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POSTER AMERIKAN

Bloomington-Normal

25¢

January 1981
Vol. 9 No. 8

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The Post-Amerikan is a worker-controlled collective that puts out this paper. If you'd like to help, give us a call and leave your name with our wonderful answering machine. Then we'll call you back and give you the rap about the Post. 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 our regular meetings. All workers have an equal voice. The Post has no editor or hierarchical structure, so quit calling up and asking who's in charge. Ain't nobody 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 deadline for next issue is Jan. 29.

If you'd like to work on the Post and/or come to meetings, call us at 828-7232. You can also reach folks at 828-6885.

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Mail, which we more than welcome, should be sent to: the Post-Amerikan PO 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 on our letters page.

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Kroger's, 1110 E. Oakland
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Wash House, 609 N. Clinton
SE corner, Washington & Clinton
The Last Page, 416 N. Main
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Cage, ISU University Union
Midstate Truck Plaza, Rt. 51 North
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Dept. of Children and Family Services--829-5326
Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare (Social Security Administration)--829-9436
Dept. of Mental Health--828-4311
Draft Counseling--452-5046 or 828-4035
Gay Action/Awareness Union of McLean County--452-5852
Gay People's Alliance (ISU)--828-8744
HELP (Transportation for handicapped and senior citizens)--828-8301
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McLean County Mental Health Center--827-5351
Mobile Meals (meals for shut-ins)--828-8301
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Sunnyside Neighborhood Center--827-5428
Tele Care--828-8301
Unemployment Compensation/Job Service--827-6237
United Farmworkers Support Group--452-5046
Women's Switchboard--800-927-5404

Those 4-letter words!

Post banned from jail library

The Post-Amerikan has been banned from the McLean County Jail library by Jail Administrator Gary Ploense.

"I decide what goes in and out of that jail," Ploense told the Post. "I don't have to let your paper into the library. I don't have to put them in there."

When asked why he made the decision, after jail authorities had been letting the paper in for more than a year, Ploense said, "I can make the decision. I decide what goes into the jail, unless it's mail. I can't mess with the US mail."

"There's articles in there I don't necessarily agree with," Ploense said in further explanation. "Some of that stuff gets pretty inflammatory. There are ways of

saying something without using four-letter words. It's a personal thing with me," the jail administrator said.

For a year jail authorities let the Post drop off 20 free copies each month, and jailers gave a paper to each cellblock. Later, without notifying the Post, jailers apparently stopped giving the paper out, even though we continued dropping bundles of new issues off.

"It's not the articles about the jail," Ploense said, "it's the language in there."

When asked about the packages of papers that never got to prisoners, Ploense said, "I assure you those were read."

Who read them?

"Members of the sheriff's department," Ploense replied. "I guarantee you they were read." Sheriff's police apparently can handle reading those nasty words.

"Some of the articles have been very good," Ploense said. "Some I agree with, but some I don't agree with. As the jail administrator I have the power to stop it."

When asked if the Post-Amerikan could get back into the jail if the offending four-letter words were removed, Ploense said, "I don't see why not."

When Ploense was first appointed jail administrator, Sheriff Brienen touted Ploense's "being a Christian" as an important qualification.

Ploense also said he would censor any novels that were donated to the jail library. I asked him if he would allow John Steinbeck's classic Grapes of Wrath into the jail library.

"I haven't read it," Ploense replied. "But if I found four-letter words in there that I didn't agree with, then I wouldn't send it up there."●

--Mark Silverstein

A reminder to our readers

As we told you last issue, the Post staff is taking our first collective vacation in 10 years. We will be filling our machines and answering

our phone, but the next paper won't be out until Feb. 2, 1981 (deadline--Jan. 29). We'll see you with renewed vigor next year.

Sponges may not hold water

Two issues ago, we carried an article promoting sea sponges as an alternative to tampons. Since the discovery that tampon use is linked to toxic shock syndrome, many women have looked for alternatives, and sea sponges seemed like good ones. Now we're not so sure.

Since we ran that article, a woman who exclusively used sea sponges during her period came down with toxic shock. As you probably know, toxic shock syndrome causes about every awful symptom you can think of, including death.

A women's newspaper in Washington DC, *Off Our Backs*, reviews the case against sponges this month. I'll summarize their report:

The major theory about how toxic shock happens is that the tampon provides a good medium for the growth of a bacteria, *Staphylococcus aureus*. This bacteria releases a toxin which, when it enters the bloodstream, causes toxic shock syndrome.

Many tampon users have noticed that tampons sometimes cause drying of the vagina, which is usually moist, and the drying sometimes leads to ulceration and irritation. This drying and ulceration may be the way *Staphylococcus aureus* enters into the body.

Since sponges, as well as tampons, can cause drying and provide a nice place for *Staph aureus* to grow, they can also cause toxic shock syndrome. If the theory is right.

Because of the drying theory, people have suggested that changing tampons and sponges frequently may help prevent toxic shock, since it's usually only after you've left the thing in a long time that it begins to suck up all your juices. Unfortunately, studies at the Center for Disease Control (CDC) in Boston



so far have not shown that frequent changing reduces the risk.

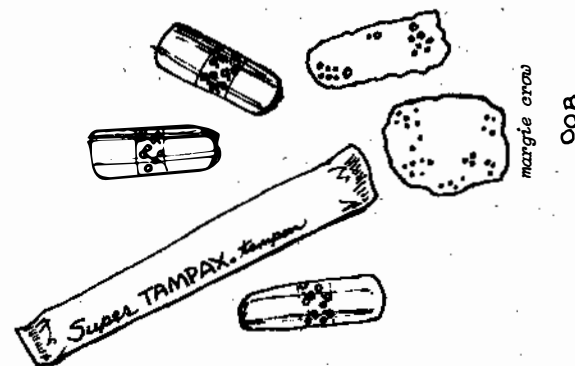
A CDC epidemiologist studied sea sponges that were sold as menstrual sponges. She found them to be teeming with bacteria (including *Staph aureus*), with sand and coral bits (which, obviously, could cause irritations inside the vagina), and, worst of all, with whatever chemical pollutants occur in the waters they grew in (oil slicks, illegally dumped chemicals, what have you).



A University of Iowa microbiologist, Dr. Mary Gilchrist, studied menstrual sponges too. She rinsed some of them six times (as recommended), some fewer times, and some not at all, and then analyzed them. The six rinsings, she found, got rid of some sand, coral bits, and cellular debris. But all the sponges, even the most-rinsed, contained bacteria, fungi, hydrocarbons, and chemical pollutants.

The Emma Goldman Clinic in Iowa City, which used to promote menstrual sponges, has now removed them from their stock and has sent out publicity with warnings about sponges.

Since there are no uniform processing rules about sponges, the companies that market them differ in how they clean and bleach the product. Some women want the Food and Drug Administration to stay out of the sponge business, while others would like the FDA to check sponges'



effectiveness and safety. The FDA will likely do neither.

One Post staff member points out that if the dryness theory is correct, you are safe using either tampons or sponges if you have a constantly juicy vagina that's not easily irritated. Safe from toxic shock, anyway. You still have to contend with those chemical pollutants.

--Phoebe Caulfield

Blessings of the curse

A few good things may be said about menstruation (this will be a short article).

It provides apparently endless conversational material for women. It exists as a common bond, along with childbearing, birth control problems, fear of pregnancy, cramp remedies, fat, dieting, betrayal, disappointment, and misery in general. I have enjoyed many extended discussions of menstruation, some with women with whom I have absolutely no subject above the waist to discuss meaningfully.

It tells you that you did not get pregnant this month. (Now, that's only if you get a good full torrent --if you just get a little trickle, you may be pregnant anyway.)

It creates interesting linguistic insights. For instance, take the phrase sanitary protection. What's so sanitary about that blood? Of course, the sanitary sewer is the one that carries the crap out of your toilet, so there does seem to

be a precedent for this unusual meaning.

But protection? What does sanitary protection protect you from? You know it doesn't protect your underwear. It doesn't protect you from dripping blood on the fluffy yellow bathmat of someone you hardly know.

Period has always struck me as strangely portentous. I know it means that you bleed periodically, but somehow it's always, in my mind, stood in relation to comma, semicolon, and colon: The End. Period. In poetry, you can call a period a Full Stop. In life, too.

My favorite new linguistic twist is a delightful phrase meaning the time you're bleeding like a stuck pig: your Heavy Days. They are. Of course, in contrast you get your Light Days, when you have nothing to do but wear your big hat and long flowered dress and wander about misty rural landscapes.



I'll leave you to ponder the perverse redefinitions implied in the brand names Carefree and Stay-free. Since when? A more appropriate choice might be Vesuvius, bringing to mind the abundant flow down both sides from the peak. Or Elephant Mattress.

Finally, some people say that it (menstruation) reminds you of how you're deeply in touch with the cycles of nature and related to the moon goddess and so forth. This requires more imagination than I've got, but it may work out for you.

--Phoebe Caulfield

Attacks on gays increase

On Nov. 19 an unemployed truck driver and son of a well-to-do New Rochelle minister took an Uze sub-machine gun to New York's Greenwich Village and cut down eight people outside two gay bars, killing two men and injuring six more.

According to witnesses, the killer shouted anti-gay statements, such as "Homosexuals are the cause of all our

problems," during the shooting spree in which he fired into the bars and at people on the street. All the men he killed and wounded were gay.

This vicious attack is just one of many recent acts of anti-gay violence across the country. When the New York gunman calmly told the police, after his capture, "I'll kill them all, the gays--they ruin everything," he was voicing an attitude which finds support from many quarters these days.

these disgusting creatures of Satan," the KKKers boasted.

--A grand jury has just indicted a Houston police officer for negligent homicide in the shooting death of gay activist Fred Paez. The off-duty officer placed a loaded, cocked pistol against Paez's head and the gun discharged "accidentally." The police officer claimed that Paez was resisting arrest.

--The Chelsea Gay Hotline set up in New York City to handle reports of anti-gay attacks and offer counsel to their victims reports an average of 1.5 people per day were attacked for being lesbian or gay during the past month. "The actual total may be double that number," said a Chelsea Gay Association member.

COMMUNITY NEWS

WIC office moves

The McLean County Health Department will have an open house at its new office for the Women, Infants and Children (WIC) Nutritional Program Dec. 19 from 1 to 4 pm.

The new office is at 720 W. Chestnut, suite B, in Bloomington. WIC services will also be offered at the Fairview Health Complex, 905 N. Main, Normal.

Recycling needs volunteers

Operation Recycle of McLean County will sponsor its first recycling campaign of 1981 on Saturday, Jan. 10. Volunteers at the two regular sites will collect glass, newspaper, and tin and aluminum cans.

Interested persons can bring their recyclables to either the parking lot at the southwest corner of Main and College in Normal or to the Sears parking lot at Eastland Shopping Center.

Operation Recycle coordinator Myra Gordon told the Post-American she anticipates a shortage of volunteers for the Jan. 10 drive because Illinois State University students will still be on their semester break. She urges people who can volunteer some time to call her at 452-8530.

Acting out fears

While the Jerry Falwells and the Paul Laxalts publicly demean and slander gay people, other Americans are beginning to go further and act out their homophobia (the irrational fear of homosexuals) in increasingly alarming numbers:

--In San Francisco five weeks ago, a gay male was stabbed by a gang of 20 young men in Dolores Park, which is near the heavily gay Castro Street district. A passerby who tried to help the victim was also attacked and seriously injured.

--The number of assaults on gays in San Francisco has risen by more than 200% in the last year. These attacks are often made by gangs of teen-age males and have sharply increased since April, when CBS aired its slanderous "documentary" on gay life and gay "politics" in S.F.

--Five gay men have been murdered in Boston in the past six months; several were stabbed repeatedly or beaten viciously.

--The ex-Marine instructor at a recently discovered Ku Klux Klan "survival camp" in Texas declared: "There are only two groups I'll battle with--communists and homosexuals. That's the basic reason I joined the Klan." He was reportedly teaching boy scouts and Civil Air Patrol cadets how to strangle people and fire semi-automatic weapons.

--Three KKK members told a Klan rally in Fontana, California, that they had beaten up two gay men in a roadside rest area, tied them up, and stuck heated tire irons up their rectums. "That's the way real men deal with

Who's to blame?

The sources of these attacks against gay people are not difficult to find. The stepped-up campaign against gay rights by the New Right and its Moral Majority henchmen has obviously created an atmosphere of hostility and violence toward gay men and lesbians.

In covering the Greenwich Village shootings, the straight media didn't point out that the New York City Council has several times failed to adopt a gay rights ordinance. The opposition to the measure has been spearheaded by the Archdiocese of New York and the Orthodox Jewish community, who consistently relied on the same fearmongering about moral degeneracy and threats to the sacred family that Amerika's religious leaders regularly lay on gay people.

I don't think it's mere coincidence that the New York killer is a minister's son. (It'll be interesting to see if he gets off as lightly as that other god-fearing homo-killer, Dan White, did last year in San Francisco.)

And I don't think those braggart Klansmen came up with that "creatures of Satan" label all by themselves either. Their rhetoric smacks of the fire-and-brimstone of some tv bible thumper--like Jerry Falwell (who has linked gays with murderers and bank robbers) and James Robison (who said gayness is "perversion of the highest order"). Both of these demagogues are fond of calling their enemies agents of Satan.

No help from gov't

The State hasn't been any more charitable to gays recently than the Church has. Rep. Larry McDonald got his anti-gay amendment back in the

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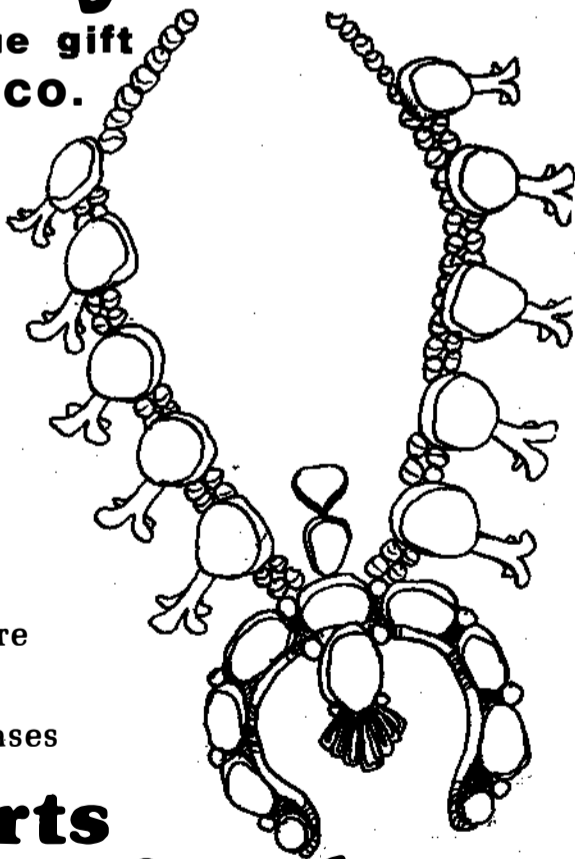
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We must remember

About 100 people recently gathered at the Protestant Church of the Reconciliation in Dachau, West Germany, where a Nazi concentration camp was located during World War II. They met to commemorate those gay people who were killed during the Nazi Holocaust.

San Diego's Update reports that the Munich Association for Sexual Equality issued a statement pointing out that "there is no memorial, no shrine of remembrance, not even a little inscription for the hundreds of thousands of gay people who died an atrocious death in prisons and concentration camps."



hour, while troopers passing through the room called him "faggot."

Gratuitously foul

The judge who heard about this abusive treatment dismissed the charges and declared that "the defendant's wrongs give no license to the police to become gratuitously foul." But apparently his opinion isn't held by a majority, moral or otherwise, of Americans.

The pattern seems to be for the religionists to condemn gays as sinners and degenerates, for the government to confirm this judgment, and for the police and the self-appointed enforcers of public morality to carry out the executions.

When the leaders of Church and State repeatedly demean certain groups of citizens and refuse to protect their lives and rights, they are sending strong signals to every macho KKKer and whacko minister's son that it's open season on the "immoral" and the powerless. The process is called scapegoating. It worked for the Nazis in Germany: they built their regime on the broken bones and burned flesh of Jews, gays, gypsies, communists, and others who didn't conform to the standard of Aryan purity.

It's happening here

And it's working today for the New Right in Amerika. They're forming their Church-State coalition at the expense of women, poor people, blacks,

Give the Post

to a friend!!

gays, and other minorities whose welfare and rights will be sacrificed for the comfort and economic security of the money majority.

It seems that gay people and blacks have been singled out for the most violent treatment (see stories about anti-black violence elsewhere in this issue), probably because they are perceived as the most troublesome and/or the most vulnerable of the undesirables. Outbreaks of violence against both blacks and gays have begun to escalate, especially in the last 12 months--when the New Right was making its run on Washington. Who knows what will happen now that the morality nuts are in power.

"Throughout its history, Christianity has been a religion of the sword," says author Arthur Evans. He'll have to add tire irons and sub-machine guns to his list.

--Ferdurke

Sources: Gay Community News, Nov. 22, Nov. 29, Dec. 8, 1980; New York Times, Nov. 24, Nov. 26, 1980; Gay Life, Nov. 14, 1980.

Legal Services bill (see adjoining story). The Immigration Service still tries to keep people out of the country for being gay. The armed forces kicks lesbians and gay men out of the services right and left. And several gay school teachers have lost their court battles to be reinstated to their jobs.

Police still raid gay bars in Los Angeles and San Francisco; they still practice entrapment in Cincinnati parks and Boston restrooms. A man arrested in a public john on the New York State Thruway was stripped and made to stand naked in an open room with windows overlooking the toll-booths on a busy bridge on the thruway, after which he was dressed and handcuffed to a chair for over an

Legal services bill

Congress adds new anti-gay amendment

A conference committee of the U.S. House and Senate has restored a compromise version of the anti-gay McDonald Amendment to the final draft of the Legal Services Bill (HR 7584).

The law appropriates funds for the Legal Services Corporation (LSC), which is the major source of revenue for hundreds of legal aid clinics across the country. The compromise amendment will "prohibit legal assistance for any litigation which seeks to adjudicate the legalization of homosexuality."

The House of Representatives has already approved the conference committee's new version of the bill. The original amendment, proposed by Rep. Larry McDonald (D-GA), would have prohibited the use of federal funds through LSC in litigation "promoting, protecting, and defending homosexuality." The House had earlier approved this form of the amendment, but the Senate passed its own version of the bill without any anti-gay rules.

There was hope among gay leaders that the Senate bill would prevail, but when the conference committee met Nov. 20, the conferees from the House insisted that some sort of amendment excluding lesbian and gay cases be added to the legislation. The bill also carries a much publicized anti-busing amendment.

Sen. Lowell Weicker (R-CT) proposed the compromise version of the amendment. According to one of his legislative aides, the new wording was "the best possible compromise we could get out of the situation."

The original McDonald amendment was interpreted by some legal experts--and by some conservative supporters--as prohibiting any gay person from gaining access to low-cost legal

services. The Weicker version seems more limited: it does not deny legal defense to all gays but eliminates only attempts to bring about the "legalization of homosexuality," whatever that means.

The director of the Gay Rights National Lobby expressed his belief that Sen. Weicker "effectively moved in our interests to minimize the damage," although neither he nor Weicker's assistant could give any specific examples of cases which

would be affected by the new amendment.

The bill still denies gay people equal protection under the law and prevents low-income gays from using governmental services which are available to heterosexual citizens. In short, the new Legal Services bill discriminates against gay people and declares quite loudly that gays are second-class citizens.

--Gay Community News

Racism triumphs in

The not-guilty verdict issued Nov. 17 in Greensboro, North Carolina, for six Klu Klux Klan and Nazi defendants is being called a "license to kill and shoot."

An all-white jury acquitted the six of murder and riot charges stemming from the Nov. 3, 1979, shooting deaths of five anti-Klan demonstrators in Greensboro.

All of the dead and injured in the attack were members of the Communist Workers Party (CWP). They were long-time activists in union organizing of textile and hospital workers and in the anti-racist movement in North Carolina. Only one of the slain victims was black, however.

After a five-month trial, the jury of six men and six women deliberated for one week before acquitting the acknowledged white supremacists of five counts each of murder and one count of felony rioting.

'Victory for white America'

Reaction from the defendants' supporters was exuberant. "We are absolutely overjoyed," said the leader of the National Socialist (Nazi) Party of America. He called the acquittals "a great victory for white America. It shows we can beat the system on their own ground."

But black leaders and anti-racist groups denounced the verdicts. "This acquittal must be seen as giving to the KKK and Nazis a license to kill and shoot any person, Black or white, who will stand against their racist proclamations," said Rev. Lucius Walker of the National Anti-Klan Network (NAKN).

NAKN also observed that the Greensboro verdicts are "part of a current trend of acquittals of racist men who have murdered and assaulted black people, labor organizers, and others who have stood up boldly for equality and human rights and dignity."

Epidemic of racism

The president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Rev. Joseph Lowrey, added: "The acquittal of the KKK and Nazi killers; threats

to wipe out affirmative action; actions to bring a halt to school desegregation; the recent shootings of blacks in Indianapolis and New Orleans--all indicate that the campaign against blacks and poor people at both the governmental and street levels has reached an epidemic stage."

Many observers in Greensboro claim that the prosecution's handling of the case added to the racist mood and insured the trial's outcome. The CWP claims that local, state, and federal officials, including District Attorney Mike Schlosser, adopted a "blame the victim" approach to the killings by presenting the anti-Klan demonstrators as equally responsible for last year's violence. Six CWP members have been charged with felonious rioting in connection with the Nov. 3 incident.

"It was obvious from the outset of the trial, when they charged the Greensboro Six (the CWP members) with those false charges, and when they picked the biased jury, that most, if not all, of the defendants

would be acquitted," said the CWP national press officer.

Sham prosecution

The Communist Workers had requested a special prosecutor be brought in to help the state, but D.A. Schlosser rejected the idea. The CWP then labeled the prosecution a "sham and a farce" and refused to testify in what they charged was a cover-up of the murders.

The state indicted only 16 of the 40 Klan/Nazis in the car caravan which attacked the CWP demonstrators. It also failed to indict the owners of the murder weapons, who were Klan and Nazi leaders.

Black jurors were excluded from the jury by the defense, but the state did not question prospective jurors on their attitudes toward race. Jurors who thought the defendants acted in self-defense and who characterized the KKK as patriotic were chosen to serve. The jury foreman, Octavio Mandauley, is an anticommunist

War against blacks

The recent acquittal of six Ku Klux Klan and Nazi Party members and sympathizers, who were charged with the shooting death of five Communist Workers Party members at a demonstration in Greensboro, North Carolina (see adjoining story), is only the latest incident in a year filled with racial violence and police brutality directed against black people and their supporters in this country.

Since the attacks in Greensboro, a little over a year ago, instances of violent assaults on blacks have escalated. Among them:

--Six black males have been murdered in the Buffalo, N.Y., area and a seventh was attacked in his hospital

1980: Year of

bed. Two of the victims were beaten to death and their hearts were cut out.

--The corpses of 10 kidnapped black children have been found in the last 15 months in Atlanta, Georgia. Four other missing children remain unaccounted for.

--Black civil rights activist Vernon Jordan was shot outside a motel in Fort Wayne, Indiana, by a sniper. Police have arrested Joseph Paul Franklin, a KKK and Nazi sympathizer who is also suspected of killing six black people, including two men in Salt Lake City who were cut down as they were jogging.

--Anti-busing forces in Boston have renewed efforts to halt school desegregation, instigating physical attacks on black students and organizing a boycott of South Boston High.

--Five white policemen were acquitted in Miami of beating to death a black man who ran a red light.

--In Decatur, Alabama, Curtis Lee Robinson, who is black, was convicted of assault with intent to murder, although he contended he was trying to protect his wife and five children at an anti-Klan rally.

--The police chief lifted the suspension of a white policeman who shot and killed a pregnant black woman in Jackson, Mississippi, last August.

--In Indianapolis, a 15-year-old black holdup suspect was shot in the back and killed by two plainclothes police officers.

--Five black children and an adult were killed in a blast at a day care center in Atlanta Oct. 13. While authorities claim the explosion was an accident, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference reported that 12 black schools received bomb threats just hours after the incident.

--Blacks in Youngstown, Ohio, have

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Greensboro

Cuban exile and a member of an anti-Castro organization.

The district attorney asked each juror, "Although communists stand for the opposition of everything you believe in, could you be fair?"

Patriotic Americans?

By contrast, the defendants were presented as patriotic Americans who wanted to stop the spread of communism. Police officers testified as character witnesses for them. And the defendants, all of whom testified, refused to admit they are racists.

Despite much evidence to the contrary, the jury accepted the defense's argument that Klan/Nazi fired their guns in self-defense.

Television films, photographs, and the testimony of 132 witnesses showed a very different story: on the day of the killings, a 9-car caravan of Klan and Nazi members drove onto the narrow street where about 75 anti-Klan demonstrators were preparing to march. Minutes after a fistfight broke out,

the white supremacists got out of their cars and calmly and methodically unloaded weapons from the trunks.

While the demonstrators ran for cover, the Klan and Nazi members aimed and fired their guns into the crowd, killing the 5 and wounding 11 others.

Many witnesses testified that the Klan/Nazis fired their weapons first, with the anti-Klan demonstrators firing in self-defense almost a full minute after the shooting began. All of the murdered victims were shot while hiding or running away.

The district attorney has not announced whether the remaining eight Klan/Nazi defendants, who face murder and felony riot charges, will be tried. But the trial for the six CWP members charged with felony riot will begin in January.

--Compiled by Ferdurdurke from the New York Times and the Guardian

Nazis want two states

The head of the American Nazi Party, Harold Covington, has called for the secession of North and South Carolina from the US. Covington made his proposal in the wake of a jury acquittal of six Nazis and Ku Klux Klansmen accused of killing five people during an anti-Klan rally in Greensboro, N.C., last year.

Covington said that the Nazis are already importing "white racialists" from other parts of the nation to the Carolinas. Those states, he says, have a "history of racism and resistance to federal authority."

"All we're asking for is two states out of the 48," said Covington, whose studies in American politics and geography apparently ended in 1932. The "Carolina Free State" would deport everyone of "non-white, Jewish, or mixed racial make up."

Earlier this year, the Nazi leader received 43% of the vote in the North Carolina Republican primary race for attorney general.

--The Phoenix

racist violence

demanding a federal investigation into the shooting death of 14-year-old Vickie Vaughn, a young black woman who was shot while walking home from a Halloween party.

--Police in New Orleans killed four blacks in a 48-hour period recently. In the first incident, officers shot Raymond Ferdinand in the all-black Fischer Housing Project. Although police claim Ferdinand pulled a knife on them, local blacks contend police were seeking revenge for the killing a week earlier of a cop.

Less than 24 hours after this first killing, several police rushed into the racially mixed Algiers-Fischer area of New Orleans with warrants for the suspected murderers of the policeman. They burst into two apartments; shooting erupted and police claimed they shot only after they had been fired upon. Two black men and a black woman were killed. Witnesses say the shooting started only after the raids were over and the area was cleared.

The US Civil Rights Commission warned in a study released Oct. 15 that civil rights gains made in the last 20 years could be all but wiped out in provisions attached to current Congressional appropriations bills. The most publicized of these is the anti-busing amendment which was recently approved for inclusion in the Legal Services Bill.

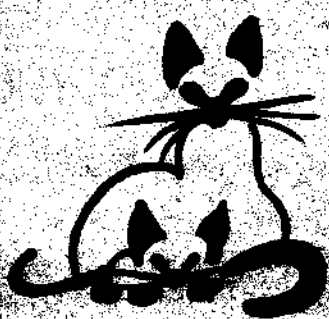
"This trend is definitely an attempt by ultra-right forces to wage war against blacks," Atlanta activist Gordon Sellers said.

Some blacks claim the killings involve not just one or two beserk people, but result from a conspiracy by the increasingly bold KKK and other right-wing groups. Others say that organized or not, the racist attacks probably represent certain whites' resentment of recent court-ordered desegregation, affirmative action programs in local government, and the economic downturn.

Whatever the cause, protests have been vocal and vigorous, but citizens are frustrated and angry that little corrective action has been taken. "If this was a black killing whites, he would already be in jail," said Charley Fisher, head of the Buffalo community group BUILD.

Black leaders agree that anger is growing and spreading. "We are sitting on a time bomb," said Buffalo's Rev. Bennett Smith. "Community leaders can hold it down only so long."

--Compiled by Ferdurdurke from Free for All and the Guardian



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S.T.A.R.

(Strange Truths About Reagan)



1. Both Mark David Chapman and Ronald Reagan were in New York when John Lennon was shot.
2. Ronald Reagan, Phyllis Schlafly, John Wayne Gacy, and Richard Speck all lived in Illinois.
3. Both Ronald Reagan and Charles Manson have spent time on western movie sets.

4. Ronald Reagan and Lance Rentzel both played college football.
5. Jerry Falwell, Wayne Newton, Maribel Morgan, Richard Nixon, Bob Hope, L. Patrick Gray, Richard Buchanan, Richard Godfrey, and Ronald Reagan all claim to be literate. ●

--Jayne Whyman



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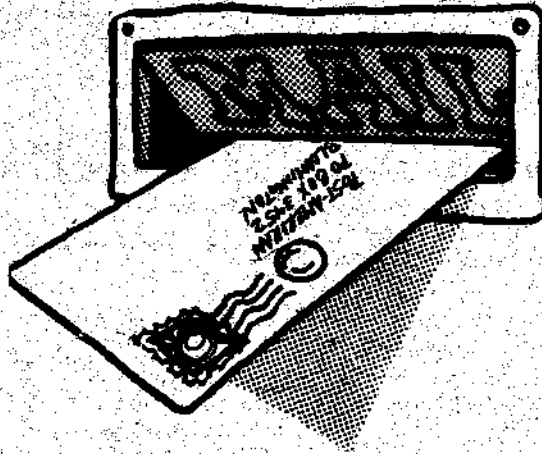
Writer's attitude distasteful

Hi friends,

Here's 2 of 3 dollars for next year's sub--I'll send the third dollar shortly (when I have change!). Thanks for keeping the rate so reasonable--it really would be a deal at twice the price. Keep goin'!

I'd like to make one criticism--to be kept in the perspective that I do support the paper and have learned a lot from reading it this year. That is about the coverage of the Ray-gun appearance in the parade and the whole double-spread on the event. I found it very politically distasteful at many points--and not in keeping with PA's iconoclastic spirit. To enumerate:

1. The "holier than thou," pseudo-objective journalistic posturing which pervades the article, in marked contrast to the honest advocacy journalism which has characterized your reporters in the past. "I get to suffer through more drums," "feeling very journalistic and more than a little martyr-like," "it'll be nice to make hungover faces at 'em," and similar self-indulgences would have been better omitted--who cares about this man's existential problem with mornings, double-knits and his copy deadline? I don't!



2. His perspective toward the ERA activists is sexist and belittling --I had to read one sentence 4 times to believe I was seeing it correctly; I quote: "I still can't shake the feeling that the bulk of 'em would be happier back home waking their children by needlessly vacuuming the living room."!?! Such sexist stereotyping is a slam to the seriousness of the struggle we are engaged in--even the right wing takes feminists more seriously than this!

3. Ditto on his "climax"--the moment when the Ray-gun appears. All we are treated to is a compassionate description of the Poor Man who doesn't "get to wear any protection from the sun!" Aww, it breaks me up! Cheez, what a tough life. It took the PA to tell us how much!

This guy better straighten out his politics before he shoots his mouth off in print! PA space is too precious for this!

Kristin

The senseless act

Dear Post,

"Have you seen a horizon lately? If you have, hold it in your heart, For you never know, it may be the last."
--yoko ono

Again the nation mourns a soldier dead. And with him died something that breathes in every one of us. Not all of it, but a substantial piece. This time there were no great political issues involved, no great scores to be settled, no great fortunes to be made or lost. It was just the senseless act of a senseless person.

Now the wise men of the country shall make certain that no stone is unturned in apprehending a suspect. He will probably turn out to be either an unemployed vacuum cleaner salesman from the Bronx or else the agent of a mysterious foreign record company. Of course, they will read him his rights before questioning. No rule of legal etiquette will go unobeyed. But even if they hauled the murderer out and shot him in the back, what kind of trade would that be? Would it now prevent him from committing his act of murder? Would Lennon himself have said, "Let him go?"

To the person who killed John Ono Lennon, and to those of us who pray for truth and justice and peace on earth, our spirits will survive to see a truth and justice beyond our present comprehension. And we won't have to wait forever.

James C. Tippet

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Women's potluck

Yes, indeed, women's potlucks are back! The first one of the new year will be held at 404 East Locust, Normal, on Sunday January 11.

It will start at 12:00 noon, and it's gonna be a combination potluck/champagne brunch. It promises good food, good company, and good (or maybe cheap) champagne.

So bring your best dish and your best women friends and come on over. See you then.



Tall-shoes theory: sometimes you do what you gotta do

Dear Post,

My first thought after finishing Phoebe Caulfield's article on high-heeled shoes was "Ha! Easy for you to say, Phoebe, you're nine inches taller than I am!" My second thought was that I probably needed to do some more thinking about the article, for two reasons. First, I wondered why I felt so defensive--God forbid I would write a hasty reply and come off-sounding like the right wing of the radical left. Second, Phoebe Caulfield is one of the persons on this earth whom I hold most dear, and I would rather not disagree with her on any issue, especially one about which she is probably absolutely right.

At any rate, all of this mind searching led to the development of what amounts to sort of a minor sociological treatise on the wearing of "tall shoes." "Tall shoes" is a term coined by my sister for the type of footwear sported by both of us for the past several years--whether in or out of style. The definition of the term is simple--these shoes do something for us which nature failed to do--they make us taller!! You see, my sister and I seem to have broken some sort of genetic rule by being the shortest members of our family in four generations. (The fact that our mother chain-smoked during her pregnancies may have something to do with this disconcerting development, but that is another story, no doubt.)

Anyway, here we are, two five-footers in a five-nine world. My sister took up the wearing of tall shoes in high



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school, and for many years everyone thought she was much taller than I. She has, incidentally, suffered countless injuries from falling off her shoes. Once, when she was nine months pregnant, she wiped out right in my front yard, falling off a pair of five-inch heels carved to look like rocking horses.

I myself became addicted to this ridiculous style of footwear only after entering the profession some humorist has dubbed the "social services." Social service is a strange and nightmarish outland populated by two highly diverse groups: burnt-out old farts who couldn't quite make it in the world of electoral politics, but still need to have a sense of power over the lives of others; and burnt-out old hippies like myself, who couldn't

quite make it in the revolution and decided to "create change in their own sphere." (That one is in quotes because it's a tooth fairy for Deborah W.)

At any rate, in trying to service society in some way, it is necessary for these two diverse groups to come into harmony at important times. To do this, we have many, many meetings. What I have learned through these essential contacts is that something I was taught while getting my master's degree in kindness is absolutely true--you must make eye contact with the old farts to make them hear you! Now, if these folks are a bunch of stinkers who don't want to hear your hippie ideas in the first place, it's for sure that none of them is going to get a crick in his or her respective neck craning down to look into your eyes. It's also for sure, believe me, that if the first impression you give is of being not much bigger than the old fart's 10-year-old, you will be accorded exactly the amount of respect this sort of person reserves for 10-year-olds. Being patted on the head and then ignored is terrible for a child. When you're 31 it's almost fatal.

Sometimes when I come home at night and pull off my tall shoes, the ache in my legs just matches the ones in my heart and head. If the day has ended in a victory for the people I'm supposed to help, then the aches don't matter.

After all this rambling, I feel obligated to state some sort of point. I guess I just felt a need to explain that maybe a lot of the women seen tottering around out there aren't just vapor-headed slaves to fashion. Maybe they are slaves to some things which are much worse--ingrained societal attitudes about women, short people, fat people, different people of all types. Maybe tall shoes are, for some, something like Sissy Hankshaw's thumbs--they get you noticed and they get you where you need to go.

In closing, may I say thanks to Phoebe. She makes me think. I love her, and the Post, too.

Pamela Sioux-Hogans

P.S.--I really liked Bill Sherman's article on the homecoming parade, but I felt sort of sorry for the ERA supporters he poked fun at. Maybe for some women double-knit fits the tall-shoes theory of social equality.

Prisoner flaunts Post

Dear Post,

I just finished reading your latest issue and I want to commend you all for doing a fantastic job. I really enjoyed the article on the bogus speed that's been seen around. My friend in West Virginia has written me about the same problem out there.

Doesn't anyone care about quality anymore!

I also would like to comment on the bullshit that goes down here in Vandalia. A partner of mine got shipped to Menard last week because he had a drawing of an Easyriders centerfold taped to the back of his locker. Under the drawing was the name of the club he rode with before being thrown in here. The administration labeled him "gang affiliated," and the penalty for such a charge is a "slow ride" to Menard. He's had no connections with his club since coming here nor did he ever make a show of being a biker. But that doesn't mean anything to the assholes that run this place. Vandalia is overcrowded, and the administration would like nothing better than to weed out the people they haven't the power to control. Should I hide all my Easyriders and Post-Amerikans? Hell, no I won't.



One more thing before I go. I am due to be released in April and before I make my grand exit from this dump, I'd like to work something out whereby the Post could be sent to the library here for everyone to read. There are quite a few guys here, including myself, from Bloomington-Normal, and I'm sure there will be more coming in the future. We'd like to see the Post on the newspaper rack here. Can this be done? So far, my requests to the librarian have been in vain.

Thanks for listening. Keep up the great work. Party on!

John Golliday A-61845
Box 500
Vandalia IL 62471

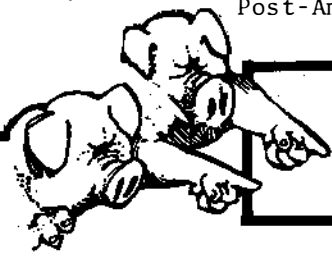
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Miscellaneous outrages

Dozier dismisses bogus charge --finally

In Oct. 1977, the Post-Amerikan said that State's Attorney Ron Dozier had no business filing a murder charge against mental patient David Wittmer. Ron must have been reading some of the Post's back issues over Thanksgiving weekend, since he finally dismissed the bogus murder charge in early Dec.

Wittmer, who has lived in mental hospitals for the last twenty-eight years, "confessed" in 1977 to the 1975 murder of ISU student Carol Rofstad. He retracted his "confession" almost as soon as he made it, saying that he'd only hoped his story--pieced together from radio reports of the killing--would get him sent to the state mental hospital at Chester. Normal police strongly suspected that former ISU student body president Byron Tuggle was the murderer, and they rejected Wittmer's "confession."

Solely on the basis of Wittmer's dubious "confession," State's Attorney Dozier bypassed the grand jury and unilaterally charged Wittmer with murder. Dozier knew that Wittmer would be found incompetent to stand trial before the state was required to produce even one shred of evidence.

That's what happened, and Wittmer got sent to the Chester state hospital, just as he wanted. But the media didn't let Dozier get away with his attempt to "close" the Rofstad murder case without any evidence.

The worst juvenile law

Illinois' habitual juvenile offender law is "the most oppressive piece of juvenile legislation in the country," according to the National Juvenile Law Center. The Illinois Supreme Court upheld the law in November. The new law requires that any juvenile convicted of a third felony be sentenced to prison until age 21. Under the law, a 13-year-old thief would do eight years, while a 16-year-old rapist would do only five years.

A good father

The fact that a man murdered his wife is not necessarily grounds to declare him an unfit father, the Illinois Supreme Court ruled Dec. 1. A year ago, the same court said it was OK to take away a woman's custody of her children on the grounds that she was living with her boyfriend without being married.

Discrimination in Bloomington

Discrimination still flourishes in Bloomington-Normal, judging by the recently-released annual report of the Bloomington Human Relations Commission. In spite of a low public profile, the Commission processed a record number of discrimination complaints (40) during 1979 and the first half of 1980. Even when valid, most complaints of job or housing discrimination are difficult to substantiate, especially with the Commission's tiny staff. Only the most clear-cut cases of discrimination (about half) get through the Commission's initial investigation phase.

Despite its meager staff and limited enforcement powers, the Human Relations Commission successfully "conciliated" nine cases of discrimination--forcing a settlement in favor of the complainant.

Another dozen cases are still under investigation or in the process of pre-conciliation negotiation. Most of the complaints allege employment discrimination, with housing coming in second. Most are complaints of racial discrimination, followed by sex discrimination.

Under the Commission's charter, the names of companies or landlords charged with discrimination are not public record. But two companies were named so frequently in complaints that the Commission's report left clues.

Five discrimination complaints were filed "against a large local manufacturer employing over 1400 employees," the report said. Another five complaints were filed against "a local packing company." Could the culprits be Eureka Williams and Sugar Creek Co.?

Lumber firms squawk, city dances

Because of objections from Twin City lumber companies, the Bloomington city council refused to issue industrial revenue bonds to help Payless lumber company build an outlet, the Pantagraph reported Nov. 25.

The local lumber companies who objected to Payless' competition are hooked together by interlocking directorates. Their collective and cooperative ownership of development land, building companies and building materials led the Illinois attorney general to file an anti-trust suit against them, a suit which has since floundered in the courts. Although Judge James Knecht has dismissed the anti-trust action against the lumber company/developers, a reading of the state's evidence shows that the supposedly competing companies were definitely working in collusion.

If lumberyard owners can openly advise the city council that they don't need the competition of another lumber yard, you know they aren't exactly champions of unrestricted free enterprise. But the folks who wrote Illinois anti-trust law had more trust in big business than anti.

Telecable blackmails city councils

Telecable's hope to quickly slip its bid for deregulation through the Bloomington and Normal councils has bogged down slightly. Although Bloomington was initially ready to give Telecable what it wanted, the Normal council suggested that a joint committee should study Telecable's request. And Telecable doesn't like what the committee discovered.

According to the committee's report, Telecable promised--but didn't deliver--an audited financial statement for 1978 and 1979.

Even without this information, the committee concluded that Telecable is "monopolistic." The report said cable TV companies usually penetrate only about 40-50% of the available market. But Telecable in Bloomington-Normal has signed up 72% of the households. The report also showed that Telecable is much more profitable than other industries.

Telecable is trying to blackmail the councils into giving up their present power over the rates Telecable charges. The company says it is planning to offer 20 channels in a couple of years, and up to 36 channels by the mid-1980s. But the lenders who would finance Telecable's expansion, the company claims, will back off if Telecable "doesn't have control of its own pricing destiny."

Electric utilities also submit to rate regulation, but large banks have always found utilities to be profitable investments. Let's hope the city councils don't get pushed around by Telecable's veiled threat.

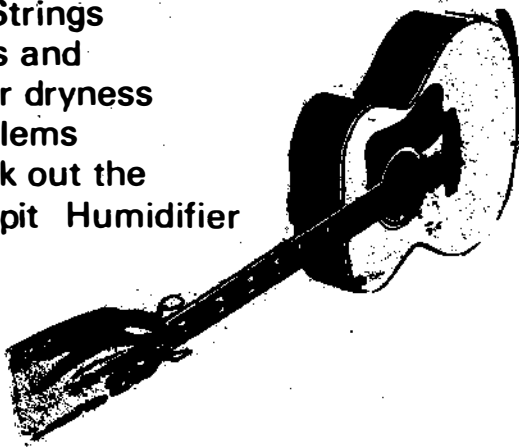
As the committee report concluded, "continued rate regulation in future years may be extremely beneficial...."

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compiled by
Mark
Silverstein

Car dead? You're a criminal

To make the police's job easier and give them more power at the same time, why not just pass a law making everyone a criminal, leaving it up to "police discretion" who to arrest and when?

The Normal City Council took a step in this direction Nov. 17, passing a new "inoperable vehicle" ordinance which every Normal citizen will probably violate at some time. The old ordinance allowed inoperable cars on private property for up to 15 days. The new ordinance forbids inoperable vehicles on private property for any length of time at all.

That means if your car won't start some morning, you are violating the ordinance. If you take an essential part out for routine maintenance, you are breaking the law. City Manager

Dave Anderson said the ordinance was aimed at "habitual offenders" who were moving their junk cars around to different spots every 15 days.

Only council member Paul Harmon objected to the ordinance, which he pointed out is the type of blanket prohibition "that could be used to pester people." But City Manager Anderson assured the council that police would "use their discretion."

That means the police have enough "discretion" to not harass upstanding middle class types who violate the ordinance, but will harass only poor white trash types who leave junk cars in their yards. Don't worry, the police know who to get.

* * *

Dozier coddles criminals

State's Attorney Ron Dozier likes to picture himself as "tough on criminals." Indeed, to most of the down-and-out people who get charged with crimes, Dozier comes off as haughty, unmerciful, self-righteous. But underneath that unyielding exterior, Dozier does have a sympathetic heart for the people he prosecutes--as long as they're from the right social class.

Here's an example. After Bloomington pharmacist William Martin (Merle Pharmacy) was indicted for vendor fraud and five counts of forgery in November, State's Attorney Dozier quickly came to the druggist's defense in the newspaper. "In his defense," the Pantagraph quoted Dozier, "Martin contends that he became frustrated with the Illinois Department of Public Aid because it rejected a lot of legitimate bills for various minor errors. After becoming totally frustrated with the process, he decided to make up totally false prescriptions for money he was entitled to. He's not exactly a Jack the Ripper. What we're talking about is a rather minor case of public aid fraud in terms of money involved."

Just to be sure no one would think the defender of law was going too far, Dozier added, "But he did use an inexcusable method to get payment."

* * *

IPC nuke's gonna cost you more

Last year, Illinois Power Company (IPC) convinced the Commerce Commission to include Construction Works in Progress in the utility's rate base, thereby passing the cost of the Clinton nuclear power plant on to consumers even before the reactor is operating. During the hearings, IPC repeatedly denied consumer groups' charges that IPC mismanagement had led to delays and cost overruns that would cost millions of dollars more than projected.

IPC came out of the rate hearings still claiming its nuclear plant could cost \$1.38 billion and be finished by 1982. The utility's opponents estimated the plant wouldn't be completed until 1984, and the delays would push the cost past

\$2 billion. Consumer groups said the utility's stockholders--not the customers--should pay for construction delays.

In November 1980, the Clinton plant was 16 months behind IPC's construction timetable, according to inspectors from the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. IPC reluctantly shifted its timetable but only agreed that construction was nine months behind. Meanwhile, IPC is requesting a 23% rate hike--half to pay for expenses of building the Clinton plant. IPC plans to ask for a total 40% hike over two years.

* * *

Prison costs triple

The cost of keeping convicts locked up in Illinois' medieval penitentiaries has tripled in the past 10 years, according to a report the Department of Corrections released in November.

Illinois imprisons almost 20,000 people at a per capita cost of \$10,834. If Illinois stopped stalling and complied with dozens of court-ordered improvements in prison conditions, the cost of imprisonment would jump even higher.

Seems the state could save everyone a lot of trouble by simply letting a lot of those prisoners go and paying them the \$10,000 a year directly. Seems a lot of folks wouldn't ever wind up afoul of the law if they had in their pockets the money the state spends to lock them up.

* * *

City drops \$1500 on X mas decs

Undaunted by last year's controversy over the city-owned plastic nativity scene, Bloomington officials have continued their yearly purchase of \$1500 worth of plastic Christmas decorations.

This year, according to Parks and Recreation Director Glen Ekey, Bloomington spent the grand and a half on five plastic Christmas trees. They are set up on South Main Street by Highland Park, Ekey told the Post-Amerikan.

A Post investigation of Bloomington's purchase of holiday decs last year spawned a heated controversy when the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) demanded that the city give up ownership of a \$2000 nativity scene. While most of Bloomington's xmas decs are secular symbols, the ACLU maintained that the nativity scene was religious, and therefore violated the principle of separation of church and government.

The ACLU won the technical point. The Association of Commerce and Industry joined with the Trades and Labor Assembly to buy the already mangy

manger set-up. The city decided to allow its property near Olive and East Streets to be used by private groups to set up a holiday display. And now the nativity scene sits in the same place it has every year, except now the city doesn't own it.

This year, the ACLU has asked that the city erect a sign saying that the nativity scene is owned by private groups, but the city refused.

* * *



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ICG, City, ACI Veto

Through a maze of events the Illinois Central Gulf (ICG) Railroad, the City of Bloomington, and the Association of Commerce and Industry have succeeded once again in putting Bloomington's west side in its place.

Without approval, ICG told the city Nov. 18 they were going to begin operating their controversial piggyback terminal. Knowing the west side was inadequately organized to fight the terminal, Bloomington's City Council gave tacit approval to the operation 6 days later.

What's piggyback?

A piggyback or slingshot terminal is a place where semi-trailers, mounted on railroad flat cars, are brought in, taken off the flat cars, and trucked out. Other trailers are brought into the piggyback terminal, remounted onto the flat cars, and shipped out.

The piggyback concept itself has merit. Railroads are the most energy efficient means of transport. Shipping trailers to a central location and trucking them to a closer final destination conserves energy. The endeavor is also a shot in the arm for the ailing rail industry.

But the movement of trucks and trains requires space. A terminal in the midst of a residential area is bound to generate concern and protest. A site with easy access to major highways and away from residential areas would have been the ideal location for a piggyback terminal. However, ICG's slimy tactics, helped along by a confused and thoughtless city government, succeeded in placing the terminal in the heart of Bloomington's residential west side.

Normal said 'No!'

ICG had been eyeing property in Normal between Beech Street and Veteran's Parkway near Fort Jesse Road earlier this summer. Citizens living in the area presented the Normal Town Council with a petition requesting that ICG be denied access. The citizens were concerned about a potential safety hazard from the truck traffic and a decrease in their property values.

Although the proposed terminal was not within the town proper, it was in an area which could be annexed. That enabled Normal to lodge formal objections to the plan.

Normal Mayor Godfrey led the attack, claiming Normal would have to pay for increased maintenance of Fort Jesse Road while the rail operation would provide no revenue for the city.

Godfrey told the Pantagraft that the type of surface on Fort Jesse Road would be destroyed in "no time at all."

ICG had planned to continue its push for the Normal site and even filed an appeal with the County. Then they suddenly withdrew the petition. A better deal had been arranged.

Enter Vail

Bloomington City Manager William Vail had been following the ICG-Normal

exchanges with interest. So had the Association of Commerce and Industry. Telephone calls connected, and a tentative plan was struck.

In a "confidential" memo to the mayor and city council dated July 31, 1980, Vail outlined his proposal to accommodate the ICG. In return for allowing the railroad to locate its piggyback terminal inside the ICG yards on Bloomington's northwest side, Vail wanted the railroad to develop about 50-70 acres of its yards as an industrial (read, pollution) park. This new industry would contribute jobs to the community, making the city/ICG deal less one-sided.

Vail wanted the industrial park. He wanted it so badly that he even began issuing vague threats about consequences of ICG's non-cooperation in coming up with industrial park land. The Pantagraft quoted him as saying



Bloomington Council member Donn Pierce (right) covers a yawn while City Manager Vail drones on.

that ICG can't get trucks to their terminal "by helicopter." Mayor Buchanan followed Vail's train of thought and later threatened ICG with weight limits on west side approaches to the terminal.

A short time after Vail presented the mayor and council with his "confidential" memo, he took ill with heart problems. The city council had to try to finish the negotiations themselves.

First, they asked for an ICG commitment to the industrial park scheme. ICG nodded its collective head, said nothing, then told the council they could only come up with 5 or 6 acres for a pollution park. That was at the end of September.

The city council huffed and puffed, again threatening to place weight limits on all roads leading to the yard if some agreement couldn't be reached. They even tried to pry some land loose from ICG for very modest sums of money. ICG held fast.

The residents

All along, there had been serious questions raised by neighborhood people about increased truck traffic on streets near the terminal. Some residents complained about the traffic already present, pointing to the narrow streets truck drivers had to

navigate, often crumbling curbs during turns.

During a neighborhood meeting at the Western Avenue Community Center, smoking ICG officials, who ignored the visible "No Smoking" signs, did their best to cloud the issues. In typical double-talk, ICG officials claimed they would not handle hazardous materials in the terminal. They made vague promises about residents never having to worry about safety problems involving increased truck traffic on Locust Street.

Chuck While, health and safety chair of the Sheridan School PTA, didn't buy it; nor did Darrell Petri, a resident fearful for children in the neighborhood.

ICG had promised that operating hours would be 8-5 Monday through Friday and that a maximum of 60 trucks per day would be in and out of the terminal. ICG would operate through the residential streets until a permanent road could be built at Lumber and Chestnut.

One citizen asked George Chamraz of ICG why the railroad couldn't build the road before opening the terminal. Chamraz replied that profits were the most important consideration--they wanted to be sure the terminal would turn a profit first. The hidden message was that if ICG didn't make a profit, they wouldn't build the road because they'd close the terminal. Until the money report was in, ICG's trucks would rumble down narrow neighborhood streets.

Back & forth

The city council was down and out. No industrial park, no agreement from ICG to improve Lumber Street, and an increasingly angry west side.

In early November the council told ICG that the terminal could go through if the railroad first constructed an internal road which would connect the terminal site to Lumber Street. This would divert the trucks away from most of the residential streets. William Vail, now recuperated, and in the pink from helping hire Police Chief Story, a convicted wiretapper, was back in full capacity to direct the shoddy agreement to its conclusion.

Then came the surprise. In a special meeting at city hall Nov. 18, ICG told the city they would start operating the terminal the next day--even though the railroad hadn't built its internal road yet. A special agreement between ICG and the city remained unsigned.

Vail said the city could post weight limits but that ICG could probably contest them successfully in court by arguing that posting unlawfully prohibited ICG from use of their property.

Citizens attending the meeting decried ICG's lack of good faith. Bob Fowler, an ICG lawyer, told the irate audience he felt ICG had acted in good faith, and besides, "what's a convenience for some citizens is an inconvenience for others."

Part of ICG's so-called good faith

West Side

involved building the access road. But ICG's Chamraz told everyone that night that ICG had not yet approved money for the temporary road.

As the outcry about ICG's bad-faith bargaining grew, City Manager Vail shifted the emphasis to himself. "I'm sincere, I'm truthful, I'm credible," he shouted. "I've done a lot of negotiating--I believe they will follow through on their agreement."

The vote

A week later, the council had to approve the agreement with ICG. Chamraz was asked again why the terminal and the temporary road couldn't have been designed together. Instead of the lack-of-money claim he made a week before, he said there was a lack of engineering know-how and manpower to accomplish both projects simultaneously.

Councilman Jesse Smart asked why ICG had not used a week's mild weather to begin constructing the interim road.

Chamraz complained, "We've been working like the devil." Not a spadeful of dirt had been turned.

Jack Porter, a member of the recently formed Citizens to Terminate the Terminal, told the council, "...if you don't have the power to stop the terminal, we want you to be as strict as possible...at least don't acquiesce to the railroad. Don't become lackeys of the railroad."

A befuddled Mayor Buchanan looked among the council members--"What are we going

to do?"

Smart replied, "We've got our backs to the wall. Maybe it's as Mr. Porter said, we really aren't running the city."

Councilman Jesse Parker mumbled something about roadblocking all entrances to the terminal, receiving applause from the audience. The fact that Parker had been involved in Vail's terminal/industrial park plan at the beginning didn't matter any more.

The motion was put on the floor. And it carried. A dumbfounded silence filled city hall. Smart, Pierce, and Buchanan for the terminal. Jesse Parker and Eva Jones against. A week later the ACI gave their expected



ABOVE: Bloomington Mayor Rich Buchanan grimaces as he faces a Post photographer.

blessing to the piggyback terminal.

As the Post-American goes to press, the access road work has begun, suggesting that ICG will barely meet its proposed Dec. 19 deadline.

Trucks have been in and out of the terminal at all hours, well beyond the scope of the 8-5 operating hours ICG said they'd have.

Trucks are using the Market and Hinshaw Streets intersection. Take a look for yourself. Ask yourself if that intersection can absorb increased truck traffic.

Leon Schulman, coordinator for Citizens To Terminate the Terminal, reported that the 60 trucks a day maximum ICG promised may have to stretch to several hundred a day. "You ain't seen nothing yet," an ICG employee reportedly told Schulman.

But we have. The west side of Bloomington has seen the same kind of treatment for years.●

--Jeremy Timmens



Male emotion or play

Buchanan cries over prospect of another term

With the same sort of emotional exhibition that trashed Eugene McCarthy's presidential hopes 12 years ago, Bloomington Mayor Richard Buchanan announced his intention to seek re-election.

Buchanan's announcement at a Nov. 17 news conference was spiced with tears, allegedly at the prospect of being kept from his family by his mayoral role. Letters he read from his children prompted his emotional display. His despair and guilt quickly subsided.

"I love being mayor of Bloomington," the Pantagraft quoted him. "It really turns me on."

The real turn-on for Buchanan seems to be his assumed shoe-in candidacy, not to mention the increase in power he may enjoy after May 1. Bloomington switches to the aldermanic form of government on May 1.

Bloomington's next mayor will be able to vote to break a tie on city council matters. But s/he will also have veto power. Buchanan told the Pantagraft "a good mayor can use veto power to bring about progress." Or s/he can use it to stifle progress in anticipation of west-side political participation.

Buchanan said he was excited about the change to the aldermanic system. "The mayor's role will be considerably different, but even more fun."

I suppose it takes a certain mentali-

ty to find some fun in local government proceedings. It must surely be fun to okay the constant growth of the east side at the expense of the west side. It must be a real blast to see the caravan of middle and low income west-siders travel all the way to the east side to the discount stores. And it must be a real carnival, when you're dealing with powers like the Illinois Central Railroad, to think you're gonna force them into concessions when they actually have you under their thumbs.

Buchanan is an actor of the same grade "b" ilk that produced Reagan. His cheap tears, his male tears, unique as they were, do not compare with the profound grief felt by some on the other side of the tracks.

Buchanan has his cushy job at State Farm; men and women I know are beating their brains trying to bussle up a Christmas for their kids. Some of them have been out of work for months and don't know when to expect the call-backs. Sometimes they cry in despair.

Buchanan's kids are at home and live with him. Some folks I know, due to

separations or divorces, don't get to live with their children. They miss the magic of their children's growth day by day, hoping to catch up on everything during brief weekend visits. Sometimes they cry in guilt and out of loneliness.

Buchanan has his relatives, friends, and other loved ones. He is young and can visit them. Some, like the elderly woman I visited in Phoenix Towers, have nobody. She was ill on Thanksgiving Day and couldn't meet me in the lobby. I took a Mission meal to her door. Her last contact with people outside the Towers was when she saw her doctor the week before. She cried when I came in and we hugged and cried together. She

blessed god for the meal and my brief company. I can't say I felt good after that visit because I knew she needed more. More than gods and well-intentioned Mission meals could give. Lonely people cry.

It's all well and good for people to cry, especially men. It's a necessary emotional release. It's good for ulcer prevention, and it's just a part of life. If I want staged tears, I can watch the tube. But I don't need to watch TV or Mayor Buchanan for tears--real life can produce an abundance of them.●

--Jeremy Timmens

No warranty? No wonder!



Sullen youths lounge menacingly on hood of car. No doubt the writer of this story can really identify with them.

Salespeople, warranties, contracts, double talk, price figures, Muzak, profits, rows of little offices, and small white lies make up car dealerships.

Oh, yes, and cars.

Why I subjected myself to this venture I'll never know. I knew better than to look for a used car from any other source than a private owner. But being carless in December can make the choice mighty slim, so I took a chance and learned a new lesson in consumerism.

Pantagraph want ad--1976 Ford, one-owner, 27,000 miles, excellent condition. Sounds good enough to take a chance.

Well, this is it. I have arrived here at the Chevrolet dealer in Roanoke--looks rather foreign, just like I thought, nice Muzak ringing in my ears.

Hello, sir. Don is my name; how are you this fine evening?

Fine, thank you (cut the shit). I called about the 1976 Ford.

Oh, yes, it's right over here, a fine car, just traded in by a little old lady for a new car.

My initial thought: here we go; where have I heard that line before?

Test drive goes o.k., the car seems to be in good shape. Now for the question. How much? Salesman says, oh, I thought you would ask that question. I have to check.

In the absence of my salesperson and being armed with my notebook containing the prices I have gathered from

the Edmund's Used Car Price Guide and also the average retail price from the Redbook, I prepared to compare and hopefully negotiate a fair price. I waited for his return.

\$3,195 was his response. Holy shit, I thought to myself. My figures are just \$1,000 lower.

Welcome to the merry-go-round

I question the figure, stating the facts I have come prepared with.

Salesman: Well, let me check. That is quite a discrepancy. Upon checking, Don replies, Well, we could let it go for \$2,821. (I thought: such a deal!)

Well, for that price, you can keep it.

In the meantime, the previous comment seems to disappear. Don is now taking this piece of paper from his desk and filling in the blanks. He must have not heard me.

Now, all we need is your signature. Remember now, this contract is not binding, more or less just an agreement, just something to get this transaction down on paper.

Excuse me, but I am not interested. I don't want to sign anything, understand?

Oh, yes, you did ask me about a warranty. My warranty book is right here. Warranty for a 1976, here it is. 24 months, \$280 additional cost; 30 months, \$310. (My thought again: such a deal!)

Do you mean there's no warranty when you buy the car, unless you pay for it yourself?

Why no, we couldn't make any money if we gave out warranties; you know the cost of overhead these days. Which do you think you would be interested in?

Neither! Plus I'm not interested in the car, your warranties, or contracts!

Well, let's just forget the warranty, you probably won't need it anyway; after all, the car is in such fine shape. Now, we haven't sold a car all day and I'm sure they will approve this car for, let's say, \$2,750. So just give me a signature, I'll run in and get it approved. And you can drive it away this evening. Oh, wait a minute, laughing, I guess you can't, I see you drove a car here tonight, I guess you couldn't drive two cars, now could you? Don is now starting to let his intelligence show; what a rufus.

Earth to Don, Earth to Don, now listen: I am not interested. Thanks for your time (thanks for wasting mine).

Don says, wait now, hold on, let me see if the general manager is in a good mood. I'll try to lower the price. Now's my chance: with my hat and coat on, I make a dash for the door. Don heads me off and says, Now you're a pretty tough customer; let's talk this over, I'm sure you would like to own this car.

No thanks. See you around.

Now wait, no need to rush off. Hey, how about if I call you tomorrow?

NO! Don, if I'm interested, I'll let you know, o.k.?

Sitting in the car that I had borrowed to drive to Roanoke, I had a flash of immaturity. Looking directly at Don looking out the window, I wanted to put the car in reverse; start to back out, and flip the fool the bird. Oh, well, no need. Just blow it off.

Saturday morning, 8:45 a.m.: the phone rings, waking me up. Hello, good morning, this is Don from Roanoke. Just wanted to know if you would like the 1976 Ford.

Oh, yes Don, I would like the car. I would like to take the car with you in it and drive it off a cliff.

No, Don, no. I'm not interested. Click!

--Michael

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Judge hedges probe for racism

Jury selection drags on ...and on in Pontiac 17 case

As the Post-Amerikan goes to press, jury selection for the first of the Pontiac 17 murder trials has already gone on for three months, with only six jurors selected. The defendants, all black, face the electric chair if convicted of the murders of three prison guards during the July 22, 1978, uprising at Pontiac penitentiary. From the beginning, supporters of the Pontiac Brothers have charged that the state's case is a frame-up, consisting entirely of the unreliable testimony of other prisoners extracted during the arduous and coercive conditions of the longest prison deadlock in Illinois history.

Before jury selection began in September, Judge Ben Miller ruled that he would do all the questioning of potential jurors himself. Defense lawyers had argued that they should be allowed to question jurors, because of the overriding importance in this trial of exposing racist attitudes. But Miller assured the defense that his questioning would be thorough, and even invited the defense to submit questions they thought should be asked to uncover racism. The defense submitted a lengthy list of questions. Over the state's strong opposition, Judge Miller agreed to ask most of the defense's proposed questions.

But the judge has not kept his word.

Questions submitted by the defense were designed to probe people's feelings about racism, gangs, and prisons. They were designed to expose jurors who might find the Pontiac Brothers guilty, not because of the evidence, but because of prejudice.

Since this case presented the explosive issue of black prisoners and alleged gang members accused of killing white guards, the potential for ingrained prejudice to affect the case is great, making in-depth questioning absolutely crucial. The importance of this questioning became even greater when, after jury selection started, the Chicago press published a series of dishonest articles on prisons, the gangs, and the shooting of witnesses. It has become obvious that if prejudiced

jurors are not screened out, the Brothers have no chance.

But Judge Miller has more and more substituted his own questions for those submitted by the defense. Miller's questions are designed not to expose racism, but to hide it. He asks questions like: "Would the fact that the defendants are black and the victims are white make it difficult for you to render a fair verdict?" Prospective white jurors uniformly answer "no." What has been learned? Nothing.

This kind of "yes or no" questioning where the "right" answer is obvious exposes nothing about people's real feelings. It is their real feelings, however, which ultimately will determine the outcome of the trial.

It is only by getting people to talk about their experiences and relationships that real information can be brought to the surface. Without this kind of interchange, defense lawyers cannot make informed or accurate judgments about which jurors could provide a fair trial. Judge Miller has refused to recognize this reality and has refused to ask probing questions.

The defense has repeatedly protested this kind of procedure. Judge Miller's only response has been to order them to stop making the same objections. This position led to his finding Marianne Jackson, one of the eight black defense attorneys, in contempt of court.

Many of the other lawyers then requested permission to withdraw from the case on the grounds that they could not adequately defend their clients if they were threatened with contempt when they did so.

Two other black defense attorneys--Skip Gant and Leo Holt--have been held in contempt of court because of other arguments with Judge Miller during the increasingly tense conflicts which have come up during the prolonged jury selection.

--Pontiac Prisoners Support Coalition

A day in court

In mid-October, a potential juror asked to be excused, saying that he feared for his life. He based his fear on a (false) press report that a witness for the prosecution had been shot. Actually, the shooting had nothing to do with the Pontiac 17 case, and the shooting victim had long ago retracted his statement against the defendants.

But the juror's request to be excused drew plenty of publicity, and there were rumors that the topic of juror safety was being discussed among all the potential jurors.

Defense lawyers started the day by demanding that the current jury pool be brought into the courtroom and asked about the publicity. Judge Miller refused, but agreed to ask them one at a time as their turns occurred. The defense lawyers protested, saying this would get too confusing and would allow each juror to lie about what he or she had heard.

A short while later a juror, call him Juror A, was dismissed because he knew the family of one of the defendants. Juror A had denied that anything had been said in the jury room about the danger of serving in this trial.

Juror B was then brought in and asked about the publicity about danger. He stated that Juror A (who had just left the courtroom) had been talking about this matter.

Skip Gant, a defense attorney, then left the courtroom to informally talk to Juror A out on the street to find out what was really going on in the jurors' room.

A few minutes later Gant returned furious.

A Sheriff's deputy had followed Gant into the street and told Juror A not to talk to Gant. As a result, the juror ran off frightened. In the courtroom Gant demanded once again that the judge order the prosecution not to interfere with the defense investigation.

Miller refused Gant's request, and four or five of the defense lawyers jumped up at once, demanding fairness from the judge and attacking the prosecution. Gant and prosecutor Breen shouted at each other and then moved toward each other, ready to fight.

When all was again quiet, Gant again demanded that judge Miller "put his foot down."

"I am going to put my foot down, Mr. Gant," the judge replied.

"I know, on me," Gant responded.

"That's right," the Judge concluded.

--PPSC

THE LAST PAGE

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Normal coop declares bankruptcy

When the Madness turns

It was Divinyl Madness' "fifth anniversary party," a loud October night at the Lay-Z-J. Two new wave bands were playing and beer was free--and if some regulars looked a bit disgruntled over the sound and crowd, business was undeniably brisk. To many eyes it was the first live new music night to be successful in Bloomington, a victory of sorts for the Normal record store. It was easily the best-attended store anniversary that Divinyl had ever had.

And, meanwhile, the store itself was falling apart.

Ever since its birth as Student Stores Records, Normal's Divinyl Madness has had a history of economic ups and downs. The area's first and only cooperative record store, Divinyl not only has faced the difficulties that all small businesses face in these days of chains and malls, it has also had to occasionally contend with the impracticalities of its own store members. The story of Divinyl's recent fall and resurrection, its high points and failed assumptions, could almost serve as a textbook in the problems that coop capitalism needs to surmount if it wants to last beyond fifth anniversary parties.

Without getting too deeply into the arcane details of modern business finance, here are the basics of Divinyl Madness' story. The names have been dropped to protect the gullible.

For most Divinyl workers, the machinery was first set into motion in the store's third year by the arrival of a competitor, Record Service. A onetime record coop from Champaign-Urbana, a survivor from a time when

all kinds of cooperative activities centered on the University of Illinois, Record Service had reorganized into a slick business operation.



Diana Barwald did nice artwork on the Divinyl Madness ads. (Examples, above and right)

Its Champaign store grown fat and stable, Service had decided to direct its efforts towards expansion. The decision wasn't irrational in a business sense: most record distributors favor multi-store operations by offering them better credit and prices, and Normal's record scene wasn't that cut-throat competitive.

But for Divinyl workers--familiar with the Champaign store's history as a cooperative--the move was a shock. When one of Divinyl's members moved to become a manager in the Normal Record Service, the feeling shifted from shock to betrayal.

A few words about Divinyl's working structure are in order. Although describing itself as a "worker-controlled record coop," the store's worker relationship was a bit more complex. One of the basic problems any coop effort needs to face is the unequal amount of time various members can put into it, especially student members whose free time shifts with their school schedule. Store members leave for summer, reappear after a semester of student teaching or undergrad angst, or drop out altogether when they graduate. In the face of this instability, a coop has to decide who gets to make decisions.

Divinyl's structure was an attempt to impose some stability on the store without ignoring group input. At the time of Record Service's arrival, Divinyl had two "managers" who were written down as paid employees of the group at large, several underpaid cashiers, a cadre of volunteers who received a free record a month for a specific amount of store work (and who were able to buy all other records at store price), and a board of directors. The board was made up of longtime volunteers and in theory was supposed to direct store policy; monthly all-store meetings were planned to make sure everybody had a chance to get their words in.

The story

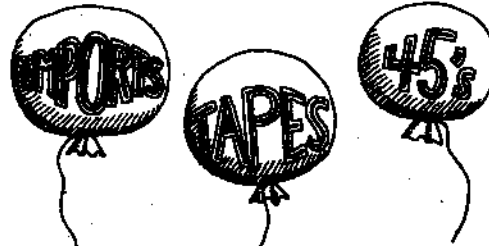
The difficulty was that while Divinyl's structure worked on paper, it became harder and harder to maintain as the store went on. Managers, because of their experience and number of clocked working hours, had greater sway over store policy than mere volunteers. Board members, after a couple years' volunteer work, frequently turned to policy work and stopped doing regular necessary shitwork. To some second and third generation Divinyl workers, the store wasn't that far removed from a regular business, after all.

Irregular store meetings were fun and filled with food and booze; the store itself was palpably less glossy and formal than any of the other record stores in town--but by the time Divinyl made its decision to move into Record Service's territory, the store's coop principles were in jeopardy. "Whatever the managers wanted," one member remembers, "they were able to get."

What the store managers wanted in summer '79 was a second Divinyl Madness store. Ever since Record Service's appearance in Normal, store members had been discussing the advantages of expansion and their growing resentment of the Champaign store's "imperialist" move. When store space right across the street from Champaign Record Service became available at a cheap price, the lure became irresistible.

Divinyl's store managers pushed strongly to seize that space, and by fall there were two Divinyls, thanks to an eighteen thousand dollar loan from the Normal store. One of Normal's managers moved to Champaign to to organize the volunteer workforce and build a second store board; the second was to act as a link between the Divinyls; a new manager was added to the Normal store. The \$18 thou loan was never repaid.

Expansion furthered growing worker alienation even more. Though the two stores called themselves one, their main connection came through the managers and the few trips that Normal workers made to the new store. The crop of Champaign volunteers, unfamiliar with Normal's history, felt few ties to the original store. And both store managers themselves began to feel more strongly toward the newer store. Part of this was due



to the Champaign store's freshness; much of it was due to the nature of Champaign's record-buying community, which was larger and open to more specialized kinds of music. Like many record collectors in the late seventies, Divinyl's managers had grown less interested in the familiar commercial sounds--the sounds that are any record store's mainstays. Champaign's Divinyl found a ready market for the kind of new wave and import albums that both managers liked ordering and listening to.

With the basic volunteer force detached from the management of the two Divinyls, a number of questionable decisions began to arise. Store managers, with an eye toward building a mail order business, began planning buying-and-selling trips to record conventions around the midwest. The trips usually paid for themselves and little else, and some huge errors in judgment rose out of them (like the purchase of seventy-five copies of an ultra-expensive Public Image import record package that few customers wanted). Volunteers spent one month in in spring of '80 cataloging the Normal store's growing stock of 45s for a mail order catalog that never materialized. When Divinyl's liason manager decided that the Normal store needed to rent a tent at McLean County's fair, he overrode objections by both board members and the Normal store's manager to rent costly tent space anyhow; the store made about five dollars selling bubble gum shaped like records.

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Drastic

But the fan really got hit by fall, when a number of rubber checks from both stores started hitting Sound Unlimited, Divinyl's main record distributor. The stores were only vaguely communicating with each other, running up a bill with their distributor in excess of \$100 thou, spending more money on half-realized projects than on paying the essentials. Champaign's Divinyl was reportedly doing close to a thousand a day in business but was still unable to repay the Normal store's loan, and the Normal store was feeling the pinch. Finally Sound Unlimited, the record distributor, took matters into its own hands.

Sound's methods were quick and harsh. After a month of threatening correspondence from the distributor's credit manager (during which Divinyl board members worked on drafting an applicable plan for paying back their bill), Sound reps showed up at the Normal store to "check things out." One quick look and reps were doing an immediate inventory, taking back all returnable stock from the store. Then they went on to Champaign.

Normal store members were understandably dismayed by this turn of events and began wondering if Sound would even let them stay in business. Champaign's store had been growing, but Normal had been barely holding the line. The situation had a perverse irony: because of its expansion, the original store was in jeopardy, while its offspring had a chance of convincing its record distributor that it should stay in business.

That moment of irony didn't last long, however, for Sound decided (after several days' consideration) to pull everything they could out of the Champaign store, too. The distributor called a meeting of managers and board members in Chicago on a Saturday, and while Divinyl folk cooled their heels outside the Sound offices, reps were confiscating the Champaign stock.



This is a picture of the Divinyl Madness storefront in Normal. Divinyl Madness has reorganized into Drastic Plastic Records. This story tells how and why the reorganization took place.

On Sunday Normal board members and volunteers voted to declare reorganizational bankruptcy. Three days later the Champaign store was visited by Sound reps once more, this time in the presence of a sheriff's deputy. They confiscated everything in the store, rented cash register and borrowed sound system included. The store was gutted, and Normal workers--fearing the same thing might happen to them--pulled everything out of their store that day and kept it out of sight until the coast looked clear.

Since then, Normal store workers have devoted their energies toward salvaging what they can. Divinyl Madness is no more, but its workers have reorganized as Drastic Plastic. With the reorganization, Drastic members are attempting to return to

the store's earlier, smaller structure and strong group involvement, the level of involvement that the store had in its early years. At this point, with the basics of building and survival foremost in everyone's mind, the feeling of coop unity is strong. But if any lesson comes from the Divinyl Madness experience, it's that coops need to constantly struggle to maintain group involvement--and that energetic group involvement is the only check coops have to control individual "managerial" type excesses. The new Drastic looks spare compared to the faltering Divinyl (at the moment the store has more used record stock than new releases), but it has a chance of making it. The future is up to its coop members.●

--Bill Sherman

Post-American Jan. 1981 page 17

Ob-la-di, ob-la-da, life goes on

"I'm going to write an article about John Lennon," I told my friends. A few of them were a bit disgusted. "People get shot in our cities every day and nobody cares. How come some rich white man is suddenly such a big tragedy?" they asked.

But most of them understood. And I noticed a significant age difference between the ones who understood and the ones who didn't. And for the most part, the younger they were, and the older they were, the less they understood. But those directly my age, the 25-35 group, the baby boom people, understood.

I do not think it is because those offspring of the baby boom are more sympathetic, more in touch, or more sensitive than anyone else. But I do think that we were, perhaps, more touched by John Lennon than were those before or after us.

Why do I care that John Lennon is dead? I never met the man, never hoped to, didn't spend all my free time reading his books and listening to his songs, don't have a scrapbook full of Beatlemania. So, why?

I was in the seventh grade on Nov. 22, 1963. I was in gym class when word came that John Kennedy had been shot, and I was in science class when we heard that he had died. I

was in seventh grade in Feb. 1964. I was home watching Ed Sullivan when I first heard the Beatles, and was in home ec the following morning when the conversations of those my age changed permanently.

John Lennon saw me through junior high school, high school, and college. He made me forget the tragedy of Nov. 1963. He helped me stop a war. He made me laugh, he made me cry, he made me think. He created the post-Camelot Camelot. And the world would never be the same again.

Why am I saddened at his death? Why am I angry that he was struck down by a crazy man? Because that crazy man, by pumping lead into the body of John Lennon, has stolen a piece of my youth.

I was listening to John Lennon's music when I first smoked a cigarette, first drove a car, first did dope, first fell in love. The first record I ever bought was "P.S. I Love You," and the first album I ever bought was "Meet the Beatles." My school dances were filled with Beatles music. We sang John Lennon's songs in music class, we studied his poetry in English class, we learned about his phenomenon in sociology class, we used his songs in French class.

John Lennon formed my youth. He, in a sense, was my youth. As I grew, so did his music. From my adolescence and his "I Wanna Hold Your Hand," to my teen age and his "Yellow Submarine," to my college days and his "Revolution" to my post college days and his "Let It Be," he was with me, forming my ideas and also reflecting them.

He represented to me a better time, an easier time. I mourn his passing and at the same time mourn the passing of that better time, that time of my youth.

He spoke to me, he spoke with me. And now he speaks no more. And perhaps the best elegy is the one he wrote himself:

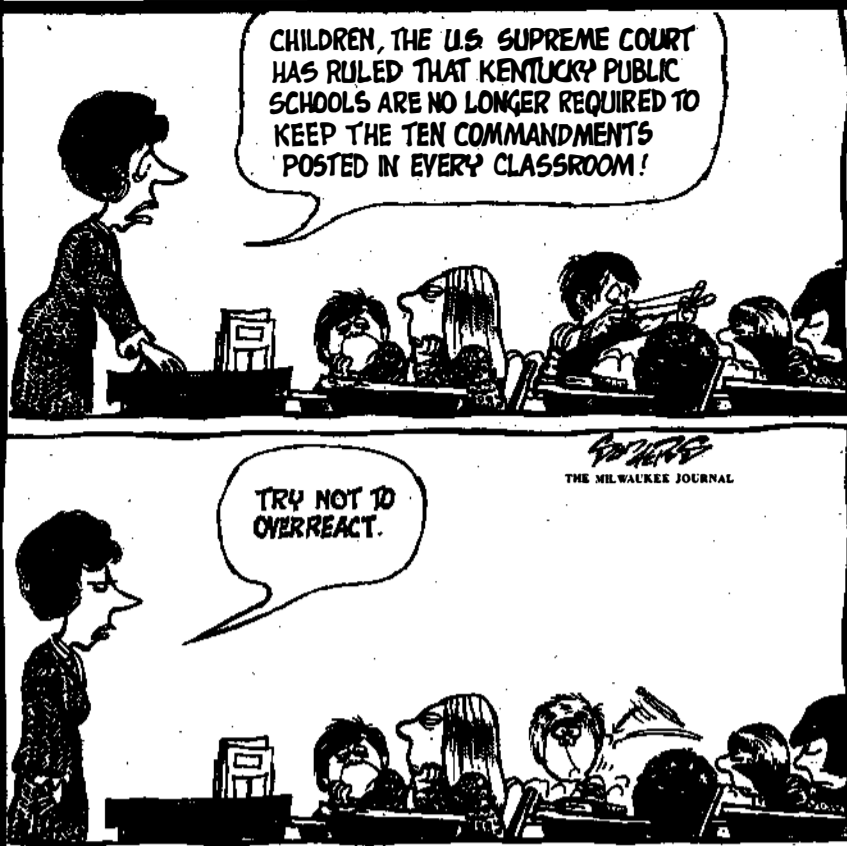
Please, don't wake me up too late,
Tomorrow comes and I will not be late.
Late today, when it becomes tomorrow
I will leave to go away.

Songs that lingered on my lips
excite me now
And linger on my mind.
Leave your flowers at my door,
I'll leave them for the one who
_ waits behind.

Good-bye, Good-bye, Good-bye,
Good-bye my love, good-bye.

Good-bye, John. Good-bye, youth.
Good-bye.●

--Deborah Wiatt



Falwell wants (more) money

"I am in the fight of my life for the very existence of this ministry."

So begins a letter of financial appeal from Jerry Falwell to his supporters and others on his mailing list. Falwell doesn't give any details or exact figures, but he says the economic situation of the Old-Time Gospel Hour is a "grave financial crisis" and claims that if he is not able to raise \$5 million within the next 30 days, the program will "face a serious crisis."

When bad times hit some people, they are taken as an expression of God's displeasure. As you probably suspect, this is not the case with Falwell. "God has called me to preach the Gospel to the world and to fight against moral decay in America," he piously proclaims.

What, then, has caused Falwell's \$1 million-a-week income to go "seriously down during the past 60 days"? Could it have something to do with the large amounts of credit that the Old-Time Gospel Hour, a tax-exempt religious organization, has extended to the Moral Majority, Inc.,

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Chaplains get millions in public money

American taxpayers are supporting religion--to the tune of several million dollars annually--through the many chaplaincy programs that exist in public institutions. Thousands of chaplains are employed in state and federal prisons, mental hospitals, police departments, and the armed forces. Many public legislative bodies, including both houses of Congress, pay their chaplains out of tax money.

The starting pay for chaplains in California is \$19,488 a year; senior chaplains make \$24,000 a year. Many Catholic priests have their checks sent directly to their churches, which then pay them small portions, keeping the rest for other church activities.

The Michigan State Police Department has a contingent of 10 chaplains; the

More government support of religion

Lansing police have three. All are either Catholic or Protestant clergy. They are issued uniforms and provide counsel to department employees, officiate at funerals, visit the sick, and perform similar "ministerial" duties for their public employers.

Suit filed

In May two Harvard law students, Joel Katcoff and Allen Wieder, filed a suit against the \$65 million a year Army chaplaincy program, claiming that the Defense department's funding of these religious programs with taxpayers' money is in violation of the First Amendment. There are 1,400 active-duty Army chaplains at the present time.

If the suit is successful, it could also affect the 1,700 active-duty chaplains in the Navy, Air Force and the Marines, as well as the nearly 1,700 reserve, Coast Guard and National Guard chaplains.

Katcoff and Wieder also charge that the program discriminates against non-mainline religious institutions. "Individual servicemen should inquire within the community or their own denomination to seek clergy," said Wieder. The two Harvard students think chaplaincy services should be privately funded.

Chaplains in Congress

In June the American Atheist Center asked a federal court to rule that it's unconstitutional for the government to pay the salaries of Congress chaplains. The Chaplain of the Senate is paid \$34,393; the one in the House gets \$25,691. Both receive postage allowances, expense accounts, and offices.

The atheists' suit is not aimed only at the federal use of chaplains. They claim that many states and city councils have paid chaplains, and hope that their suit against Congress and the federal Treasury will set a precedent to prohibit governmental funding of any religious activities.

I couldn't find out how many chaplains are paid by the state of Illinois--the budget reports don't break down the figures for salaries--but there must be quite a few. In 1976 the report of the Department of Corrections (DOC) mentioned 13 chaplains who were working toward certification by the Pastoral Association of America. Training in "correctional ministry" was given to 50 volunteer chaplains.

In 1977 the DOC claimed that the number of "departmental chaplains" had been increased by 20%. And in 1979 the state legislature passed a law that said that chaplains paid by the state could count 20% of their salaries as "rental allowance" if they were not supplied with housing by the state. (Thus they would not have to pay income tax on that part of their salary.)

As the American Atheist Journal points out, the "establishment of religion"



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a political pressure group that Falwell also heads? Apparently not, since the good reverend doesn't even mention the existence of the Moral Majority in his appeal letter.

The cause of Falwell's economic crisis is "a vicious, orchestrated attack by the liberal politicians, bureaucrats and amorlists," who have tried "to destroy my character and my integrity," Falwell asserts. Some of his supporters have "believed some of these false reports" and have written to be taken off his mailing list.

But Falwell will not give in to these "forces of evil." "I am willing to sacrifice my life for this nation and for my family and yours," he vows. "I love God, my children and you too much to become a coward at this hour and throw in the towel."

So Falwell screwed up his courage, girded his loins, and wrote an appeal letter asking his followers to contribute a "special gift" of \$25 or more. What a brave man! He even has gone to all the trouble of enclosing a reply envelope and to point out "Checks should be made payable to the

Old-Time Gospel Hour and are tax-deductible."

Falwell also takes the time to answer the vicious attacks of his enemies. In reply to the charge that he is personally wealthy, Falwell points out that he doesn't even own the home he lives in: "A house with 6½ acres, enclosed by a wall and patrolled 24 hours a day by security officers, was provided me to use so I could keep my family alive."

The home is owned by a "Christian businessman, personally," Falwell explains, "and he allows our family to live in it without cost. He even pays taxes on it," Falwell crows, seemingly astonished that one of his followers would comply with the law rather than try to get an exemption under the "housing allowance" section of the IRS regulations on religious property.

Falwell fails to mention that his salary is in excess of \$42,000 a year. Neither does he comment on such trivial things as expense accounts, investments and securities, annuities, trust funds, and the 101 other ways

rich people have of hiding their wealth.

Besides, Falwell is a true Christian martyr. "Every month I receive over 200 threatening letters," he claims. "Some scoundrels even threaten to injure and/or kidnap my wife and children." But Falwell is not one to back down from a fight (or to miss a cliché): "I have burned the bridge behind me. You will never read it in the newspaper that Jerry Falwell quit. You may read that someone killed me--but that is the only way I can be stopped."

No siree! Falwell will always be there on the front lines in the battle against moral decay--and low contributions--writing even more sensational appeal letters and asking his supporters to send more money!

As Falwell puts it, "I pray that God will lead you to send me a check for \$25. Perhaps you can send more. But whatever the Lord leads you to send, please send it immediately." You bet.

--Ferdydurke

Falwell's bite worse

Here's a chronology of the financial appeals Jerry Falwell has sent to me in the last six months:

--In June he sent my "1980 Survival Kit" and asked me to enlist as an "I Love America" Club member--for a pledge of \$12 or more a month.

--In early July he sent the two "Jesus First" pins he says I requested (I didn't) and would send me a "free" booklet called "The Future, the Bible and You" if I just filled out the easy-to-use reply form, which also included a place for me to indicate any "gift" I might want to send.

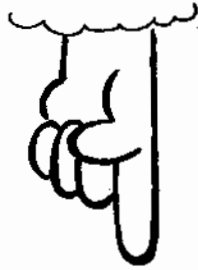
--On Aug. 1, he asked me to become a Faith Partner Crusader--for a pledge of \$10 (or more) a month.

--On Aug. 15, he repeated his request for me to become a Faith Partner--if I just filled in the Commitment Card and mailed it back to him with my first monthly "gift."

--In September, I received a copy of his "Ninety-Five Theses for the 1980s"--and another Faith Partner pledge form.

--On Oct. 2, he asked me to be a "flag-waving American" and send \$50 for a flag kit ("a special bracket

than
his
bark



that attaches easily to the side of your home, a sturdy metal pole, and a beautiful American flag along with special instructions telling you how and when to use it").

--On Oct. 10, he sent out the "financial crisis" appeal (see attached story).

--On Oct. 16, he set me a special copy of the Christian Bill of Rights for me to co-sign and return to him immediately so he could present it to the next president of the U.S. right after the next election--and he asked me to contribute \$50 to the Old-Time Gospel Hour and reminded me that he had reserved a special Flag Kit for me.

--On Oct. 31, he asked me to send in my Vote of Confidence card to let him know that I will stand beside him and that I want him to continue to speak out against the "moral cancers destroying our country"--and please enclose my gift for \$25 or \$50 that he desperate-

ly needs because his income has suffered so.

--On Nov. 3 he offered me my own personal set of the Old-Time Gospel Hour Silver Anniversary Classics ("the seven greatest books ever written by human hands!")--and "won't you please prayerfully consider sending a special gift of \$100 or more to our Silver Anniversary Building Fund today?"

--On Nov. 15 Falwell asked me to become a Prayer Warrior for him--just pledge to pray for the OTGH and for him at least five minutes every day during the month of December and "send a generous gift of \$15, if at all possible."

--On Nov. 26, he told me Christmas is here again and in a few days 1980 will be history and he wants to balance the books by Dec. 31 with all accounts paid in full, so could I possibly send "a special Birthday Gift for Jesus in the amount of \$15"?

So far I have been able to withstand the appeals and brow-beating of the Rev. Falwell. That outmoded holy book he supposedly believes in says that the love of money is the root of all evil and I wouldn't want to do anything to get Jerry in trouble with his god.

So I'll just keep my money and hope that Mr. Falwell takes the advice of his spiritual leader, J. Christ, and sells all his possessions and gives his money to the poor. I figure that'll happen just about the time Deborah Wiatt and I start making babies.

--Ferdydurke

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comes about not only by the use of tax dollars to pay these chaplains, but also through the influence they have in the various institutions they serve. All the chaplains come from mainline religions--primarily Catholic and Protestant, some Jewish. Believers from outside the Judeo-Christian tradition and non-believers have to forego the support services offered by these chaplains (and they perform a number of social functions that are obviously non-religious), or they must depend on chaplains who may not be sympathetic to their needs.

Putting preachers in police uniforms, as they do in Michigan, is about as blatant a symbol of state religion as you can get. It's time to get the ministers out of uniform and the tax money out of religious pockets and coffers.

--Ferdydurke

Sources: Washington Post, June 14, May 2, 1980; American Atheist Journal, June 1980.

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Cleaning up TV with Rev. Hurt

Rather than face the horrible choice of either watching "scenes of adultery, sexual perversion or incest" or doing the "unthinkable" and turning the TV off, a church in Joelton, Tenn., has organized a boycott of companies that sponsor shows which are offensive to "morally decent" people.

The Joelton Church of Christ says it has already rounded up 6000 churches and more than half a million of the morally decent to "clean up" its first TV targets and their sponsors.

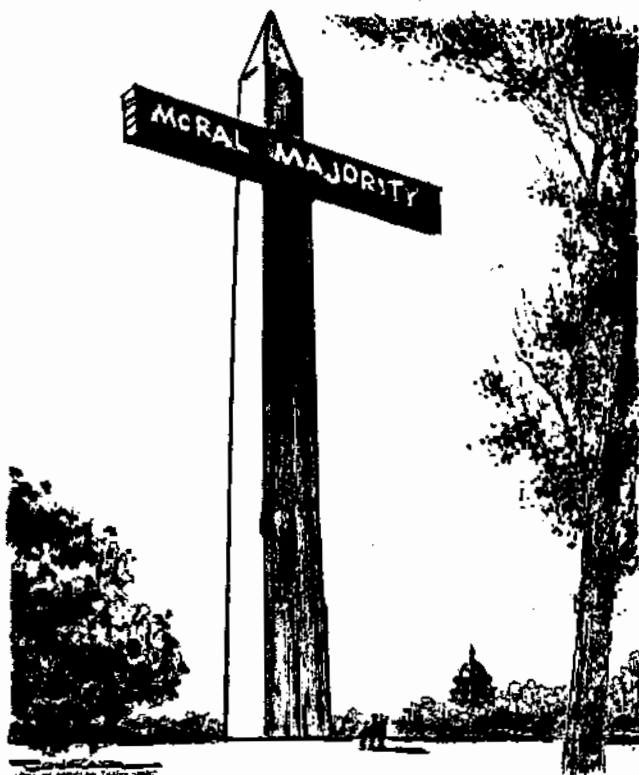
The shows, which were selected by a church survey, include Soap, Three's Company, Dallas, Saturday Night Live, Charlie's Angels, The Newly Wed (sic) Game, The Dating Game, and Three's a Crowd.

The first sponsors chosen to face the wrath of god were General Foods, (GF), American Home Products (AHP), and Warner-Lambert. Warner-Lambert immediately saw the light; however GF and AHP products like Gainesburgers and Preparation H are being boycotted by morally decent dogs and asses all across the U.S.

Forced to watch

The "Clean Up TV" Campaign first sent letters to the three corporations explaining that "television ratings are currently being grossly misinterpreted by many well-meaning sponsors." Having TV on while a program is broadcast does not necessarily mean approval, Rev. John Hurt explained, since many people merely watch the "least objectionable program" available.

TV, Hurt says, is "almost as much a part of the basic environment as the electric light. The supposed 'solution' of 'turning off the set' is, therefore, as unthinkable in the



"Fine! Now let's get on with the crucifixions!"

minds of most people as turning off the electric lights...." So people are either "forced" to watch objectionable material "in order to see the main part of the program, or else to do the unthinkable and leave the set off entirely a large portion of the time."

That's a marvelously unflattering picture of the average member of the Joelton Church of Christ: a person who can't function without the TV on, who can't find the Christian Broadcasting Network on the dial, and who imagines there's something more to Charlie's Angels than tits & ass. But it does explain why Christians should have the right to decide what everybody else watches.

What's objectionable

A "Clean Up TV" Commitment Form explains what's objectionable: "scenes of adultery, sexual perversion, or incest, or (programs) which treat immorality in a joking or otherwise favorable light. Concern is also being expressed regarding excessive violence and profanity." (Their emphasis.) The letter to the corporations, however, omitted violence as a criterion.

Reverend Hurt told the companies that the campaign intended to place ads in major newspapers and national magazines, to use billboards, direct mailings, phone-a-thons, and radio and TV ads to get its message across. He gave the corporate bosses 30 days to agree to the demands or "the printing presses will be directed to roll on printing several million of the forms to be used to state our actual refusal to buy any of your products."

Tardiness, he said, would not be tolerated, and once the presses rolled on, the corporations were in for a 3-month boycott regardless of what they did.

"In the event that anyone on your staff should be unwary enough to suggest that we should be bitterly attacked for the sincere stand for decency we are taking, we suggest you have them read a good book on Church History to learn the effects such persecution has always had on Christian efforts in the past."

Complete Christian

So, the complete Christian not only has no sense of humor, uses threats, and misunderstands the point of Charlie's Angels, but also feels persecuted whenever anyone objects to being threatened.

The reverend wanted, however, to make clear that "we have no intention of employing censorship of any kind in this process....No legal restrictions of any kind are being imposed....If others wish to see such immoral material they should be willing to pay for it themselves by increasing their purchases of the products involved."

"It is not the intention of the Campaign to take any programs off the air," he wrote. "We are simply asking only that offensive programs be cleaned up so that they are no longer an insult to decency and a negative influence on young people."

The campaign later rejected General Foods' offer to screen shows on an episode-by-episode basis for "inappropriateness," and in a question-and-answer section of its newsletter, the campaign asked itself why, if General Foods prescreened all programs before advertising on them, "would they then advertise on 'Three's Company' considering its present format involving a young man pretending to be homosexual while living in the same apartment with two girls?" The answer was that General Foods didn't find gayness objectionable.

Eliminate gays

The implication is clear: the campaign's method of "cleaning up" the show is to eliminate the gay person, even if he's just pretending. Once gayness is banished and 1950s attitudes toward sex are restored, then the morally decent complete Christian will be satisfied. If that's not censorship, then the campaign's letter to the corporations was not a threat.

Only I keep forgetting that ministers have a divine right to twist words, to use coercion, and to distort evidence. It's no sin to claim that half the nation supports you because a Gallup poll showed that more than 50% of those polled felt that sex and violence on TV were harmful to the family--even when you quietly drop the violence issue.

No, "all any of us are doing is asking people to stand up for what's right. We should be happy to see every morally decent person in the country stand up for the truth on this issue, just as we would if doctrinal issues were involved."

Let's see, Christians slaughtered each other for centuries over doctrinal issues--Protestants killed Catholics and Catholics killed everybody from Moslems to other Catholics. So does that mean it's saintly to slaughter a gay for Christ? On TV?

I fear Reverend Hurt's answer.

--D. LeSeure

WOMEN

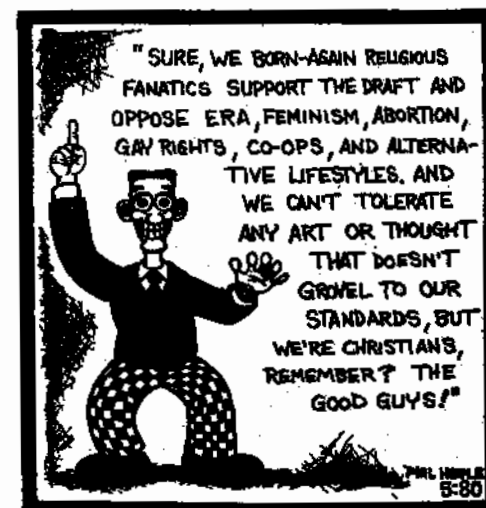
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Visiting the old country at Christmas time

Back in the old country, where I was born, we have many curious customs. For instance, there's a tomb of a famous dead man known as Honest Abe, and all the statues of Abe at the tomb have had their noses rubbed shiny.

Rubbing Abe's snout is supposed to bring good luck, though Abe must have rubbed it himself a goodly number of times and it never brought him much else but depression, civil war, assassination, and the Presidency. Maybe the nose works the same way as cutting off the paw of a defenseless bunny, I don't know.

But you get the idea: Springfield's a pretty weird place. Every August you can drive over to the north side of town, pay \$2 to park in somebody's front yard, and walk through the dust and 97-degree heat to buy a 75-cent hot dog full of sodium nitrite to eat while you view the Genuine Petrified Seven-Foot Stone Age Siberian Mummy that some greasy 23-year-old alcoholic carved and painted and wrapped in rags himself--and nobody thinks twice about it.

That's why I wasn't much concerned to read in my hometown newspaper that the Santa Claus who was electrocuted when his beard short-circuited an electronic football game was later found to have had one leg gnawed off. I used to work for that paper. The reporter was probably fresh off the state legislature beat and the real world looked a bit odd.

Then I noticed the story about the Sears Santa Claus who was arrested for peeing on Baby Jesus in the life-size creche out in the parking lot. They charged that one with lewd behavior, aggravated battery, and heresy, and they locked him up for a court hearing the next day. Only the next day all there was left in his cell was a pile of rotting red clothes.

This was odd. First, Sears hires only certified Christian Santa Clauses who've passed lie detector tests on their bathroom habits. Second, that aggravated battery charge meant that some cop had already beat on old Santie and probably would have wanted to make sure Saint Nick got his just desserts by way of the courtroom. And third, those two Santa Claus stories

should have been in a Santa Claus roundup: in Springfield they always put all the robberies in one story, the car accidents in another, the nuclear wars in a third, etc., to save space.

So clearly there was a coverup going on.

Over the next few months--it was early in the Christmas season when I spotted those first two incidents, right after the Fourth of July--I kept my eyes open for an emerging pattern. I was not to go unrewarded:

--When the helicopter carrying the Halloween Santa Claus to the big new mall crashed and burned in a grade

--When an AP Wirephoto of Richard Nixon playing golf with two known Santa Clauses was captioned "President and Mrs. Reagan admired the 900-foot artificial National Christmas Tree with the Rev. Jerry Falwell yesterday," the newspaper printed no apology.

Understandably, I became increasingly nervous as Christmas approached. Many times I awoke before noon obsessed with the puzzle. Who had a direct connection with the maggots? Was it Ronald Reagan? And where did the electric train fit in?

Yet the days followed one another like clockwork. Even my dog became concerned, carefree though she usually



school gymnasium, investigators were unable to find any fillings in any of the teeth recovered from the ruins.

--When an outbreak of maggots in schoolchildren was traced to the second shift Montgomery Ward's Santa Claus, Santie's home address turned out to be a cemetery and his last previous employer turned out to be a CIA front for the Marine Corps--where Santa had posed for recruiting posters!

is, and then my philodendron developed worry wrinkles. The split-leaf, not the heart-leaf philodendron. That, fortunately, was the decisive clue. The split-leaf is actually a monstera and not a true philodendron at all, which made me realize that many things in this case were not what they seemed.

I got out my magnifying glass and my picture of Nixon playing golf with the Santa Clauses. It was just as I now suspected. The golf course was really a cemetery, the cart was a converted Pinto, and the clubs were made in Chile. There was no time to lose--it was already Christmas eve.

I raced out to the Happy Haven Oakmaple Shopping Mall Cemetery with fear and loathing my constant companions. As it turned out, I was rushing things a bit. The cemetery was quite peaceful yet, so to kill time, I strolled around reading the tombstones:

--"Fredericka Christmastree, 1912-1973, 'Though the fog be thick/ And the dog so sick,/ Aunt Fred was quick/ to play Saint Nick.'"

--"George Polyester, 1932-1976, 'So dear the applause,/ No matter the cause,/ He'd even don the suit of Santa Claus.'"

--"R. A. Toasteroven, 1953-1954, 'Christian Santies/ Never lose their panties.'"

As I was pondering some subtle similarity, some common strain in these epitaphs, the ground below my feet began to shake. A terrible crack opened up, Christmas carols rose to a painful pitch. Red flashed, trimmed in dirty white, and a rotted hand emerged clutching a ghastly green-and-brown tie.

Everywhere Santa Clauses arose from the grave--bearing gifts!

Next month's installment: "Santa Claus meets the Easter Bunny."

--D. LeSeure

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Once upon a time, back in the days of the great Roman Empire, in the little country of Israel, lived a chimney sweep named Nicholas. He was a very successful chimney sweep. There were a lot of chimneys in Bethlehem, which was the town in Israel where Nicholas lived, and Nicholas was such a good sweep and his rates were so reasonable that he had contracts for almost all of them.

Since he was so successful, he was also very dirty before he got home to take a nice, long, relaxing bubble bath. The children he passed on his way home from work took to making fun of his appearance. A few of them started calling him Cinder Clothes, and soon older boys and even his friends were calling him that, too.

Nicholas worked six days a week, from dawn to 4:15. He worked hard every day but Saturday. On Friday night, after a long bath, "Cinder Clothes" put on his platform shoes, red satin shirt, and the tightest designer jeans he owned and went down to his favorite bar, Both Sides Now, and danced the night away. There he was known simply as "Nick."

Nick was as good at his hobby as he was at his job, and the young men who teased him and called him "Cinder Clothes" during the week praised him and called him "Saint Nick" on Saturday mornings.

One day Nicholas met a carpenter named Joseph. Joseph was remodeling a house where Nicholas was sweeping the chimney. Nicholas remembered having seen Joseph at the bar, and he decided he'd like to get to know him. So, looking for all the world like Cinder Clothes, he invited Joseph out to dinner, and Joseph, unmindful of the ashes and soot, said yes.

Nicholas and Joseph dated pretty steadily after that, and soon Nicholas realized he was in love. He told Joseph, and to his surprise (but to no one else's) Joseph said he loved Nicholas, too. Nicholas was elated, and he asked Joseph to move in with him.



"There's a problem with that, Nick. I'm living with this women--"

Nicholas turned pale.

"No, no, it's nothing like that,"

Cinder Clothes: The

Joseph reassured him. "She's a distant cousin of mine. Her family sent her to find a husband, although they should have sent her here to find a wife, if you catch my drift. I just don't want to leave her to fend for herself."

"I understand," said Nicholas sadly.

"Wait a minute!" shouted Joseph. "I'm a carpenter, for godsake. I'll build us a new house, big enough for all of us, and then we could all three live there."

Nicholas thought it was a wonderful idea, and he purchased the land on which Joseph would build the house.

While Joseph was going over the plans for the house, his cousin Mary knocked at the door of his den. "Hi, Joe, can I come in?" she asked. Mary entered holding hands with a beautiful red-haired woman. "This is Mary Magdalene," said Mary softly. "Do you think you could make the house just a wee bit larger?"



cpf

Joseph laughed, hugged them both, and revised the house plans.

Nicholas, Joseph, Mary, and Magdalene lived quite happily together for several years. For the sake of saving their reputations, both at work and on the home front, they had lied and had told everyone that Joseph was married to Mary and Nicholas to Magdalene. That way everything was hip. Until one day. . . .

Mary looked up from the letter she was reading. "This is the sixth letter from mother this year, and it's only March. Again she wants to know why we don't have children."

"Beats me," said Magdalene. "We never use birth control."

"I'm serious! I think she's getting suspicious."

"Tell her to buzz off," said Nicholas.

"Maybe we should have one," suggested Joseph. "That would shut her up."

The other three stared in disbelief. "You are a sick man," Magdalene told him.

"No, I mean it. We could all raise it, so it wouldn't be too big a burden on any of us. I could teach him to be a carpenter."

"I could take him fishing," said Nicholas.

"I could show her how to bake bread and sew fine stitches," added Mary.

"I think you're all sick," said Magdalene.

"I think we should do it," Joseph told the group.

Mary and Nicholas shouted "Yes!" in unison.

Magdalene shook her head in disgust.

"Three to one, it carries!" exclaimed Nicholas.

"But who carries it?" asked Magdalene.

That stopped them for a minute.

"Well, I've been with a couple of women," said Nicholas. "And Magdalene, you've got more than one notch in your belt with men."

"Don't even think about it," she told him. "No sir, no how, no way."

"Well," said Mary shyly, "I've got the pelvis for it."

"That she does," said Magdalene, pinching Mary's cheek.

"But I don't think I want to do it with a man," Mary added.

"Okay," decided Nicholas. "So we take sperm samples from both Joseph and me and get Mary down to the clinic and have her artificially inseminated. That way she won't have to do it with a man, and we'll have a baby. And we'll also never know for sure who its father is." The rest agreed.

Mary's appointment was for the middle of April. The doctor inseminated her with Nicholas's and Joseph's sperm, and three weeks later she discovered she was indeed pregnant.

"It's a miracle!" cried Nicholas.

"Of modern science," added Magdalene nastily.

Nine months and some days later, on Dec. 25, Mary gave birth to a 5 lb., 8 oz. boy. They named him after

Post-American Jan. 1981 page 22

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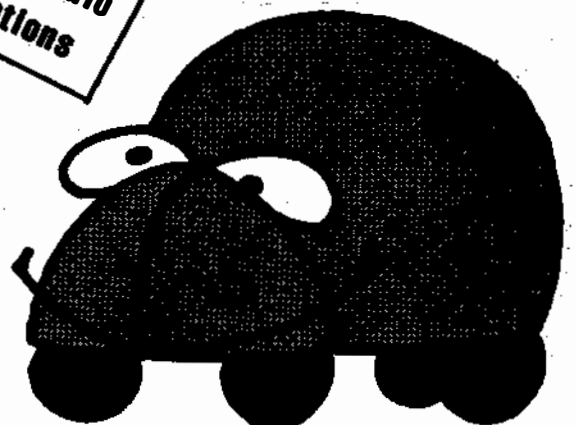
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real Christmas story

their favorite male relatives, according to tradition. So his name was Jeremy Edward Sylvester Ulysses, Son. J.E.S.U.S.

Soon after his birth, three rich queens from the East side of town came to visit Jesus and bring him gifts. They brought him perfume, and incense, and a gold hash pipe.



A group of dykes who were running a communal farm outside town also came with gifts. They bought a lamb's wool rug to line his crib, homespun blankets, and a hand-made doll so he would not be lonely.



Jesus looked at all his gifts, and Nicholas said he smiled, but Magdalene said it was just gas.

And Joseph taught him to be a carpenter, and Nicholas taught him to fish, and Mary taught him to bake bread and sew fine things, and even Magdalene, who grew quite fond of him once he passed infancy, taught him to read, write, and cipher.



Rachel Biering 68- CPF

He was a bright, well-behaved little boy. He loved his mothers and fathers very much. And they, in turn, loved him. They tried not to spoil him, but they did not succeed with Nicholas. He was always buying toys for the child. The others convinced him only to give them to Jesus on his birthday, but he bought them all year long.

When Jesus' birthday came, Nicholas put all the toys he had bought into a big cloth bag and took them with him to work. Then he came home, and, as Cinder Clothes, gave the toys to the child Jesus.

Every Dec. 25 was the same. The toys changed as the boy grew, but Cinder

Clothes never failed to bring gifts. As Jesus grew he told his friends about all the presents, and Cinder Clothes started getting work all over Israel delivering presents.

Jesus eagerly awaited the arrival of Cinder Clothes every year. And when he was older and he had figured out that Cinder Clothes was really his father Nicholas, he never let on that he knew. He knew that his fathers and mothers got just as much joy, if not more, than he did.

When Jesus grew up, he became a hippie. He grew his hair long and embraced radical politics with such passion that he was always in trouble with the government. Politics was not the only thing that Jesus embraced with passion. In the tradition of his parents, he became gay and proud, and travelled the countryside of Israel with his 12-man harem.



And on his friends' birthdays, he dressed in sooty clothes and brought presents in a big cloth bag. He brought them incense, perfume, oils, loaves, fishes, everything they wanted. He brought them presents in the tradition of his parents. In the tradition of Cinder Clothes.

--In the spirit of Cinder Clothes, Deborah Wiatt

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FOOD AND MONEY
STUFF



Call me names, will you? Take that, kid!

Guess what Bloomington cop Tom Sanders does when he's not out shooting innocent suspects (see P-A 9#5) or dragging housing project residents around by their handcuffs (see P-A 9#7)? He's out chasing teenagers whose only offense is taunting the cop with verbal insults.

Following is a word-for-word copy of Sanders' own police report, which recounts the apprehension of one underage suspect and the escape of a second. We have printed only the first letter of the young folks' names.

"Officer T. Sanders was on stationery (sic) patrol in the East parking lot of Miller Park when he heard two juveniles on the bridge directing insults toward him (no one else was in the area). They twisted and banged on a "No Parking" sign on the bridge while they dared the officer to come after them.

"It was obvious from the officer's position that an arrest would be improbable if the suspects chose to run. This was confirmed when

I'VE LIVED HERE IN THIS CITY FOR OVER 40 YEARS!...AND NEVER ONCE HAVE I BEEN BRUTALIZED BY THE POLICE!!"



RCOBB

they ran as the squad moved, and returned when the squad stopped. Officer T. Sanders radioed Unit 15 for assistance and they took up a

position on S. Low St. to intercept the two when Officer Sanders would attempt an apprehension. The officer then observed them continue to attempt to damage the sign for a few minutes as they called the officer 'chicken.'

"When Unit 15 was in position officer Sanders drove to apprehend the suspects. They ran east and H---- was apprehended by Officer Shepherd. The other suspect was later identified as J---- who fled from Officer Sanders on foot eastbound and was lost in the area of Bissell and Mason. H---- was brought to the station and booked for Resisting and Criminal Damage since a crack was found in the paint on the sign."

The time list on Sanders' report shows that the youngsters were not even guilty of a curfew violation--the incident occurred about 8:30 pm.

Sanders does deserve credit for his dedication. He must have run three or four blocks in order to chase the escaping suspect.

Last issue, the Post reported that a case Sanders filed against a Bloomington woman was thrown out of court. Judge James Knecht ruled that Sanders used "excessive force" in the arrest.

Last August, Sanders put an innocent man in the hospital for two months by shooting him twice in the back of the neck. An investigation cleared Sanders of legal responsibility, on the grounds that Sanders "believed" he was shooting at an armed man who was fleeing after committing a forcible felony. Actually, the man Sanders shot was not armed and hadn't committed any crime. But Sanders' mistaken belief made the shooting legal.

Wonder if he had his gun drawn when he chased the teenagers who called him "chicken"?

--Mark Silverstein

City council

No commies need apply

Are you "affiliated directly or indirectly with any communist organization or any communist front organization," and would you know it if you were?

Never mind. It doesn't matter unless you decide to run for city council in Bloomington and sign the "Statement of Candidacy" swearing that you aren't one of those awful things.

Anyway it's a noble undertaking, keeping commies out of Bloomington politics. Communists are so boring, so single-minded, forever going on about the working class struggle against the capitalist masses and such like.

If only they could keep the Republicans out, too, because they're so boring, so single-minded, always going on about the greatest little system of free enterprise and how the great corporations are only responding to free market forces and they do, too, lower prices, etc., etc.

It really is such a wonderful little paragraph, we ought to keep it:

"I further swear that I am a citizen of the United States and the State of Illinois, that I am not affiliated directly or indirectly with any communist organization or any

communist front organization, or any foreign political agency, party, organization or government which advocates the overthrow of constitutional government by force or other means not permitted under the Constitution of the United States or the constitution of this State; that I do not directly or indirectly teach or advocate the overthrow of the government of the United States or of this State or any unlawful change in the form of the governments thereof by force or any unlawful means."

That bit about the communist front organization'll keep the Post-Amerikan riffraff out because Violet Hamilton'll always go on about the Post's Soviet-style spelling and if that isn't the sign of a communist front, always fighting for social justice and liberal namby-pambies besides, I don't know what is.

Anyway, if anybody complains, we can always say we really meant only to exclude commies that advocate the overthrow of the government by force, etc., etc., and never mind that the commies are covered by "party" and "organization" later on, because a little red-baiting is what makes Amerikan politics so great, such a red-blooded man's sport.

--D. LeSeure

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