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The Keep

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8-1979

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BLOOMINGTON-NORMAL

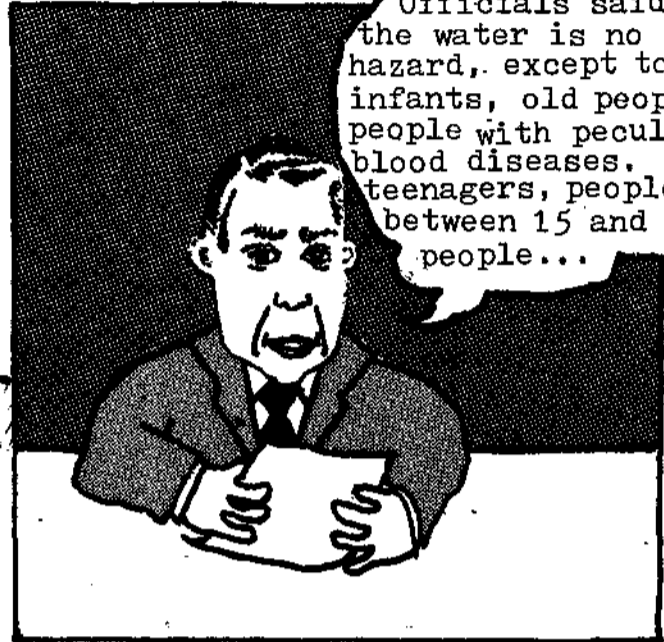
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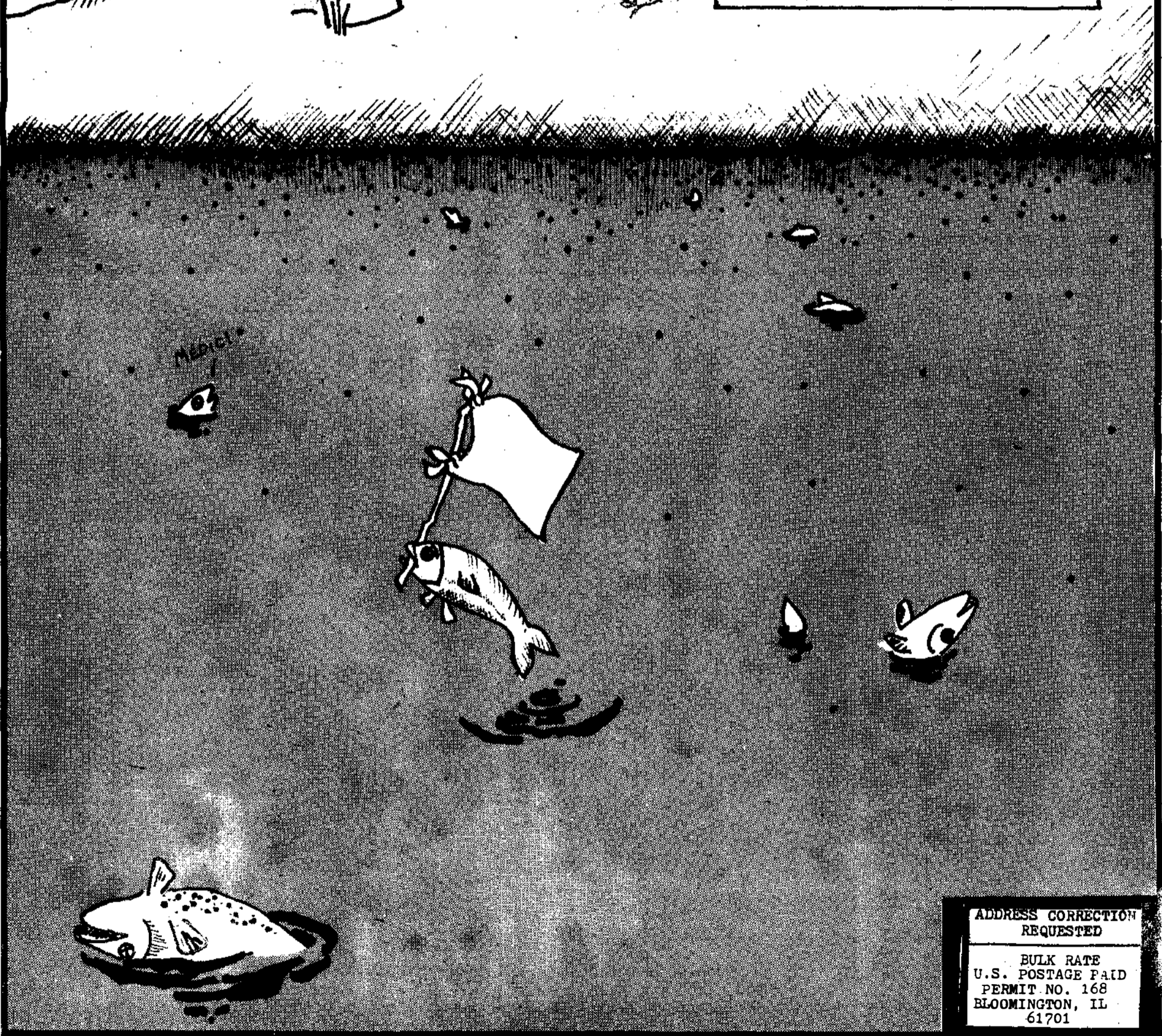
August 1979

Vol. 8 no. 2

City water:
Is it safe?
see page 3



Officials said the water is no hazard, except to infants, old people, people with peculiar blood diseases, teenagers, people between 15 and 47, people...



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ABOUT US

Anyone can be a member of the Post staff except maybe Ed Rust. All you have to do is come to the meetings and do one of the many different exciting tasks necessary for the smooth operation of a paper like this. You start work at nothing per hour, and stay there. Everyone is paid the same. Ego gratification and good karma are the fringe benefits.

Decisions are made collectively by staff members at one of our regular meetings. All workers have an equal voice. The Post-Amerikan has no editor or hierarchical structure, so quit calling up here and asking who's in charge.

Anybody who reads this paper can tell the type of stuff we print. All worthwhile material is welcome. We try to choose articles that are timely, relevant, informative, and not available in other local media. We will not print anything racist, sexist, or ageist.

Most of our material and inspiration for material comes from the community.

We encourage you, the reader, to become more than a reader.

We welcome all stories and tips for stories, which you can mail to our office (the address is at the end of this rap). The deadline this month is July 11.

If You'd like to work on the Post and/or come to meetings, call us. The number is 828-7232. You can also reach folks at 828-6885 or ask for Andrea at 829-6223 during the day.

You can make bread hawking the Post--15¢ a copy, except for the first 50 copies on which you make only 10¢ a copy. Call us at 828-7232.

Mail, which we more than welcome, should be sent to: The Post-Amerikan, P.O. Box 3452, Bloomington, IL 61701. (Be sure you tell us if you don't want your letter printed! Otherwise it's likely to end up in our letters column.)

Post Sellers

BLOOMINGTON

- Book Hive, 103 W. Front
- Eastgate IGA, at parking lot exit
- Sambo's Restaurant, Washington & Beltline
- Medusa's Adult World, 420 N. Madison
- The Back Porch, 402 1/2 N. Main
- South West Corner--Front & Main
- Downtown Postal Substation,
- Bl. Post Office, E. Empire (at exit)
- Devary's Market, 1402 W. Market
- Harris' Market, 902 N. Morris
- Hickory Pit, 920 W. Washington
- Biasi's Drug Store, 217 N. Main
- Discount Den, 207 N. Main
- U-I Grocery, 918 W. Market
- Kroger's, 1110 E. Oakland
- Bus Depot, 523 N. East
- The Wash House, 609 N. Clinton
- Pat's Billiard Supply, 801 W. Market

- Man-Ding-Go's, 312 S. Lee
- Mel-O-Cream Doughnuts, 901 N. Main
- Mr. Donut, 1310 E. Empire
- Doug's Motorcycle, 809 S. Morris Ave.
- K-Mart, at parking lot exit
- Small Changes Bookstore, 409A N. Main
- Lay-Z-J Saloon, 1401 W. Market
- Pantagraph Building (in front)
- North East Corner--Main & Washington

NORMAL

- University Liquors, 706 W. Beaufort
- Redbird IGA, 301 S. Main
- Mother Murphy's 111 1/2 North St.
- Ram, 101 Broadway Mall
- Eisner's, E. College (near sign)
- Divinyl Madness, 115 North St.
- Bowling and Billiards Center, ISU
- Baker's Dozen Donuts, 602 Kingsley
- Cage, ISU Student Union
- Midstate Truck Plaza, Route 51 North
- Upper Cut, 1203 1/2 S. Main

OUTTA TOWN

- Galesburg: Under The Sun, E. Main St.
- Monmouth: Head's Up
- Peoria: That Other Place, NE Adams
- Sound Warehouse, 3217 N. University
- Decatur: Coop Tapes and Records,
- 1470 Pershing
- Springfield: King Harvest Food Coop,
- 1131 S. Grand Ave. East
- Urbana: Horizon Bookstore, 517 S. Goodwin

GOOD NUMBERS

- Alcoholics Anonymous--828-5049
- American Civil Liberties Union--452-3634
- Clare House (Catholic Worker)--828-4035
- Community for Social Action--452-4867
- Countering Domestic Violence (PATH)--827-4005
- Dept. of Children and Family Services--829-5326
- Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare (Social Security Admin.)--829-9436
- Dept. of Mental Health--828-4311
- Gay Action/Awareness Union--828-6935
- Gay National Educational Switchboard--800-227-0888
- Gay People's Alliance (ISU) 829-7868
- HELP (Transportation for handicapped and sr. citizens)--828-8301
- Ill. Lawyer Referral Service--800-252-8916
- Kaleidoscope--828-7346
- Lighthouse--828-1371
- McLean County Health Dept.--829-3363
- McLean County Mental Health Center--827-5351
- Men's Rap Group--828-6935
- Mobile Meals (meals for shut-ins)--828-8301

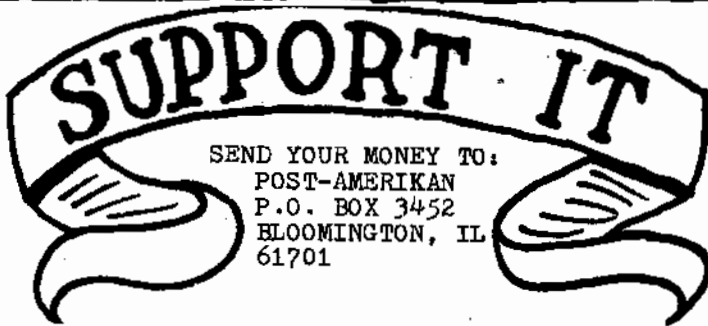
- National Health Care Services (abortion assistance in Peoria)--691-9073
- National Runaway Switchboard--800-621-4000 in Illinois--800-972-6004 (all 800 #'s toll free)
- Occupational Development Center--828-7324
- PATH (Personal Assistance Telephone Help)--827-4005
- Parents Anonymous--827-4005 (PATH)
- Planned Parenthood--827-8025
- Post-Amerikan--828-7232
- Prairie State Legal Aid--827-5021
- Project OZ--827-0377
- Public Aid, McLean Cnty. Dept. of--827-4621
- Rape Crisis Line--827-4005 (PATH)
- SAW (Student Association for Women, ISU)--438-7619
- Small Changes Alternative Bookstore--829-6223
- Sunnyside Neighborhood Center--827-5428
- Tele Care--828-8301
- Unemployment Compensation/Employment Office--827-6237
- United Farmworkers Support Group--452-5046
- Women's Switchboard--800-927-5404



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Bloomington's water: how dangerous is it?

Although the high level of nitrates in Bloomington's water is common nowadays, the situation is not nearly as safe as local officials would have you believe.

Nitrate-laced drinking water may be fatal to infants, it may damage older children's reflexes, and it is most likely linked to cancer.

Yet McLean County Health Dept. Director Ben Boyd flatly told the Pantagraph that the nitrate level "is not a public health hazard."

The city stopped drawing its water from Lake Bloomington in mid-June after the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) measured 13 milligrams of nitrate per liter of water on June 4. (Bloomington switched to Evergreen Lake; Normal gets its water from wells.)

Both the EPA and the U.S. Public Health Service consider 10 milligrams of nitrate per liter to be the safe limit for drinking water. A liter, by the way, is just a hair bigger than a quart.

The main reason for the safety limit is a disease called methemoglobinemia (or "blue baby") which is potentially fatal to infants. The disease involves a nitrate-caused change in the baby's hemoglobin that reduces its ability to use oxygen. The body chemistry of newborns makes them particularly susceptible to methemoglobinemia.

There are a number of recorded cases where methemoglobinemia caused by drinking nitrate-laced water proved fatal. There are also large numbers of non-fatal cases that were caused by drinking water that contained little more than the 10 milligram limit.

Boyd did mention methemoglobinemia to the Pantagraph, but he implied that it was not a factor at the 13 milligram level. He also said it was dangerous only to infants under one year old.

Yet some studies have shown distinct reductions in motor skills of children at nitrate levels of 26 milligrams per liter. In other words, children--not babies--who drank water that had only twice as much nitrate in it as Bloomington's water did June 4 had notably slower reflexes than children who drank water containing only 2 milligrams of nitrate.

Finally, the Pantagraph boldly stated that "nitrate is not the same as nitrite, the chemical found in bacon that is being investigated as a cause of cancer and birth defects."

The truth is that some of the nitrate is turned into nitrite inside your stomach. No one knows how much or exactly what the consequences are.

And cancer-causing chemicals like nitrite are probably similar to radiation: no amount is entirely safe, because it takes a change in only one cell to give you cancer.

Nonetheless, the health director brushed off the EPA's requirement that the city notify all its residents of the high nitrate level. The problem, said Boyd, was "not a public one, but a legal one."



The nitrate level would have to increase to 100 to 150 milligrams per liter before a public health hazard would be declared, Boyd told the Pantagraph. Yet most of the reported methemoglobinemia cases in a Minnesota survey were caused by drinking water containing fewer than 150 milligrams of nitrate, and the EPA has set the safe level at 10 milligrams.

Furthermore, a federal study indicated that average Americans take 100 milligrams of nitrate and 10 milligrams of nitrite into their bodies every day, mainly from food. You'd have to drink about two gallons of Bloomington's water to get that much nitrate.

No one knows how much of the nitrate turns into nitrite, and the government is likely to ban nitrite from all foods quite soon--precisely because it almost certainly causes cancer.

Director Boyd apparently bases his lack of concern about the nitrate levels on the fact that they go up every year about this time in Lake Bloomington and, indeed, in all the surrounding lakes and rivers. The reasons, of course, is run-off from agricultural land, primarily because of over-use of nitrogen-based fertilizers.

The health director acts as if this state of affairs were eternal, unchangeable. But the fact is that no level of nitrates exceeding the 10 milligram level was found in any surface water anywhere in Illinois until 1956.

Since 1969, the 10 milligram level has regularly been passed in nine rivers, including the Mackinaw and the Illinois, and the state EPA has identified eight cities with chronically high nitrate levels in their water supplies. One of those cities is Bloomington.

Although other factors can increase the nitrate levels of streams and lakes, it is no coincidence that since 1965 Illinois farmers have been applying more nitrogen than is used by the crops.

Nor is it a coincidence that the worst nitrate levels in Illinois occur in areas of intensive agricultural production on well-drained, fertile soils--which means the east-central part of the state.

Obviously, this does not have to continue.

But it will continue as long as health officials like Boyd and newspapers like the Pantagraph continue to misrepresent the dangers of nitrate-laced drinking water. It will continue as long as the risk of illness or death from pollution is considered normal.

--D. LeSeure

•Sources:

--"Soil and Freshwater: Damaged Global Fabric" by Barry Commoner, Environment, April 1970.

--"Advisory Report on Health Effects of Nitrates in Water" by Environmental Health Resource Center of the Ill. Institute for Environmental Quality, January 1974.

--Nitrates: An Environmental Assessment by the National Research Council, 1978.

Water water everywhere, and it's all dirty

Nitrates are only one of the pollutants that foul up and frequently cause the cycle of life in our lakes and streams to break down completely.

This life cycle is the process that would keep our lakes clean if we didn't keep dumping so much stuff into them. Briefly and a bit simplistically, the cycle consists of the following four steps:

--Aquatic animals produce organic wastes by living and dying.

--Micro-organisms that require oxygen convert the organic wastes into inorganic nitrate, phosphate and carbon dioxide.

--Algae reconvert the inorganics to organic substances (plants) through photosynthesis, which adds oxygen to the water.

--Animals then eat the plants, which leads us back to step one.

If we put too much of one thing into the water, we mess up the cycle. For instance, if we add a lot of nitrate and phosphate, they cause a very rapid growth of algae. But the algae can't keep growing forever. They get too crowded and die from lack of light--which then leaves too much organic debris for the micro-organisms to use up.

Incidentally, if there is too much organic matter, the micro-organisms will use up all the oxygen, and the fish will die.

An explanation of how most sewage treatment plants work will show how you can't ignore the whole cycle when trying to get rid of a surplus of one of the elements.

Since there is too much organic matter in our sewage--shit and potato peels--we aerate the sewage at treatment plants. This gives the micro-organisms enough oxygen to turn most of the organic material into inorganics like phosphate and nitrate.

Of course, the inorganics encourage the algae, the algae dies, and we soon have a lot of organic materials in the water anyway.

What we're up against is an absolute limit on how much stuff we can dump in our lakes and rivers.

Barry Commoner says that "in Illinois, every major river has been overloaded with fertilizer drainage and has lost its powers of self-purification."

A farmer friend tells me that in the 1930s, Illinois exported hundreds of thousands of pounds of fish to the east coast. Now, because of huge

amounts of silt dumped in the water as a result of poor farming practices, you'd be lucky to catch three fish in a day.

The government says that by 1980 the oxygen demand due to municipal wastes will equal the supply in all the U.S. river systems combined during the summer months.

And you have to add to that:

--feedlot wastes, which exceed municipal wastes,
--algal overgrowth from the phosphates in synthetic detergents,
--and algal overgrowth from nitrate leaching due to overuse of nitrogen fertilizers and erosion.

If you don't believe it's happening, go look at the algae in Sugar Creek by Illinois State University.

Or go look at the muddy Mackinaw.

Sooner or later we will have to pay the bill for ignoring these facts--and the bill will be paid in the form of dead rivers, dead lakes, dead fish, and probably dead people who couldn't get clean water anymore.

--D. L.

Politicians' drunk driving "concern" is phony

The drinking age for beer and wine will soon be raised to 21, now that both houses of the Illinois legislature have OK'd the controversial bill. The Governor plans to sign it.

Throughout the session, legislators cried in their martinis about teenagers who drink and drive, the threat to lives and property, the drunken menaces on the highways, whatever sob stories the media would pick up. The legislators' concern about drunken driving got a lot of publicity.

What didn't get much publicity was the legislature's refusal to tighten up the state's implied consent law, despite prosecutors' contentions that convicting drunk drivers is particularly difficult in Illinois.

The Pantagraph reported that McLean County's conviction rate for drunk driving is only 62%, compared with the national average of 74%. State's Attorney Ron Dozier attributes the difference to Illinois' implied consent law, which he called "the weakest in the nation."

Illinois gives a suspected drunk driver 90 minutes to decide whether to take a breath test. If he flunks, he can throw the results out and take a second test. Waiting 90 minutes allows drivers to sober up, and discourages impatient police from even bothering to charge some drunk drivers.

Drivers who refuse a breath test are supposed to lose their licenses automatically for three months. But Dozier said that two-thirds of such drivers successfully fight their license loss at a hearing.

A driver's refusal to take a breath test cannot be mentioned during the defendant's drunk driving trial. In other states, refusing a breath test produces an automatic conviction.



Despite their professed concern about drunk drivers terrorizing the highways, legislators refused to eliminate the second breath test and refused to cut the suspect's waiting time to 30 minutes.

Legislators may simply have been looking out for their own--the statistical portrait of the drunk driver resembles a typical politician more than a teenager.

A Pantagraph series said the "typical" drunk driver is a middle-aged male. Teenagers were not mentioned in the entire series. The paper even cited national statistics about the 24-45 age group: they commit 31% of crimes in general, but 50% of the drunk driving offenses. These highway menaces seem to be grown-ups.

Meanwhile, local police are continuing their persecution of younger teenagers who sip beer.

After city council member Donn Pierce proposed an "Enforcement Strike Force," Bloomington police launched a special program to stake out liquor stores. Working in pairs, the cops watch for underage people buying alcohol, whether directly from the store or from an older intermediary. Bloomington cops have also been descending on taverns to check ID's.

One detective even went to the trouble of making an undercover beer buy from a gas station's 16-year-old cashier. (The 16-year-old is supposed to have the 19-year-old employee ring up the beer sale.)

You'd think they'd have something better to do, like helping cats out of trees. But Bloomington and county cops have been actively busting up parties and stopping kids and searching their cars.

The campaign to bust underage alcohol drinkers has increased 10 times in the last two years, the Pantagraph says, and Mayor Buchanan is proposing stiffer penalties for the young people caught up in their community's hysterical hypocrisy.

The young people enduring this persecution will soon be joined by thousands of nineteen and twenty-year-olds who--with one sweep of Jim Thompson's pen--will suddenly become outlaws. If the police continue harassing young people, and if they include among their targets this new group of suddenly underage drinkers, the reaction is bound to be angry, justifiably angry.

--Mark Silverstein



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Racism creeps into WRBA news reporting

A subtle white racism may be coloring WRBA's news reporting of local crimes. When broadcasting reports of robberies, WRBA sometimes mentions the suspect's race, sometimes doesn't.

According to my preliminary check into WRBA's pattern, the Normal radio station may be emphasizing race when blacks are suspects, while not mentioning race at all when the suspects are white.

I seldom listen to WRBA. But one early June morning, stuck for hours in a car with only an AM radio, I got desperate. I remember actually being shocked when WRBA announced that a black man got away after sticking up a gas station the night before.

Realizing that I wasn't used to hearing race mentioned in such news stories, I checked the Pantagraph. My memory was confirmed: The paper's story didn't mention the robber's race.

Newscaster Gary O'Brien at WRBA told me station policy dictated that reporters always include race in such stories. WJBC and the Pantagraph do the same, he told me. O'Brien said WRBA always reports the entire description, down to the suspect's blue jeans. "If he had a fork stuck in his nose, we'd report that too," he added. No matter whether the suspect was black or white, WRBA would broadcast race, O'Brien insisted.

But O'Brien was wrong. He was wrong about the Pantagraph, about WJBC, and about WRBA's consistency.

In early June, a Clark station stick-up caught my attention. Once again, the small Pantagraph story didn't reveal the suspect's race. Neither did the WJBC news report.

I phoned WRBA and asked if they'd reported the robbery. Yes. I asked about the suspect's race. The answer came back from the newsroom: "No race was given."

Wrong again. Race was given. I looked up the police report which served as the source for WRBA's broadcast on the Clark station stick-up. You couldn't miss it. It was printed as clear as a WRBA reporter's skin: the suspect was white.

If these two cases make a pattern, then WRBA considers race important enough to mention only when the criminal suspect is non-white.



This kind of racism operates unconsciously, especially in a community as overwhelmingly white as ours. When talking about a person, most whites automatically assume (without knowing they are assuming anything) that the person is white. For example, as I stuff the groceries into our refrigerator, I tell my white roommates why I'm late with the chow: the man in front of me stalled the check-out line getting his check OK'd. My roommates immediately picture a white man. Since white is so "normal," a radio announcer may not even think of mentioning race unless it were something worth remarking about--in other words, unless it were non-white.

I'm not sure what to make of this unconscious racism as it functions in our daily lives in our conversations

with our friends.

But I'm very sure that a radio station has no business letting that unconscious racism permeate its newscasts.

This racism becomes especially destructive in reporting crime stories. By emphasizing race only when blacks are suspects, WRBA reinforces the racism already too prevalent in the white community. WRBA distorts the public's sense of proportion--the minority of crimes committed by blacks becomes artificially magnified.

Since WRBA's O'Brien asserted that WJBC also always reports race, I gave the Bloomington station a call. WJBC hadn't reported the race of the Clark station gunman either.

WJBC includes race in its news reports "only when race is an integral part of the story," according to News Director Steve Vogel. I won't go into all Vogel's criteria, but I left the phone satisfied that WJBC's policy would allow less WRBA-style unconscious racism to creep into the airwaves.

The indictment against WRBA here is based on comparing only two news stories. One contradiction does not make a pattern, but it's enough to alert WRBA and its public to the need for further scrutiny. The radio station should immediately take a close look at its policies. WRBA must stop letting the unconscious racism of its white reporters drift into the airwaves. It's air pollution of the worst kind.

--Mark Silverstein

Brienen's brigade blockades empty house

Sheriff Brienen and his task force have once again brought to light their inability to wear a badge and think at the same time. Their inability was proven on Thursday, June 6th when they investigated the attempted shooting of Steve Richardson in the vicinity of Willow Creek Village. A witness identified Donald H. Randolph as the man who fired at Richardson.

It was at this point that Brienen and his brigade began creating their own melodrama by surrounding an empty house located at 305 Leland in Bloomington in search of the suspect.

Chief Deputy E. J. O'Farrell of the Sheriff's Department claims he received a call from the suspect, Randolph, and traced it to 305 Leland. With the assistance of Bloomington and State police, Brienen and his brigade proceeded to 305, where a small army of grown men, dressed in bullet-proof vests and helmets and armed with deadly weapons, concealed themselves behind cars and authoritatively bellowed through a bullhorn. After making fools of themselves for 2½ hours, the stakeout dispersed without any sign of the suspect.

In an effort to cover his idiocy, Brienen told a Pantagraph reporter that Randolph "...was as slippery as any guy I've seen." What Brienen refused to admit was the inept investigative techniques which led them to surround an uninhabited house.

According to police reports, an open window on the second floor of 305 Leland indicated that Randolph had been in the house and escaped. Is it so unusual for someone to leave a window open in the summer?

The police also claimed that when they attempted to call Randolph at 305 Leland, someone had answered the phone but wouldn't talk. But why would any hiding suspect pick up a ringing phone?

Four days after the stakeout, Randolph was apprehended and told police he had never been at 305 Leland. Since then, Lt. Boyd of the Sheriff's police stated to a Pantagraph reporter that he believes Randolph's claim.

It appears that even Boyd would have to agree with my accusation that Brienen and his men are attempting to cover up just one more of their blunders. Brienen and his brigade should fess up! Their services to the public are worth no more than a truckload of hair if this is the way they "serve and protect the public."

--Didi

House calls for winter shutoff ban

State Rep. Clarence Darrow (Rock Island) has received House approval for a resolution calling on the Ill. Commerce Commission to establish a trial program to prohibit utility cut-offs in winter months. The measure had the full backing of the Ill. Public Action Council, which earlier had promoted legislation to ban shutoffs.

"Consumers who feared next winter with potential shutoffs have been given hope," said Margaret Person of Metro Seniors in Action, a Public Action board member. "The ICC should act quickly on this request to ban shutoffs from Nov. 1 to April 1. Public Action thanks the House for its unanimous support of this important resolution. No one should have to freeze to death because they can't keep up with their soaring utility bills in the winter."

Although a House Resolution does not have the force of law, it does put the legislature on record. "Because of the House position, I am hopeful the commission will implement this trial program," noted Darrow, the chief sponsor of the measure. The resolution recommends a trial period from Nov. 1, 1979, to April 1, 1980.

Man falsely labeled MEG agent

POST-NOTE: Although we ran this retraction in our last issue (June-July), we wanted to be sure no one missed it--that's why we are running it again. Any reference in this article to "last issue" or "last month" refers to our May issue, where we falsely accused John Hill of being a narc.

The Post-Amerikan made a horrible mistake last issue by publishing photos of the man pictured here and labeling him an undercover MEG agent.

This falsely accused man is John Hill, of Bartonville. After talking several times with John and Cheryl Hill, visiting their apartment, and discrediting our original "evidence," I am convinced that we blew it last issue. This is a retraction.

This retraction is also an apology to the Hill family and their friends and acquaintances. All of us at the Post-Amerikan sincerely regret what you have had to go through because of our blunder.

It's a mistake we've tried hard to avoid. Since we published our first narc photo in 1974, we have revealed the identities of close to a hundred undercover agents and informers, without falsely accusing anyone. Until now, in our May issue.

The Post-Amerikan owes its readers an explanation: how did we print the wrong person's photo, and how are we going to prevent this in the future?

When we took Hill's photo, he was driving a blue 1978 Chevy Camaro--the exact color, make and model of a vehicle MEG has been leasing for more than a year. Hill's car had a bashed-in left front fender; so did MEG's blue '78 Camaro.

We "confirmed" that Hill's car was a MEG car by checking the license plate number with the computer in the Secretary of State's office. When asked about a MEG plate number, the computer always says "no record on file."

Unfortunately, the state's computer also says "no record on file" in other circumstances, too. For example, a check on a newly-purchased license plate will come back "no record on file" for a certain period of time--until the information has been entered into the computer.

This is where we went wrong with Hill's car.

We first checked Hill's plate number with the computer in mid-March, along with a number of other numbers. A lot of the checks,



These are photos of John Hill. When we printed the one on the left in our May issue, we said the person was a narc. We were wrong.

including ones we were pretty sure weren't MEG plates, came back "no record on file." We figured that the computer didn't have information yet on all the '79 plates, since the banks had been selling them until just a few weeks before.

We tried a batch of plates again in mid-April. Non-MEG plates which produced a "no record on file" response from the computer in March were now producing name and address information. But when asked about Hill's plates, the computer still said "no record on file."

The computer was releasing information on some plates it said were purchased on Feb. 27--one day before plate sales ended. If the computer had information on all the plates sold, then Hill's "no record on file" pointed to the conclusion that he was driving a narc car.

We learned, too late, that the computer hadn't had complete information in mid-April. After we'd already printed Hill's photo, we checked his plates again--in May. Instead of saying "no record on file," the computer coughed up all the information normally recorded on a non-undercover vehicle. The check revealed that Hill bought his plates on Feb. 28.

If we had waited an extra few weeks (or if John Hill bought his plates earlier), Hill's photo would never have been in the Post-Amerikan.

But the car and the license plate check wouldn't have been enough to get Hill accused of being a narc in print, not with the uncertainty about whether the state's computer had all the info from Feb. 28 license plate sales.

In an operation something like a line-up, a person who has observed comings and goings at the MEG office picked Hill's photo out from a stack of several shots. It wasn't one of those "This is the one--I'd know that mug anywhere" identifications that MEG victims have sometimes made when pulling an agent's photo out of a pile of suspects--but it swayed us, when combined with the other evidence.

Identification of people by photograph isn't the most reliable evidence. I wish we hadn't used it.

Last issue, we said that the man pictured here has been seen entering and leaving MEG's office building at 600 Abingdon in Peoria.

John Hill says he's never been to that building, and hasn't even been in that part of Peoria for years. I believe him.

Post readers in the six-county MEG area energetically pass around our photos of narcs and post them in bars and other hang-outs. The Post staff hopes readers will put the same energy into passing around this retraction. ●

--Mark Silverstein



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Banker appalled at profit motive

The American State Bank is the closest Bloomington-Normal comes to having a family-owned bank. Several generations of the Wochner family have run the bank, and the largest blocks of stock are still owned by the Wochners.

Attorney David Wochner was representing his family and his bank at a Bloomington Planning Commission hearing June 27 when he became disgusted by, of all things, the profit motive. This account is taken from a Pantagraph story.

Wochner was asking for a zoning change to allow his bank to build a drive-in facility at Lincoln and Mercer streets.

That's not too far from the Prairie State Bank, whose attorney Robert Lenz was also at the hearing. Calling the proposal "spot

zoning, Lenz objected to American State's rezoning request.

"I don't know of any reason why Lenz stood here except business profit motive," banker Wochner was quoted.

Wochner said he was "amazed" and "appalled."

A pious Catholic, Wochner has always been appalled by women's right to control their own bodies. The banker/attorney has been an activist in local anti-abortion agitation.

Now that Dave publicly declared that he's appalled by the profit motive, too, maybe he will become an anti-capitalist activist, offering no-interest loans at the family bank, or maybe even emulating Abbie Hoffman's caper: throwing free money onto the floor of the stock exchange.

--M.S.

Normal survey "worthless" --Mayor

Normal spent \$570 to send a one-page "questionnaire" to 9,000 Normal residents, asking them to rate various city programs, policies and services on a one-to-ten scale.

Only 382 citizens bothered to respond, which means that the City Council paid \$1.50 for each usable questionnaire.

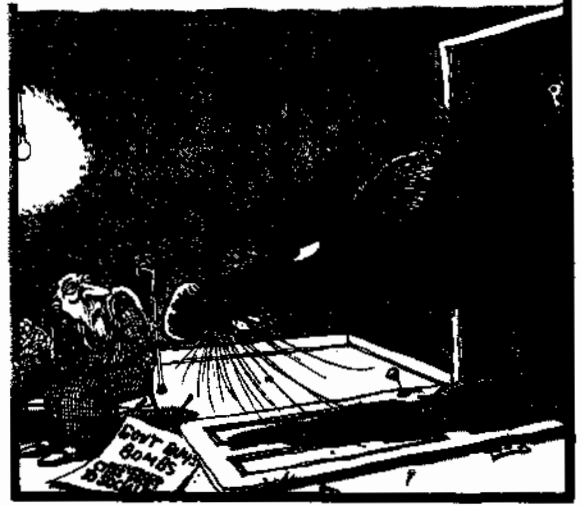
"The survey was worthless," Mayor Godfrey admitted to the Post Amerikan. Since such a small part of the population responded, the results are not statistically significant.

Despite the results' lack of significance, the Pantagraph (June 29) devoted a complete article to the survey. After explaining that the mayor considered a ranking of 5 to 10 to be favorable, the paper listed the major questions and the percentage of citizens evaluating the city favorably or unfavorably. The mayor is quoted interpreting citizens' responses, and the headline acts as though the survey were a valid measure of public opinion: "Survey backs efforts to attract business."

You sure can't tell the mayor thought the survey was worthless from reading the Pantagraph, nor can you tell how much the worthless survey cost the public--the article didn't say. You

can't even tell if the Pantagraph reporter thought the survey was worthless. Although he mentions that "about 4.3%" of the sample responded, you can't tell if the reporter understands the meaning of that statistic: the survey was worthless, just as the mayor said. This may be what they praise as objective reporting, but to me it's just objectionable.

--Mark Silverstein



Gen Tel gets over again

After installing a chunk of new equipment, General Telephone Company is now offering its customers a new convenience, called zero-plus dialing.

The technological improvements allow Gen Tel to offer 81 of its operators a new convenience--unemployment.

The June 28 Pantagraph "news story" --complete with posed photograph-- was really a free ad for the phone company's new service.

The elimination of 81 operators in Pontiac, Streator, and Lincoln was reported as though it were positive. Bloomington's 111 operators will do the work formerly done by a workforce of 192.

Remember when Gen Tel was crying to the Illinois Commerce Commission that Directory Assistance users cost the company too much in operators' time? The phone company wanted to charge people who used Directory Assistance, to reimburse the company for the operators' salaries.

Gen Tel now has no plans to reduce any rates, even though the company is saving the salaries of 81 operators.

The new system allows customers to direct-dial calls that formerly needed

an operator. Customers can now make credit card calls, person-to-person calls, collect calls, and third-number calls by dialing zero, the area code, and the number. While the call is going through, an operator comes on and asks for the needed information. All these calls are still considered operator-assisted calls--the customer gets no monetary savings from direct dialing.

The monetary savings goes to Gen Tel's stockholders, who will save what they used to pay the 81 victims of automation.

Of course, Gen Tel stockholders had to invest a lot of money for these labor-saving technological improvements: \$3.75 million, according to the Pantagraph. Estimating an operator's salary at \$10,000, Gen Tel's yearly savings comes to \$.81 million--a return of 25% on its investment in zero-plus dialing.

--Mark Silverstein



Pot busts at record high

In 1977, 457,600 people were arrested on marijuana charges--an all-time high --according to the FBI. The old record was 445,600 busts in 1974.

The weed itself didn't do too well in avoiding the long arm of the law either. The DEA claimed it seized 1,235,631 pounds of marijuana in the first 9 months of 1978, compared to 348,836 pounds in 1977.

DEA head Peter Bensinger had one cheery bit of news, however. There has been no appreciable decrease in the amount of pot available in the U.S., despite the record busts and seizures.

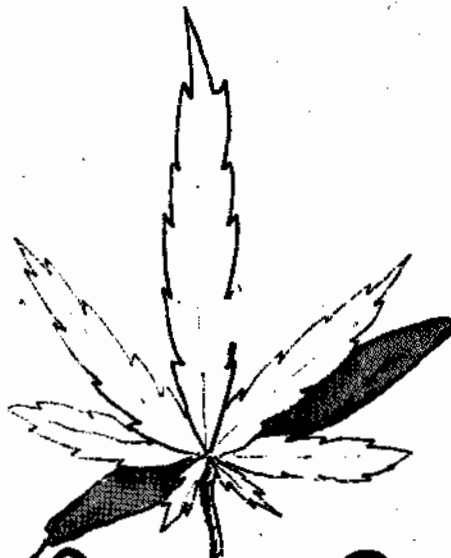
--NORML

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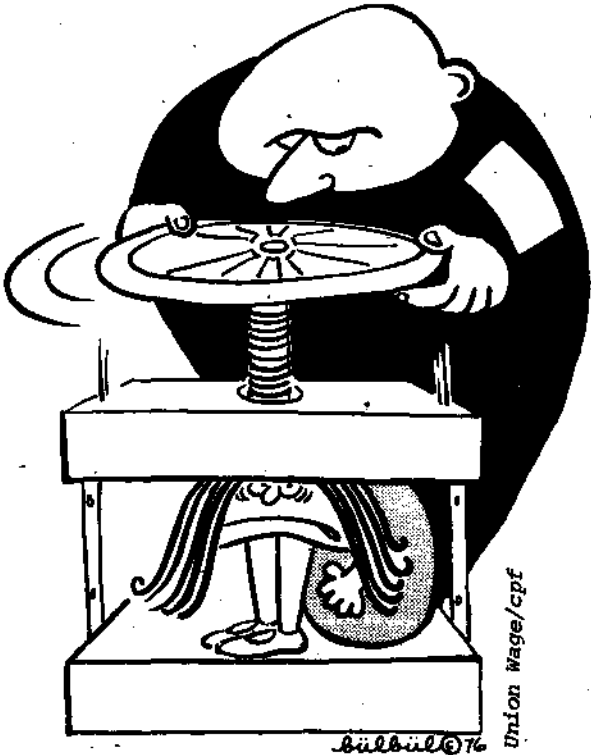
Bookstore on the edge of time

There's lots of exciting stuff happening at Small Changes these days. After a frustrating low-energy period and our post concert-producing burnout, we've bounced back with renewed spirit, big ideas, and exciting plans for the future.

During an all-day work and play retreat in May, we took a long hard look at our

Audit for nuke?

Prairie Alliance recently filed a motion in the Illinois Power rate hike proceedings requesting a management audit of the Clinton nuclear project. The request included a 35-page report that the Prairie Alliance worked on for several months citing specific, documented reports of mismanagement as well as five signed affidavits from workers at the Clinton plant. •



long-range business plans. Now we're in the process of implementing some of the schemes we came up with to get our bookstore to a more self-sufficient place. We're all putting lots of energy into the bookstore, and it feels real good.

One of our new projects is a monthly newsletter to keep all of our supporters in close touch with us, and to let people who don't come into the bookstore very often know what all is available there. Our first edition should be coming out in a couple of weeks, so be sure to let us know if you'd like to receive it. Our phone number is 829-6223; and our address is 409A N. Main, Bloomington. There's lots of heavy duty work that needs to be done at the store. As an incentive, we've decided to pay two of our collective members a 50\$/month salary. For those of you who have pledged money to our salary fund, your checks will really help us now. There's simply too much work to be done, and rather than getting straight shit jobs, we'd rather these womyn be able to put more hours into the store. It's not always going to be easy to scrape together salary money, but if we pull this off it will be a big step toward our vision of supporting ourselves through our own non-oppressive

business. And that's real exciting.

Vacation time is upon us, and during most of the summer at least one bookstore member has been/will be gone. So there will be some unfamiliar (but friendly) womyn staffing the store, and we may be closed at weird times. We'll do our best to keep the store open, but please bear with us through the time crunch.

We have two new collective members! Susie joined us a couple months ago, and Lori in mid-July. We're all real happy they've joined us.

Our lending library and free stuff box have both expanded considerably. So people who aren't into spending money can still enjoy the finer things in life--good books and funky clothes! Both the books and the box are definitely worth checking out.

We Small Changes womyn are real excited about all the stuff that's going on in and around the store. Here's hoping some of that excitement has rubbed off on you. •

--The Small Changes Collective

Springfield Smoke-in Sept. 3

The second annual Springfield Smoke-In will be held September 3rd on the state capitol lawn in Springfield.

Last year about 300 people showed up and after only a few hours of peaceful partying a large number of the Secretary of State's goon squad in full riot gear came in ready to kick ass--and did. Forty-two were arrested but none were seriously injured. The trial for those still facing charges is scheduled to begin July 23.

This year we intend to do everything possible to prevent arrests. We will try to have child care available.

Bring your dope and a peaceful, loving attitude to the state capitol on Labor Day and show those bureaucrats the difference between pot smoking yippies and red-faced martini drinkers. A



Benefit to raise funds for this event will be held August 26 at the Lay-Z-J Saloon in Bloomington.

For more info call 217-789-4355 or 309-829-7402. •

Sex ed for parents

Planned Parenthood of McLean County will hold two sex education workshops for parents and other adults Aug. 18 and Sept. 5.

The three-hour workshops are designed to increase and improve parents' communication with their children about sex.

The Saturday, Aug. 18, workshop will be from 9 a.m. to noon, and the Wednesday, Sept. 5, workshop will be from 6:30 to 9:30 p.m. Both will be held in the first-floor conference room at the McBarnes building, 201 E. Grove, Bloomington.

Babysitting will be provided for small children. A donation of \$5 per person or \$8 per couple will cover workshop materials.

For information and registration call Sue Fatten at 827-8025. Pre-registration is recommended since class size will be limited. •

GPA to hold picnic

ISU's Gay People's Alliance is having a picnic-potluck on Sunday, July 22, at Fairview Park in Normal. It will start at 2 p.m.

People should bring something to eat and their own eating utensils. All gay people and their friends are invited to attend. •

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Chicago celebrates gay pride

Civil rights or civil war
Gays ain't gonna take no more

The Gay and Lesbian Pride parade in Chicago drew more than 10,000 participants. At least 30 from Bloomington-Normal took part in the march.

The Chicago parade featured a newly formed marching band, numerous floats and organizations, and a lot of costumed marchers. Roller skates were commonplace.

Religion was much in evidence in the line of march. Serious groups like Dignity (the gay Catholics), the Metropolitan Community Church, and Gay Quakers marched along with such parodies as altar boys on skates and a bishop in full, authentic drag.

As the parade passed Clark and Belmont, marchers were blessed by a Catholic priest and a Greek Orthodox clergyman, who stood on a balcony next to Queen Victoria. The Queen held a tasteful sign which read "Oscar come home, All is forgiven," referring to Oscar Wilde.

At least two Ronald McDonalds skated in and out of the crowd.

What's the fight?
Gay rights!
What's the solution?
Revolution!

Many of us from B-N marched with the Stonewall Contingent, a militant group which punctured the fun of the floats and costumes with political chants and signs.

The Stonewall Contingent represented those gays who see the fight for our

rights as part of the struggle against all exploitation and oppression. Some of the slogans reflected this theme of common struggle: "Right-to-life, you're gonna lose, Women demand the right to choose."

This group's placards also expressed a revolutionary spirit: "From Stonewall to San Francisco/ It is right to rebel"; "Gay liberation through socialist revolution." Some of the signs were in Spanish.

This aggressive stance didn't always



get a favorable reaction from the crowds that lined the streets. When we chanted "No more raids" and "Cops gotta go," there was often applause and cheering from the onlookers. But an upfront chant like "2-4-6-8, Smash the family, church, and state" usually met with silence.

A lot of people, including some fellow marchers, weren't ready for "Gay rights or Gay riots" either:

Down with nuclear power
Nuclear weapons
Nuclear families

The political voices didn't dominate the demonstration, but they were an insistent undertone.

In Lincoln Park, near the parade's end, we encountered a lot more straight folk, especially couples and families. At that point our group chanted "Faggots, fairies, and dykes, Oh my!" A group of lesbians taunted the watchers with "2-4-6-8, How do ya know your wife is straight?/ 3-5-7-9, If she is, give 'er time." To their credit, the straight spectators often applauded and laughed good naturedly at our verbal antics. Some were visibly uncomfortable, though.

The rally in the park was somewhat disappointing: it wasn't much of a celebration. But it had its moments.

The Gay Pride Band played its two-number repertoire. And the speakers, whose words were signed for the hearing-impaired, reminded the crowd of the continuing struggle which the parade symbolizes: "Being proud and gay means fighting for our rights."

A renewed fight for gay rights legislation in Illinois was announced. (An ordinance has just been presented for the second time to the Chicago City Council.) "Gay people should not be content with a city ordinance," said a woman speaker. "We want more than a piece of paper. We want lesbian and gay liberation."

"Hey, hey, ho, ho/ Gay oppression's gotta go." •

--Ferdydurke with L. Knight

Gay pride marches on

Remember Stonewall
Fight, fight, fight,
Gay liberation
Is our right.

Gay Pride Day is the biggest lesbian/gay event of the year. It commemorates the Stonewall rebellion. Ten years ago, the cops tried to raid the Stonewall Inn, a gay bar in New York. In response, gay people took to the streets and successfully fought the police.

This year gay people by the thousands marched in numerous parades all around the country. There were somber moments, but most marches and rallies marking the 10th anniversary of the national gay rights movement were festive.

In New York, crowds estimated from 50,000 to 100,000 marched from Christopher Street to Central Park. The parade, which at one point stretched 30 blocks, was led by members of the original group of 13 arrested at Stonewall.

The largest parade was held in San Francisco; more than 250,000 gays and their supporters surged along Market Street. Four people from Bloomington attended the Gay Freedom Day march in San Francisco, and they report that the parade took four hours to pass by.

Members of such groups as Dykes on Bikes, Gay American Indians, Bay Area Lesbian Witches, Order of Displaced Okies, Gay Fathers, and Lesbian Mothers gathered to watch the 250-member Gay Marching Band and Twirling Corps. The band delighted the crowd with renditions of "San Francisco, Open Your Golden Gate" and "If My Friends Could See Me Now."

2-4-6-8
Gay is just as good as straight

The parades in New York and San Francisco included participation by supportive heterosexuals, especially the Parents of Gays organization.

At the New York rally in Central Park, the crowd heard the Rev. John Kuiper, who recently won permanent custody of his adopted 13-year-old son, although Kuiper had publicly acknowledged living with a male lover. Another speaker was Paul Guilbert, a 17-year-old high school student from Providence, R.I., who recently fought for the right to take a male friend to his school prom.

In Miami, about 2,000 marchers clogged an 11-block route through the downtown. The parade in Portland, Ore., was marked by some minor clashes between gay marchers and persons opposed to the demonstration.

About 400 people paraded through downtown Portland, chanting "Gay, straight, black, white--same struggle, same fight." Some persons opposing the march carried signs saying "God Hates Homosexuals." God could not be reached to confirm or deny this allegation. •

--Ferdydurke

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Mary Williams--

the other side of the story

Last month you may have read an article titled "Justice and freedom for Mary Williams!" by Suzanne Little, Susie Sewell, and J. H. in which the authors proposed a Mary Williams Support Group and even asked for contributions toward her bail. If you were one of the people sucked in by this very sad tale, we hope that after reading this article you will demand your money back.

In the first place, I have to say that although I have in the past been a very strong supporter of the Post and even worked on several lay-outs, my faith is wavering. Sadly enough, there are a lot of people who consider the Post to be Gospel. Personally, at this point I'd give the Post a credibility rating about the same as that of the National Enquirer!

That may sound harsh but let me explain. The research for that article consisted of reading the Pentagraph and talking to Mary Williams. Now this will probably come as a big surprise to the authors of that first article, but some times people in jail, especially people (yes, even women!) accused of murder, tell stories. In fact, I would guess that any woman who could shoot her husband (or anyone) in the face could probably find it easy enough to tell even bold-faced lies. Truly amazing, right?

Even so, the authors chose to believe every word she said and forge blindly ahead. No one bothered to ask around for another version or even considered letting anyone else involved know the story would be coming out. That way, of course, they would have at least until the next issue of the Post to collect money and support for Mary Williams based on their story alone.

Their story is, at best, only half the story. Since the case is still pending, we won't be able to quote all of the facts about it but, even so, filling in even some of the facts and raising only a few very important questions should make it easy to see that the first article was very deceiving.

SHOCK

Naturally, last month's article came as a big shock to Les Williams' grieving family and friends. Especially since they too considered themselves friends of the Post Amerikan up until now.

Les Williams had five children by a former marriage. While even they would not claim that he was perfect or an angel, we feel they certainly deserve some explanation/justification for their father being termed "abusive" in that article. They are outraged and understandably so.

It seems especially slanderous since, as far as I can see, there was really no reason to mention it. Mary Williams claims that she shot her husband because she didn't know that it was him at the door, not because he was abusive and she was afraid of him. So what was their point in saying that? Maybe there are bigger bucks for abused women. Or would they like us to believe that Les was a "mean" man and because of that he deserved to die anyway? They would certainly be hard-pressed to convince anyone who knew him of that.

The scariest part of all is knowing that this Support Group, in their ignorance, could raise Mary Williams' bail and be responsible for taking those five children away from the best and happiest environment of their lives to return them to the woman who shot their father. That's right--although that detail (?) was never mentioned in the Post, Mary Williams' estranged husband was also the children's father. (Editor's note: There are two groups of five children each.)

The authors didn't ask any of those five children if they would like to be returned to their mother. They didn't discover that the oldest son turned himself in to the Bloomington police over a year ago and asked to be taken away from her. Nor did they check with the court or state's attorney to see if any of those kids testified against Mary Williams before the grand jury and would be called on again at the trial, much less worry about what Mary Williams could do to a child in that position if he were returned to her custody before the trial.

ISSUES

Some of the more critical issues missing from last month's article (that will have to be left questions for now) were:

- What if Mary Williams was seeing her husband again, court order or not?
- What if the "unknown intruder" was not so unknown?
- What if the shooting was no accident?
- What if Mary Williams asked one of her children to lie at the grand jury hearing?

The support group argues for Mary Williams' political right to make bail. If we were being fair and reasonable about it, we would probably have to agree with that (based on the principle that no one should have to do time before being convicted of a crime). Still, we are not hoping Mary makes bail and we are not apologizing either. After lying comatose in Intensive Care at St. Francis for six days, Les Williams died--so what's so fair and reasonable about that?

More importantly, we object to the Support Group raising that money based on lies and half-truths. We truly hope that anyone who contributed even 1¢ to this Group will now demand their money back. The authors of that article must be totally and personally responsible for that money since it was collected by them under false pretenses. Even the best intentions are no excuse for neglecting and/or ignoring important and obvious facts that were easily available to them. Nor is there any excuse for the slander (both stated and implied) of a man whom they never knew or even discussed with anyone other than the woman who shot and killed him.

JUDGES?

Most of all, we find it OUTRAGEOUS that these women should take it upon themselves to judge not only the guilt or innocence of Mary Williams (which is a mind-blower in itself considering their knowledge, or more accurately their lack of knowledge, about the case) but that they should also take it upon themselves to decide the proper custody of five

children whom they have never talked to or seen and about whose past and/or present situations they have not asked a single question. Where does any person get the nerve to make a decision that could affect the entire lives of five total strangers!

Luckily for those five kids, by the time this story is printed their mother should no longer be their legal guardian, as she will have been proven an unfit mother regardless of her guilt or innocence in the death of Les Williams. We wonder how the Support Group will live with the knowledge that if they had been able to accomplish their goal, they would have been responsible for returning five young children to the custody of a woman proven unfit to be their mother.

SEXISM

It seems to us that the only reason for all this concern about Mary Williams' fate is the simple fact that she is a woman (this is only our opinion, not necessarily the truth) and we certainly have no intentions of downgrading or criticizing women in any way. But we would like to remind (or inform) anyone who has forgotten (or never knew) that women are just as capable of good/bad or violence/nonviolence as are men, Catholics, Jaycees, French people, florists...or any other group of human beings. It is just as sexist to think all women are superior as it is to think they are inferior.

We are not questioning or challenging the right of this Support Group to organize, collect money, or otherwise help Mary Williams--but we are questioning their motives, and we are for sure challenging their right to not bother finding out about and/or to leave out of their story whichever facts are not in the best interest of their cause. And we definitely would like to hear explained by what right the authors felt free to defame the character of Les Williams based only on information supplied to them by the woman who killed him.

If you now support the family and friends of Les Williams (especially if you had anything to do with the Mary Williams Support Group before this article, but even if you didn't), please let the Support Group and its founders know how you feel about them. Or write a letter to the Post Amerikan. Better yet, do both! ●

--Shebet, for and with the family and friends of Les Williams

Gobble while you wash

Colgate-Palmolive has found the answer to Bangladesh's problems--they've come out with a dishwashing soap that contains protein, the stuff that's essential to the growth and repair of animal tissues.

Advertisements claim that the soap, Dermassage Dishwashing Liquid with Protein, "actually improves dry, irritated, detergent hands."

The rejoicing in Bangladesh was heard in Rome by the pope. ●

Why support Mary Williams?

Coalition explains

There has been much action in the Mary Williams case (see last month's Post) in the past five weeks, and none of that action has taken place in the court room. The Mary Williams Support Group has been getting much feedback, both positive and negative. As a result of the negative feedback and to give an update of the case, this article is being presented to Post readers. (Many of the less positive reactions can be found in the adjoining article.)

Susie Sewell, whom this reporter interviewed, knew that the other story was being written, and Shebet knew that the Support Group would probably respond to her article. Neither Susie nor I had read Shebet's article at the time of the interview.

I asked Susie about any feedback the Support Group might have received as a result of the Post article and the other publicity they had been doing. She said they were getting very good support from people who had been in jail and were sympathetic to the need for bail, from women who had been poor and beaten, and from people who felt that a person who had not been convicted of any crime should not have to sit in jail.

The Girl Scout leader of two of Mary Williams' daughters told the Support Group that any woman who could have raised two kids as nice as they deserves support. So there has been some positive feedback.

There has also been some not so positive. The Support Group has been told that their understanding of what happened is naive, simplistic, and one-sided, and that Mary Williams is a bad person and deserves no support. I asked Susie to respond to those charges.

She said that the personality of Mary Williams was not an issue here; that she (Mary) had asked for support from the community and will therefore get it. Community involves both sharing the good times with people and helping people through the hard times, and this is one of the hard times for Mary Williams.

The Support Group believes that it has a responsibility to Mary as a member of this community. She specifically asked for letters while she was in jail so she would feel a little less alone and for bail money so that she could get out of jail and get her life into order again and start preparing for her defense and appearances in court. "Any woman who asks for my support will get it," Susie told me.

There are people in this community who believe that what Mary says happened the night of the shooting did not, in fact, happen that way. Mary says she shot through the door at an unknown intruder. Some claim that she knew it was her husband and that she shot him willingly.

I asked Susie which story she felt was true, and she said that she was not judge and jury and would not make that kind of judgment: "I accept what Mary has to tell me without investigation because it is, in the end, irrelevant to whether or not I'm going to support her."

Mary is a woman in jail without the means to get out. She has feelings of isolation, she's alone, she has asked for support and, says Susie, she will get it. Even if Mary admits she shot her husband knowingly or if the court decides she is guilty of murder, she will continue to get aid from the Support Group.

But there is a great difference between support--relating to Mary as a woman in this community, sending her letters, and helping her get out on bail--and in saying that it was admirable that she shot and killed her husband. That is not what the Support Group is saying, has never said, and will never say.

I asked Susie if she felt that



supporting Mary Williams is a political rather than a personal stand. She said yes. We are not supporting a particular person with a particular personality, she told me, but it is instead a case of Mary Williams being any woman in the community who asks for support and gets it. That is why the truth or falsity of Mary's statements are not important to the Group's support of her.

Susie said that there were basically two issues that made this a political statement. The first is feminism. Mary Williams was born a woman and that automatically makes Susie identify with her in her powerlessness and her oppression as a woman. If not for some quirks of fate, we could all be in her position. "I have a commitment to supporting women and to putting my energy into helping when I can and doing what I can do," Susie told me.

The other politically based issue is the recognition of oppression based on poverty. People who are arrested and have to spend time in jail tend to be poor, and people who have money can bail themselves out. "Simply because she doesn't have the money she can't get out of jail," Susie said, "and that is discrimination based on economic and social status, and that is wrong."

Anyone who would like more information about the Support Group or would like to donate money for Mary Williams' bail fund should send questions or contributions to Susie Sewell or Suzanne Little, c/o Small Changes Book Store, 409A N. Main, Bloomington.

Anyone who would like to send letters of support to Mary should write to Mary Williams, c/o McLean County Jail, 104 W. Front, Bloomington.

I asked Susie if she had one final thing to say, and she did. She said she was tired of people demanding that only saintly people deserve any support, and of people demanding that she have a reason for supporting Mary.

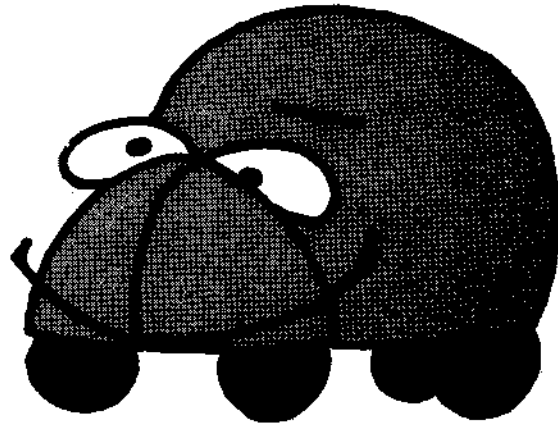
"The key issue," Susie said, "is whether or not I have to justify my support of a woman who is in jail, beyond the fact that there is a woman in jail who has asked for my support. And I say no. That is justification enough." •

--Deborah Wiatt

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State splits Pontiac Brothers

Pontiac 17 trial moved to Chicago

The 17 Pontiac Brothers charged with conspiracy to murder three guards during the Pontiac prison uprising in 1978 won an important victory June 1. Judge Ben Miller moved their trial to Cook County, which defense attorneys argued was the only location the Pontiac 17 had even the possibility of a fair trial.

All 17 are black, all from Chicago, and all face the death penalty in the largest capital case in modern history.

Earlier, Judge Miller agreed to move the trial from Livingston County, but hadn't decided where to move it to.

Defense attorneys convincingly argued that only Cook County contained enough potential black jurors that some may actually survive prosecution challenges and become jurors. Getting black jurors is especially difficult in a death penalty case, defense attorneys pointed out, because the

prosecution is permitted--in addition to its other challenges--to disqualify every juror who philosophically opposes the death penalty. (Statistics show that blacks tend to oppose capital punishment in far greater percentages than the general population, which isn't surprising since blacks tend to be the primary targets of state-sanctioned executions.)

In moving the trial to Cook County, the judge did not openly concede to the defense's arguments. Instead, Judge Miller said he chose Chicago because only Cook County's security facilities were adequate to confine and try the entire seventeen as a group.

The Pontiac Prisoners Support Coalition says that Judge Miller's moving the trial to Cook County is still a tacit admission that racism is a key issue in the Pontiac uprising trials. • --M.S.

Pontiac 14 face Bloomington trials

Fourteen Pontiac prisoners will stand trial in Bloomington for their alleged role in the July 22, 1978 uprising, according to David Saxner of the Pontiac Prisoners Support Coalition.

Thirty-one prisoners were indicted last March in connection with the rebellion. Seventeen charged in a single murder conspiracy indictment will be tried in Chicago.

The remaining 14 prisoners' charges will be resolved in eight separate

trials presided over by 5 different judges.

The 14 are charged with a variety of non-capital crimes, ranging from correction code violation and mob action to aggravated battery and attempted murder.

According to Saxner, supporters and attorneys for the Pontiac 14 will still try to move the trials to Cook County. • --M.S.

Support all 31 Pontiac Brothers

by Pontiac Prisoners Support Coalition

Through the age-old "divide and conquer" strategy, Governor Thompson and his boys are trying to deplete public support for the 31 Pontiac Brothers. The 17 named in a murder conspiracy indictment will be tried in Cook County. The remaining 14 brothers charged with non-capital crimes face trial in McLean County.

Facing trial downstate, the 14 are isolated from their own community, their base of support, their families. Their defense is hampered by the long distances their attorneys must travel. Urban blacks and Latinos, they will face juries of rural whites.

The state is pushing to try the more isolated 14 first, hoping a few quick convictions will bolster the prosecution's push to execute the seventeen brothers in Cook County.

We must give our most determined support to the Pontiac 14. We can't

allow the state to split the Pontiac Brothers and their supporters into pieces.

We must emphasize the essential unity of the Pontiac 31. All 31 Pontiac Brothers are Black or Latino and the state is attempting to fan the flames of racism to promote their frame-up.

All 31 of the indictments come in retaliation for a single event--a rebellion against inhuman conditions prevailing at Pontiac Prison.

All 31 are being framed on the basis of "evidence" concocted in a single investigation during a four-month deadlock where bribery, physical deprivation, isolation from family, friends, and lawyers, and direct harassment including physical beatings were used to coerce statements from prisoners.

Thus, the unity of the Pontiac Brothers is real. Some men are fighting the electric chair. Others

are fighting prison sentences which, when added to their present sentences, mean a lifetime behind bars. (By law any sentence received while in prison must be added to the existing sentence.)

All of the Pontiac Brothers, so long as they are in-prison, must face the constant threats and harassment from guards who will assume that they had something to do with the deaths of three guards on July 22.

All of the Pontiac Brothers are in this position on the basis of one of the dirtiest frame-ups in the history of the state.

And all of the Pontiac Brothers must be freed so that Governor Thompson and his cronies can no longer evade their responsibility for conditions in the Illinois prisons. Let us all unite to expose the frame-up and put the state on trial. •

letter from Pontiac Brother

POST-NOTE: This open letter is by Allen Mack, one of the 14 Pontiac Brothers indicted for a non-capital offense in connection with the prison uprising July 22, 1978. Mack's trial for mob action and correction code violation will be held in McLean County.

Prior to my indictment for "mob action" on March 5, 1979, I was placed in disciplinary segregation for allegedly turning a food cart over in August of 1978. After doing three months in segregation, I was released. One month later, I was returned to segregation for talking on the gallery at night. This was simply an excuse to get me back in solitary confinement for an additional 15 days, and to give me an additional

six months for turning over the food cart in August of 1978. The very same food cart I had already served three months for previously!

While I was in segregation, my personal property was taken. Apparently by the "security officers" who were supposed to be watching it, or at least they were responsible for the property. Items such as personal mail, towels, clothing, and even cosmetics. This left me with no personal hygiene materials, and practically nothing else, during my stay in segregation, a condition which still exists.

Due to my indictment on March 5, 1979, the "Adjustment Committee" assigned me to segregation for one year, and took one year "good time" as well.

Prior to these occurrences, I had only been in Pontiac a few days. I didn't even know anyone at Pontiac. I had been locked up 24 hours a day since I arrived at Pontiac. But these people still charged me with a crime I knew nothing about until almost eight months later!

The officer who accused me of turning over the food cart has already quit. Since I've been in segregation, my eyes have gone bad. When I tried to get some eyeglasses, I was told by the optometrist to look out the window. •

--Allen Mack
(Pontiac Indictee)

Pantagraph trivializes prisoner's lawsuits

Between mid-June and mid-July, Pontiac prisoner Paul William Tedder filed four lawsuits to correct conditions in the penitentiary.

In three of its four articles on the suits, the Daily Pantagraph trivialized the prisoner's efforts to contest the outrageous conditions Pontiac prisoners live in.

Tedder's suits seek the end of crowded two-man cells, restoration of laundry for prisoners, and access to the law library for himself. With another prisoner, Tedder has also sued to correct an entire array of conditions inside Pontiac.

A similar suit filed by Stateville prisoners in late 1976 is near settlement--with the Department of Corrections accepting a court order to cut Stateville's population and provide specified minimum provisions and programs for prisoners. (See adjoining story.)

Tedder's first suit asked specifically that the court order Pontiac to quit assigning two men to the prison's 5 x 9 foot cells. Even though the governor and the director of corrections have admitted that overcrowding helped cause the 1978 rebellion which killed three guards, the Pantagraph

treated the suit lightly. "Togetherness apparently got to an inmate of Pontiac," the Pantagraph began its short article, which was headlined "'Two' much."

Tedder wants Pontiac to set up a laundry system for prisoners. Tedder says he hasn't had a change of bedding since November 1977 and has only one set of clothes to wear. He has to wash in his toilet. As though implying that Tedder shouldn't be complaining, the Pantagraph mentions that prisoners burned the Pontiac laundry during last summer's rebellion. But David Saxner of the Pontiac Prisoners Support Coalition said in Bloomington last May that the prison laundry was cleaning only officers' uniforms during the six months prior to the uprising.

Trivializing Tedder further, the Pantagraph said the prisoner asked the courts "for relief from conditions he doesn't like at the institution." In addition, the story says "Tedder claims" instead of the more neutral "Tedder says" or "Tedder states." And the jokers at the Pantagraph couldn't resist a pun for the laundry suit headline: "Prison inmate wants prison to clean up its act."

Saying he'd been kept from Pontiac's

law library since filing his first suit, Tedder sued to regain use of the lawbooks on July 6. The Pantagraph handled this story straightforwardly.

Saying that the totality of conditions at Pontiac constitutes cruel and unusual punishment, Tedder filed a federal suit July 10. The suit cites overcrowding, insufficient staff, bad food, inadequate medical attention, and lack of education and vocational training. Responding to a similar suit, the Department of Corrections has already admitted that similar conditions at Stateville constitute cruel and unusual punishment (see adjoining story). Despite the seriousness of this prison conditions suit, the Pantagraph headlined: "Irate inmate files 4th suit."•

--Mark Silverstein

As we were laying out this issue, the Pantagraph reported that Pontiac prisoner Jesse Fields--joined by 51 other prisoners including Paul William Tedder--just filed another overcrowding suit. The paper seems to finally be regarding the suits seriously. Besides abandoning its belittling style, the Pantagraph even took the trouble to independently verify (by phoning the Dept. of Corrections) the new suit's contention that Pontiac's population was increasing.

Suit forces changes at Stateville

A suit filed by eight Stateville prisoners in late 1976 is near settlement, with the Department of Corrections promising to make massive concessions in a signed consent decree--a federal court order to relieve overcrowding and drastically improve living conditions at the Joliet penitentiary.

The department planned to sign July 11 but some further prisoner objections to the settlement have prolonged negotiations another 90 days, according to a Corrections Dept. spokesperson.

In 1977, plaintiff Ronald Burbank's story appeared in the Post-Amerikan, detailing the conditions he contested in court.

Stateville's population was approaching 3,000--more than twice the prison's intended capacity. One-man cells frequently held three prisoners. Without work or school assignments, more than half the men sat idle, packed like sardines in their tiny cells up to 22 hours a day. Overcrowding and understaffing overtaxed the prison's ability to deliver basic services. Distribution of clothing and personal hygiene items was spotty, while prisoners waited long intervals between showers, laundry, and bedding changes.

As basic janitorial work became shoddy, roaches and spiders moved in everywhere. Broken toilets were left unrepaired, and record-keeping on prisoners' medical and financial histories was sloppy and confused. Prisoners were vulnerable to assault from other prisoners.

The suit maintained that the overcrowding, lack of personal safety, unsanitary surroundings and lack of meaningful work or schooling constituted unconstitutional conditions of confinement.

And the federal court and the Department of Corrections are about to agree.

The Post-Amerikan has a copy of the 25-page consent decree, which spells out in minute detail specific minimal standards of living Stateville must maintain. The Department of Corrections commits itself to completing specific concrete improvements at Stateville by specific dates.

Only one man will be housed in each

cell. The prison's population will drop to 2050 immediately, and gradually drop to a maximum of 1659 by 1981.

Minimum issues of bedding, clothing, and toilet articles are set, along with guarantees of showers and shaves at specific intervals. Stateville agrees to install new plumbing in each cell by 1981. A professional exterminator will spray each building every month. The prison agrees to provide security from bodily and sexual attacks.



Within nine months, the department agrees to provide each prisoner the opportunity to 1) enroll in an academic program at high school or college level, 2) learn a marketable skill in vocational training, or 3) work at a job based on the prisoner's abilities and interests.

In anticipation of signing the consent decree, Stateville authorities have already taken some drastic (and surprising) steps towards its implementation.

First, as required in the court order, prison officials have distributed a copy of the consent decree to each prisoner at Stateville. Prisoners also learned of the procedures for notifying the court if the Department of Corrections violates the consent decree.

Second, Stateville's population has already been cut to the level immediately required.

A reclassification of all prisoners, also ordered in the decree, is complete.

Partly to increase prisoners' security from attack, Stateville has separated prisoners classified as "aggressive" into one cellhouse, while grouping minimum and medium security prisoners in other cellhouses. The number of men voluntarily housed in the protective custody unit has declined from 400 to 60 since February, according to Assistant Warden Cowan.

The administration also claims to be moving fast on its commitment to provide job assignments. Over 1000 men were unassigned in February, Assistant Warden Cowan said, and that number was down to 180 in mid-June.

Many of these new assignments are likely to be jobs only on paper. A man assigned to "labor pool," for example, may not actually be called out to do much work. The prison has a long, long way to go before fulfilling its promise to provide meaningful work, real vocational training or academic education to all prisoners.

* * * * *

Does the Department of Corrections' willingness to sign this consent decree signify lasting change for the lives of Stateville's prisoners? The field of prison reform is littered with the scraps of hard-fought-for court orders that have been ignored, evaded, or openly defied by prison officials.

"OK, so you get a court order," commented Jeanette Musengo, Director of the Illinois Prisons and Jails Project, a prison watch dog group. "So whose army do you send in to enforce it?"

But Musengo is not totally pessimistic about the effectiveness of the prisoners' lawsuit. "I think it's one of the big reasons conditions at Stateville have improved," Musengo told the Post-Amerikan.

If such suits really force the Department of Corrections to move, then we may be seeing changes at Pontiac, too. Citing similar conditions, and (probably) similar federal court precedents, Pontiac prisoners filed a similar suit in July (see adjoining story).•

--Mark Silverstein

NEWS BRIEFS

Court says gayness is political

On May 31 the California Supreme Court ruled that privately owned utilities cannot discriminate against gay people. The suit had been filed in 1974 against Pacific Telephone and Telegraph.

PT&T maintained that even if they had discriminated against gays, such action was not illegal. Both the trial court and the District Court of Appeals agreed with this position.

But the state Supreme Court reversed the decision, in a 4-3 opinion, on the grounds that coming out as a homosexual is a political act and that employers are forbidden by state law from interfering in their employees' political activities.

It is this holding--that job discrimination violates the political freedom of gay people--which makes the decision a landmark ruling. It has no binding application outside the state, but the opinions of the California Supreme Court are highly regarded and often followed by other courts.

--The Advocate

Gay lib in Sioux Falls

"It was a little scary at first, but it worked out pretty well," said Randy Rohl, 17, the first high school student anywhere to take a same-sex date to a prom.

Rohl became the center of controversy when he asked to take a male friend to the Lincoln High annual dance. The principal of the Sioux Falls, South Dakota, school granted his permission: "My belief is that people need their rights protected. Homosexuals have rights."

Despite some crank calls and some joking, there were no physical threats Rohl said. "I had a lot of supportive people around me."

Rohl and his date, Grady Quinn, 20, got up to dance five times during the evening. "The first one was a slow dance," said Rohl, "and people were a little surprised to see two guys dancing together." But their disco dancing attracted less attention, and several classmates came up to congratulate Rohl on his courage.

Rohl has lived most of his life in Sioux Falls. He came out to his parents about six months ago and says his mother "is taking it hard." He now lives away from home with a lesbian couple.

Randy has no regrets about his action. "I just wanted to go to the prom like anyone else. I think we had at least as good a time as anyone."

--The Advocate

LA passes strong gay ordinance

Los Angeles became the 44th U.S. city to adopt gay civil rights legislation. In a 13-2 vote, the LA City Council approved a comprehensive ordinance which prohibits discrimination against gay people in employment, housing, credit, public accommodation, and other areas. Victims of discrimination can sue for up to \$400 in small claims court.

Religious fundamentalists crowded council chambers for the vote but managed to intimidate only two members of the council.

--The Advocate

Where's my line?

Dope has invaded television for keeps. Numerous "public access" cable TV programs around the country have featured marijuana and other drugs as important props. Some of the shows have drugs as the primary focus, despite the fact they are still illegal.

"Sinsemilla Street," named after a popular variety of seedless marijuana, features a young woman dispensing advice on how to grow, smoke and bake with pot. She calls her show "the only televised consumer dope report in the world." She makes on-the-air phone surveys of her audience, asking their opinions about dope questions, and gives out prices and other information pertaining to dope. The show is regularly transmitted from Manhattan Cable Television in New York, a firm owned by Time-Life, Inc.

Previously cablecast on Manhattan Cable was "High Witness," a self-described "dope variety hour" that showcased such acts as the rock band Blondie and Rolling Stones harmonica player Sugar Blue. "High Witness" also featured "The Unknown Dealer," a man wearing a paper bag over his

head displaying large quantities of hashish and Columbian marijuana, and the "Marijuanathon," a dope telethon in which viewers called in to pledge joints to a local smoke-in.

Other dope-oriented TV programs include a cocaine quiz show entitled "Where's My Line?" and a satirical soap opera, "Mary Wanna, Mary Wanna." One program in Madison, Wis. combines sorcery with coverage of dope subjects, while a Washington, D.C. cablecast had a panel discussion on dope consisting of 10-year-old kids.

--High Times



You deserve a fake today

When is a cherry pie not quite a cherry pie? Consumer Reports says that it's when the cherry pie comes from McDonald's.

The magazine says it has analyzed cherry pies from 4 McDonald's restaurants in the New York area and found that they contained an average of just 5 cherries each. Consumer Reports says that this is pretty slim pickings when compared to the package photo, which shows more than 100 luscious-looking cherries.

The magazine says that McDonald's cherry pies appear to violate Food and Drug Administration regulations which require that a frozen cherry pie contain at least 25% cherries.

--Straight Creek Journal/
Borrowed Times

The gallery Good Times

JULY

- WED. 18--Ben Kruger
- 19--Jim Vasilou
- 20--Chez Bocat
- 21--Bluegrass Crackerjacks
- 22--Venusian Blind
- 23--Tom Roser
- 24--Jackson 4
- WED. 25--Curt Cavnier
- Dwayne Hoover Band
- 26--John Briggs
- 27--John Novotny & Rich Margherio
- SAT. 28--Willy Berry
- 29--Dallas McGee
- 30--Bill Sample
- 31--Tom Roser
- Rich Margherio

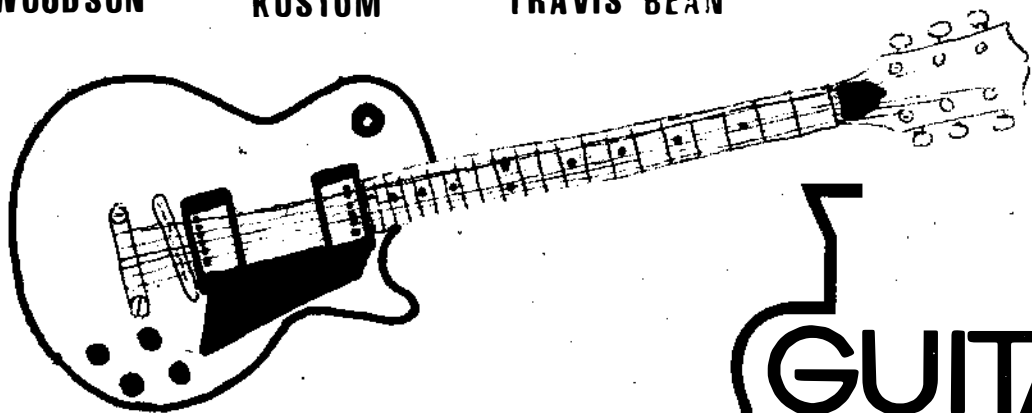
AUGUST

- WED. 1--Venusian Blind
- 2--John Briggs
- 3--Albert Neuliep
- 4--Bogaert
- 5--Dallas McGee
- 6--Tom Roser
- Rich Margherio
- 7--Curt Cavnier
- Ed Morris
- 8--John Novotny
- Jim Budzius
- THU. 9--John Briggs
- 10--Jim Vasilou
- 11--Bluegrass Crackerjacks
- 12--Dwayne Hoover Band
- 13--Rich Margherio
- 14--Tom Roser
- 15--Jim Vasilou
- 16--John Briggs
- FRI. 17--Chez Bocat
- 18--Willy Berry
- 19--Wing Of Song
- 20--Bogaert
- 21--Debbie Graham
- 22--Jim Vasilou
- 23--John Briggs

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State Farm ignores teachers

Members of the Unit 5 Education Association, the Bloomington Education Association, and the Illinois Education Association joined together in an effort to present a resolution concerning State Farm's attitude toward unions at the State Farm annual policyholders' meeting on Monday June 11.

They didn't get very far.

Teachers union members were concerned about State Farm's attitudes for three reasons. First, the Unit 5 Education Association has been trying to gain the Unit 5 school board's recognition as the teachers' bargaining agent for several years with no success.

Second, State Farm employees who are members of the Unit 5 school board and other boards and government bodies seem to consistently take a hard line when dealing with unions.

Third, supporters of the Unit 5 Education Association soliciting signatures for a pro-recognition petition received a lot of responses like, "I'm sorry. I'd rather not sign that because my husband/wife works at State Farm."

From this Unit 5 Education Association members concluded that the State Farm bosses are strongly against unions, and for this reason employees on government bodies might be afraid to openly support any union recognition. In fact, the teachers' association said in a press conference that several State Farm employees perceived an unwritten rule: employees reflecting State Farm's anti-union philosophy will be looked on favorably.

So Unit 5 members who were State Farm policyholders put together a resolution to present to the annual policyholders meeting (something akin to a corporate stockholders meeting), the place where ordinary folks get to throw in their two cents worth about how they think the company should be run.

The resolution said that State Farm employees who serve on government bodies should feel free to vote as their consciences or the wishes of their constituents tell them concerning questions of union recognition and negotiations. There shouldn't be any pressure, either formal or informal, from the company.

Seems like a reasonable thing to ask, doesn't it?

Well, apparently the State Farm big-wigs didn't think so.

Members of the teachers' association arrived at company headquarters at 10 am sharp, the time the meeting was to begin. They spent several minutes proving they were policyholders to the man at the registration table and were ushered up to the meeting at about 10:05. (Now remember here that the teachers had called State Farm a week before to warn them about this resolution. At that time Bruce Callis of the State Farm personnel office told them the meetings generally lasted an hour to an hour and a half and that their resolution would come under new business, usually about an hour into the meeting.)

No sooner had the teachers walked in and sat down than Edward Rust, State Farm President and chair of the meeting, called for new business. The teachers were caught flatfooted but one hurriedly raised her hand and said "Yes!" It was too late. Rust turned his head the other way and asked for a motion to adjourn. He immediately got one and the meeting ended. It had lasted all of seven minutes. (For a more detailed description of the

atmosphere at State Farm that day, see the adjoining story.)

When the teachers confronted Rust about his temporary blindness, he at first tried to play innocent. But after a few minutes he finally admitted he had a copy of the resolution in front of him. His only defense was that the resolution was "inappropriate."

It turns out that the teachers weren't the only ones the State Farm execs were worried about that day.

They had also feared that members of the Metropolitan Area Housing Association (MAHA) from Chicago would appear.

MAHA has been fighting insurance redlining in poor Chicago neighborhoods. Redlining is refusing to insure residents of a certain area, always a poor people's neighborhood. It's technically illegal but hard to prove.

MAHA members had been to Bloomington before to picket Corporate Headquarters and discuss redlining with State Farm officials. But MAHA didn't show up at this meeting.

So faced with the threat of having two groups of questioning citizens at their annual meeting, State Farm bosses apparently decided the only solution was to pack the house (except for the teachers, all 200 attending were State Farm employees) and cut it as short as possible. So cut it short they did.

Still, seven minutes must be some kind of record.

--dave nelson

Swallowed at Corporate Headquarters

REPORTER'S NOTE: The atmosphere was like something out of a science fiction tale when I visited State Farm corporate headquarters to cover the annual policyholders' meeting. Well, I missed the actual meeting since Ed Rust was in such a hurry (see adjoining article), but I knew I was going to have to write some description of the atmosphere in the corporate palace that day. Hence, the following article. It may sound like sci-fi but, believe me, the real world can be just as scary as any fiction.

Corporate Headquarters loomed black on the horizon as I approached. Its dark weight seemed to swallow the sunlight, and the wall towered on three sides as I walked past the sea of commuter vehicles and into the main entrance. I'm next on the menu, I thought.

Inside, six men in gray suits carrying walkie-talkies blocked the main hallway. They all stood at parade rest, feet apart, weight evenly distributed, like they teach you at police school. They eyed me carefully; I was not in uniform and not to be trusted.

The atmosphere grew heavier.

I was directed to a small table where I produced my identification papers. One of the gray suits came over and looked over my papers with the man behind the table.

"Those are four years old!" the gray suit said. I shivered a bit. The other man paused, studying my papers, and then said, "They're still good." I was in.

The man behind the table appointed an "escort" to take me upstairs to the meeting. We walked down the main hall into the largest room I have ever seen. Six stories high and a city block in each direction, the room shone with sunlight streaming in through the skylights above. Everything seemed to sparkle gold and silver. The floor was open except for benches amidst little pockets of trees and bushes. It was like a beautiful indoor park. Birds even chirped in the trees. This must be the heart of the Company.

But as my escort hustled me along, I noticed that there weren't actually any birds in the trees. The cheerful twittering came from loudspeakers hidden in the bushes. Visions of men in gray suits sitting at a Communications Console playing tapes of bird calls ran through my head.

It was a beautiful park with all the right sounds and smells, but nothing to get you dirty. All dirt was neatly contained behind pots and retaining walls. There weren't any real birds to drop their loads on the neatly pressed uniforms. The heart of the Company was sterile.

We walked through the park past more men in gray suits with walkie-talkies at each hallway leading from the park. Up the escalator where at each floor more uniforms stood behind velvet ropes admitting only those authorized to the floor.

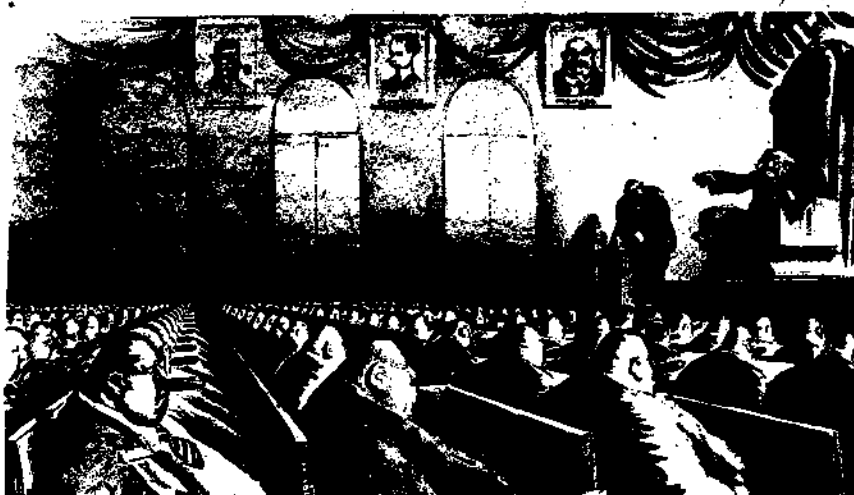
"Am I really that dangerous?" I thought.

Finally we reached the floor where the meeting was being held. A new group of gray suits with walkie-talkies commanded the floor. I was identified to them and about to be passed through the check point when the doors of the meeting room swung open and uniforms started pouring out. I looked at my watch. It was 10:12.

"Sorry," smirked one gray suit next to me. "It looks like the meeting is over."

I had the distinct impression of having just been swallowed.

--d.n.



The Dead Hand.

Robert Minor, The Worker Monthly, October, 1975

LETTERS

Normal police defend flowers

Dear Post,

Two weeks ago last Wednesday I was picked up for picking 3 small rosebuds at the corner of Linden and East College.

I see these flowers every day as I pass them in my car, so I decided to stop and pick a couple. I see people picking them every once in a while. I went to a nearby store and bought a couple of things, and when I came out to my car, I noticed 2 policemen snooping around it.

I reached the car and was told I would have to go to the police station with them. They did not tell me that the flowers were on city property and that it was illegal to pick them. Instead, I followed them to the station, where they proceeded to treat me like a criminal, very hard-nosed.

Gary Wroan was the officer who asked me my address, name, and place of birth. He would not tell me why I was being asked these questions, until I asked him why I was even at the station for such a small thing. He was extremely cold and unfriendly.

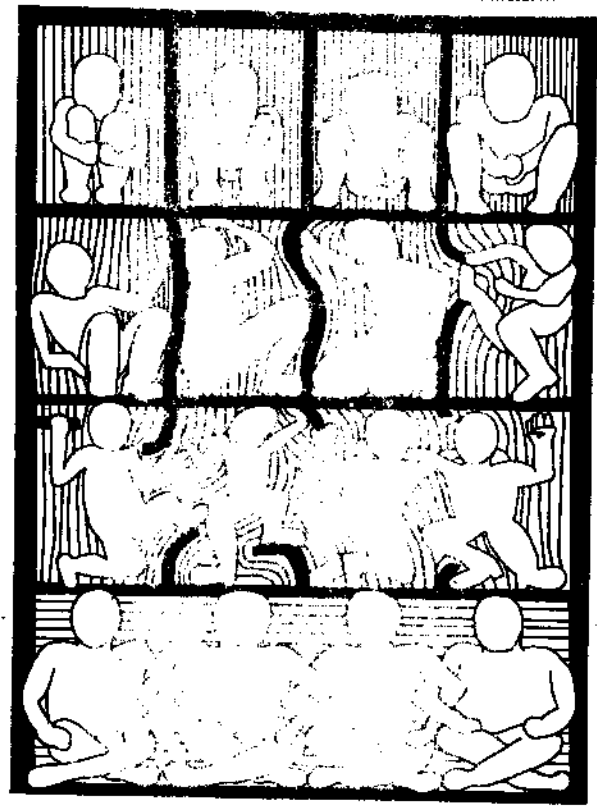
He took the flowers and told me that I was not going to be booked this time, but if I was ever seen picking those

flowers again, that I would be arrested. He let me go then.

The flowers on the corner have no sign that prohibits picking them. I wrote Police Chief McGuire of the incident and requested a sign be posted. I have had no response.

It's still a mystery to me how policemen can be so hard-nosed to a young girl for such a small offense. I guess they've nothing better to do than pick up on defenseless young ladies picking a couple of flowers for my table at home.

--A reader



WBNQ hogs band space

Dear Post:

I am an FM radio listener, as many Post readers are, I am sure. I listen to public radio stations like WSSR (Springfield), WESN (Bloomington), WILL (Champaign), and WGLT (Normal). They are all between 88 and 92 on the dial.

It bothers me, though, when stations such as WBNQ-FM, 101, appear at not only one place on my dial, but six places. This station appears at 89 and partially blocks out at least one public radio station, WSSR. It also appears at 96, 104, 107, and 111. It is the only station that does this.

One engineer at the station claimed a device was available that will hook

up to any FM radio and eliminate this interference; there is such a device for TV interference, but none for radios. The only thing that will improve the situation is for WBNQ to lower its power output, now 50,000 strong.

I encourage people to write the FCC and urge them to lower WBNQ's power rating, since they are the ones who set it. The FCC's address is: FCC, 230 S. Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois, 60604. If enough people write, maybe their rating will be lowered enough to make a difference.

Sincerely yours,
David Burdette

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	25	26	27	28
	Duke Tumatoo and the All-Star Frogs	JIM SCHWALL returns \$100 COVER	Bluegrass with a flair "COUNTRY GAZETTE" including the National Banjo Champion with special guests BLUEGRASS CRACKERJACKS	Horse Creek country rock
JULY	AUGUST			
	1	2	3	4
	(tentative) ELLEN McILWAINE	PORK & THE HAVANA DUCKS	DIAMOND T BAND	TO BE ANNOUNCED
	8	9	10	11
	TO BE ANNOUNCED	TO BE ANNOUNCED	J.E.B. STUART	VANESSA DAVIS
	15	16	17	18
	SALLY, BIRDMAN, & SUTTON	ALESHA	LINES	CACTUS JACK
	21	22	23	24
	PORK & THE HAVANA DUCKS	HOWLIN' AT THE MOON	TO BE ANNOUNCED	DUKE TUMATOO & THE ALL STAR FROGS
	27	28	29	30
	JIM SCHWALL	LUTHER ALLISON	KOOL RAY & THE POLAROIDS 60's rock	JUMP 'N' THE SADDLE
				31

LETTERS

Reader urges decriminalized husband-killing

Dear Post-Amerikan:

I have some comments about some past issues of the P-A. My first one is about Doc Bison's article concerning the Men's Celebration in Champaign-Urbana. I liked the article and thought it was well written. I also liked his comments about liberal men who mistakenly think of themselves as oppressed and then compare their so-called "oppression" to the oppression of minorities such as women, blacks, children, the poor, gays, Chicanos, etc. I also think that it is right to criticize a men's liberation movement that would disregard how much of an oppressor some man was and accept him into their "struggle" just because he has a penis between his legs.

I next want to compliment the Post on its last issue. I think that the articles about lesbians and gay men were excellent. I applaud your consciousness about women's and gay issues. I feel that the quality of the Post has been increasing in terms of content and politics.

I want to also comment on the article in the last issue which compared the David Daluga shooting to Mattie Goodman's case.

Until I moved out of my parents' house, I lived with cops all my life. My father was a cop, my cousin was a cop, my uncle was a sheriff. We had cops at our house a lot when I was a kid. They would sit around and talk macho cop talk--about who they had maced, how they had seen a state cop hit someone in the chest with his handcuffs, how my uncle would kick the people in "his" jail.

The cops that I saw (and unfortunately my father included) viewed their wives and children (they were all breeders) as "their" property. The houses they lived in, the cars they drove were their property as well. The community was theirs (I guess that's where we got the term "city fathers"). The laws were theirs and they took it personally if someone broke the law.

As cops they felt that they could do anything they wanted. They were above the law. After all, the law was theirs. Richard Nixon was a cop. Dan White was a cop.



So I was shocked, but not surprised that a cop shot David Daluga.

And as long as cops can shoot people to protect their laws, but it is still not considered illegal for men to rape their wives in Illinois, I think that the state should decriminalize wives' killing their husbands. Since this is a sexist, male-dominated society that perpetuates a sexist, male-dominated justice system that makes it next to impossible to convict woman beaters and rapists, we should make it impossible to convict a woman for killing her husband.

Perhaps then men would think twice about trying to hook women into being their slaves to take care of their physical and emotional needs by marriage. Perhaps then men would think twice before they would emotionally and physically abuse the women they had married.

--Jack Davis



Reader asks for mail

Dear Post,

If you wouldn't mind, would you please put my address in the paper and ask people to write to me?

Thanks very much. Later.

Cathy Head
1942 E. Cantrell
Decatur, IL 62521.



Alternate praises Post

Dear Friends,

We received and read your June-July issue with the special section on Gay Pride Week and the historic coverage of the struggle for gay civil rights with a great deal of appreciation and heart-felt thanks.

You have reiterated beautifully that the struggle for human rights is both universal and, even in America, transcultural.

Best Wishes.

John W. Rowberry,
Editor
The Alternate
San Francisco, CA



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Thousands protest mining in Black Hills

Several thousand people gathered in southwestern South Dakota on the weekend of July 6, 7, and 8 to raise public awareness about the proposed uranium mining on Indian land.

The weekend started with a rally on Friday evening at the Rapid City Civic Center. Speakers included Sister Rosalie Bertell; Bill Means; Dr. Judith Johnsrud, a legal intervenor in the Three Mile Island investigation; and John Trudell, a Nebraska Sioux and AIM leader whose family was killed in a fire earlier this year in which arson is suspected.

Several musicians including Bonnie Raitt, Jackson Browne, and Jesse Colin Young donated their time to boogie with the crowd.

Saturday's action was a 17-mile walk from Rapid City to Piedmont, culminating in an overnight campout and workshops and traditional Indian ceremonies on Sunday.

The walkers got started about 10 a.m. on Saturday. There were more people walking than were at the rally the

night before. People had come from all over the country and from other countries to participate. The line of walkers was a mile long and 5 abreast. They carried signs, banners, and drums. Some chanted and sang.



It was really hot. Water trucks, toilet on wheels, and medical vehicles travelled alongside the procession, and there were reststops every two or three miles so that everyone could refill their canteens.

Everything went very smoothly.

Security people from the Black Hills Alliance made sure the procession took up no more than one lane of traffic as they marched along the busy interstate. There were a few sunburned shoulders and blistered feet and everyone was glad when they reached the campsite. Cold fruit and juice and sun teas were there waiting to be consumed by exhausted walkers.

Some people climbed to the top of a hill and participated in a traditional religious ceremony. I was much too tired for that.

Speakers were scheduled for Saturday night but attendance was not so good. Workshops on Sunday included The Nuclear Fuel Cycle, Land and Water Rights, and Organization and Racism.

Lawyers are busy in the Rapid City area trying to stop the multi-national corporations from ravaging the Indian land. Meanwhile the Black Hills Alliance is planning a week-long survival fair for next year.

--Susan

Old nukes never die -- They don't fade away either

In the wake of the recent brush with oblivion at Three Mile Island, many people have called for the closing of the plant. That raises an embarrassing problem: nobody knows exactly how to get rid of a nuclear reactor.

The question wasn't supposed to come up until the end of the century, when the first nuke plants would be ready for retirement. The ever-obliging Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) doesn't require detailed plans until the generator is slated to be "decommissioned," so the utility companies haven't had much incentive to work out the nukes' funeral services.

There seem to be three possible ways to deal with a dead nuke, each of which has its drawbacks and an appropriately morbid name. The proposals include "entombment," "mothballing," and dismantlement followed by transportation to a "burial ground."

Mothballing and entombing are both relatively simple. In the first method, the radioactive wastes are removed and the plant then remains untouched, until it is no longer dangerous. Of course, as long as the nuke remains radioactive, a 24-hour guard must be posted. This expense can be avoided by entombment, which means burying the entire plant in a thick cement shield to protect passers-by from irradiation.

The main objections to these methods are fairly obvious--they would turn the countryside into a nuclear cemetery. And, more importantly, the decommissioned plants won't be safe for a good half a million years (some people think longer).

The third method, favored by the NRC and the Atomic Industry Forum, a nuclear trade agency, is to wait 100 years or so, flood the plant to decrease radioactivity, cut it up into pieces, and bury them deep underground. Whether or not it's

technically possible to cut through 30 inches of steel under water is a matter of dispute. Even if this problem is solved, where will the utilities bury the several hundred tons of radioactive steel and cement?

And then there's the expense, which ultimately will appear on consumers' electric bills. The only reactor to be decommissioned so far cost \$6.9 million to dismantle--it cost only \$6 million to build in the first place. The Atomic Industry Forum said in 1976 that a \$1 billion plant could be decommissioned for \$13 to \$15 million. But the Forum now puts the price tag at \$50 million. A study conducted by the Council on Environmental Quality, however, places the total at \$100 million.

Oh, well, we could all stay indoors for the next 500,000 years.

--Ferdydurke with thanks to the Saturday Review.

The case of the lost plutonium



Accidents and goof-ups have been part of the nuclear industry since its very beginning. What follows is the story of the trials and errors of the very first encounter with plutonium.

The Manhattan Project was attempting to produce the first atomic bomb at the University of Chicago in 1942. At great expense, a plutonium factory was built and at last the first two precious beakers of plutonium were delivered in great secrecy to the group of physicists in Chicago. The entire group was notified to meet promptly the next morning to make plans to put the noxious substance to work.

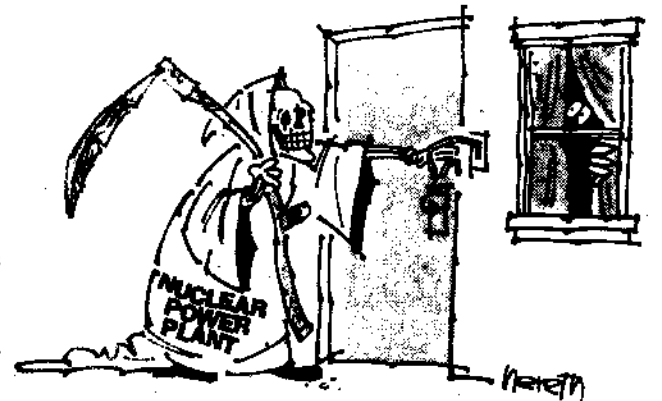
That night, the diligent janitor came in to tidy up. He dusted, swept the floors, rearranged chairs, poured the beakers' contents down the drain, and washed the glasses.

The next morning the horrified director announced to the astonished staff that the plutonium was gone--down the drain--and was somewhere underneath Chicago. The janitor was collared for intense questioning, and

mystified Chicago sanitation engineers were rushed in with sewer maps. The main sewer from the lab was closed off and the painstaking job of sewer searching was begun. The deadly stuff was finally located, trapped in a stagnant pool two and a half blocks downstream.

Now a bucket brigade was formed, composed of the world's leading physicists and scientists. Bucket after bucket of filth was carried back to the lab for resource recovery. Most of the material was accounted for. The wizards gathered again, this time to solve the radioactive waste disposal problem. How should rakes, shovels, buckets, soiled gowns, etc., be disposed of, when they would remain hazardous for 244,400 years?

The local junkman solved the problem easily. He discovered the pile of "hot" junk out back of the lab and loaded it up in his truck. He carried it to the city landfill and buried it under tons of trash from the day's collections.



Later that day, a scientist came running into the lab with news of the latest disaster. The garbage man was detained for intensive questioning, while the scientists donned their radiation suits and set out for a day of garbage-picking at the dump. Hours later, an enormous mound of contaminated tires, boxes, mattresses, milk cartons, tin cans, shovels and pails had appeared back at the lab.

Perhaps the scientists lost self-confidence at this point. In any case, the U.S. Army soon appeared with a detachment of soldiers and steam shovels. They scooped up the mess and drove out of the yard forever, carrying the radioactive waste with them. To this day, no one knows for sure where that garbage went.

Now you see how the pattern was set.

--B.C.

Painted-faced carpenter quits Clinton plant; vows to disassemble Amerika

Four of us together that first day-- all of us friends, and prepared equally (according to the paper that CETA had given us). We all knew what we were doing and moved towards it. We had completed a pre-apprenticeship training program together that had given us some basic skills to begin to become carpenters.

I had never seen the nuclear power station. When we were some distance away from Clinton someone said, "Look, there it is," and off in the very far distance I could see the large cranes used to hoist and move materials. When we arrived I saw its full terrible glory. A large silo-shaped mesh of thick bars sticking out from a field of concrete. We sat that first day for three or four hours in the hot sun in full view of the monster waiting to swallow us up. Many feared for our lives.

Finally the door opened; organization, quickly take a picture give a social security number say a name take a hardhat. Wait. Sit through a health meeting where they tell you it's very important to never work without safety glasses and in the same breath say that the supply of glasses is gone. Listen as they tell you of the siren for tornado, cuz oddly enough two tornados have passed through here in the last two summers.

Sit. Wait. Go to work. Finally a release of tension. The work is real. You can't even tell you're building a nuc plant, it's too big. Workers are good. Free. Opening immediately. Helping, needing help. It's almost anarchistic. The task is such that each worker knows what to do and does it. A very good atmosphere for a while.

But the classism begins to show very quickly and the waste. There are subtle attitudes towards laborers, towards iron workers, towards everyone. There will be many times when I will just stand, looking for things to do. Time passes.

Slowly in the few weeks I worked there, I became accustomed to the job; click, click, click, go to work, sleep, eat, go to work, sleep, eat, go to work. Enjoyable sometimes, horrible sometimes and when I'd get close enough to the containment vessel, I'd kick it. My life started to become a major drudge. Something needed to change.

The Rainbow Gathering in the Arizona mountains was that change. A healing time with singing heartsongs, dancing, praying, talking, loving, organizing, feeling. Om for peace and freedom. A decision to eradicate nuclear power, and to disassemble the united states of america. I was awakened.

During the car ride home, with the aid of some fine red korean ginseng, I came to understand what to do. So that Monday I went out to the nuc plant with my friend. When I got there, I sat down in front of the plant and lay my face paints down in front of me--green, black, and red. Green for growth, black for freedom and unity, and red for anger and hope. These colors I applied to my left face as a symbol to end authoritarianism and nationalism. I stood and walked into the plant and talked to the workers ready to go home after work. I told them about the gathering and how we had decided to put an end to nuclear power. I told them of the coal alternative and the wind/sun power. I opened the challenge to them. It is their families as well as ours and this is a beautiful land which could be destroyed.

They laughed. someone said from the crowd, "Let's lynch him." So I went and got my tools and said goodbye to the good friends I had made while I worked and I left.

I quit working out there because I couldn't stand the idea of what I was building. We don't need nucs. I don't think my action is very effective in stopping the nuc though because economics will make many people who work there stay even though they do understand the dangers. We have an amazingly difficult task ahead of us. What can we do?.

--a worker

Secret chemical to clean your nuke

Dow Chemical has recently developed a special chemical to "clean out" the Dresden three-reactor unit near Morris, Illinois. Dresden is one of the oldest nukes in the country. It is so old that it is becoming too hot (radioactive) to handle, so this is why Com Ed ordered this special chemical.

The normal practice is to pour concrete over an old reactor and guard it for eternity, but Com Ed hasn't gotten enough money from their investment in Dresden. They believe Dresden has a few good years left.

The nature of this chemical is top secret. The Attorney General's office can't even find out what it is.

And where will they keep the sludge that will be made from the combination of that unknown chemical and all that radioactive gunk? Don't fret, they'll keep it all right here in Illinois. We don't share our atomic garbage with anybody. We got our own federal waste dump right in our own backyard. Ah, what a comforting thought.

--Susan



No Nukes News

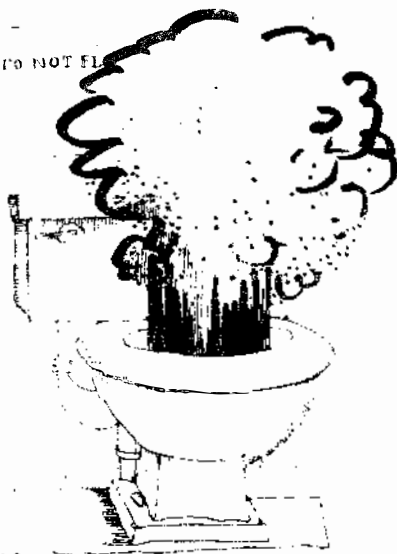
UPCOMING ACTIONS

Aug. 4--Rally to stop nuclear weapons and nuclear power. For more info call Mobilization For Survival in Chicago, 312-427-2533.

Aug. 6--Legal rally at Rocky Flats bomb plant in Colorado. For more info call Rocky Flats Truth Force, 303-443-0887.

Sept. 29--Non-violent civil disobedience at the Zion nuclear facility in Zion, Illinois.

Oct. 6--The beginning of a permanent occupation at the Seabrook nuke in New Hampshire. Write to the Coalition for Direct Action at Seabrook, c/o Clamshell Alliance, 595 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass., 02139.



More hot rods for

nuke cool pool

Commonwealth Edison recently petitioned the United States Regulatory Commission to increase the number of spent fuel assemblies that they can keep in their onsite cooling pond.

The pond was designed to hold 340 spent fuel assemblies. It now holds 868 spent fuel assemblies. Com Ed wants to stick 2112 rods in that pool with no structural modifications to the cooling pond.


Those fuel rods are very radioactive and remain so for thousands of years. That is why it is so important to have cool water flowing between these assemblies at all times. If Com Ed gets permission to add these additional fuel assemblies to the cooling ponds, the space between the spent rods will be 10 inches or less.

That's pretty damn close, if you ask me. It is totally inconceivable that a pond designed to hold 340 spent fuel assemblies could also safely hold 2112.

--Susan

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Eating from grocers' dumpsters:

Last month's issue introduced the idea of eating food capitalist's garbage rather than swallowing their lies. During our research for the article on rescuing good food from grocery store dumpsters, we became concerned about this great waste of food. Since then, we have unsuccessfully attempted to obtain straightforward answers from the managers of the stores that we personally knew were throwing away a lot of edible food. In most cases, swallowing their lies was so nauseating that we could in no way have eaten anything.

We guessed that store managers would not admit that enormous amounts of edible food are being wasted. We were right. Through various manipulative techniques, they tried to evade recognizing that their own profiteering is to blame for the phenomenal flow of wasted food.

Before talking with the store managers we checked out the legal aspects of dumpster scavenging. We contacted the city attorney's office and the McLean County Health Department.

While attempting to obtain a legal opinion from Paxton Bowers (one of the two city attorneys), we sensed animosity. Inspecting dumpsters' contents wasn't a valid concern to him. His words of wisdom to us, as interested dumpster hunters, were

that stores may take action to prevent us from rooting through their trash. This action, he concurred, may lead to locked dumpsters.

Bowers' animosity became open when he learned we were reporters from the Post-Amerikan. At that point he referred us to the Illinois Revised Statutes in the library. Since there are only four volumes, he snidely said it shouldn't take us too long to find the information we were seeking.

David Stanczak, also a city attorney, proved much more cooperative in exploring the legalities of plundering dumpsters. He seemed to think that a theft charge could not be brought against dumpster shoppers because the complaint would have to show whose property was being stolen. Since trash is worthless, who could be charged for stealing it?

A dumpster hunter could be charged with trespassing if: 1) a sign is posted which warns the individual that they are on private property; or 2) if there is not and the owner verbally tells the individual that they are trespassing--at which point if they don't leave they could be apprehended. This sack of criminal charges paves the way for inhibited would-be dumpster raiders. As long as you leave the premises if warned, you are not violating the law.

The health department told us that there was nothing in the health code which would prohibit grocery stores from giving away food after the expiration date for legal sale.

After ascertaining that there is no criminal code or health code which prohibits the availability of free food, we were elated to observe the store managers swallow their lies when we told them we ate their garbage.

Our worst fears that those in control of our daily lives are incompetent imbeciles interested only in dollar signs were validated when we spoke to Mike Haberkorn, co-manager of Normal's Kroger store.

Having explained to Haberkorn our concern for the waste in dumpsters, he vigorously denied the existence of edible food in Kroger's dumpster. He said that their trash consisted of products damaged during shipping, or from deterioration of the product to the point that it isn't saleable. Haberkorn seemed quite confident he was right until we told him we'd eaten broccoli, strawberries, cabbages and onions out of the Kroger dumpster. Before we finished listing the foods we had found, Haberkorn threatened action: "There will be a lock put on it."

In his feeble attempt to explain away his insensitivity to those who

p. 20

Commies nip Vets 3 - 1

It doesn't pay to be patriotic any more. You just don't get any respect.

Take the case of the Combined Veterans Organization of McLean County. Here are a bunch of All-American guys who fought and bled and killed and maimed for their country, and they can't get a little street re-named without a hassle.

I mean, these fine fellows don't just want to play bingo and show stag movies. They want to do something meaningful for our community, and nobody appreciates it.

It couldn't have been easy for the CVO to come up with the idea of changing Kingsley-Center street to Veterans Drive. But they did, probably all by themselves.

And what happened? The Commies who lived there didn't like the idea. So the CVO had to think some more and figure out a way to get around those pinkos who use logic and practical reasons and other subversive tricks to interfere with patriotism's onslaught.

But the boys from the CVO were up to it. They hit upon a plan that would defy all rational objection and prove once and for all that patriotism has nothing to do with logic: change the name of Belt Line Road to Veterans Memorial Parkway.

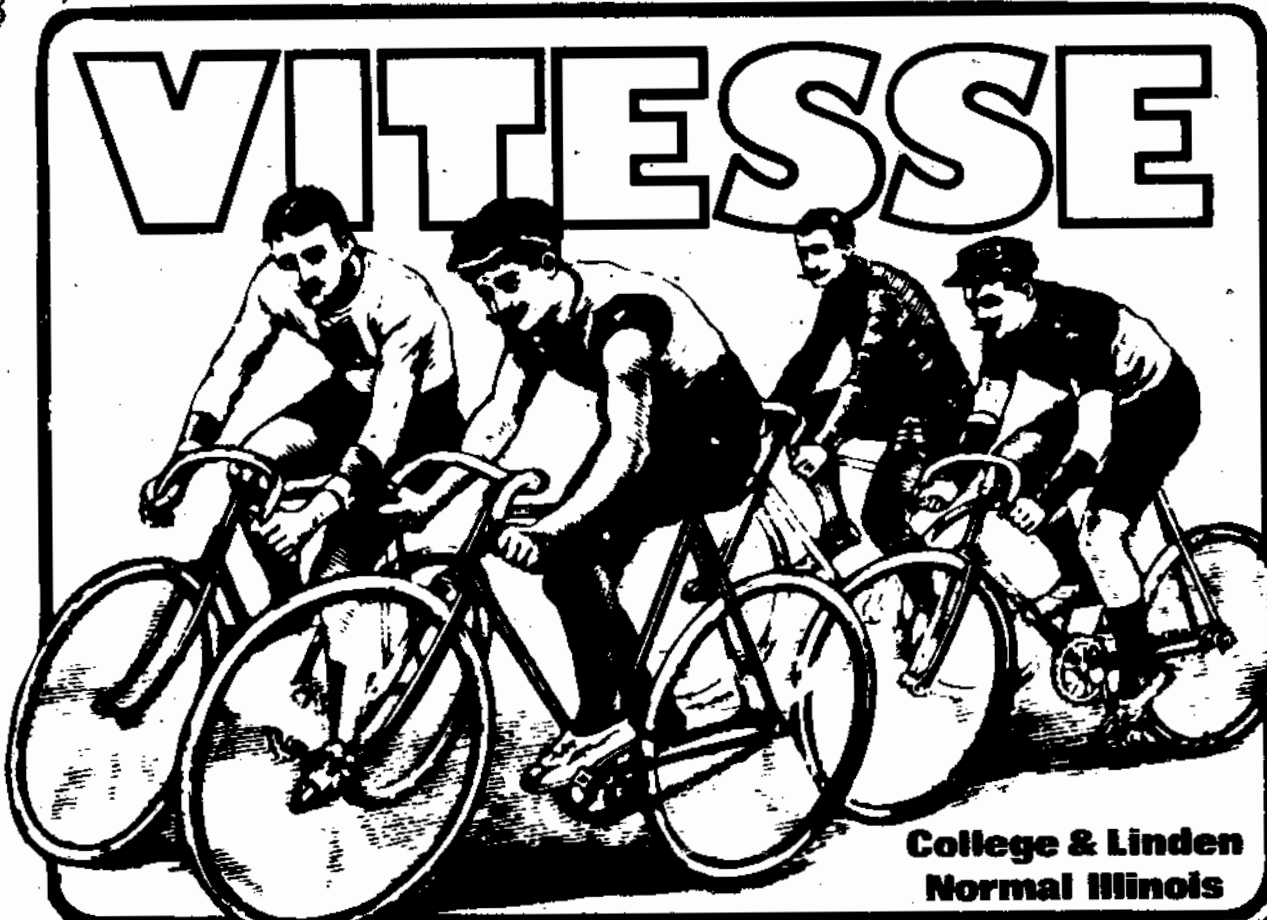
Of course, some smart-aleck members of the Normal Town Council did point out that calling the Belt Line a parkway was a misuse of the language, but that was just more subversive logic. Thank heaven the CVO's scheme was sufficiently irrational to convince the rest of the council, and they approved the change to Veterans Memorial Parkway.

Then, just as the Bloomington City Council was set to go along, the state of Illinois offered resistance. The state's transportation officials said the name wouldn't fit on a standard road sign. More practical rubbish.

Darwin Cochran, one of the CVO's chief political analysts, recognized what the state was up to. "I believe they could write Veterans Memorial Parkway

as easy as anything they could hand on their sign," he observed in an unusual display of anti-authoritarian pique. "They've already taken Memorial Day away and made it a weekend so they can go out and have a cocktail party." By God, you can't fool a veteran.

Cochran said the CVO just wanted a tribute to veterans in the Twin Cities to replace what has been taken away since "flag-waving" stopped in 1945. Thus, they will settle for the simple but eloquent Veterans Parkway. "If we make a hassle out of it, they might take it away from us," pouted Cochran.



Then the CVO had to get the Normal council to go along with the change in the change of the change of the original change. Having accomplished that, you'd think patriotism's dream would finally be achieved, wouldn't you?

But, alas, a patriot's life is never easy. When the state's official highway map was released recently, it showed Belt Line Road. A new map won't be published until 1981.

This tale of frustrated ideals is so touching that I think we ought to come up with other ways of paying tribute to the veterans in our community. Perhaps Miller Park could be renamed Veterans Memorial Forest and Recreational Area. Or Sugar Creek could be called Veterans Memorial Waterway. Maybe the American Legion could even be designated a valuable and worthwhile social service organization. Anything for patriotism.

--Ferdurke

officials, store managers react

aren't able to afford, or are just plain fed up with, their exorbitant prices, Haberkorn explained that everything on Kroger's shelves was dated with an expiration code. Upon expiration, the products are no longer saleable and, therefore he assumed, no longer fit for consumption. Haberkorn said at one point



that produce "dates itself," but later refuted that statement by saying there is an expiration date for produce, too. Once that date passes, whether it is still edible or not, the produce is thrown out.

To justify his bourgeois, knee-jerk disgust at dumpster scavenging, Haberkorn claimed that Kroger's would be responsible for what could happen to consumers of dumpster food. "If someone took a muskmelon from the trash on your porch, wouldn't you feel responsible?" he asked. Because the trash wasn't refrigerated, Haberkorn claimed, the melon-eater would get sick. He also said that muskmelons are refrigerated during shipping and kept refrigerated in the store until they reach a customer or a dumpster.

But when we called Kroger's the next day asking if there was any way to get a chilled muskmelon, we were told the melons were not refrigerated. Is Haberkorn trying to poison his customers with unsanitary, warm melons?

Haberkorn also recommended that we call Kroger's main office in Champaign, where we would obtain all the information we needed. We chose not to do that, confident that Haberkorn portrayed the position of Kroger's profit motivation at work.

At one point in our conversation, Haberkorn boisterously proclaimed, "If we can't sell the product on the shelves, we aren't going to sell it in the dumpster." The idea of anyone getting free food in any way from his refuse seemed totally inconceivable to him.



cpf

The manager of Eisner's at College and Towanda, Dick Presely, refused to discuss the subject of dumpsters with us and referred us to his main office in Champaign.

The Redbird IGA on Main St. in Normal has an alternative to the outright waste that seems to prevail in most stores. Larry Culleton, the IGA manager, told us that most of the food they don't sell goes to a farm oper-

ated by the IGA. The salvageable foods are mixed with the animals' feed. Although the profit from feeding the animals goes to IGA, at least it's not wasted.

The Eastgate IGA, managed by Don Swigert, also claimed to have a viable alternative to wasting food. He told us that the food which is not sold at his store is given to the Salvation Army. That sounded very admirable; however, when we called Captain Wheeler, who receives all food donations for the Salvation Army, we got a different story. He told us he had never received any food donations from the Eastgate IGA.

Wheeler said that perhaps Swigert had meant the Home Sweet Home Mission. We called the Mission to check it out. Mike Kreppel, the assistant director, told us that although they serve 150 to 200 meals a day, none of their food donations comes from the Eastgate IGA.



We wonder why Don Swigert told us this deliberate lie about donating food to Salvation Army? Perhaps his guilt about this wasted food was so intense that he had to make up a story about feeding the poor to appease his conscience about getting rich at the expense of the poor.

Our first and only experience in conversing with a store manager who didn't attempt to justify the waste of a certain amount of food was with Jack Hocker, owner of Jack's Produce. Jack was willing to admit that although a product is no longer saleable, it could still be edible. He contended, however, that once the product is thrown into the dumpster, it shouldn't be consumed because of the germs it comes in contact with. His produce mart, he claimed, operates "with less than 1% shrinkage factor," which means that less than 1% of all their produce is thrown out.

When we told Jack of the vast quantities of edible food we found in his dumpster he replied that this is uncommon and must have been a mistake. Jack agreed that if there was a viable alternative for distributing food (which would be wholesome, if consumed soon after it was obtained), some products would not have to be pitched.



Wyso/cpf



After having recognized Jack's genuine concern for the waste of food, and recalling the obvious need for food at the Home Sweet Home Mission, we contacted Jack and asked him if he would be willing to talk to Mike Kreppel at the mission. Jack was more than willing to speak to Mike Kreppel. Kreppel later told us that he and Jack were going to meet next week to devise a plan to enable the Home Sweet Home Mission to receive the produce which is slightly damaged but edible.

We realized after our experience with Jack's Produce and the Home Sweet Home Mission cooperating to put to good use the food being wasted, that alternatives are not so far-fetched. We feel there is a real need for a way for needy people to benefit from the great quantities of waste so typical in American culture.

Until that happens, there will still be food going to waste in the dumpsters and we will continue to encourage people to eat it.

--Dolly Dumpster
--Greta Garbage

Zombie politician

Would you believe Jim Morrison running for lieutenant governor of Louisiana? The former William Casselberry Jr. believes that when Doors lead singer Morrison died, his spirit entered Casselberry's body, whereupon Casselberry legally changed his name to Jim Morrison. Pollsters say the reincarnated rock star doesn't have a ghost of a chance to win.

--High Times



Business criticizes business

Remember the federal government's rules against putting ice in drinking water?

That was one of the first regulations by the then new Occupational Safety and Health Administration in 1971, and OSHA has taken a lot of guff from conservatives about it and other similarly silly rules.

It turns out, however, that the drinking water rule and almost all the other silly rules ridiculed by business were actually handed to OSHA by the business community itself.

When industry realized that it had lost its long battle to keep the government out of the health and safety problems of workers, business lobbyists persuaded Congress to adopt existing "voluntary industry standards" as the basis of the new OSHA regulations. One of those standards was the drinking water rule.

--"My Turn," Newsweek

Rainbow gathering -- an experience in communal living

The annual Rainbow Family Healing Gathering took place this year near Alpine, Arizona in a rather secluded forest region about 10,000 feet in elevation.

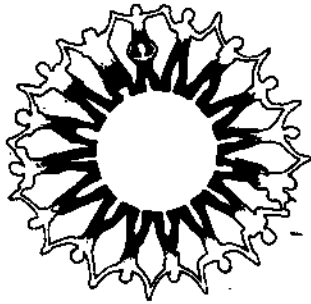
Each year the gathering is held in a different sacred area. Mother Earth is precious to those who gather. The purpose of this event is for people everywhere to come together and form a temporary co-operative community that is healing to all, including the earth.

We believe that we are all one with each other and the rest of the Universe. People are encouraged to continue this loving, co-operative lifestyle on a permanent basis.

The main focus of the gathering is during the first week in July, but work to make these gatherings happen goes on nearly year round. Before the gathering, people work making trails, digging shitters, buying food, and co-ordinating activities, as well as doing a lot of p. r. work with the locals. (This year the locals in Alpine banned the Rainbow Family from their stores and gas stations.) Afterwards a massive cleanup is done.

Heavy traffic areas are re-seeded with grass and trees are planted. It is our goal to leave the area in a better state than we found it.

The Rainbow Gathering is an enlightening experience, to say the least. People of all lands, beliefs, and ages come together and share in community, and it is beautiful. People are very friendly and not ashamed of their bodies. On warm days there are many naked bods.



The people make the gathering work. There is always a need for volunteers yet there is always time for relaxation and spirituality. Communal meals are

served twice a day. There is no electricity and all meals are cooked over open fires. Imagine marijuana cookies for 5,000. There are also several individual kitchens that serve food and drinks at various times. All is free and all are welcome. Donations are accepted, monetary as well as those you can smoke.

The atmosphere is festive as well as spiritual. Acoustic instruments and singing are heard all around. Workshops are available on various new age topics. Alcohol and other hard drugs are discouraged here while healthful herbs are welcome. This year more than last I noticed that some were indulging in cigarettes, meat, sugar, tobacco, and caffeine, but this is not a group head. These are people who came from all over and have never met before, in most cases, and are trying to live as brothers and sisters. There is still a lot of consciousness raising to be done.

No place has yet been determined for next year's gathering. I heard rumors of North Carolina. Those interested in finding out about next year's gathering should write to the Rainbow Family, Box 5577, Eugene, Ore., 97405.

--Susan

Draft beer, not people

There are eight bills pending in Congress to revive the draft. Most of these bills would require registration to begin within a year.

Three of these bills include women. Two of the bills require induction of up to 200,000 persons into the Army's Individual Ready Reserve. Two of the bills move the Selective Service System to the Department of Defense, removing it from control of Congress and allowing the Pentagon to decide who qualifies as a conscientious objector. None of the bills allows for educational or related deferments.

A particularly interesting bill is HB 2206, which would require all men and women to register at age 17, and at 18 to choose among the following service options:

1) 2-year military service (in return a person could receive 4 years of educational benefits);

2) 6 months active duty and 5½ years in the reserves;

3) 1 year civilian service at slave wages;

4) enter a lottery and chance being drafted for two years active military service and 4 years in reserve (plus 2 years of educational benefits in return).

The bill most likely to pass is HB 4040, which would attach the draft registration to the military appropriations bill that Congress usually approves.

Why is there a need for more U.S. troops ready for action? Is the U.S. military planning a new war?



"Draft? It felt to me more like hot breath."

President Carter has mentioned the need to "increase military presence in the Middle East." The oil companies and the government have been trying to convince the American public for months that the OPEC nations are to blame for inflated gas prices and shortages within American cities (despite the fact that confidential sources within the oil industry claim that the U.S. oil companies have more oil than they know what to do with and are having to build new storage tanks).

Pro-war heads want to bring back the draft. Maybe the next move is U.S. military action to make those damn Arabs cut loose of that black gooey sh*t that controls the American psyche.

I think if the draft is reinstated there will be revolution in the streets. If there's not, there should be.

If Carter wants to fight so bad, then why doesn't he lay his ass on the line for the three-car family? White bread and obesity forever! Long live the American dream!

For information about the draft and how to fight its revival, write one of the following groups:

Coalition Opposing the Draft
Room 305
343 South Dearborn
Chicago, IL 60604

Women Strike for Peace
201 Massachusetts Ave, NE
Suite 102
Washington, D.C. 20002

--Susan



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Post reporters subpoenaed to testify against Campbell

Post-Amerikan staff members Dave Nelson and Tom Pouliot have been subpoenaed to give sworn testimony against Judge Keith Campbell July 20 in a hearing before the Illinois Judicial Inquiry Board.

Campbell has been under investigation ever since the two Post staffers filed a formal complaint in Sept. '78. According to that complaint, the judge expelled Tom Pouliot from an ongoing trial for sketching a witness. In addition, the judge ordered the courtroom locked, denying Dave Nelson and the general public access to the bench trial.

If it believes there is enough evidence of misconduct, the Judicial Inquiry Board can file charges against the judge before the Illinois Courts

Commission. The Judicial Inquiry Board would function as the prosecution, and a hearing would determine if the judge is guilty or not guilty. If found guilty, Campbell could be punished with reprimand, censure, suspension, or even removal from the bench.

A few weeks after the Post reporters' complaint was filed last fall, State's Attorney Ron Dozier launched a public attack on Judge Campbell, urging voters to dump him in the November election. Dozier cited a number of examples of what he called the judge's "bizarre and irrational" behavior on the bench. Voters retained Campbell anyway.

When delivering the subpoena, an employee of the Judicial Inquiry Board expressed his nervousness about

publicity. The employee told Post staffer Nelson that it "wouldn't do you any good" to write a story about receiving a subpoena and "going up to Chicago to tell your big story."

But a lot of people have asked what ever happened to the complaint against Campbell; that's why this story is here. As the Inquiry Board employee told Nelson, "These things take time, and we haven't forgotten you. The Board has met about your complaint and discussed it, but I can't tell you what this testimony is about."

No would-be artists in my courtroom!

Post-Amerikan reporters Dave Nelson and Tom Pouliot didn't get to watch but five minutes of Morris Carwile's bench trial Sept. 1, 1978, before Judge Keith Campbell threw them out.

Pouliot, who can't draw a bird on a mailbox, was sketching a witness from the State Crime Laboratory, and the judge didn't like it. Campbell interrupted the witness and told Tom that he could sketch anyone he liked so long as it wasn't in the courtroom.

At the end of his speech, Campbell told the bailiff to remove Pouliot. When Tom asked if he could stay if he agreed to stop sketching, the judge said no.

When Dave left with Tom, the bailiff locked the doors behind them, refusing to let either reporter back in. The bailiff said he didn't know whether Judge Campbell's order included Dave or not, but he wasn't taking any chances with dangerous potential artists.

Later, the bailiff also refused entry to an employee of one of the defense attorneys. Judge Campbell approved the bailiff's action afterwards.

In their complaint to the Judicial Inquiry Board, Dave and Tom said, "We want to object as strongly as possible to Judge Campbell's arbitrary exclusion of the press and the public from the courts."

Post-Amerikan benefit

--a success!!

Yes, it's now history: the first Post Amerikan Benefit. Yes, it was also very successful. Amazingly enough, the P-A benefit, held June 24 at the Lay-Z-J, came off in fine fashion.

About 150-175 people showed up to relax and to show support for the P-A. A few also showed up probably not knowing about the benefit, but seemed to have fun just the same.

The festivities began around 8:00 pm. when the P-A staff, with high energy and high expectations, started to collect donations at the door. We arranged our colorful P-A t-shirts in hopes of turning our readers on to this fine buy. (By the way, we still have many of these gorgeous shirts for only \$4.00. Check them out.)

Pete Callahan, one of the P-A's staffers, began the evening's entertainment with his acoustic guitar and harmonica. Pete performed some inspiring revolutionary songs, like "Anarchy" and an anti-nuke song. He generated some fun sing-alongs with his performance.

Willy Berry was the second entertainer of the evening. Willy's rockin' beat and fine sound inspired many folks to move their feet. By this time, the benefit was really coming alive, with lots of folks coming in, some wearing newly purchased P-A t-shirts. Some of us Post folk were getting a chance to talk to the people who'd come to support the paper.

Before the start of the headlining band, I took the stage to give a brief rap about the P-A, to show off our shirts, and to plead for new subscriptions. I also suggested how P-A readers can become more involved with their alternative newspaper.

Alesha then captured everyone's attention with their dynamite jazz-rock. The band's enjoyable music moved many people to dance. Not much space was wasted as those who had to staff the door made good use of the floor around them and proceeded to dance, too.

I really enjoyed how relaxed the dancing was. A lot of people seemed real un-coupled, and when we took to the dance floor, we all danced together. We made up different kinds of swing dancing, going from person to person--very neat.


We made \$280.00 for the evening, and we had a good time. But our financial trouble is not over. The struggle goes on, since prices are always rising. (Our printing costs just went up again!) But the benefit did help tremendously.

So for those of you who did attend, thanks again for supporting your alternative newspaper. We do need it. For those who couldn't make it, there's always time to make a contribution to the P-A, or pick up a Post subscription, or even wear a nifty P-A t-shirt. Also, keep the feedback coming. Let us know what you think of the P-A and what you would like to see printed. News tips are helpful, too.

Keep up the good work: it helps.

--Michael

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