework*, a monthly peace and justice newsletter published by the New England regional office of American Friends of Service Committee, stressed that the project is not seeking nominations of nationally prominent activists, but of individuals less well known who are respected for years of long achievements in nonviolent social change at the grassroots level. "As well as paying tribute to elders whose work and whose lives have made a difference locally in various social movements" said Farren, "the calendar will inform and inspire younger activists to avoid burn-out and continue their social change involvement over the long haul."

Nominations including names and addresses of veteran activists 50 years and older, along with causes and groups with which they are identified, achievements, and other pertinent qualities of leadership, should be sent by August 6 to: 2161 Massachusetts Ave, Cambridge, MA 02140. Names and addresses of those submitting nominations should also be included.

The War Resisters League peace appointment calendars have been published annually since 1956 by the national pacifist group which, since its founding in 1923, has worked nonviolently "for the removal of all causes of war."

War Resisters League.

## WIC adds hours

The McLean County Health Department's Women, Infants and Children Supplemental Food Program, WIC, provides nutritious foods, encourages regular health care and promotes good nutrition through education. Pregnant or nursing women and children under age five residing in McLean County may qualify for WIC services including supplemental foods, free of charge.

WIC program services are now available additional evening hours on the third Wednesday of each month and on selected Saturdays. Appointments are required. Furthermore, WIC coupons may also be obtained between 4:00 p.m. and 7:00 p.m. on the third Tuesday of each month.

WIC can help your child through better nutrition. For more information, contact the McLean County Health Department's WIC program at 888-5457.

## 24% fall in collective union bargaining

Did You Know?

That the percentage of American (US) workers with a collective bargaining agent (union) has fallen from 24% in 1979, to 17% in 1988. The Percentage of workers who are employed and are poor (family income below poverty line) increased by 40% between 1978 and 1986. Also, between 1979 and 1987 family income for the poorest fifth of US population fell by 61% while that of the richest fifth grew by 11.1%.

The US population ranks 20th in the rate of infant mortality, behind Spain and Singapore. Real wages in America have fallen by 16% in the last 16 years. US industrial productivity has increased by about 30% in the same period.

# Fan mail from some founder

People:

I'm, with the help of other people, trying to get a small, alternative paper called "Mind Speak" started.

I picked up several copies of your paper (Dec. '88-Jan. '89) while shopping in Bloomington-Normal, and thought it had to be the coolest piece of tree I've ever read.

What I was wondering, would you guys mind if I put an article about your paper in my paper? Like a free ad? Tell them 'bout you and how they can get their very own subscription to *Post Amerikan*?

Write me back to tell me if you'd mind, or you'd rather me stick my suggestions up my ass.

Sincerely,  
Bob Burns

Dear Bob:

Few (as you will soon find out) are the words of praise and encouragement given to the muckraking journalist. We savor them like the

# Ode to dear (departed) Abbie

Dearest Posters:

As a non-Normalite, a former contributor (I reviewed *200 Motels* and interviewed God), a graduate of the 60s, if not of ISU, and as former co-chairman of the ISU chapter (1969) of the Youth Intergalactic Party (Willy and I were the only ones that had read *Revolution for the Hell of It*, so we yelled "Yip, Yip, YIPPIE!!!" every public occasion and conspired to litter with our FREE FREE

Tina has never had a teddy bear...



POST AMERIKAN P.O. Box 3452 Bloomington, IL 61702

# Letters:

finest French wine, Belgian chocolates and Pharmaceutical speed. So go ahead, with our blessings--nay, our gratitude, and tell your readers they can get the *Post Amerikan* by sending four bucks and their address to us at P.O. Box 3452, Bloomington, IL 61702. Let us know how you're doing with your paper. We'd be glad to tell you the secret of our success, but we haven't yet figured out if we've been successful at anything. But if, like the *Pantacrap*, a newspaper's success is measured in advertising revenue, then we're failing miserably.

# Neo-Nazis in Idaho: potato-skinheads

Dear *Post Amerikan*:

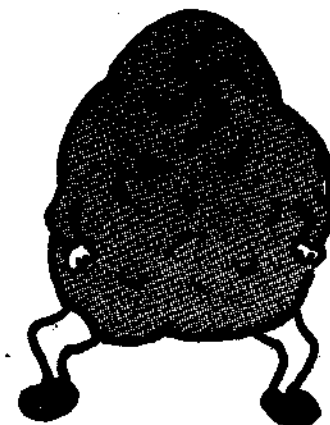
I went to a demonstration for racial equality in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho on April 22. The demonstration was called in response to Richard Butler, head of the white supremacist Aryan Nations group, calling a national conference of Nazi skinheads at his Hayden Lake compound.

After a rally at the corner of Hwy. 95 and Appleway in Coeur D'Alene, we walked seven miles out Hwy. 95 near the Hayden Lake compound for a rally there. The size of the final rally ranged from 1,110, according to the estimate of the Hearst-owned Seattle newspaper, to 1,800, according to the organizers. A march through Coeur D'Alene which had been planned by the Neo-Nazis was canceled. Richard Butler stated the reason for the cancellation was to protect the Neo-Nazi youth from people with AIDS from Seattle and San Francisco, rather than simply protecting them from people in general.

Local county, state and federal police were all over the place. They could be seen filming the anti-fascist demonstration from a helicopter and a car on Hwy. 95.

Still, the walk and the rally went smoothly without any confrontation with police or skinheads. More demonstrations should be and are being organized as individuals and groups form coalitions in response to the actions of the skinheads, the KKK and other Neo-Nazis.

Richard Mote



PRESS), and by the feeble power invested in me by this goddamn Royal Safari portable manual (also a veteran of the time), I do hereby conjure thee, print this and thou dast:

Dear Abbie, dear Abbie, now that you're dead, Was revolution all in your head? Was it just something to crack jokes about, And ain't it a riot how it's all turned out? Signed, Revolted.

Revolted, Revolted, so where is the beef? What do I care, how you spell relief? I was just tryin' to have me some fun, Make the world better, and not hurt anyone. Signed, Dear Abbie.

Dear Abbie, dear Abbie, apolitical blues Have ripped off my teeshirts and unlaced my shoes This last election was almost obscene; If I vote at all, I will prob'ly turn green. Signed, Enfranchised.

Enfranchised, Enfranchised, so where is... (etc.)

Dear Abbie, dear Abbie, oh what have I dud? I played pioneer, like some cute Elmer Fudd. You grabbed the world by the balls and yelled "FIRE!"

I wish I was such a creative liar. Signed, Not Jealous.

Not Jealous, Not Jealous, so where is ... (etc.)

(with apologies to John Prine and George Metesky)

Yours in crime,  
Steve Folkers

p.s. Not as long, current, or politically correct, so maybe funnier:

AIN'T NO HOPE  
NOW THEY SAY  
IN SOCIALIST ROAD  
TO MANDALAY.  
BURMA-SHAVE

p.p.s. That's a big "Bolshoi!" to BS, wherever you are, and a flick of the BIC at Diesel Dick. And a pie in the face for ex- Sheriff King.

Still Steve Folkers

Send me a subscription for \$4.  
Send me Post Amerikan T-shirts @ \$9.00 each. S M L XL  
Here's my generous contribution. Don't spend it all in one place.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY STATE ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 5 of "To live and die for Unicorn"

# "What's a motherfucker to do?"

Yes, it's finally here! Another exciting installment of the life and times of our favorite prison analyst-on-the-spot, Marta Helm. And it's particularly appropriate for this issue, which you may have noticed is more Anglo-Saxon and forceful in its language than usual.

In going to prison, a womyn loses many things: her liberty, her questionable civil rights, her dignity, her virginity—but one of the first things to go is her squeamishness.

When you are eating, for example, and discover something that looks even stranger than the food, you can:

1. seek and find the owner if it's a body part, or
2. if it's otherwise recognizable, you can eat around it or just go quietly pale, or
3. if you've already imbibed part of it, you can excuse yourself and go barf, but

4. under no circumstances do you shriek: "Ooh, eek, a bug, hair, etc."

You also get thick-skinned in matters of hygiene. When you piss and shit behind 49 other wimmen, you just can't afford to think what was on the ass that warmed the seat before you.

Likewise, you ignore the pubic hair in the shower, and if you find a turd floating around at your feet (I have!) you kick it down the drain.

Another area where calluses are quickly developed is the matter of modesty. You get used to being patted down / groped by all manner of uniformed semi-humanity. Some wimmen, though, never seem to get accustomed to the strip search, where bodily orifices are viewed and/or inspected. (Personally, I have nothing but the greatest respect for any hack willing to get that close to my crotch!)

And then there's the matter of language. That four-letter carnal verb, that queen mother of dirty words, is so commonplace as to go unnoticed in conversation. Anyone of any age and either sex qualifies as a motherfucker—even inanimate objects.

The term is frequently used without rancor, as in "Girl, your motherfuckin' hair looks fine!"

Being (at one time) a sedate, middle-aged, rural Missourian, I winced the first few dozen times I heard "fuck" in all its variations; but then it sort of insinuated itself into my vocabulary and now it just falls naturally and trippingly off my tongue.

I didn't realize how far I had come (or how low I had sunk?) till the other evening when a friend and I were discussing her lawsuit against the feds for nerve damage due to too-tight handcuffs.

She sighed and opined that her suit was an exercise in futility (yea, verily, "courting" Uncle Sam is like trying to empty the Atlantic Ocean with a teaspoon).

"Yeah," I sighed in sympathy, adding unconsciously, "What's a motherfucker to do?"

Jeez! I guess I've arrived!

--Marta Helm

## Songs my mother never taught me

A selection of tunes sent to us by prison correspondent Marta Helm.

From my earlier outpourings, you may have gathered that life in the American penal system sucks: well, it does! But ... it is not without its lighter side.

The Xmas of 1986 was spent in the Greene Co. Jail. For want of anything better to do (murder, mayhem, and masturbation have previously been tried and found wanting) we started to sing. Being a raunchy bunch, smut was quickly introduced. Witness the following, penned by yours truly in a moment of blinding inspiration. The tune is, of course, "Jingle Bells."

Dashing through the jail  
with an Uzi in my hand,  
Sorry to be leaving, Chief,  
but you got to understand.  
It's just the goddamn roaches  
I wish they all were dead  
One ran in my (bleep!) last night  
and tried to give me head.

Chorus:  
Oh, drop those keys, raise those hands,  
Don't touch that alarm.  
Open up the fucking doors,  
I don't wish you much harm;  
But I'll blow up the goddamn jail  
And blow you up as well,  
And you will be meeting your ass  
on the way to hell.

Dashing through the jail  
with an Uzi in my hand  
Sorry to be leaving, Chief,  
but you got to understand.  
It's just the goddam food;  
I've gotta leave it be.  
I blinked at my potatoes last night  
And they winked back at me.

Then I came to Lex and was quickly pushed to new heights of tuneful sarcasm. Some of you may remember a MASH episode featuring a song called "I Don't Want No More of Army Life." I unabashedly lifted the melody for the following stirring words.

The hacks here in the prison  
Are varied, you might say;  
They come from every sewer  
Across the USA.

Chorus:  
Oh, I don't want no more of prison life,  
Gee, ma, I wanna go home.

The inmates here in prison  
Are the strangest I have seen,  
There's lots of males and females  
And some that are in between.  
(Chorus)

The cooks here in the prison  
On us they have no pity.  
A visit to the dining hall  
Is a trip to ptomaine city.  
(Chorus)

The doctors here in prison  
Are full of power and pelf.  
They'll kill you or they'll cure you  
Or you'll get well by yourself.  
(Chorus)

The chaplains in the prison  
Have no fear of overwork.  
If Tom Scott's not in Louisville  
Then Sister's in New York.  
(Chorus)

The warden of the prison  
You seldom see or hear,  
But he must be doing something.  
Cause inmates disappear.

Coming soon: "Take two motrin and (don't) call me in the morning."

Who  
Loves  
You  
Like  
Your  
Mama  
Do?

ROCK N ROLL EMPORIUM  
1 1/2 NORTH ST.  
NORMAL, IL. 61761



# El Camino Cruel

## North America Crackdown on the new wave of Central American refugees

In an attempt to staunch the flow of massive new waves of Central American refugees, the Rio Grande corridor of South Texas and the Mexican-Guatemalan border zone of Chiapas have been placed under de facto martial law.

As part of a generalized crackdown on Central American refugees, Mexican and U.S. security forces have been augmented, while immigration authorities intermittently have tightened restrictions on asylum applications, work permits, and travel. Simultaneously both countries have stepped up the rate of deportations.

Jails and immigration detention centers are crammed to over-capacity in Texas. Thousands of refugees are sleeping in parks, church shelters or in open fields. Local newspapers describe the near-panic that has gripped the area ("WAR REFUGEES FLOOD VALLEY") while right-wing editorials call for building additional jail space and implementing even more Draconian security measures.

As travel restrictions for Nicaraguans were loosened in mid-January, thousands migrated on buses to Miami, where city officials blamed Texas politicians for shifting this unmanageable burden onto the residents of Florida. Senator Bob Graham of Florida put it quite bluntly: "Those who don't deserve asylum should not be allowed to violate our borders."

Meanwhile, the Bush administration continues its program of economic destabilization directed toward the Sandinistas in Nicaragua, at the same time, offering the Contras and their supporters asylum in the U.S. Bush's misguided policies, critics say, are the major cause of the problem.

In Mexico, migration and military authorities have reinforced a "security cordon" across the Guatemala border and are turning back or detaining every undocumented refugee who tries to cross the frontier. As noted by this reporter in several trips to the border crossings at Tecun Uman and La Mesilla, the only way for refugees to get into Mexico is to pay a bribe to migration officials or else to slip across an unguarded section of the border at night--an action which incurs the risk of being shot. Only those accompanied by bribe-paying coyotes or those who have migrant labor papers indicating that they will be working on one of Chiapas' notoriously exploitative agro-export plantations are allowed entrance.

A recent harrowing ride on a "Coyote Express" bus filled with terrified Salvadorans travelling through the Guatemalan-Mexico border area gave me a taste of the utterly horrible conditions that prevail. According to reports in the Guatemalan press and testimony given to Catholic Church relief workers in Chiapas, many if not most of the refugees who succeed in getting inside Mexico are then robbed or raped by these same coyotes, by criminal gangs operating along the border, or by Mexican security forces.

Thousands of desperate campesinos continue to pour out of the Central American isthmus each week, joining the estimated 2 million who have already managed to escape. According to recent statistics, one out of every 15 Central Americans has fled the region. Meanwhile, additional thousands of undocumented Mexican workers continue to stream

across the U.S. border, leaving behind an economic and political situation that each day more closely resembles Central America.

Canadian and U.S. refugee support staff in Mexico City and Texas have noted a recent sharp rise in the numbers of Salvadorans, Guatemalans and Hondurans seeking asylum, as well as a continuous torrent from Nicaragua. Latest studies published by Americas Watch and Amnesty International emphasize a marked increase in political repression and human rights abuses in Guatemala, El Salvador, and Honduras, which refugee counselors say have caused the new influx.

The majority of Nicaraguans I interviewed in Brownsville, Texas, on the other hand, were either former Contras or else were fleeing the economic devastation that has ravaged the country. Ironically enough, only these former Contra mercenaries or supporters (and family members) stand any real chance of being awarded political asylum status in the U.S. Up until the present, approximately 75%-85% of Guatemalan, El Salvadoran and Honduran requests are denied--according to recent statistics published in the *Washington D.C. publication, Refugee Reports*

Outside of a tiny refurbished area near the International Bridge, Laredo, Texas looks just like what it has become: part of the Third World. Its pockmarked streets and roadways are strewn with debris and broken-down cars. Shabbily-dressed panhandlers with outstretched palms are standing on nearly every street corner. Along the sidewalks in the downtown area, in front of storefronts offering gangas gigantes (bargain sales), a number of people are intently rummaging through garbage cans. At first, I assume that these scavengers are looking for bottles and cans to recycle; that is, until I notice an elderly Hispanic couple sharing scraps of bread and semi-decomposed bananas that they've retrieved from a filthy trash barrel.

A wide variety of heavily-armed police patrol the border zone, as well as all roadways leading out of the security corridor into the interior of Texas: DEA (Drug Enforcement Agency), INS (Immigration and Naturalization Service), FBI, Customs (U.S. Treasury), U.S. Border Patrol, County Sheriffs, City Police, Texas Highway Patrol, and even National

Guard Reservists--all supposedly carrying out the "war on drugs" and/or protecting U.S. national security from the influx of illegal aliens. Any automobile or pedestrian can be stopped within a 60-mile radius of the border, with or without "probable cause," especially if persons display "Latino" physical characteristics.

According to Louis Menendez, a former assistant federal public defender lawyer in Laredo: "There are so many divisions of law enforcement here that this is a town under martial law."

Anne Wallace, a local legal worker and Zapata County representative for Amnesty International, told me in a telephone interview that bodies are regularly seen floating down the Rio Grande, that several clandestine cemeteries have been discovered across the border in Mexico, and that nearly 100% of all Central American refugees are robbed or raped by coyotes in their terrifying

transit through Mexico or during their forced sojourn in the Rio Grande corridor.

"In Guatemala," Wallace said, "there is approximately one soldier for every 200 civilians, while there's only one medical doctor for every 2,600 people. If you add up the respective numbers of law enforcement personnel and doctors here in Webb, Zapata, Hidalgo, Starr, and Cameron counties, you'll end up with about the same proportions. The Reagan and Bush administrations have turned the entire Rio Grand Valley into one huge detention center."

In early December, Amnesty International sponsored two rock concerts in Laredo and Nuevo Laredo, featuring well-known musicians, in an attempt to call attention to the wretched conditions that exist on both sides of the border.

Since May of 1988, approximately 100,000 Central Americans have swam or floated across the Rio Grande near Harlingen and Brownsville,

# Christian college tries to

# substitute

# Black voters in OKC

Texas. Over 30,000 have turned themselves in to immigration authorities in Harlingen, asking for political asylum. Thousands more have been arrested by the security forces, who methodically patrol the area and interrogate all "suspects" they can find on the streets, in the parks, in boarding houses, and even in the public libraries. Last year, the U.S. deported almost 1.5 million Mexicans and Central Americans. A number of those sent back to Guatemala and El Salvador were promptly murdered by death squads or military units, according to church and human rights organizations.

For those six million illegal aliens who have somehow managed to penetrate into the interior of the U.S., every-day survival and job opportunities have deteriorated, especially since the implementation of the Simpson-Rodino Law sanctions in May of 1988. Employers now face heavy fines if they hire undocumented workers. In addition, "La Migra," the feared INS police, have been conducting raids in Latino neighborhoods throughout the United States, arresting and deporting thousands of Latin Americans.

Some of the Central American detainees are as young as 14 years old. Border Patrol Agent Oscar Garza admitted to me that 25 to 30 Central American youngsters are locked up every week in Laredo. The only way they can get out of detention is by agreeing to be deported back to Central America. Some of these teenagers are so terrified of returning to El Salvador or Guatemala that they've held out for up to nine months before breaking down and agreeing to be deported. "Once an alien has been deported," Garza told me, "it is a felony to try to cross into the U.S. again."

Garza refused to acknowledge that Nicaraguans are being given preferential treatment by INS officials, although he did admit that other Central Americans, fleeing from U.S. client states like Guatemala and El Salvador, are rarely recognized as having "genuine political asylum qualifications."

Critics charge that not only is the U.S. Justice Department treating refugees from the various Central American countries differently,

i.e., discriminating blatantly against everyone except ex-Contras and Contra supporters, but that its misguided policies are destroying the economy and social fabric of the South Texas area. The Brownsville area has an unemployment average of 20%, for example, while the U.S. as a whole claims an average of only five percent.

On New Year's Eve I visited a desolate and depressing encampment of 500 Central American refugees near the Brownsville International Airport. Under plastic and cardboard "tents" propped up against scrub brush and mesquite trees, young families and single young men and women told me wistfully how they'd like to make a new life in the United States or Canada. One young man from Guatemala, Manuel, aged 19, asked me if it was true that Canada was more sympathetic to the plight of Guatemaltecos than the U.S. Immigration Service in Harlingen. I didn't know what to tell him, since Sheila Reed, a Canadian Central American refugee counselor in Mexico City had just told me the week before that U.S. and Canadian policies seemed to be becoming almost indistinguishable.

In the Guatemala City newspaper, Prensa Libre, on January 15, I read that Brownsville police had broken up the refugee encampment near the airport. According to Brownsville authorities, the refugees hadn't caused any disturbances, but they were "occupying private property." I remembered what Manuel told me, just as it was getting dark, when I asked him what it would take in order for him and others like him to return to Guatemala. "No se [I don't know]," he rather shyly replied. His Salvadoran friend standing next to him answered instead: "Paz, justicia, trabajo, y tierra [Peace, justice, jobs, and land]."

--Jon Reed

Jon Reed is a free lance journalist based in Mexico and Central America. He may be contacted c/o John Stauber, 3318 Gregory St., Madison, WI 53711.

Those desiring to help or to receive further information on the plight of Central American refugees may contact: Proyecto Libertad, 110A East Jackson, Harlingen, TX 78550, telephone 512/425-9552.

This article hurts to write. It hurts more than anything that I have had to write over the past nine years of newspaper writing, two years of TV news, and ten years of free-lancing. I am going to have to suggest that Blacks, and fair minded progressives who are Christians think twice about attending a prominent Church of Christ College in Oklahoma--a college whose leading financial backer, and whose Young Republicans Club tried to sabotage the legal representation of Oklahoma City's Black voters in the north ward of the metropolis.

This hurts to write because I have been a member of the Church of Christ for 20 years. I was in the central church of Christ in Amarillo, in Texas when Minister Bob Barnhill helped launch a ministry for county jail inmates when larger churches had refused. I was a member of the two hundred-member Lawndale Church of Christ when minister Jack Mackey started a shelter for abused children after many congregations--some as large as 2000--refused to stir after two children died from abuse in Amarillo.

And it hurts because the son of an elder at the church which I am now attending has a son at the college in question. Alameda Church of Christ in Norman, Oklahoma was the only one of 60 churches in Norman to campaign before the city council in support of Birthright retaining its place of operation: the only agency in the city aimed at helping unmarried mothers who do not want abortions.

As a result of the attempt made by Oklahoma Christian College to sabotage a Black election I do not want to dissuade you from attending a Christian college, by all means go ahead: go to Abilene Christian University, Harding College, Lubbock Christian. But I ask you to think twice about Oklahoma Christian College. I am sure that Barnhill and Mackey, and the ministers at Alameda would be reluctant to endorse what happened at OCC, but the numerous events which I'm about to explain are disturbing for all those involved in the positive acts carried out by Church of Christ: medical care, and relief funds which help alleviate the abuse of minorities in South America.

### Financial manipulation

To understand what happened at OCC, you must understand Edward L. Gaylord, the Oklahoma billionaire whose family donations helped to start the college in 1950. In the 1988 Presidential election, Gaylord pulled in the "Cathy" comic strip after it attacked Republicans. He claimed that the strip was too political. But when McDonald's started an advertising campaign featuring "Cathy," the strip mysteriously re-appeared in the Daily Oklahoman.

The Feb. 25, edition of the Oklahoma Observer--a liberal alternative paper--featured a first-person account by former Oklahoman assistant news director, John R. Long (now a lawyer). According to

Long, Gaylord is a racist. Long reported that in 1980, after running a picture of a black woman on page one, he received a memo from Gaylord stating "No more niggers on page one."

### Unconstitutional practices

Gaylord's vindictive streak is evident after an episode involving the Oklahoma Industry Authorities in the early 1980's, when Gaylord was trying to lure new industry into Oklahoma. Then State Atty. Gen., Jan Eric Cartwright, ruled some of the OIA's practices were unconstitutional. Enraged, Gaylord ran a month long series of front page editorials urging the defeat of Cartwright in the upcoming elections. When KOCO-TV, Channel 5 demanded entry into OIA meetings, Gaylord retaliated by encouraging banking friends to cancel \$5 million worth of advertising. As a result no TV station now opposes or investigates Gaylord.

During a campaign visit to Oklahoma City made by George Bush in 1988, the Young Republicans from OCC assaulted Dukakis supporters on two separate occasions resulting in a lawsuit. No apology was ever offered by OCC for the inexcusable tactics of its YR who seemed to think civil rights applicable only to Gaylord Republicans.

### Sabotage

Now we come to the city council elections of 1989. Seat holder of Ward 7--a heavily Black area--Goree L. James was upset by 7 votes by political opposition new-comer Willa Dean Johnson. After a recount, the election was declared a tie... then a connection between the OCC and Gaylord was uncovered by Oklahoma's leading Black newspaper.

Goree opposed a sales tax election because of its repercussions for the poor. In addition he supported controversial black city manager, Terry Childers. He opposed efforts to run freeways through Black neighborhoods, even though such highways would have benefited the Cowboy Hall of Fame located in Northeast Oklahoma City where much of the city's black population resides. Gaylord has been both on/or head of the Cowboy HOF for years.

James' support of Jesse Jackson did little to endear him toward Gaylord. A powerful businessman owning the Grand Ole Opry, Opryland USA, several magazines and newspapers, not to mention HEE Haw, Gaylord is a powerful man. The Chronicle discovered that Gaylord was behind the effort to upset James, and its report rolled out as the ward prepared for a new election between the candidates James and Johnson.

The Chronicle determined that Ms. Johnson's campaign was being bankrolled by Gaylord, Mayor Ronald T. Norick, a conservative friend of Gaylord's, and Republican veterans. Ms. Johnson's radio advertising was co-ordinated by a Republican consulting firm.

The banner headline on the April 20 issue of the weekly black paper ran, "Norick Bunch Retools to Defeat Ward 7's James." The article stated that "In one precinct, at the Oklahoma Christian College, a conservative think tank bankrolled by Edward Gaylord, the super-conservative publisher of the Daily Oklahoman (an equally conservative publication which has throughout opposed Councilman James in the March 21 election) voted 240 for Mrs. Johnson and 25 for the incumbent councilman. Young Republican operatives had joined the March 21 campaign, going from door-to-door in white neighborhoods asking whites to go to the polls and vote against Councilman James."

The Chronicle pointed out another reason why Gaylord and OCC students were pushing against James: "Mr. James' seat was also targeted by the Norick-Oklahoman forces aimed at gathering the votes necessary to fire City Manager Terry Childers, who is Black." A Chronicle editorial noted of Norick, Gaylord et al, "Are these white conservative bigwigs Ward 7 residents? Why have they suddenly surfaced over here? What is their aim?" The editorial stated "the Norick bunch has come 'to the ghetto' to try and steal this election." Dr. Clyde Muse of the Spencer Church of Christ (just east of OKC) did not support OCC's efforts even though he is a Church of Christ minister. He joined his name to a full-page ad



# Central Park rape: moral indignation isn't enough

The recent rape in Central Park has brought a cry of rage from all sectors of society. Rightfully so. Regrettably, however, many of the screams getting the most media play are those the least deserving. Multi-millionaire Donald Trump took a full-page ad in a major NYC newspaper, supposedly, so as to express his moral indignation at the incident. Moral indignation, however, is cheap and degrading when guided by base self-interest. Can we afford to take Mr. Trump's righteousness at face value?

One of Mr. Trump's most valuable pieces of property is a hi-rise metropolitan malignancy known as -- be he ever so humble -- Trump Tower. Besides the many luxury boutiques and offices in the building there are also apartments. One vice-chairman at a Wall Street firm at which I worked was unable to rent an apartment there, as planned, since the \$5,500 allotted him for rent by the company could not cover even the cheapest one-bedroom apartment -- they start at \$7,000. As the mainly local readership of this paper may be ignorant of NYC geography, let me point out a fascinating coincidence: Trump Tower just happens to overlook the Central Park.

Now here is a man who could, if he were so inclined, give millions without so much as flinching, to support women's organizations that are doing concrete work to eradicate the problem of sexist violence. But a full page ad in the newspaper is cheaper.

Like most people, Donald Trump seems also to be unaware of the fact that the problem is not an isolated one. Violence against women is part of the fabric of our society. Greg Tate, in an article in the Village Voice, writes, "Rape is a universal crime. No one has to wander around bewildered that these youngbloods did this without being under the influence of crack, or that some were choirboys, went to good schools, had two parents in the home, and even a little spending change in the pocket. Boys from good homes commit rape all over this planet every day and there ain't no mystery why. Male aggression and violence against women are accepted practices in nearly every culture known to man."

The point that violence against women crosses all class lines cannot afford to be overlooked. The Nation (May 29, 1989) reports that "two years ago, in the wake of an incident of sexual harassment and a 'Take Back the Night' march, a wolf pack of thirty-five white Princeton men roved through the campus chanting, 'We can rape anyone we want.'"

Andrea Kannapell also stresses the mainly sexist nature of the crime:

"[The youths involved in this particular case] did not do it because they were black and Hispanic, but because they were male...It is true that disenfranchisement predisposes a section of the population to commit violent crimes. But women -- of all races and all classes and all ages -- are subject to this kind of attack from men -- of all races and all classes and

all ages. Military crackdowns in Harlem will not change that."

There is also violence that never leads to rape. I recall asking a woman I knew vaguely at work why she stayed with her present boyfriend, considering that he was punching her black and blue. One of her answers was, "Oh, all my boyfriends have beaten me up."

Furthermore, there is the related problem of non-violent sexism. It, in its own way, is even more insidious, in that it often manages to be overlooked by the same people who cry out against sexist acts of a more violent nature. Yet it works silently to support the more vicious acts.

The contradictions that often grow out of such a sexist climate are mind boggling. A male security guard at a former place of employment once remarked, upon reading about a rape in the paper, that the men involved should be hung by their balls. Not a minute passed, however, before the entrance of a mini-skirted female coworker of ours elicited not only his hateful glare, but also a comment that she deserved to get attacked walking around that way.

I can also remember an ex-lover's exasperation with her divorce lawyer, who, upon interviewing her and learning that her husband had a regular job, was a good lover, and did not beat her, inquired dumbfoundedly, "So why do you want a divorce?" A woman expecting anything more than a lack of negative qualities in her man was inordinately greedy. Her concerns -- the fact that they were not in love, or that he was a bigot, or that he sniffed cocaine in front of their 10 year old son -- never seemed to come to the lawyer's mind.

It is also frightening to see the extent to which women will adopt male-oriented attitudes toward other women. I recall an incident in which I found myself having to defend a black female coworker against an absolutely sexist attack by a white female coworker. The white coworker and I had been discussing for whom we were lusty at our workplace. When I mentioned the Black woman's name in that context, I was instantly confronted by a virulent tirade against the Black woman's moral fiber.

At first I assumed the attack was racially motivated, for I was well aware that my white coworker was far from enlightened on racial issues. It made my mind reel, however, when the real reasons for her tirade came to light. This particular woman, she said, had slept with not one, but with numerous men from the office, and on one occasion with two simultaneously. (I was not surprised to learn that her

information had come from the men claiming to have been among the lucky [sic] ones.) I confronted her with the idea that if indeed the woman involved in all these intrigues were depraved, surely the men were even more so. After all, they had not only actively participated in the same immoral acts, but had proceeded to spread the tale all over. She was shocked at my declaration. She simply could not fully fathom the idea that she was using a double standard in her judgments.

Though it is clear that the main issue at work in the Central Park rape is that of violence against women, the city's handling of the matter as well as the press's coverage of it, has been blatantly racist.

One Black writer, Cathy Campbell, related a personal incident: "A few years ago when a prepubescent girl was gang-raped by teenagers in my building, there was no mention of this crime in the media."

The police often fail to act in cases where it is Black against Black crime. As it turns out, the same youths involved in the Central Park rape had been terrorizing their own neighborhood -- beating people up, threatening people's lives, shooting BB guns into windows, and smashing up property -- for a period of at least six months before the Central Park rape was committed. Yet, as Anna Noriega, a resident of the besieged neighborhood, says, "It took the rape of a white woman in Central Park for the police to finally stop them."

Greg Tate, this time commenting on the aftermath of the rape, writes:

"We need to dissect the disregard for black life that allows City Hall to pretend class and race don't matter when 30 new cops are assigned to Central Park and none to the East Harlem neighborhood these same sociopaths had been terrorizing for months with nary a peep from the police or the press."

Mr. Tate is correct to point also to class difference. We live in a land where differences in income are extreme to the point of being obscene: Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca earns in a week what NYC school teachers must feed their families on for 10 years! And Iacocca is far from the top of the heap, just as NYC teachers are far from the bottom. The mind boggles.

There is no easy way to solve the problem of violence against women in America. But as long as we keep in mind the complex interrelationships that exist in a society such as ours, in which sexism, racism, and class differences are always at work, we can at least hope to move forward.

-Soto Bito

I must join the Nation's editorial staff in praising the coverage of this incident by The Village Voice (New York City weekly). Most of the quotations, and many of the ideas in my article are directly related to the excellent series of articles in their April 4, 1989 issue. It is available in Milner Library for those who wish to read it.



# Courthouse under siege by rabid feminists

I guess I should have taken the hint when I felt the unusual texture of hair on my face as I threw icy cold water in it at the seemingly midnight hour of 10 on an equally icy cold Sunday morning in April. And perhaps the whining tone to my yawns would have been proof enough for the average person. And obviously I was just deluding myself that the reason I was crawling about on all fours was the after effect of a heavy Saturday night. No, the foam around my mouth wasn't tooth paste. Despite everything everyone had ever tried to do for me, I had indeed become a rabid feminist... YAOOOOOWWL!

Once the initial shock that such an anti-social, communist-affiliated, anarchistic, lesbian-making, AIDS-causing disease had me in its grip, I madly tore through the community news pages of every piece of printed material that I could find to locate venues where I could put my newly grown powers of chaos to destructive use.

I pulled out my most shapeless overalls (that's what rabid feminists wear, isn't it?). I took a pair of gardening shears which I'd bought only the day before (another clue which I failed to perceive in my certainty that the restless woman's disease would never catch me), and proceeded to rip through my already short hair...

Hold on just one minute! You mean you had short hair already?

Well, yes.

Oh!

Does that make a difference?

Well, how short?

About a couple of inches on top, and no inches on the sides...

My God! You mean like a boy?

What?

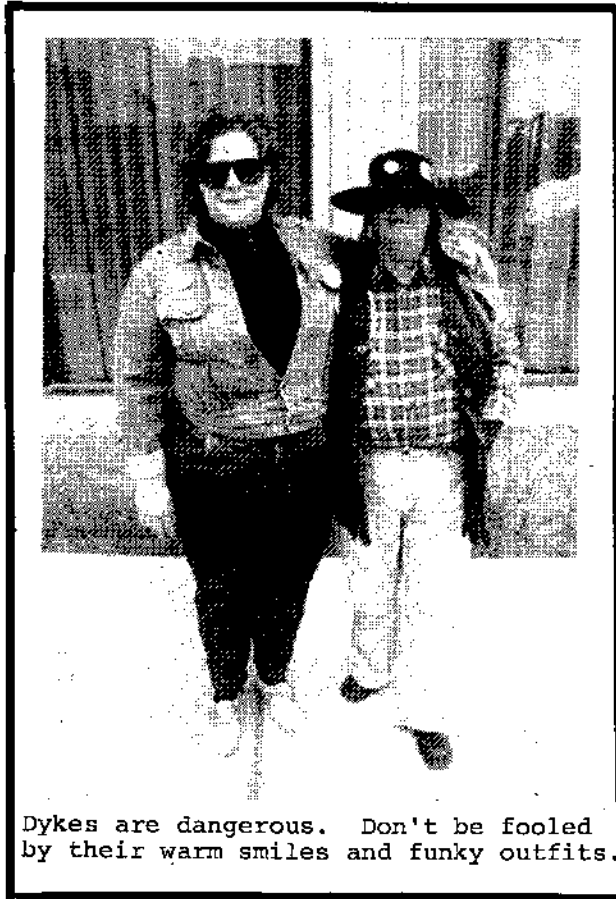
Stay away from me?

What is it?

YOU'VE BEEN ONE OF THEM ALL ALONG...

Whoever that was should also have known better than to get mixed up with anyone donning a boy's haircut!

Now back to my world take-over plans. Sadly Bloomington-Normal has only a limited outlet for the rabid feminist. However, Sunday 9th April revealed that it takes little to bring these dangerous creatures above ground. I found on that bitter April morn a vocal medium for the streak of world destruction and subversion inherent in all discontented women. Whilst rampaging through the sleepy streets of Bloomington, I came across that sacred symbol of equality, that architectural



Dykes are dangerous. Don't be fooled by their warm smiles and funky outfits.

representative of liberty, freedom and justice for all: I came across the Bloomington Courthouse. And exercising such rights in its hallowed and stately shadows, I saw a group of besieging protestors...

The humour with which I write this article is sadly a facade with which I attempt to momentarily lighten the consequential weight of the issues being fought for. The Rally held outside Bloomington Courthouse on 9 April was to promote women's equality and freedom of choice in the right to exercise control over our bodies. Despite the bitter winds, and the fear of choice which the Reagan/Thatcher revival of traditional family values has done much to encourage, the turn-out was remarkably good. Women and men raised placards which simply stated the effects and implications of making abortion illegal. In a fashion which symbolically reflected the issue in question, we marched around the Courthouse.

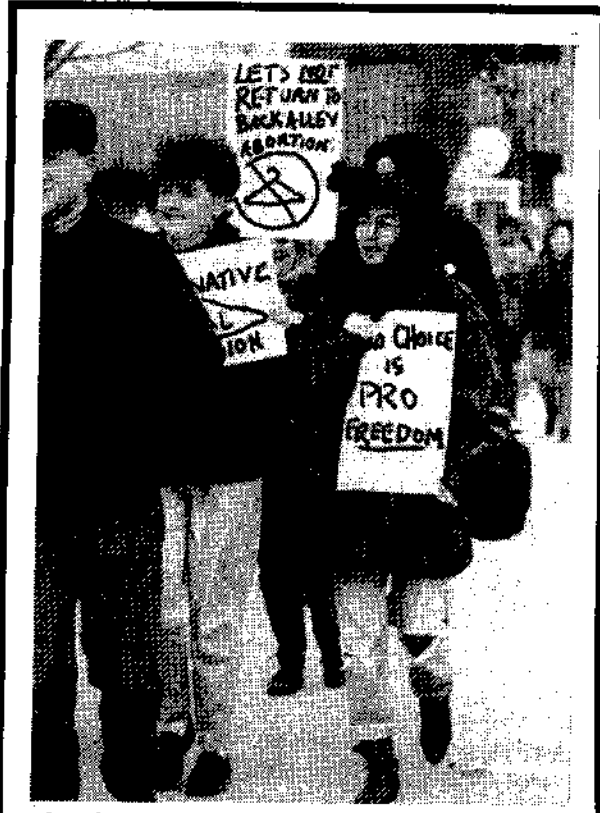
If back-street abortions are legalized, which a repeal of present abortion laws will inescapably enforce, the repercussions for women—not men—will extend far beyond those involving decisions of parenthood. When women gained control over their bodies, they gained significant control over other aspects of their lives, as well. The idea that the right of privacy can be truncated means that a broad range of familial and intimate decisions fall subject to the value preferences and prejudices of judicial legislators.

Access to quality health care is determined by one's economic status. Those who rely on federal funds are already restricted by the 1976 Hyde Amendment prohibiting the use of federal funds for abortions. Wealthy women will always be able to travel to those places where abortion is still legal to obtain safe services. Poor women will be denied access to abortion information and will be forced to return to the back-alley butchers that will leave them bleeding their reproductive lives away.

Before abortion was legalized in New York, 49% of the pregnancy-related deaths were due to illegal abortions. Of these deaths, 50% of the women were Black and 44% were Puerto Rican. Prior to legalization, 93% of therapeutic abortions were performed on white women in private hospitals

The majority of women seeking services from public hospitals, and the abortion facilities within them, are women of color. Any statutory changes limiting abortion services—which includes access to information, and counseling—will have its most profound repercussions not on white women, but on women of color.

According to an emergency memorandum issued by the Coalition of Women of Color for Reproductive Health, "Black women are 25 times more likely to get pregnant than white women." The memorandum also states that "women of color suffer disproportionately from a variety of serious health conditions which may be exacerbated by pregnancy." The immediate impact of legislative changes regarding abortion will be the worsening of an inadequate health care system for women that is already class-based



Don't be taken in by inflammatory sloganeering.

Making abortion illegal again will not stop women from terminating pregnancies—it will stop them from having safe abortions. Those who chose to voice their concern on Sunday 9 April exercised a simple right of choice. The planned changes regarding current abortion laws will simply remove the choice of a safe abortion which is currently available to women. It will never remove her need for choice: neither will it remove the need for abortions. The act of manslaughter, so often used in accusation of women who choose to abort a child, will be shifted onto the shoulders of arbitrary, uninvolved legislators who will no doubt one day be replaced by computerized questionnaires. Decisions will be cloaked beneath a statute legally binding women to the decisions of a patriarchal system no longer ashamed of ruling from the closet.

Virginia Girty



Why is this woman wearing dark glasses? What is she trying to hide?

# Extradition practices abusive

Most people don't realize that outlaws caught in one state and extradited to another are not transported by law officers. They are carried by independent companies who are hired by the law enforcement authorities. Bounty hunters really exist outside of cowboy movies.

One of these companies is Interstate Extraditions Inc., of Bloomington, Illinois. A prisoner in Michigan's Department of Corrections sent us a report of his experience traveling from Colorado to Michigan (via Wyoming, California, Arizona, and Texas) in an Interstate Extraditions van.

The prisoner, Mark Plimmer, is planning a lawsuit against the firm and the states that have contracts with Interstate Extraditions. Here is what he wrote us.

On 7/13/88, I was introduced to two extradition officers by the names of Don and Mark (last names were never given when asked) who were employed by Interstate Extraditions, Inc., PO Box 1342, Bloomington, Illinois. They came to extradite me to the state of Michigan from the state of Colorado. I was an escaped prisoner from the Michigan Department of Corrections.

I informed the two officers that I was taking prescribed medication for a very bad case of the flu. The medication was a decongestant to help take the fluids from my lungs and sinuses. The officers stated that they were not informed of any medication so there wasn't going to be any, but if there was any need for me to have medical attention down the road they would make sure I received it.

Entering the van used for extraditions, I met two men who were being extradited to Ohio. We were informed by the two officers that we were going to Thermopolis, Wyoming, to pick up another "body."

Leaving Thermopolis, Wyoming, after picking up a man named Warren Seymour, I asked the two officers for some aspirin because I had a very bad headache and I was having trouble breathing because of the fluid in my lungs, and my coughing was bringing up fluid with nowhere to spit, so I

had to swallow it. I was given aspirin several hours later. [Ed. note: a witnessed statement from Warren Seymour, verifying the events summarized in this article, was included with Plimmer's writing.]

We then arrived in Evenston, Wyoming, picking up a man who was going to Camden, New Jersey.

On 8/1/88, arriving in Sacramento, California, after driving through the night, we picked up another prisoner going to Michigan for escape. Another one joined us in Alameda.



At this point in the trip I became very ill. I asked the officers if it was at all possible to please see a doctor and get a prescription for some medication. The officers told me that I looked all right to them, no I could not see a doctor, and if I didn't shut up and quit complaining that they would see to it that I got an extra five years to my sentence when we got to Texas, as they had connections there.

On 8/2/88, we arrived in Orange County, California, after driving all night again, and picked up another man. Now we were on our way to Texas.

Going through the desert in California and Arizona, the heat was intense. We were refused anything to drink because it would make us have to use the toilet, and our jailers were pressed for time. So we watched them drink iced cold drinks in front of us.

In the desert between California and Arizona I became very dizzy and felt like I was going to pass out. My head was leaning back on the wall and when I leaned forward to cough, blood came gushing out of my mouth and nose. The other prisoners started screaming, "We have a sick man back here." The officers pulled the van over to the side of the road and opened the back doors to the van to have a look at me. They took a look at me, sitting just inside the back door, and gave me some napkins to hold the bleeding back and told the others to keep an eye on me. It was nothing serious, they said, I was just having a reaction to the high altitude we were in.

I again begged the officers to please take me to a doctor. It was then that the officers started teasing me and trying to turn the others against me by saying that I must have AIDS. My new nickname was "Shit for Brains." This was how I was addressed when spoken to.

When it became time to eat we stopped at McDonald's, and I asked the officers if it were possible to wash the blood off my face and hands before eating. I was told, "This is not a pleasure cruise." What they did do, though, was when they opened the back doors to pass the food back, they took the top off my Coke and poured the drink over my hands. This is how I washed before eating.

When we arrived in Eloy, Arizona, on 8/2/88, the wheel bearing went out on the passenger side of the van. This was the first time we were allowed out of the van for any length of time. We were put in an Eloy city jail cell, and still we never received a shower, and there was no doctor to see me. The next day we were put back in the van, on our way to Texas.

On 8/3/88, as we arrived in Alamogordo, New Mexico, the water pump went out on the van. We were housed in the city jail, where we received our first and only shower on this whole seven-day trip.

When asking to see a doctor, I was informed that the doctor was out and it would be too late to see him the next day because we were leaving for Texas early in the morning. So I never saw a doctor. The following morning I again asked to see a doctor or stop at a hospital because I had a high fever now and I was bleeding again. At that time they told me to wait until we got to Michigan because they were falling behind their schedule.

Again they washed the blood off me with the Coke from my meal. At this point I lost all track of time because I was in and out of being aware of what was going on around me.

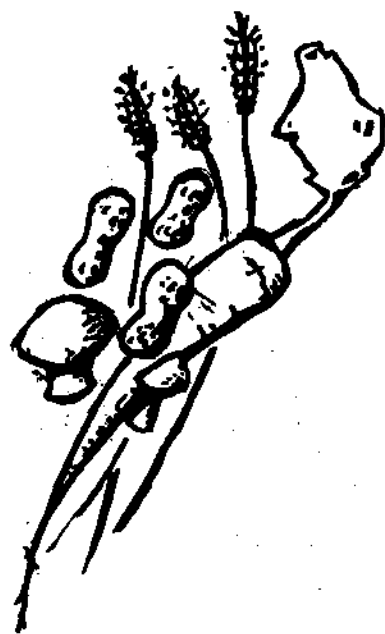
I remember waking up in Ohio somewhere. Our next stop was Jackson Prison in Michigan. I never thought I would be so happy to get to prison. The date was now 8/6/88. The next day I saw a doctor and I was weighed in and prescribed a decongestant. I had a slight temperature. I don't remember the figures, but I do remember that I had lost ten to fifteen pounds since the last weigh-in, in Colorado.

It was in Eloy, Arizona, that we found a pencil under a bed in our cell, and we all wrote down our names, addresses, and destinations on paper as witnesses of the treatment we were put through, in hopes that some day we could do something to stop them from treating people the way they treated us.

We received the total of one shower; I was forced to suffer cruel and unusual punishment for seven days, twenty-four hours a day, in the back of a Dodge van in the hottest part of the summer and country.

--Mark Plimmer

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Reflections on the chair

# Primary intent



Squeezing two smokes was stretching it a bit, but I was able to get one over on the bossman. I felt his eyes burning a hole through me, so I had to get back to swinging that yoyo. The thought of soup three times a day in solitary wasn't the least bit appealing. Besides, the solitary cells were also located on Q-Wing, just one floor above the Chair. I certainly didn't want to be THAT close.

Nixon and Agnew came to pass. Ford did, too. Come to think of it, I left, too. It was time for me to settle down and get married. After the kids were born and I had a respectable job, I fell into the routine of 8 to 5, dinner, and the evening news.

Maybe it was Cronkite (or was it Brinkley?). It didn't matter then; it doesn't matter now. Reports indicated that the State was sort of upset over a guy named Adams.

A quiet soft-spoken Adams, in prison most of his life, wanted to clear his conscience. What convinced the authorities in time was that Adams was able to supply some details which were known only to the police lab . . . and to him.

Chaos turned into more chaos as the State tried to backtrack. After another couple of years the paperwork war was finally won. A new Governor. A new Administration. Fingers were pointed. Adams was to stand trial. A white man before a white jury to receive another life sentence.

Pitts and Lee went home. For them, death turned around. They were free. Or were they?

--Neal Banner

[Note: The author's cover letter informs us that "The characters (all of them) are real (with the real names). It took place in Florida. I was there."]



Rumor had it that the electrical utility company refused to allow its electricity to be used in such a manner.

No matter, each Thursday like clockwork the lights would flicker at exactly 2:30 in the afternoon. Auxiliary power would kick in, and the testing would begin. It would only last a few moments. Those few moments would last a lifetime for many. For me it began as a teen curiosity. The long-timers already knew.

The auxiliary power had another purpose. It was sinister and deadly. Far removed from testing for shorts, continuity, voltage, and amperage, it would ultimately carry a surge of electrical current which would serve to cook a huge chunk of meat.

Commonly known as a yoyo, the tool's real name doesn't matter now. It didn't matter then. Most importantly, it kept a few of us busy and helped us to pass the time. Swinging it back and forth to cut the grass was just a requirement. Under the hot Florida sun, the blisters would soon turn into callouses.

Opportunity met curiosity one day. Stepping from the military-like formation of yoyo swingers to cool off in the shade, I stepped to the side and rested the handle of my yoyo against the light brown cement wall as I called for the water-boy and lit an unfiltered DC cigarette.

The tobacco was processed locally. Very locally. Unpaid labor had a quota of twelve pounds of tobacco to strip from dried leaves each day. As with the yoyo, if blisters didn't form, soup was the main course for at least two weeks. Two weeks of sleeping on solid cement. It also meant a shaved head, no toothbrush, and no smokes.

Nutritionally the soup was supposed to contain all of the daily minimum requirements. It was served in a worn aluminum bowl with a flat wooden spoon.

Looking in through the window at the end of Q-Wing was easy. The bossman was liberal, especially with his southern drawl. "Okay, Boy. Take five," he hollered. "Water 'em down" was the command from behind his mirrored sunglasses. Most of us seized the moment and peered through the closely-spaced metal-framed windows. We would never forget what we saw on that day twenty years ago. It was an inner chamber of horrors so deeply etched into memory that it can be seen as vividly today as it was then.

Everyone should get the chance to look at it. For real . . . not just a picture. To see it is not quite the same as to experience it. To see it is emotional enough. To experience it means to enter another world . . . a world from which there can be no return.

Oak is such a strong and beautifully dark wood. Many a fine piece of furniture has been created by skilled crafters. Normally lasting for decades, fine oak furniture can be built to outlive the creators. If the story is true about this particular oak chair, its creator entered another world once he sat upon it. Its beauty was lost, only to become a terrible monster.

Such was the design for this oak chair and those who eventually sat upon it. No manufacturing company would ever mass produce this furniture. So long as it could hold the weight and withstand

the tugs, beauty didn't matter. Each part was handcut and pieced together so as to form an indestructible and custom-built unit. Even when brand spankn' new, this furniture had already seen enough death. The oak tree was felled.

The leather straps attached to the oak chair began in much the same way that your steak dinner began. While your steak went through a meat processing plant to become U.S. choice or prime, the hide went to a tanning plant. There would eventually be new cowboy boots, leather upholstery, clothing, belts, and straps.

It hadn't been used in more than a year, yet the testing continued. Though we didn't know it then, it would be empty for several more years.

When Pitts and Lee were seen leaving a service station, it didn't take long for an all-white jury to convict them of murdering the attendant during a robbery. It must have been horrible to be black and poor. Perhaps I was just fortunate; I was neither. But that didn't stop me from knowing something was very wrong.

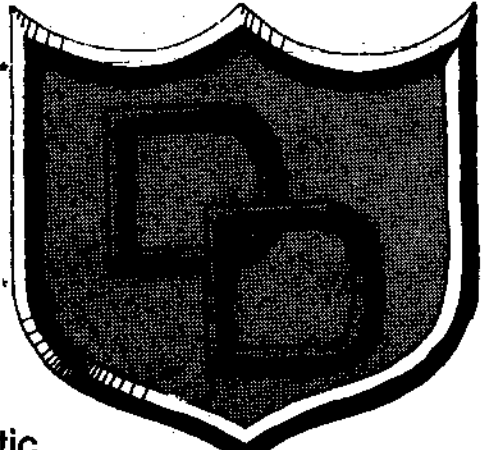
Everyone knew they deserved to be on Death Row, and furthermore, that it was way past time for them to meet the executioner.

The delay just didn't make any sense. After all, they had been arrested, a fair jury found them guilty, and above all, the news reporters and anchors were so convincing. Why, then, didn't they just pull the switch and get it over with? Heck, they didn't even need a jury and, quite aside from all that, why did the State even bother to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in hearings, trials, and appeals? Unless it was the political show!

Pitts and Lee faced death constantly from their adjacent cement-walled cells. For twelve years they each sat on a cold steel bunk with nothing to look at except a Gideon Bible . . . and death. The Supreme Court would eventually rule.

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# The politics of video mania

Buzz, jar....., wobble zap. Tat a tat a tat a tat a tat, werrrr. Arrrrrrrr, bunk, wosh, gemrrrr. "Gulp" Zap, tat a tat.....thud. "Shit," utters out as 'Game over' illuminates the screen.

The familiar sounds of the video arcade, where the young and the restless: the young at heart, indulge in the video mania world of wars and adventures against the mutant silicon chips. Once upon a time a 'chip resistance fighter,' or as they are commonly known, 'video junkie,' only had to contend with the likes of the enemy of 'Space Invaders' accompanied by the occasional attack of 'Pac Man,' or the dark forces of 'Galactica.' Today's video hall of fame hosts a galaxy of games more super real than life itself.

Nestled in the large post-modern monolith called the 'shopping mall,' the video arcade becomes the nucleus of activity. Sale-stunned shoppers drift by, only vaguely aware of the concentration and suspense going down as these brave warriors defend our world, or at least their quarters, against the young and the relentless invasions of aliens and guerrillas. Coke machines ornament the entrance like roman columns and set the scene by bathing the warriors in neon red. The inside is dimly lit, mostly indirect lighting from the machines themselves. The designer carpet matches the fake wood paneling, a perfect combination of decor: fake wood for fake wars.

The warm glow of the screen engulfs, and transfuses, the face and mind of the driver. The rapid eye movement, and the lightning-fast wrist action, accompanied by the occasional hip flex are the only movements emitted by these skilled saviours. And skilled they are, as these pimple-faced pubescents send the high score soaring into the hundreds of thousands. These video junkies are totally absorbed by the power of the video conquest. Quite an accomplishment by any one or thing to have the total undivided attention of the erratic, energy-filled mind and body of youth.

Who would have thought that a computer program designed to train astronauts in space craft control, would flourish into a multimillion-dollar-a-year industry. Well, some entrepreneurial capitalist made the connection and voila--space invaders.

It may be fair to support these video games as providing an activity for the teens of our generation: "Better this than my Jonnie getting in trouble." And when it's all boiled down "it's only a game." Wrong. The politics of many of the contemporary video games have to be questioned. When many of these games are seriously evaluated their disturbing qualities can be seen.

The basic principle of all video games is conquest: victory over the box of colorful technology. This is not necessarily a problem in some of the games; however, most games rely on killing, killing the video generated images is the objective. Some give the

enemy targets identities such as commandos; these commandos usually sport a touch of red, the color of the ultimate enemy? Some go further and use role models or stereotypes as characters within the game. In many of the contemporary programs the game is excessively violent and some blatantly sexist and/or racist. One particularly obnoxious machine is called "Double Dragon", and yes I have played this game, but once.



Veg in front of the video

The basic aim of this game is the retrieval of a woman which a gang has taken off with. The game opens with a woman who is developed in a purely lustful way, and in a very short red dress, standing in a street. A gang arrives on the screen and approaches the woman. With only a slight pause the head of the gang punches the woman in the stomach and she falls to the ground. The leader of the gang then throws her over his shoulder at just the right angle to show the women's panties and the gang exits, stage right, with their prize.

Never fear, for the blond boys in blue tights come hustling out of the garage door nearby and are in hot pursuit of the gang that stole 'their' woman. The gang members return, after stowing the woman, ready to fight these blond 'white' boys. Incidentally the gang members are either black or an off-white colour. Could this be suggesting that it's Black and Hispanic against the white all-American boys? Or could it be that these gang members don't have shower facilities? Remember it's supposed to be a game. Anyway, our white-boy heroes, that you as the

operator control, head off over the heads of all the gang members that they have just crushed. Your target is the rescue of the woman, your rightful property, that was stolen from you. Like some contemporary knight in shining armor your control over the blond boys allows you to kick, punch, and headbutt those boys from the neighborhood without showers. The game winds through a maze of scenes from gang members wielding baseball bats, to one scene where a woman dressed in suspenders and wielding a whip is blocking the hero's path.

It's no mean feat to rescue this damsel in distress; I myself had invested a quarter only to be cut down by the whip-wielding woman in suspenders. At first I rolled around the floor in laughter after playing this particular game, as I believed that this was a joke. How could anyone take it seriously? It's so blatantly offensive it must be a joke. After I realized that the whip, the panties and the retrieval of the woman were not to be thought about at all, but simply taken for granted as tools and objectives of the game, I became rather disturbed. I then also began to notice other games that were not so overtly offensive but which were nevertheless sending subtle, and some not so subtle, ideas about what constitutes a game. Yes, it's supposed to be a game, and it is in this very context of 'playing' in the hyper-real worlds of violence, as well as worlds of sexism and racism, that is unquestionably frightening. Especially frightening when one realizes one is not supposed to think about the activity, just accept the format and aim for a high score.

Most games appear to be designed for males, who are unquestionably the largest users. This particular video arcade was filled with males all playing in solitude against the TV screens of the video monsters (video masturbation?). The oppressively anti-social environment can be all yours for the price of a quarter, and makes a tenuous alternative to a lone lavatory! The "mental" arousal is tuned down to the basic level of kill to survive. As the action is turned up to hyper-fast you are not encouraged to think; you are killing time and the enemy. You enter the game with the intention of beating the machine, or simply to 'veg' out for a while being entertained by the lights and action. Such an environment is primitive at best, but what do you expect for a quarter.

-- Coober Pedy

I moved out to the country...last summer because I could no longer stand the sounds of cars with bad mufflers hurtling past my window, and neighbors berating their children loudly, and the nightly etudes of dogs barking their fool heads off. And I thought to myself, "Have I always been this cranky, or is it just because I'm getting old?"

It wasn't very long ago that I used to sneer at my own mother's uptight little quirks. "Mom," I would say. "You're so square. Just because Kevin wants me to go camping for the weekend doesn't mean he wants to go to bed with me. Sex isn't everything, you know. We're friends."

We used to go around and around, arguing bitterly about everything from how to hang the laundry to whether Ford had the right to pardon Nixon. But I always knew I would come out on top in these arguments.

I was young. I was vigorous. I was right. And I think I believed that those facts somehow guaranteed that someone was listening to me. Now my mother and I commiserate about how the world doesn't give a damn about what we think.

I would have to say one of my biggest disappointments, in these times, is the backslide of the women's movement. Now I find myself saying things like, "These young women today. They just don't appreciate the sacrifices

Hope I die before I get old



we made to make the world a better place for future generations. We quit our jobs in protest of sexist practices in the workplace. We fought for the right to choose abortion. We had to take all the heat for teaching men not to call us 'chicks.' We had to alienate a good part of the population just to get some respect. These women today, they want to have their cake and eat it, too. They want to prance around in swimsuit competitions and still be taken seriously by the world at large."

I'm going to pitch myself under the wheels of a Mary Kay Cosmetics truck if I hear one more fresh-faced college woman say, "Oh, I believe women should be treated equally, but I don't go for that feminism stuff." They say the word "feminism" gingerly, as though its very utterance was enough to spontaneously turn them into ball-busting, venomous hags.

Then I catch myself. I've heard this kind of ranting and raving before from many people of older generations, and I've always dismissed it as simple bitterness at getting older and seeing their precious world transform before their eyes. I thought that in spite of their conviction, their complaints were at worst, selfish, and at best, poignant--though never very important. And I wonder, now that I hear myself bemoaning the decay of my world to anyone who will listen, if it's important to anyone but me.

--LVD



by *Free*

Well, it's been a good eight weeks since Abbie died, and you've probably read plenty of perky obits on him. You probably know that he was the son of a pharmacist, and probably would have become a brilliant doctor or psychiatrist himself if he hadn't gotten caught up in existential philosophy, Maslovian psychology and radical political ideas (like the right of the black person to vote) while he was a college boy at Berkeley.

Surely you know that he was an "outside agitator" during the 1968 Democratic Convention, which won him a part in the infamous trial of the Chicago 8 (Chicago 7 after Bobby Seale was tried separately). Just so I don't leave anything out, you may also know that he went underground in 1974 to avoid serving time for a cocaine bust, and that he continued his career working for social change under the alias Barry Freed during those years until he returned to face the charges in 1980. And you've probably read that he was very depressed in the last two years, that his woman had left him, that he considered the 80s anticlimactic, and that he killed himself because no one was paying any attention to him.

But that *People* magazine shit doesn't wash with me. Oh, he's dead all right, but I don't know why. Maybe the CIA did kill him. Stranger things have happened. But maybe he really was just too sick of living. I personally think suicide is way underrated. It's easy for me to understand someone who is so sharply aware of the pain of existence, the awful sameness of the ticking away of life, that they take control of the situation and simply end it. But Abbie. I defend his right to kill himself. But I selfishly feel complete remorse at his choice. I'm not a sentimental person, and in theory I don't believe in investing a lot of admiration in "heroes," because after all, they really are just people like you and me, who have typical shortcomings which we never see. The adulation and admiration heaped on remarkable people probably just make it harder for them to do their jobs. But it was really difficult for me to keep that distance from the persona, deeds and words of Abbie Hoffman.

**disgusted and fascinated**

When I think back, deep into my childhood, I can remember the first time I saw Abbie Hoffman, although I didn't know who he was at the time. It was 1968, and I was 10, watching a short news spot about the formation of a new counter-culture group calling themselves Yippies. A group of about six guys (men, always men) were sitting around in this park and the reporter was asking them questions. They were all looking pretty zonked out in their little dark granny glasses, fringed jackets, cowboy hats and beads. The reporter asked them what their name meant, and one of them said, "It's like a cry of joy, you know man, like 'Yip-p-i-i-e-e!'" They all chimed in together. "Yipp-i-i-e!"

I made the judgement right then and there that they were just too cool for their own good. I would have used the word "pretentious" if it had been in my vocabulary, and in some ways, I would have been right. But dang, they was just havin' some fun. Like Jerry Rubin said, when it came time to organize the demonstration, Abbie was mostly concerned about who was bringing the ice cream.

My second brush with Abbie Hoffman came in the eighth grade, when my best girlfriend came up with a copy of *Steal This Book*. It was chock full of the most outrageous information on how to "Fuck the System" by obtaining free goods and services, through various legal and illegal means. Of special interest to us were instructions for making secret shoplifting compartments in overcoats. It seems ironic that this book which was written as a survival tool for young revolutionaries and other disenfranchised types would be used by a couple of privileged suburban adolescents who were just acting out their passive female rebellion through meaningless shoplifting. *Steal This Book* also contained the first frank discussion of birth control that I had ever seen and being a dorky twelve-year-old, I was both fascinated and disgusted. From that point on, I was a fan of Abbie Hoffman in spite of myself.

My third experience with Abbie occurred through my involvement with the *Post Amerikan*. We were having a benefit and auction a couple of years ago and Phoebe and I came up with the bright idea of writing to Abbie Hoffman to ask him for his autograph, which we would auction off. We wrote one of the most brilliantly funny letters of our career, and sonofabitch, it worked! Unfortunately, his autographed bumper sticker from the Save the River campaign (a project to stop the ruin of the St. Lawrence River which he was working on when he turned himself in to the feds) arrived too late to be included in our benefit. But it proved to me what I knew in my heart all along, that Abbie really was a good guy who would take time out to help a dinky little underground paper in the Midwest.

**yours without a struggle**

In his reply letter, he suggested we contact the university and try to get him a speaking gig there, and if it went through, he would host a benefit for us while he was in town. Phoebe and I were ecstatic. We immediately wrote back and sent him a *Post Amerikan* t-shirt, and fairly gushed our thanks, and said we would work on the ISU connection. Our rather stringent co-workers on the paper prevented us from signing the letter "Yours without a struggle," instead of the traditional "Yours in struggle" asserting that it would not promote the proper image for a right-minded political newspaper.

**pity the young republicans**

Well, I wasted no time going to the head of the student Forum committee at ISU to propose Abbie's lecture. The chair of the committee was a pleasant young man. I expressed the proposal with breathless, unbridled enthusiasm, explaining that we were in correspondence with Abbie Hoffman, etc., etc., and wouldn't it be great to get such a wonderful, captivating and world-famous speaker at ISU, the Voice of his Generation, blah, blah, blah. The whole time I was giving my spiel the nice young man smiled and nodded his head, appearing to share a modicum of my excitement. When I finally finished and paused for breath, he looked at me, still wearing the blank smile, and asked me, "Uh, but who is Abbie Hoffman?"

That took a little of the wind out of my sails. I never got it together to get the press package to the Forum Committee which they required in order to consider the speaker. So, Abbie never came to ISU to speak and he never hosted our benefit. But there was one more thing. A year or two ago, PBS made a documentary about the Beatles' Sgt. Pepper's album and the era which inspired it, called *It Was Twenty Years Ago Today*. In it, they interviewed dozens of flower children, hippies and activists, including Abbie Hoffman. If you ever get a chance to



see the program, look closely at Abbie and you will see he's wearing his *Post Amerikan* t-shirt. Fuckin' A!

Well, now he's dead and there won't be any more brushes with Abbie. No use hopin' he'll turn up on that island with John and Jim and Janis and Jimi and JFK. (For one thing, his name starts with 'A'.) But I'm gonna continue to get what I can out of what he said and did while he was here (thank god he was a prolific writer) and, I suppose, try not to be too pissed that he left us hangin' without telling us the punchline.

--LVD

**The Complete Abbie Hoffman Sticky Fingers Library**

You can still get to know Abbie through his books. All of them are written with Abbie's characteristic smart alecky wit, in a conversational style which gives you a great feel for this anarchist comedian who knew all the cleverest ways of making pigs squeal. You'll have a hard time finding the classic *Steal This Book* though, because it's considered a rare book according to Milner Library, who couldn't even obtain it for me through Interlibrary Loan. I did, however, find an address where you might be able to buy a reprint (see below). Almost as good is Abbie's first book, *Revolution for the Hell of It*, which is still an inspiration for the revolutionary in all of us, and a unique, illustrated historical document of the late sixties, as well. *Soon To Be A Major Motion Picture* is his autobiography -- a pure pleasure to read, and *Square Dancing in the Ice Age* is a collection of essays which he wrote during his years underground. His last book, *Steal This Urine Test* is a manual for learning how to "beat the bladder cops." It also contains a lot of amusing information about the history of drugs in America and debunks some common myths about drugs. I'm sorry to say I have never read *Woodstock Nation*, *Vote!* and *To America with Love*.

*Revolution for the Hell of It*  
Dial Press, 1968.

*Woodstock Nation*

*Steal This Book*  
Pirate Editions, dist. by Grove Press, 1971. Try Jack Hoffman Sales (Abbie's bro), P.O. Box 15, Worcester, MA 01613, \$10.

*Vote!* (co-authors Jerry Rubin and Ed Sanders)

*To America with Love* (co-author Anita Hoffman)

*Soon To Be a Major Motion Picture*  
Putnam, 1980.

*Square Dancing in the Ice Age*  
Putnam, 1982.

*Steal This Urine Test: Fighting Drug Hysteria in America*  
Penguin Books, 1987.



# Roe vs. Wade

It changed your life.

But can it sell a hamburger?

I was as tickled as a sterile salmon to see the NBC television movie *Roe vs. Wade* air early last month. After watching important contemporary issues such as AIDS, child abuse, and substance abuse worked over in dozens of weepy, if not campy television melodramas, it was a joy to see a well-acted movie about one of the most important legal battles of our time. And I was equally glad that NBC showed steadfast commitment to the issue, in spite of the trouble the network had in finding sponsors for the program, which, in the words of one pro-strife official, was no more than "prime-time, pro-abortion propaganda." Although ten or more of the movie's sponsors wimped out at the last minute under the threat of boycotts by Right to Lifers, NBC president Robert C. Wright stated that the program would be aired without advertisers, if need be.

So, in addition to being curious about the movie which had been hyped as the best television movie of the year, I was on the edge of my seat over the outcome of the commercial sponsorship. Given the high standard of idiocy which inspires the television advertisers, it was with mixed feelings that I learned the show was going to air with commercials, after all. At first I thought, "Gee, I wonder if this means the advertising will be bought by only the hippest companies?" but then I remembered there aren't any. So, with chagrin and amusement, I compiled this ironic list of advertisers which deemed *Roe vs. Wade* a suitable backdrop for peddling their products and made some guesses about their intentions.

Here's a little something to think about. No less than four different products--Lanacane, Cort-aid, Vagisil Cream and Vagisil Feminine Powder

--were advertised during *Roe vs. Wade* for that itch you can't scratch in public. And if Bush's Court-aid has its way, abortion will be just one more untouchable itch.

There were some great opportunities for advertisers to advocate reproductive rights and birth control, if only they had been a little bolder. The Maxwell House sponsor could have done a public service and sold their product at the same time by plugging their coffee with condoms--Good to the Last Drop.

Then there were three diet aid products: Dexatrim, Acutrim, and Slim-Fast. I don't suppose anyone actually noticed or cared that these sponsors were perpetuating the male fantasy of the perfect female body in the context of a program about one of the key issues of feminism, but I wonder if anyone noticed how these products might fit into abortion home remedies. In pre-legal abortion days, women frequently tried to starve themselves out of pregnancy, and I wouldn't be surprised if in the next decade we hear about the Slim-Fast miracle douche.

Hardee's--just one more of those despicable fast food joints--took a slot during R. v. W. to promote "Cheeseburgers in Paradise." I wondered what could be the connection between sliders and pro-choice advocacy and I'm still stumped. Maybe they're trying to carve a niche for themselves as The Humanist patty peddlers, what with their new spate of dopey commercials featuring mini-plots and a cast of regular characters ("Aw, where ya goin', Jess?" "Dunno, Marty, I just gotta get outa here." "Aw, Jess, there ain't nothin' out there --why, you can't even get a good biscuit out there." "There's more to life than biscuits, Marty..."), but I'm figuring it's just some Madison Avenue wunderkind's gambit for the sales pitch of the 80s.

Another irony was presented by the Murphy's Oil Soap people who make a big deal about the churches that are cleaned with their product. Maybe they were Unitarian churches.

Finally, it seems somehow fitting that Paramount Pictures advertised their latest Indiana Jones movie during *Roe vs. Wade*, on the eve of destruction of the supreme court decision--let's hope *The Last Crusade* is not an epitaph for the pro-choice movement. But, you know, even without seeing the movie, I have a feeling the good guys win.

-LVD

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## Uppers 'n' Downers

"Uppers 'n' Downers" is a regular column which allows all of us the opportunity to briefly sound off about the good and bad things we see happening around us. Post Amerikan welcomes readers' contributions of any U's and D's they feel people need to hear about. Thanks to: C. P. S. B., T. T., and everyone else who provided the quick tips.

--Skeet Floyd

**Uppers**... to ABC Television's "20/20" for recently showing a responsible view of lesbian motherhood. "20/20" profiled two alternative families who are successfully raising their birth children, including interviews with a friend of the family who donated his sperm to produce a daughter. They spoke very candidly about their fears of unwarranted judgment and dedication to be first and foremost good parents.

**Downers**... to Mercedes-Benz of North America for refusing to comply to Affirmative Action hiring policies and for still conducting business in South Africa. The NAACP recently staged a demonstration in Chicago protesting the company's bogus behavior. When asked for further information on the subject, sales reps at Sud's Motor Car Company Inc. in Bloomington were a bit uptight, claiming that they didn't know much more about the matter. They also stated that demographic information on minorities who buy Mercedes was not available to the public. They were quick, though, to offer the phone number of the public relations office at Mercedes-Benz in Chicago: 1-312-455-9131. Give them a call.

**Uppers**... to Danish Parliament who recently voted to legalize homosexual marriage. This vote gives gays and lesbians rights concerning housing, pension, and immigration matters. At this time, though, gays and lesbians still cannot adopt children or be married in the Lutheran church. But the country is far ahead of most, behind only Sweden which legalized homosexual marriage last year.

**Uppers**... to Eclipse Enterprises for the "Iran-Contra Scandal Trading Cards." Collect one Ollie North or the whole set. Just like baseball cards, the new "Iran-Contra Scandal Trading Cards" will prove to be a big hit. The thirty-six card set has caricatures on the front of the cards of the pigs people and issues associated with the sale of arms to the Contras. The backs of the cards provide background information on the relative person or issue. The whole set costs just \$7.95 (add \$1.50 for postage) and is available from "Iran-Contra Scandal Trading Cards." Eclipse Enterprises, PO Box 1099, Forestville, California 95436.

**Uppers**... to the Dimmitt's Grove Neighborhood Association for its curbside recycling program. Each residence was provided with a plastic container to keep cans, bottles, newspapers, and other recyclable materials in. On the neighborhood's regular garbage day, the containers are emptied by the folks at Operation Recycle. And it seems that most of the folks are really into it!

**Uppers**... to the New Art Theatre in Champaign/Urbana. Although he admits that he flipped over *The Fly*, was agape during *Alien*, and grinned all the way through the new Indiana Jones flick, staff writer Soto Bito agrees that there is such a thing as too much movie mediocrity. Bito writes, "And when that time comes, when the brains balk, the entrails entreat, and the soul sobs for some real film nirvana, haul your butt to The New Art Theatre." As far as this displaced urbanite is concerned, it is the sole soul-center for cinema in the surrounding area. The New Art Theatre has recently brought us such films as "Torch Song Trilogy," "Pelle the Conqueror," "Red Sorghum," and "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown." A real upper for film freaks! Watch for regular New Art film reviews in future issues of the Post.

**Downers**... to Tobin's Pizza of Bloomington for continuing to offend us all with their billboard. Not only do they push Christian pizza ("No Jesus, no pizza"), but they also push sexist pizza ("Phone girls wanted. Delivery men wanted." "Clean, responsible waitress wanted.") What's next? We have pro-life pizza by Domino's, and religious, gender-restricted pizza from Tobin's. We say, "Just say 'NO' to pig pizza"

**Uppers**... to Babbitt's in Normal for starting a used book collection. In the true style of the hip vintage clothing store, Babbitt's has a large selection featuring such titles as: Foucault's *The Archaeology of Knowledge*, *Anatomy of a Police Riot Chicago, U.S.A.* Concise unexpurgated edition of the report the U.S. Government Printing Office refused to publish, and McLuhan's *The Medium is the Message*. Stop by and take a look at the selection.

# Gays of our lives

Just when you thought you'd seen everything on television lately, now homosexuals and homosexual relationships are on the public airwaves. Oh, sure, we all (well, most of us, at least) remember Billy Crystal as Jody on Soap, but you must remember that he was hardly the stable type, usually shown as a habitual cross-dresser with a macho Bob Seagren for his football player boyfriend (the main reason I tuned in).

But as the plot of Soap followed its course, Jody eventually saw the light, and after having a relationship with a real woman, producing a daughter, he found happiness and contentment in the happy, healthy haven of heterosexuality. But then, you ask: What about that episode of Family wherein Willie is shocked to find out that his oldest pal is gay, and the Lawrence clan spends the hour wringing their hands about the whole matter? This incident of coming out lasted only one episode, and we never saw or heard from that character again. I was more amazed by the family's naïveté toward Buddy's budding lesbianism than how they dealt with this outsider.

The aforementioned are typical examples of what happens when the media gets hold of a controversial subject, takes us far and away from reality, and then removes us from the picture altogether. Today, however, we are dealing with ongoing character studies which take us into the everyday lives of the people, real people, who happen to be gay, but otherwise lead meaningful, productive lives.

One of my favorite shows featuring gay characters is HeartBeat, the story of what goes on in and around a women's medical practice. There are men who also work at this medical practice, but their characters serve mainly as peripherals with the females claiming the spotlight. The lesbian character, Marilyn, is a nurse practitioner at this establishment, and she has a lover, Patty, who is a caterer and teacher of haute cuisine.

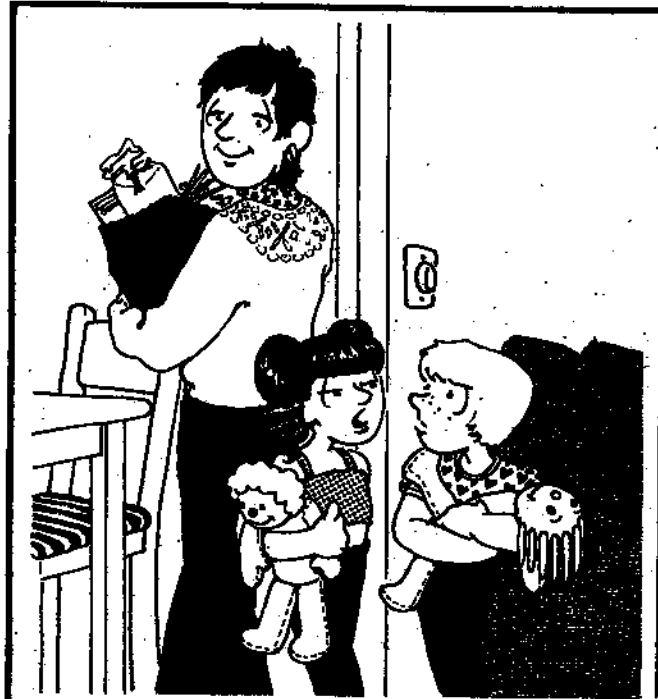
I had heard about this program through a couple of lesbian friends who claim to never miss the show, and yet I had to watch it a few times to establish which one of these women is the lesbian.

You see, she does not seem to be besieged with problems regarding her sexuality in the manner that we've seen in the past, and this aspect of her character is not brought forth in her daily life, at least in the medical practice.

However, there is one major flaw here: most of the attractive young colleagues are seen in teasingly sexual situations (shall we say flaunting their heterosexuality?) to the limits that prime time will allow, while Marilyn and her paramour are never seen so much as holding hands or touching. They merely talk. Are these real examples of real lives in our society? One might ask the producers of this program to even out what is an otherwise very worthwhile program.

Another show which has dealt with a homosexual on at least two episodes is thirtysomething, another jewel in the crown of ABC's Tuesday night lineup. What used to be known by some of my friends as YuppieSomething is now the remains of broken marriages and truncated careers after what seemed like such a hopeful beginning. This new set of circumstances has brought us a program that more of us can relate to, Yuppie or not. The way the strained relationships are viewed from both sides is quite a study in human interaction as well as male vs. female needs.

In the midst of all of this angst is Russell, a friend of the forever-in-search-of-a-date Melissa, Michael Steadman's cousin. She meets Russell at a party and is captured right away by his sensitivity and charm. They develop a good brother-sister relationship, but all the while we get the feeling that Melissa wishes it was more than that. Melissa's one-time paramour Gary comes by her apartment when Russell is kissing her goodbye, and wonders what's up. "You two were made for each other," he probes. Melissa replies, "If I only had a penis." To which Gary responds, "Wasn't that in The Wizard of Oz?"



Oh, that's Pam. She's sorta my father, only she doesn't shave, and I call her Pam.

Russell is shown in a manner not too typical of gays of television past. We aren't really reminded of his sexual orientation show after show, and his character contains more depth than the usual paper-doll gays we're used to seeing. He does have that warmth and sensitivity that Melissa admires, and his part in the show is as important as anyone else's. We see him in programs that don't even mention sexuality. If we had more sensitive portrayals like Russell's character, I don't think we'd have all the rampant paranoia that we see in society today. But wait: we haven't seen Russell in a relationship yet. Will American society ever be ready to see Russell wake up with another man? Or worse, what if they kiss? This ultimate acceptance will surely surpass the tolerance that we're experiencing now.

-T. Tucker

## Lambda hires new staff attorney

Lambda Legal Defense and Educational Fund announced that it has hired Evan Wolfson as Staff Attorney, effective 1 May 1989. Wolfson will be primarily responsible for Lambda's AIDS litigation nationwide and will be involved in general sexual orientation cases and the Family Relationship Project. Wolfson replaces Mickey Wheatley who left Lambda in April.

Wolfson was most recently Associate Counsel in the Office of Independent Counsel investigating Iran-Contra in Washington, D.C. Before that, from 1983 to 1988, he was Assistant District Attorney in the Kings County District Attorney's Office in Brooklyn where he prosecuted homicides, sex crimes, and a landmark workplace assault case. As Assistant District Attorney, Wolfson wrote briefs successfully urging the U.S. Supreme Court to ban race discrimination in jury selection and persuading New York's highest court to outlaw marital rape.

Since 1984, Wolfson has been a Cooperating Attorney for Lambda, handling sexual orientation discrimination cases, serving on the Legal Advisory Committee, and writing the *amicus* brief for several organizations in the infamous *Hardwick* sexual privacy case.

"To fight against discrimination and for the full range of social support for people with AIDS is to work for a better, fairer, and more responsible society for millions of Americans long neglected because of their race, sex, class, or self-identity. To fight to secure equal rights and opportunity for lesbians and gay men is to help protect rights and opportunity for all, strengthening the democracy itself. To fight for all

these causes, with family and friends, the most important things in life, is the reason I came to Lambda," says Wolfson.

"Lambda is very fortunate to have someone of Evan's experience and commitment," says Paula Eitelbrick, Lambda's Legal Director. "Evan's understanding of the connections between AIDS-related discrimination and poverty, racism, sexism, and homophobia makes him the best lawyer to take on Lambda's progressive agenda of changing a homicidal health care system and combatting AIDS discrimination."

Wolfson is a graduate of Yale College and of Harvard Law School. While at Harvard, he was a Teaching Fellow in Political Philosophy. He served for two years in West Africa with the Peace Corps, living in a small village where he built a library and taught. Wolfson was raised in Pittsburgh and now lives in Brooklyn with his lover.

"I learned in the Peace Corps just how precious and precarious our birthright of democracy is," says Wolfson. "It requires respect for each individual and encouragement of diversity, equality and freedom. Discrimination undermines democracy; it harms individuals and hurts society as a whole, depriving it of human potential. Each of us, for all of us, must hold America and democracy to their promise."

Founded in 1973, Lambda is the nation's oldest and largest legal organization dedicated to the rights of lesbians and gay men and to educating others about the gay and lesbian community. Since 1983, when it brought and won the first AIDS-related discrimination case in the nation, Lambda has also been in the forefront of the fight on behalf of people with AIDS and those affected by the AIDS crisis.

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# Guatemalan guerrillas massive human rights

The Guatemalan armed resistance movement, the URNG, has declared war on the plantation owners in the agro-export zones of the country in the wake of their refusal to grant an increase in the minimum wage or to improve working conditions for the country's embattled farmworkers.

Since late January, when 50,000 cane cutters and field workers went on strike and occupied dozens of large fincas and sugar refineries, the right-wing plantation owners have refused to negotiate in good faith. Instead, the agro-exporters, with the cooperation of the reactionary Christian Democratic government of Vinicio Cerezo, have unleashed a wave of violent repression and intimidation directed against the main campesino organization, the Campesino Unity Committee (C.U.C.), and its rank-and-file membership.

Thousands of field workers have been fired and threatened for participating in the strike, and the

already militarized region has been kept under tight surveillance. Also, over two dozen campesinos have been assassinated or kidnapped. In retaliation, left-wing guerrilla forces of the URNG have mounted a major counter-attack—robbing and burning fincas; arresting, and in some cases executing notorious death squad and counter-insurgency commissioners; and organizing mass meetings of indigenous and campesino plantation employees.

### Ambush and sabotage

Since late January, when thousands of heavily armed government security forces were sent into the agro-export zones to break the strike, the URNG has burned fields, destroyed farm machinery, ambushed military convoys, and occupied approximately 25 large fincas and villages in the states of Suchitepequez, Escuintla, Chimaltenango, and San Marcos. This guerrilla offensive has inflicted significant casualties on the army, caused widespread

material damage, and delivered a powerful political-psychological message to plantation owners and resistance-minded farmworkers.

According to Radio Voz Popular, the clandestine radio station of the URNG, the insurgents are targeting fincas which are serving as operational bases for the Guatemalan army as well as those plantations that continue to abuse and exploit their workers.

According to the right-wing Guatemalan Chamber of Commerce, the CACIF, these sabotage and guerrilla attacks have provoked a generalized crisis and sense of frustration among the finca owners, leading to "insecurity, labor conflict, and disinvestment" in the affected zones. The armed forces' high command, evidently embarrassed by their complete inability to handle the crisis, have tried to downplay the URNG counter-offensive.

# Memories of a massacre

**LAS HOJAS, El Salvador**—Cleotilde Zacapa de Perez is dying. Seven doctors have been unable to find the cause of her curious illness, which leaves sores on her body and makes her skin and insides feel like she is on fire.

For nearly a year, she has barely been able to sleep or eat. "At times," she whispers, "I have felt and seen my soul leaving me."

As her neighbors in this rural farming cooperative tell it, Cleotilde is dying of a broken heart.

On the morning of Feb. 22, 1983, a group of some 200 soldiers arrived at the Las Hojas cooperative from their base near the northwestern provincial capital of Sonsonate a few miles away. They carried a list of names, from which they rounded up 74 men and boys who were beginning their work in the fields.

They were marched down to the river and shot.

One of scores of women who became widows that day, Cleotilde recalls with anguish that accompanying the soldiers were men wearing masks who identified those on the list.

"We thought it was one of those forced army recruitments. We didn't know, until we heard the gunfire," she says. "They took my husband and the others in the dawn from their work, before they had even the chance to break their fast. They took them to their deaths hungry. So cruel."

At the moment she relates the story, a group of 10 soldiers enters her property and fans out to surround the house. The captain informs two American journalists at gunpoint that they will be taken to the military base for interrogations. But before allowing them to act, the widow Perez begins to lecture the soldiers in a low, cracking voice.

"How precious the calm. So precious the calm. Why don't you investigate, investigate beforehand, instead of just acting? Instead of just killing, like they killed my husband, so cruelly, and left me like this. How can you just kill like that? That is why I am like this." She displays the sores on her arms and legs.

The soldiers begin to take the journalists away, but the widow protests. "I am not finished speaking yet, please. These things happen because those with the power don't have God in their heart. There is no law for those people, no law that applies to them."

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El Salvador is drenched in the blood of its martyrs. The most well-known is Archbishop Monsenor Oscar Arnulfo Romero, the outspoken champion of human rights who was killed by an assassin's bullet as he said Mass in the chapel of a San Salvador hospital in 1980.

Throughout the next eight years of a brutal civil war, the Catholic Archbishop has loomed larger in death than in life, an ever-present symbol of the popular resistance to the country's violence. But the prelate is one of thousands.

In Las Hojas, as well as the entire peasant farmer union known as the National Assn. of Indigenous Salvadorans, the 74 martyrs represent the unforgettable focus of the organization. Five years later, they are still pushing for prosecution of the officers responsible for the massacre.

The unique nature of the case rests in the efforts being made by the attorney general's office of the civilian government to pursue such a rare prosecution. But even with 16 sworn witnesses implicating the two colonels who directed the massacre, the case drags through its most preliminary stages.

In an ironic twist to the much-heralded five-nation Central American peace plan signed in 1987 and reaffirmed in February, the Salvadoran version of the amnesty decrees is viewed by many as applying to armed forces who have committed crimes.

The arguments over whether amnesty should apply to the Los Hojas slaughter continue. In a brief last year, the prosecutor's office opposed the amnesty protection for the colonels, stating: "... if we analyze the facts before us, they did not originate in that contemplated by the amnesty law (for political crimes), and much less were the product of armed conflict between civilians and military. Even if there was, it was exclusively the part of the latter and until now, actions unable to be justified ..."

Yet in a country where military power is supreme, it remains doubtful whether legal justice can be done for the survivors of the Las Hojas massacre. The case in part represents a measure of how long is the road between democratic elections and democracy.

"Quite simply, the military does not believe it should be subject to civilian law," said one Western diplomat in San Salvador.

That stance was made unmistakably clear in a televised press conference given by one of the commanding officers, who denied the charges and said there was a battle with guerrillas in Las Hojas that day. Referring to the attorney general, the colonel said, "Not only does the army have to fight terrorists with guns, but now there is another front of terrorists in suits and ties and desks."

--Thomas Long



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- Recycle drives

# punish finca owners as violations continue

The Minister of Defense, Hector Gramajo Morales, in a press conference in the capital on April 1, tried to claim that only an insignificant number of "isolated terrorist bands" were in operation in four departments of the country. This allegation flies in the face of recent reports by the news organizations Ceri-Gua and Enfoprensa, as well as reports in the national press, that the Guatemalan military has already suffered 438 casualties during the first three months of the year.

## Shifty guerrillas

In a typical URNG action carried out at 6 p.m. on 20 March 1989 outside of the town of Santa Lucia Cotzumalguapa, 100 well-armed and trained guerrillas, both women and men, stormed the administrative offices of the Finca Palmira and seized money and fire-arms from the plantation guards. The insurgents then brought together the 500 workers of the Finca Palmira for a mass meeting where they burned a bus owned by the patron of the finca, and spoke to the assembled crowd about wages, working conditions, Land reform, and recent developments in Guatemala's 29-year-old civil war. As usual, by the time that military units arrived on the scene, the URNG guerrillas had already disappeared—only to strike again several days later in the same vicinity.

The day before the raid on the Finca Palmira, there had been a mass demonstration and rally by 850 farmworkers in the Central Park of Santa Lucia Cotzumalguapa. Student and trade union leaders from Guatemala's above-ground popular front, the UASP, called for a doubling of the campesinos' minimum wage to 10 quetzals a day (\$3.50 U.S. equivalent) and an improvement in the slave-like working conditions on the fincas. They also called for a halt to the murders and kidnappings which have reached alarming proportions throughout the country (averaging between 100-200 per month). Within seven days of the rally, the URNG occupied three large fincas—all within a 10 mile radius of Santa Lucia Cotzumalguapa.

While the ongoing offensive in the agro-export plantation zones has been developing, guerrilla columns of the URNG also have been attacking government army units and installations in five other highland and jungle departments: in Quiche, Huehuetenango, Alta Verapaz, Peten, and Solala. Nine of Guatemala's 22 departments are now experiencing insurgent activity. These nine departments, containing "zones of conflict," have a combined population of three million people.

In late January, urban guerrillas in Guatemala announced the formation of a new group, *Commando Urbano Revolucionario*, and warned the right-wing death squads and military officials that the guerrilla war will soon re-emerge in the densely populated urban areas as well.

In related developments, the Guatemala City news organization, *Infopress Centroamericana*, announced on 30 March that the Guatemalan army was forcing large numbers of indigenous "Civil Patrol" units to participate for the first time in a large military offensive being carried out in the Ixcán area of northern Quiche, a stronghold of the URNG's



Guerrilla Army of the Poor (EGP). This follows on the heels of recent mass protests by indigenous Civil Patrol groups based in Quiche, Solala, and Chimaltenango.

The CERJ (the Council of Ethnic Communities) and other grassroots Indian organizations have recently been calling for the abolition of these highly unpopular paramilitary units, whose ranks include almost one million highland Indians. The UASP and human rights groups have also called for the abolition of the Civil Patrols, which the army high command and President Cerezo claim are "voluntary."

## U.S. involvement

News reports in the Guatemala national press in February and March 1989 have described an increase in the presence of so-called "non-combatant" US armed forces and National Guard units operating in the Peten, Quiche, and Chimaltenango regions of the country—ostensibly involved in medical, humanitarian, and military training activities.

According to a February report issued by the well respected human rights organization CIEPRODH in Guatemala City, there were armed US military personnel present in Chimaltenango department on the evening of 21 November 1988 (including elements of the Kentucky National Guard) three miles outside of the village of El Aguacate—only hours before the Guatemalan military massacred 22 campesinos who lived in the village.

The Guatemalan army then tried to claim (as did Steven Kinzer of the New York Times on 12/3/88) that the ORPA guerrilla organization was responsible for the massacre—a claim which has since been totally discredited inside the country.

The most recent actions of the US inside Guatemala, according to the right-wing newspaper Pensa Libre on 3/28 and 3/31/89, have involved the use of two US Air Force "Chinook" helicopters to airlift supplies to a conflict zone in Quiche just north of Nebaj. According to the public relations department of the Guatemalan military, this airlift is of a "humanitarian" nature, designed strictly to bring



food, clothing, and medical supplies to 1546 Ixil Indians recently displaced by the war.

A European cameraman recently described a flight he took (at the invitation of a local base commander in the Ixcán) in a Guatemalan military helicopter during a combat mission. According to the cameraman, who for reasons of security must remain anonymous, the co-pilot of the helicopter was an active-duty US serviceman.

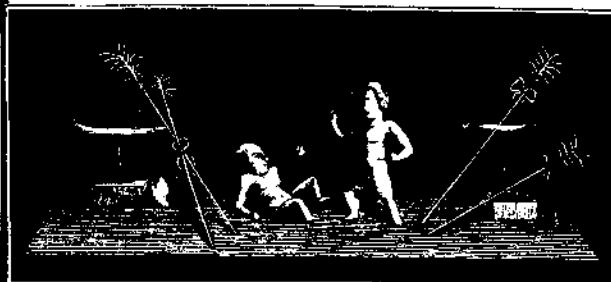
In early March, in the company of several other witnesses, I saw a blue-eyed, fair-haired US military officer marching with a column of Guatemalan combat troops on the outskirts of Nebaj. The US embassy in Guatemala City continues to deny charges that US soldiers and mercenaries are engaged in combat duties inside the country.

Jon Reed

## Up Front Gallery

Cooperative Gallery now reviewing slides for membership, and for rental of gallery space to guest for shows and other art-oriented purposes. Send slides/proposal, resume, SASE and inquiries to:

Up Front Gallery  
PO Box 4036  
Bloomington, IL 61701  
(309) 827-3457





# Dear Ms. Hippie:

Dear Ms. Hippie:

I recently bought an alto recorder (baroque instrument, not stereo component) with the thought of getting into a new hobby.

But as I learned my way around this new music maker, I asked myself the Question of the 80s: How much money can I get out of this thing? Unfortunately, when I asked my wife what my earnings potential might be, recorder-wise, she said I had already reached it (without even learning the whole scale!!).

I'm not at all certain in this post-Reagan era (the what's-his-name presidency) that it would be proper to take up a new activity for its own, intrinsic value.

What do you think? Should I junk this thing or what?

Leftfield Entrepreneur

Dear Entrepreneur:

It may not only be proper--it may be imperative for a hippie to take up a new activity for its intrinsic value. Especially if it's music. If it were dried-macaroni-and-gold-spray-paint religious art, we would have to question your use of your spare time. Of course, the idea of intrinsic value is a bit muddy, isn't it?

Take for example Ms. Hippie herself, who is nastily cynical and completely tone deaf, yet was utterly won over by a hopeful lover with a soft guitar. Some might argue the intrinsic value of winning over Ms. Hippie, but we're talking about music here. Others might have better luck, maybe with an alto recorder.

Politically, we can speak of musical pursuit as John Cage does: "The very practice of music is a celebration that we own nothing." Or, even if we haven't a clue about what that

quotation means (who would?), we perhaps can use it upon doubtful spouses to good effect. Or, we can comfort ourselves that after about five minutes of practice on our new recorder, we already sounded better than John Cage. Go to it.

Dear Ms. Hippie:

We have a real problem... or at least other people have a real problem that is becoming very real to us.

When the two of us decided to move in together, we thought everyone would be hip to the idea--a straight feminist woman, Ulanda, and a gay man, Puck, both of whom scored quite well on the Bem androgyny test, make a perfect living situation. However, since we set up house together, rumors have begun to fly that really offend both of us.

For example, instead of a feminist woman and a gay man who had moved in together, we became a romantically involved couple (yuck!), expecting our first child (urgh! that's sick). Furthermore, everyone started asking us those revolting questions like "Do you want a boy or a girl?" (now we are REEEAAALLY beginning to feel ill).

Does this mean that (a) our child will be straight and affected by the sex roles that our society inflicts on our young people, (b) Ulanda is suffering from morning sickness, (c) Puck is showing early signs of jealousy, and/or (d) we should abort this child?

Please hurry. We are already approaching the end of the second trimester.

Ulanda and Puck

Dear Ulpucka:

You must resist letting your friends' fantasies about you take over! Let Ms. Hippie assure you that in all likelihood, y'all are not pregnant. Your social group has had a serious lapse in hipness, but that's not as bad as impending childbirth, and I'm certain you'd know the difference. So first, meet each offensive remark with a short, sharp bark of derisive laughter.

Education is what your friends need. Perhaps you could lend them biographies of famous couples who were not sexually involved, like... um, well, never mind. There seems to be a lack of coverage in the literature and film world, doesn't there?

If your derisive laughter isn't barky enough, and if you don't mind fighting unhipness with unhipness, you may invent a viciously jealous girlfriend in a distant city for Puck and a large, dangerous, hopelessly heterosexual boyfriend, also distant, for Ulanda. You could each shamelessly giggle and wave long personal letters (actually from your clever friend in Oklahoma) under your guests' noses when they visit. When you hear a knock on your door at night, you could grab up the phone and breathe lustily into it. Silly vacation photos would help, too. Gag me, but it would probably work. If all else fails, you might just have to wait out the third trimester to prove yourselves. But remember, no drinking for Ulanda: we don't want the child to have fetal alcohol syndrome.

Dear Ms. Hippie:

I'm proud to say that my good friends Jill and Catherine, who are lesbians, have asked me to donate the sperm for their child. This is quite an honor, I feel, but since it's a bit unusual, I wondered whether you had any special etiquette hints for me. I am a gay man, so this will probably be the only child I father.

T. Baster

Dear Turkey,

While unusual, your opportunity has quite a body of etiquette already built up around it. I assume that you will have your health thoroughly checked out (yes, including HIV) beforehand and that you feel your character is safe to pass along as well, just in case those genetics people are right.

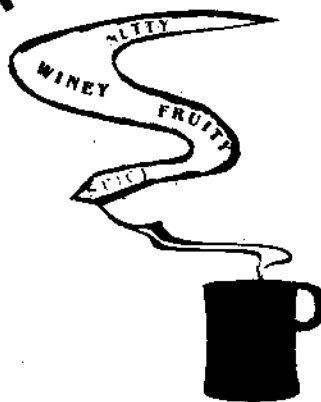
The most important thing for you and the women to do is the same thing that's ignored too often in traditional couples. Talk. In most couples, Ms. Hippie would insist that the male has exactly half the responsibility for any child he fathers in spite of the fact that he was suffering from temporary insanity when he did so. But your case is squirmier, since you're not even in the couple. Make sure they aren't going to drop the squalling brat on your doorstep every time there's a Cris Williamson concert. Get clear on the relation between runny infant puke and your new white couch. And straighten out exactly whose \$90,000 is going to be used raising the child to the age of eighteen instead of going on Greek Isle cruises. Furthermore, get it all in writing--a prenatal agreement, so to speak. Remarkable and costly things can be done with DNA analysis these days. After Jill and Catherine see your sensitivity and sweetness in these matters, you might be let off the hook.

The exceptional taste of

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