

MOTHER JONES

MARRIAGE
DISSECTED BY
DR. DRUMMOND

06755

JULY 1979

A MAGAZINE FOR THE REST OF US

\$1.50

Meet America's Leading Terrorists



THE FASTEST GROWING CHURCH IN THE WORLD

by Brother Keith E. L'Hommedieu, D.D.

It's quite safe to say that of all the organized religious sects on the current scene, one church in particular stands above all in its unique approach to religion. The Universal Life Church is the only organized church in the world with no traditional religious doctrine. In the words of Kirby J. Hensley, founder, "The ULC only believes in what is right, and that all people have the right to determine what beliefs are right for them, as long as they do not interfere with the rights of others."

Reverend Hensley is the leader of the worldwide Universal Life Church with a membership now exceeding 7 million ordained ministers of all religious beliefs. Reverend Hensley started the church in his garage by ordaining ministers by mail. During the 1960's, he traveled all across the country appearing at college rallies held in his honor where he would perform mass ordinations of thousands of people at a time. These new ministers were then exempt from being inducted into the armed forces during the undeclared Vietnam war.

In 1966 Reverend Hensley was fighting the establishment on another front. The IRS tried to claim the ULC wasn't a legal church and proceeded to impound the ten thousand dollars in the church bank account. The feisty Hensley filed suit against the IRS in federal district court for return of the funds and to permanently establish the ULC as a legal tax exempt entity. On March 1, 1974 Judge James F. Battin ruled against the IRS in his decision which stated, "Neither this court or any branch of this government will consider the merits or fallacies of a religion. Nor will the court praise or condemn a religion. Were the court to do so, it would impinge upon the guarantees of the First Amendment." The judge then ordered the IRS to return the impounded money and to grant the Universal Life Church its tax exempt status.

Reverend Hensley has stated that he believes a church is people and not just a fancy building. He also believes in total freedom and equality for all people. The ULC will ordain anyone without regard to religious beliefs, race, nationality, sex or age.

The ULC's success formula is both effective and unquestionably legal. After a person has become an ordained minister, he or she can join with two other people and form their own Universal Life Church. These three people then make up the Board of Directors consisting of a Pastor, a Secretary and a Treasurer. The ULC will then grant the group the use of its legal church charter complete with both federal and state tax exempt numbers. The newly formed church may then open a bank account in the church's name. Any member of the church can legally donate up to 50% of his or her outside income to the church and take a corresponding tax deduction. The church in turn can pay the complete housing cost of its minister including rent or mortgage payment, insurance, taxes, furnishings and repairs. The church can also provide the minister with full use of an automo-



Brother L'Hommedieu is Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Sacred Order of the Universal Life and serves on the Board of Directors of the International Universal Life Church, Inc.

bile as well as pay for travel and educational expenses. None of these expenses are reported as income to the IRS. Recently a whole town in Hardenburg, New York became Universal Life ministers and turned their homes into religious retreats and monasteries thereby relieving themselves of property taxes, at least until the state tries to figure out what to do.

Churches enjoy certain other tax benefits over the common man on the street. For instance, a church can legally buy and sell real estate or stocks and bonds completely tax free. It can receive tax free income from bank deposits or mortgages. Many churches own large publishing, recording, or other related businesses like hospitals, clinics and schools without paying any income tax.

A church can sponsor any kind of fund raising event such as a concert, play or even bingo. Churches are also exempt from paying inheritance taxes. When the pastor of the church dies, the Board of Directors simply appoints a new pastor and the church goes on.

Reverend Hensley has stated that he personally doesn't believe in the tax exempt status of churches. However, if the government is going to give a free ride to Billy Graham and the Pope, then why not let everybody participate in these blessings. Furthermore, he backs his words up by offering to defend in court the tax exempt status of his congregations.

Since the church was founded in 1962, it has attracted members who are movie and TV personalities, businessmen, government officials, lawyers, and doctors as well as all types of regular working people. During the last 15 years the Universal Life church has blossomed into a full blown grass roots populace movement. Reverend Hensley is ordaining ten thousand new ministers a week and predicts that the church will have over 20,000,000 members by the early 1980's. In addition, requests for interviews and TV appearances continue to pour in.

Anyone who is a member of the ULC will tell you that the ULC is destined to change the world. By unifying mankind into a brotherhood of freedom orientated individuals, each respecting the other's right to live life as they see fit, the Universal Life Church hopes to put an end to all wars. Reverend Hensley admits that this is a pretty monumental task to accomplish, but he also points out that he is already well on the way to reaching his goal.

Rev. Hensley invites all those interested in becoming an ordained minister and receiving complete information and Minister's Credentials, to send a \$10⁰⁰ tax deductible donation to the Universal Life Church, P.O. Box 669, Dept. 128, Aptos, CA 95003.

MOTHER JONES

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JULY 1979 • VOLUME IV • NUMBER VI

FRONTLINES

Page 6

NEWS: What are the Bee Gees doing in three-piece suits?; when guerrillas get the blues; why to wear gloves when assembling H-bombs; rape victims forced to submit to lie detector tests.

COLUMNS

Page 5

RED-FACED AND GOING PLACES

Mother compares herself to one of her ancestors.

Page 65

OLD REDS AND THE UNION BLUES

by Joe Klein

When labor and the Left were secret lovers. And why the affair should be renewed.

FEATURES

Page 14

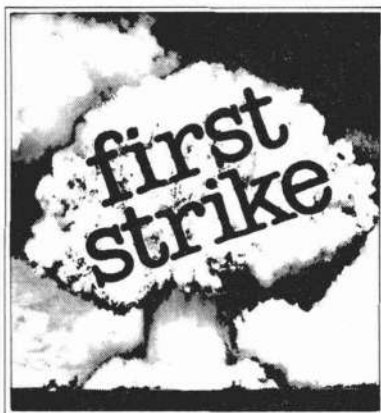
DIAGNOSING MARRIAGE

by Hugh Drummond, M.D.

After a year's absence, *MJ's* most popular columnist returns, in full voice. "Should you marry? If you were foolish enough to ask and I foolish enough to advise, I would say no."



Page 14



COVER STORIES

Page 22

HE WHO STRIKES FIRST

Introduction by Richard J. Barnet

Page 24

ATTACK NOW

by Eric Mankin

The first-strike weapons that now stud the U.S.' nuclear arsenal make SALT II almost irrelevant.

Page 29

BOMB SHELTERS ARE BACK!

by Gar Smith

Civil Defense . . . didn't that go out with the '50s? Not quite. Now there's the Car-Over-Trench Shelter. Khrushchev was wrong: *we will bury us.*

Page 34

IN THE HEART OF THE BEAST

by Robert Friedman

On the barren plains outside of Amarillo, is the factory where every thermonuclear weapon in the U.S. is assembled. Friedman learns what Amarillans feel—and *don't* feel—about the bomb.

Page 41

WELCOME TO THE WAR FAIR

by John Markoff

We visit a Disneyland extravaganza that hawks the latest in arms hardware.

Page 54

CIGARETTES & SOFAS

by Becky O'Malley

If you thought that you knew all the dangers of cigarette smoking, guess again. This one has nothing to do with the smoke you take into your lungs, but it still kills thousands of Americans a year. Their deaths could be easily avoided.

THE ARTS

Page 45

THE BELLY ROOM PRESENTED

COMEDIENNES

by Karen Stabiner

"Women comics agree: being a stand-up comic, no matter how mild your jokes, is an act of aggression. . . . Politics is funny, but is just being funny politics?" Reporter Karen Stabiner visits the Los Angeles club that was one of the country's few havens for women comedians; she finds that a funny thing happened on their way to the top.



Page 45

Cover photo of the Joint Chiefs of Staff from Department of Defense. Left to right: Adm. Thomas B. Hayward, Chief of Naval Operations; Gen. Bernard W. Rogers, Chief of Staff, U.S. Army; Gen. David C. Jones, Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff; Gen. Lew Allen, Jr., Chief of Staff, U.S. Air Force; and Gen. Louis H. Wilson, Jr., Commandant, U.S. Marine Corps.

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Letters

ALL THE NEWS

Dear Mother:

Ron Chernow's exposé of how a quiet revolutionary priest was liquidated by the loathsome Guatemalan landowners and corrupt government officials ("The Strange Death of Bill Woods," *MJ*, May '79) deserves tremendous acclaim. It induced nausea in one who was previously ignorant of this whole sordid affair.

I am surprised at the hush-hush journalism today, and am amazed at myself for blindly accepting it. I am a student of anthropology, well-versed in Maya ethnology, and yet these disgusting events and the tragic denouement of Woods' deeds have somehow escaped my attention! How? It is precisely because, as *MJ* puts it, "Americans simply don't like foreign news." So we go on believing everything we hear and read and see about peace and stability in Guatemala.

I will still visit Guatemala this summer, but my perspective is no longer twisted by the duplicity of news releases and official statements of reform and progress. I will go with a silent vengeance in my soul, with a suppressed hatred in my heart.

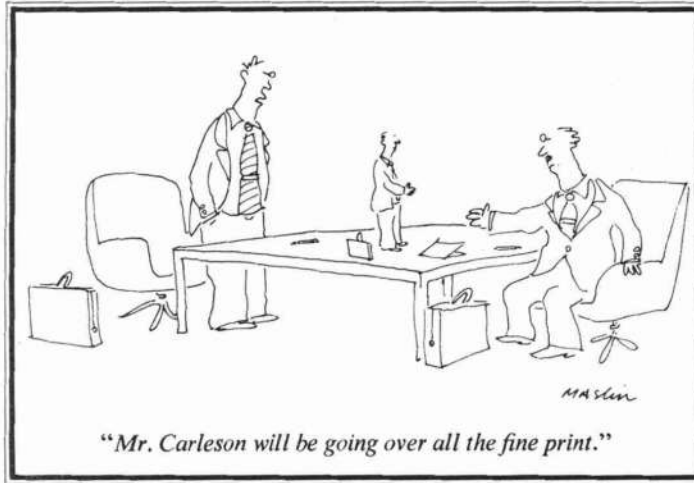
T. M. McQuire
Bloomington, Indiana

Dear Mother:

Thanks to Ron Chernow for his excellent article on Guatemala and the death of Bill Woods.

I was in Guatemala at the time of the massacre in Panzós. The papers there reported that hundreds of armed peasants tried to take over Panzós, and 37 were killed by the army in an attempt to "defend the town." The army said the peasants were crazy, influenced by "foreigners and Communists." We later learned the truth through newspaper ads, paid for by peasant, student, labor and religious organizations: that over 100 men, women and children, marching to meet the landowners, were gunned and grenaded down.

Kit Miller
Carson City, Nevada



MOBBING MALLS

Dear Mother:

Congratulations to Jay Neugeboren and the good citizens of Hadley, Massachusetts, on their tilt with commercial developers ("Mall Mania," *MJ*, May '79). It might hearten Mother Lovers to know that a similar battle was fought and won last year in Columbus, Ohio.

The effort here required overturning a city council commercial rezoning ordinance, collecting 18,000 pe-

titition signatures during the Great Blizzard of '78 and putting the issue to a city-wide vote. The opposition—developers, a national supermarket chain, and a Big Bank—dipped into their pockets for a six-figure media blitz campaign. Citizens Action on Glen Echo Ravine (CAGER) went door-to-door in this city of 750,000; spent \$6,000, raised coin by coin; and earned 64 percent of the total vote. The semi-wild Glen Echo is intact and growing green, and, although still privately owned, cannot be rezoned except by another municipal ballot.

Incidentally, the "CAGER Pot Luck Cookbook" (good eats!) and a slide-tape program, "The Battle for Glen Echo Ravine," good for fund raising, moral boosting, etc., are available for a small donation. Send SASE inquiries to CAGER, c/o Zak, 148 W. Weber Road, Columbus, Ohio 43202.

Allen and Leslie Zak
Columbus, Ohio

PUNK POWER

Dear Mother:

In his article on the censoring of the Plastic People and other Czech rock groups ("Jailhouse Rock," *MJ*, May '79), Rory O'Connor writes, "Needless to say, the situation is quite different here in America. . . ."

About a month ago I attended a concert in downtown L.A., at the Elk's Lodge, at which six punk bands were scheduled to perform.

The concert was going along calmly, with about 600 people listening and dancing to the music, when the police arrived and decided to abruptly end the show; they sent in a squad outfitted in full riot gear. I heard later that a few intoxicated individuals were throwing bottles around outside, but rather than arrest those people, the police chose to use them as an excuse to close the entire concert.

Regan Kibbee
Santa Monica, California

Dear Mother:

The fact that the government has cracked down on rock 'n' roll in a place like Czechoslovakia doesn't bother me half as much as the way private business has fucked over the music in this country. The Plastics could just as easily be talking about America when they sing: "The government is afraid of the Left. They are afraid of the Right. They are afraid of science, of art, of books and poems and theaters and films and records. . . ."

Pins Curbo
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mother:

As a resident of Ithaca, New York, I am familiar with the proliferation of shopping malls by the Pyramid Corporation. Three years ago, amidst great controversy and debate, the Pyramid Corporation built a mall outside of Ithaca. The city of Ithaca opposed the project, but neighboring Lansing was eager for the mall, due to the promised addition to its tax base.

Since our community had surplus commercial property, the addition of the mall was clearly unnecessary. Architecturally, this giant box is an eyesore. A beautiful wooded area was bulldozed

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520. *In The Deserts Of This Earth* Uwe George. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. (Photos) Hardcover: \$14.95 QPB: \$6.95



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MOTHER JONES



Pioneer socialist Mary Harris "Mother" Jones (1830-1930) helped found the IWW, organized mine-workers, supported the Mexican Revolution and was one of the great orators of her day.

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Typography by Mackenzie-Harris,
San Francisco, California.

clear. Traffic generated by the mall necessitated expensive road improvements and resulted in preventable injuries.

Three years later, the mall has caused long-established businesses that pay taxes to the city, and whose profits are reinvested locally, to close their doors; meanwhile, the mall itself is doing poorly. Even if it were to close, the forest it now stands on will never grow back. Rain runoff from the asphalt parking surface is posing a serious pollution problem for local waterways. The local slogan used to fight the mall claimed, "PYRAMID MAULS." If anything, that now seems an understatement.

Hopefully, Jay Neugeboren's article will open up people's eyes to similar ill-conceived and short-sighted projects.

Gary Dulberg
Ithaca, New York

Dear Mother:

Jay Neugeboren's article on "Mall Mania" was excellent. Here in East Lansing, Michigan, grassroots organizations battled the giant Dayton-Hudson Corporation for two years, on many of the same grounds pointed out by Neugeboren (e.g., increased traffic, air and water pollution, economic decay of the downtown area, etc.). Finally, last fall in a city-wide referendum, the voters of East Lansing soundly defeated the mall, once and for all. Hopefully, our success might inspire others.

Charlene Crickon
Lansing, Michigan

Dear Mother:

As former residents of Hadley and Amherst (my partner being a Hadley-raised asparagus picker), we read with great joy Jay Neugeboren's article. As a "mother in her mid-30s" with two children, I can appreciate the courage and determination Pat Kicza was required to muster.

We here in Boulder, Colorado, are actively involved not only in trying to prevent the construction of a "super mall," but also in an attempt to stop the operation of the Rocky Flats plant. While manufacturing plutonium "triggers" for nuclear bombs, this plant consistently endangers the local population.

It is inspiring to see that the battles

that need to be fought are won—even when fought by only us "little people," the mothers of America.

Claire Largesse
Boulder, Colorado

PINKIE FAN MALE

Dear Mother:

On page two of your May '79 issue, there is a picture of a young man in tropical Navy whites, clenching a rose between his teeth. From what I gather, his name is "Pinkie."

I am an ex-Navy-ite. I was discharged because they discovered my gayness. Yea tho I am a fruit . . .

I would like to know as much about Pinkie as you can tell me. He is extremely attractive, and I think I'm falling in lust with him.

S.S.
Phoenix, Arizona

Editor's note: *Sad to say, Pinkie is now a recluse. But maybe it's all for the best, because heretofore he left a trail of broken hearts from Sunset Boulevard to Bleecker Street.*

BURP

Dear Mother:

Re: "Backstage" and your Perrier drinkers.

I made only \$2,600 last year in our wonderful capitalist system, and I just traded some of that "low income" for three years of *Mother Jones*, because the information is important. Unfortunately, I still can't give away my college education.

Honest Savage
Blue Lake, California

FOR THE RECORD

Editor's note: *Due to a misunderstanding, Elizabeth Becker did not know that her remarks on Vietnam and Cambodia ("The Fire At The End Of The Tunnel," MJ, April '79) were for the record. Further, she should not have been identified in the introduction to the piece as an anti-war activist.*

Write your Mother. We like to hear from you. Tell us your reactions and opinions c/o Letters Editor, *Mother Jones*, 625 Third Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.

Backstage

RED-FACED AND GOING PLACES

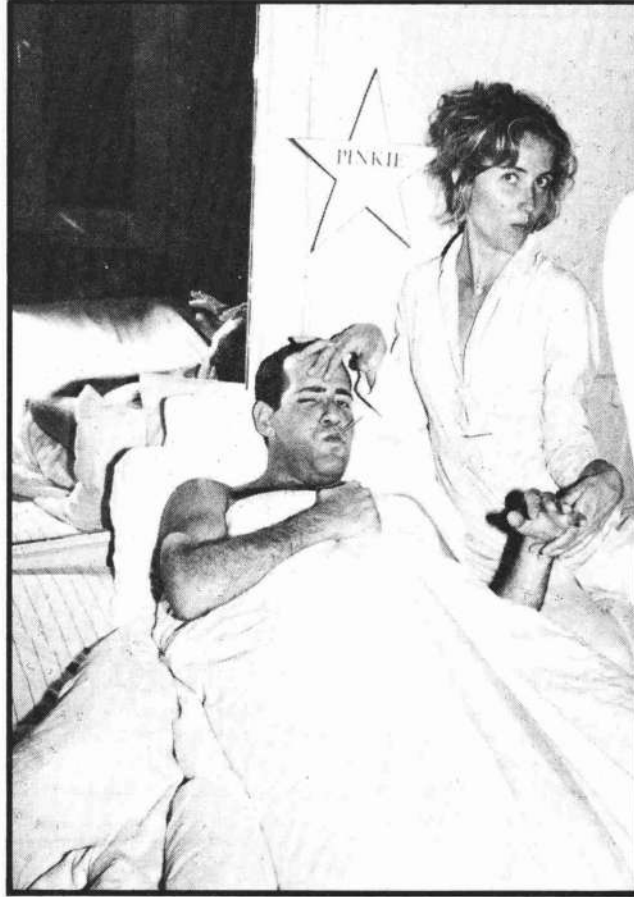
AT SOME POINT in the last few months, at a date and hour only our computer knows for sure, *Mother Jones* passed a milestone. We became the largest publication of the American Left in more than 50 years.

Some 220,000 copies of this issue will reach subscribers or be purchased on newsstands. This puts us ahead of the late *Ramparts*, which reached a peak circulation of about 200,000 ten years ago. But we still have a long way to go to catch up with the grandma of us all, the socialist weekly, *The Appeal to Reason*. In 1913, it was selling more than 760,000 copies per issue.

We've had some fun in the last few weeks looking over old issues of *The Appeal*, which breathed its last in the McCarthy-like days of 1922. We feel quite a bond with this curious, homey, flamboyant paper, published in tiny type and enormous headlines from the unlikely spot of Girard, Kansas. It is both warming and depressing to see how much of the muck it raked is similar to our own: corrupt politicians, rapacious corporations (HOW OPERATORS HOLD MINERS IN HOPELESS PEONAGE), suspicious things in our food (AUTHOR OF "THE JUNGLE" FACES PRINCE OF PACKERS WITH AWFUL ARRAY OF FACTS).

Like *Mother Jones*, *The Appeal* valued reaching a wide readership. Readers who criticize us for using eye-catching covers would be appalled: in 1901, *The Appeal to Reason* loudly advertised that each week it would give the person who sold the most subscriptions ten acres of prime Missouri farmland.

There are differences, though. *The Appeal's* readers felt themselves to be part of a world-wide movement: each issue a column called "In Other Climes" (the climes tended to be European) brought news of socialist victories around the world, even in Schildesche, Germany, where the socialist candidate



"Red Hot Papa" Pinkie is sick with embarrassment over last month's blooper.

Photograph by Louise Kollenbaur

for mayor outpulled an opponent 82 to 1.

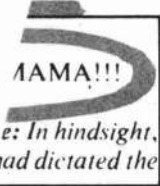
The Appeal's eccentric publisher, J. A. Wayland, who grew wealthy in real estate before he saw the socialist light, ran his paper as if it were a nonstop decades-long sermon. He harangued baffled salesmen who came to sell him printing equipment; he kept a pocket card file on people to whom he was talking socialism, listing what books he had loaned them, their age, religion, class, whether they were wage or salary workers and how clo-

to conversion they were.

Card files aside, the something nostalgic peeling about that spirit of course, none of can feel that alme conviction of k cisely the right world's ills. T of certain turn to t' ever t' Ame' har

label: Feminist; Environmentalist; Decentralist. All these qualifications might exasperate a fire-and-brimstone man like Wayland, for whom the world was merely divided into Labor and Capital. Nonetheless, if he were alive to read it, we hope he would finally find *Mother Jones* in continuity with his own battles against injustice long ago. We do. At this moment in our own short history, we wish we could reach back across the years to

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se used to label a (type) accidentally ap in the magazine it- MJ ever takes to the airwaves, guess what our ndle will be.

—Adam Hochschild

Frontlines

Beginning on page 22 of this issue, *Mother Jones* explores the new militarism that is sweeping through the United States. Before you reach that point in the magazine, however, here are some hors d'oeuvres—a veritable smorgasbord of little-known developments that point to the increasing power of the military.

• **Greetings, Take Two:** As recently as last winter, the official Pentagon position was still that the volunteer

GREETINGS: THE JOINT CHIEFS WANT YOU



KAORU OGURA

at a cost of only \$6.2 million—a one-year profit for the government of \$28.2 million. President Carter once pledged to strengthen the board as an anti-inflation measure.

What happened?

The Renegotiation Board was the victim of a high-powered lobbying campaign by the defense industry. At least one contractor or subcontractor from every congressional district, reports the *Washington Chronicle*, attacked the board. Their grounds?

Probably, they said that the board would cost the taxpayers more because its red tape would increase the cost of defense contracts and discourage contractors from dealing with the board.

Just as the board is the enemy of the

bility is the last thing I need," explains General Electric lobbyist George Troutman. Nevertheless, hardware hawkers have been swarming Congress

at the drop of an off-line military budget item.

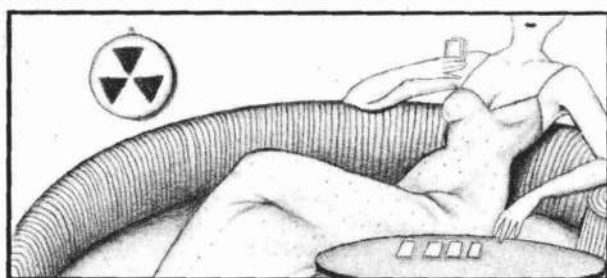
For example, the successful fight to fund F18 fighter aircraft is generally conceded to have been won largely through an organized lobbying effort, since the Navy didn't even want the plane. California Representative James F. Lloyd (D.), of the House Armed Services Committee, was in the front line of the battle. Lloyd told *Business Week*, "Troutman made me look smart. . . . He kept feeding me information on the performance and cost advantages of the F18—sometimes practically on the House floor—so I could sound off during the debate."

• **From the Halls of What-chamacallit:** The first public military high school in U.S. history will begin operation in Cincinnati, in September 1979. With about 110 students in its freshman class, the school will be classified as an alternative public school, geared toward students with special abilities and interests. Both students and their civilian teachers will dress in military-style uniforms; the armed forces will provide equipment and conduct physical training. —Z.K.

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• **Duelin**

This spring, the board issued the order contract. "excessive profits" ment sales to pa, "excess." One of the eral agencies that ge more revenue than it. the board recouped \$34.4. lion in excess profits in 1978, p.



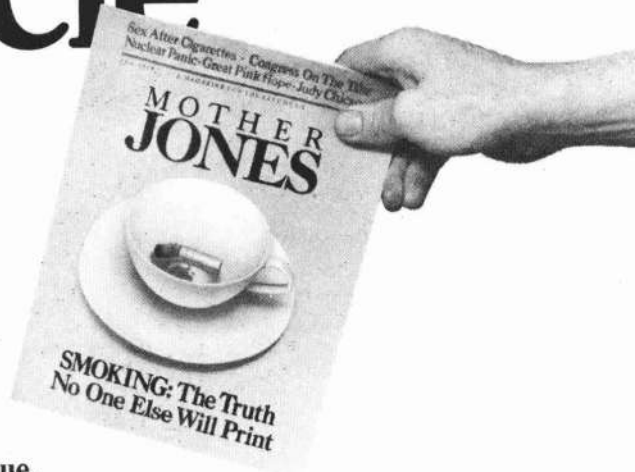
KAORU OGURA

For Post-Attack Blues...

Those people lucky enough to be employed by Mobil Oil and IBM may be in for some After-the-Holocaust fun. Both companies have underground headquarters in nuclear bomb-proof vaults, deep in the bowels of Iron Mountain, New York. While waiting for the fallout to dissipate, employees will be treated to hotel-type living, complete with dining halls. Rec rooms will offer pingpong, pool and card tables. (For less grandiose post-Apocalypse environments, see page 29.)

—Mark Schapiro

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That's right, \$104,000. . . . \$3,000 to research and write the story and \$101,000 in lost advertising revenue.

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Frontlines

Journalists Lose One

Two years ago, we reported the story behind the libel case against *San Francisco Examiner* reporter Raul Ramirez and freelancer Lowell Bergman ("Turning Reporters Into Orphans," *MJ*, June 1977). Some of you may remember that in the course of reporting on San Francisco's Chinatown gang wars, Ramirez and Bergman accused local law enforcement authorities of pressuring witnesses at a murder trial to give false testimony. They based their accusations on a sworn affidavit by a key prosecution witness who later changed his story and denied either having been pressured or having given false testimony.

This spring, the two journalists and the Hearst Corporation's *Examiner* were ordered to pay more than \$4.5 million in damages to three city officials. The reporters



Left to right: Ramirez, Attorney Sheldon Otis, and Bergman.

each must pay \$250,000 in actual damages and \$10,000 in punitive damages to each plaintiff.

The Examiner refused to pay for private attorneys for Ramirez and Bergman, except for a one-time \$5,000 contribution. A nationwide defense committee has been helping them with some of the legal costs of the trial. Mark Dowie, spokesperson for the

committee and *Mother Jones*' publisher, says, "To investigative reporters, this is the most disheartening verdict of the past 25 years. However, I watched the court proceedings carefully and think that Bergman and Ramirez will win a new trial. And if *The Examiner* conducts a unified defense, it will win."

The reporters will appeal the decision.

Politico With A Palate

A student cafeteria worker at Hampshire College has lost his job for putting politics in the salads.

Davis Bates, a 24-year-old, was fired from his \$3-an-hour position by Saga Food when he refused to stop writing "No Nukes" on salads with carrot sticks and making red wax hammers and sickles in the cottage cheese.

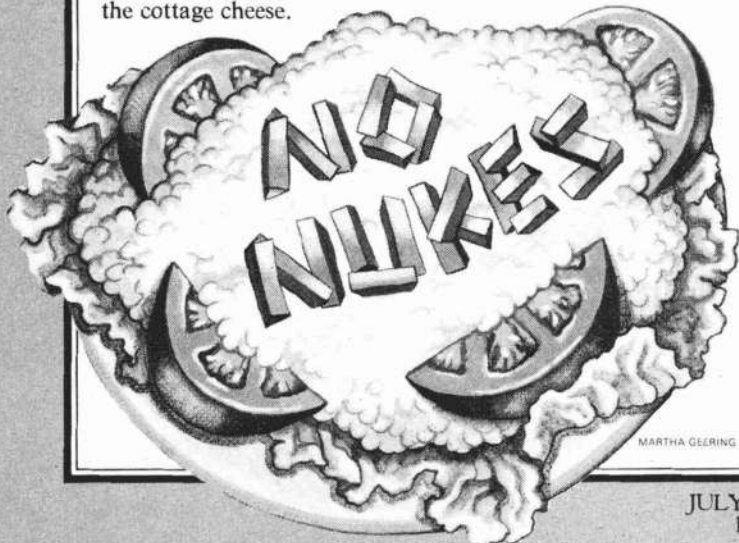
Admitting that his political designs were on salads for months before his firing, Bates says the combination of the two ideologies on one bed of cottage cheese caused some anti-nuclear students to complain.

"I couldn't resist the surreal effect of that bright red hammer and sickle on the

white cottage cheese in the middle of the dining room, that's all," says an unrepentant Bates, who does not support Soviet communism and did not intend to link it with the anti-nuclear movement.

An activist who has urged Saga employees to organize, Bates got into designing, using both vegetables and wax cheese-wrapping as his media as a means of creatively whiling away the hours at a dull job. His firing, he says, shows the employment situation of Saga Food workers on campus in high relief—there is no appeal process for dismissals.

Bates is asking the college's president for reinstatement. He told *Mother Jones*, "I was hoping to be back by 'Parents Day' in April, but it's too late for that now." Meanwhile, Hampshire students have taken up the cause, and are inscribing political messages on the salads and cottage cheese even without Bates' help.



Lie Test For Rape Victims

Feminists and civil libertarians in a Washington state county have been stunned by recent revelations that rape victims there are routinely required to submit to polygraph tests. Of the women who report having been raped, 60 percent flunk the test.

Yakima County Rape Relief Coordinator Cheryl Ficek is charging that the prospect of taking a lie detector test is an added indignity that discourages rape victims from reporting attacks. As it is, authorities estimate that nine out of ten rapes in the country go unreported. Ficek, along with a nearby county prosecutor, has also challenged the test's high failure rate, claiming that genuine victims are doubly traumatized when they learn they have not passed. "Most women just crawl home after flunking, they're so humiliated," she said.

Already, authorities have pressed charges against at least one woman for giving false information to an officer, on the basis of her test results.

Rape Relief also reports a case in which a victim who thought she knew the identity of her attacker requested that the suspect be tested as well. Authorities refused, explaining that requiring a suspect to take a polygraph would violate his constitutional rights.

Prosecutor Jeff Sullivan says, "A charge of rape is potentially so damaging, that we use every tool we can to determine whether a rape occurred."—*Nancy Faller, WA.*

Fast Bucks

We pay \$5 for items accepted for Frontlines. Cite your source and include clips. Address to Frontlines, *Mother Jones*, 625 Third St., San Francisco, Ca. 94107. Sorry, only items accepted are acknowledged.

Frontlines

Spy Service For Doctors

There's a new racket that doctors think will shield them from malpractice suits. Are physicians planning to keep themselves out of court by improving the quality of their medical care?

Not by a long shot. The new system is called Telident, and it promises doctors access to a computerized list of people who have pressed malpractice suits.

"Did the patient sue the last hospital?" asks the company's brochure, which bears an eerie resemblance in tone to a plug for a drive-in funeral home. "It is a public record," the advertisement continues. "Let us share the memory."

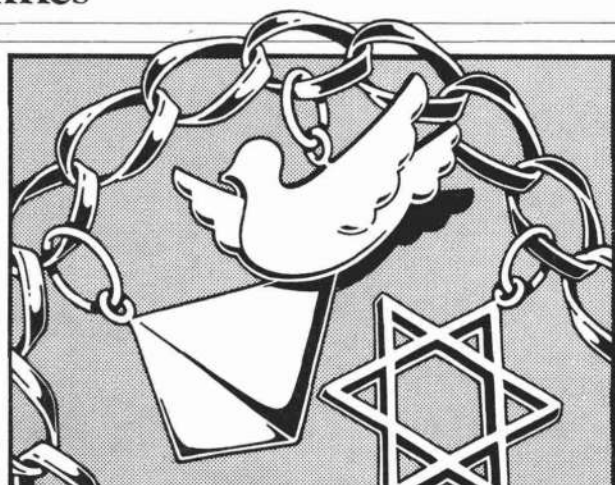
The \$150-a-year service is described as "malpractice reassurance," and its promotional literature advises doctors that this "malpractice control device is best used be-

fore medico-legal commitment. Picture the scene. While potential patients tap their feet on waiting room carpets, their doctors slip away into phone booths, dial the Telident Information Exchange in Santa Monica, California, and rush back to the office, in time—one assumes—to refuse medical care to those listed as having previously sued doctors.

As if that wasn't enough, Telident also asks subscribing doctors to report the names of physicians who have testified for plaintiffs in malpractice suits. "Who signed the Certificate of Merit? Was he qualified to do so?" asks the company. "Notify Telident that we may all know who he is," it advises.

The service also lists patients with unpaid medical bills, and even claims to answer the question, "Spent the insurance check?"

Telident promoters say it's an idea whose time has come.



JIM PARKINSON

Next, SALT Beach Towels?

Hold on to your pyramid, and bronze your Star of David—if a recent advertisement in *The Washington Post* is any indication, we may be in for a flood of Middle-East-Peace-Treaty commemorative memorabilia.

Fast behind the news of the treaty signing, a New York travel agency began hawking something it calls The Peace Tour. "Egypt and Israel TOGETHER AT LAST!" proclaims the ad, which offers a package deal of a week in each country, and urges travelers to "follow in the steps of the heads of state who made this trip possible."

Ed Teller's Kitchen Tips?

The U.S. Attorney's office recently delayed publication of a magazine containing a satirical article on how to build your own hydrogen bomb at the kitchen table—before the government had even seen the directions.

The spoof appeared in the April 13th issue of the radical bi-monthly *Seven Days*. It was inspired by the recent controversy over the federal clampdown on *The Progressive* magazine, which has been prevented from publishing an article about the H-bomb. That piece, says *Progressive* spokespersons, is not a how-to piece and contains no classified information. Civil libertarians have feared that the decision to restrain *The Progressive* may set a precedent for government restrictions on nonclassified security-related information.

The introduction to the almost-banned *Seven Days*

piece says, "Bomb shelters are for losers. Who wants to huddle together underground, eating canned Spam? Winners want to push the button themselves. . . ." Using the traditional Christmas-gifts-you-can-make-for-

less-than-\$40 format, the six-page illustrated guide goes on to give simple advice on building an H-bomb without any special equipment. For example, the directions to enrich uranium say, "Fill a standard-size bucket one-quarter full of liquid uranium hexafluoride. Attach a

six-foot rope to the bucket handle. Now swing the rope around your head as fast as possible. Keep this up for about 45 minutes. . . ."

A safety note from the editors tells would-be bomb builders to use plastic jugs and gloves when handling hydrofluoric acid "to prevent dissolution of hands." Other safety tips include recommendations to keep your uranium in different buckets in separate corners of the room to prevent premature build-up of a critical mass, and to "avoid inhaling plutonium [by] holding your breath while handling it."

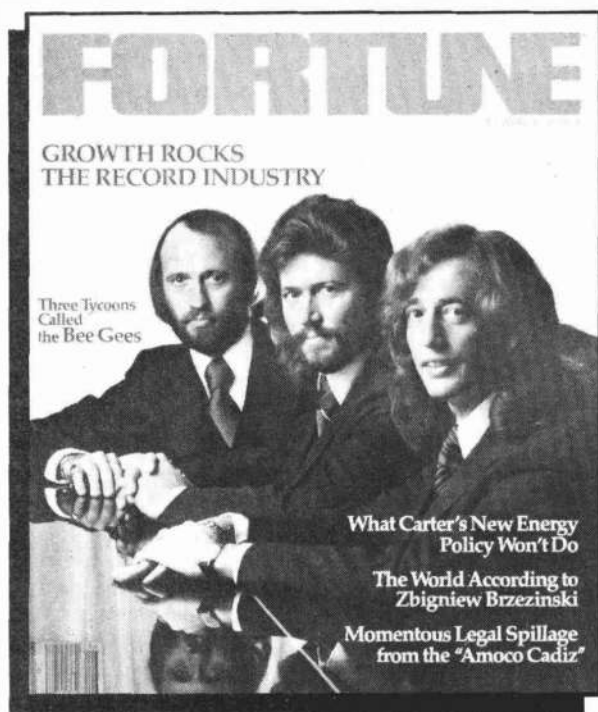
Finally, the directions suggest housing the bomb "in an attractive console of your choice."

When *Seven Days* marched into court with attorneys Martin Stolar and William Kunstler, the government backed down, and the magazine went to press—more than a week late.



BECKY WILSON

Frontlines



Fortune Boogies Out

Department of Images: A groundbreaking event in image-making occurred this spring, when pop rock musicians the Bee Gees agreed to appear on the cover of *Fortune* magazine in three-piece suits. What are the Brothers Gibb, still hot from *Saturday Night Fever*, doing on the pages that represent the cool millions?

Sitting under the headline "Three Tycoons Called the Bee Gees," for a cover article called "Growth Rocks the Record Industry," of course. The piece says, "Rock sells so well that it now comes in almost as many different varieties as dog food." It cites as one influence on the market the free advertising records get in "the thousands of disco parlors that keep people up till dawn all over the country."

Fortune provided the stars with Brooks Brothers suits for the pose. The brothers were "pleased" with the results, a researcher from the magazine said, "but also worried that their fans would feel ripped off. The Bee Gees—looking so straight—like they're making piles of money?"

TV Networks Take Flak

The first case to challenge the three major television networks' right to produce all their own news and public affairs programming is now winding through the courts.

Twenty-six independent producers and directors are charging CBS, ABC, NBC and their affiliates with mono-

polistic and discriminatory practices in a \$234 million civil antitrust suit. Claiming that the networks' policy is to deprive the public of diversity in news programming, the independents say that refusal to deal with outside suppliers of public affairs shows constituents a group boycott.

In addition to damages, the plaintiffs are asking the courts to order the networks to air documentary, public affairs

and news-magazine-type programming that is not internally produced.

"More than 95 percent of the entertainment programming on the networks is produced by independents," points out Eric Lieberman, attorney for the filmmakers. "Yet virtually none of the public affairs programs are. If the networks had monopolized entertainment programming in the same way, we would not have seen the changes that we have seen over the years."

The plaintiffs, some of America's top documentary filmmakers, include Joel Leivitch, Saul Landau, D. A. Pennebaker, Barbara Kopple, St. Clair Bourne, Emil de Antonio, Albert and David Maysles and Amanda Pope.

ABC and CBS have called the suit "without merit," while NBC has declined to comment. The independents predict that the suit will eventually come to trial, although not for at least a year.

Smart Safety Tip From Fed

Kudos to the old Atomic Energy Commission (AEC), which always got right to the core of the problem. *Critical Mass Journal* reports the results of a look at AEC files, just obtained by the Union of Concerned Scientists under the Freedom of Information Act. It seems that the AEC looked into above-average radioactivity levels in water from a laboratory sink and a drinking fountain in the La Crosse power plant, in Genoa City, Wisconsin, in 1969. The investigation revealed that a hose there connected a well-water tap to a 3,000-gallon radioactive waste tank.

The AEC's conclusion? "The coupling of a contaminated system with a potable water system is considered poor practice, in general. . . ."

—Dick Hoch, Connecticut

Rebels Seek Write-Off

Even Moslem guerrilla fighters get the (empty pockets) blues: Seven of them recently kidnapped an American missionary in the Philippines, and held him hostage for more than three weeks, asking for \$60,000 ransom. Later, Philippine military sources reported that the Moslem rebels reduced their demands, asking only for "reimbursement" of expenses they incurred while kidnapping the Reverend Lloyd Van Vactor.

The guerrillas claimed to have invested in three powerful outboard motors, and in fatigue uniforms in order to pose as soldiers for the abduction.

At last word, the kidnapped Van Vactor had been released, but there are conflicting reports as to exactly why. While both church officials and military sources reportedly turned down the ransom demand, rumor persists that the \$2,000 expense voucher may have been honored.

Reality Clip

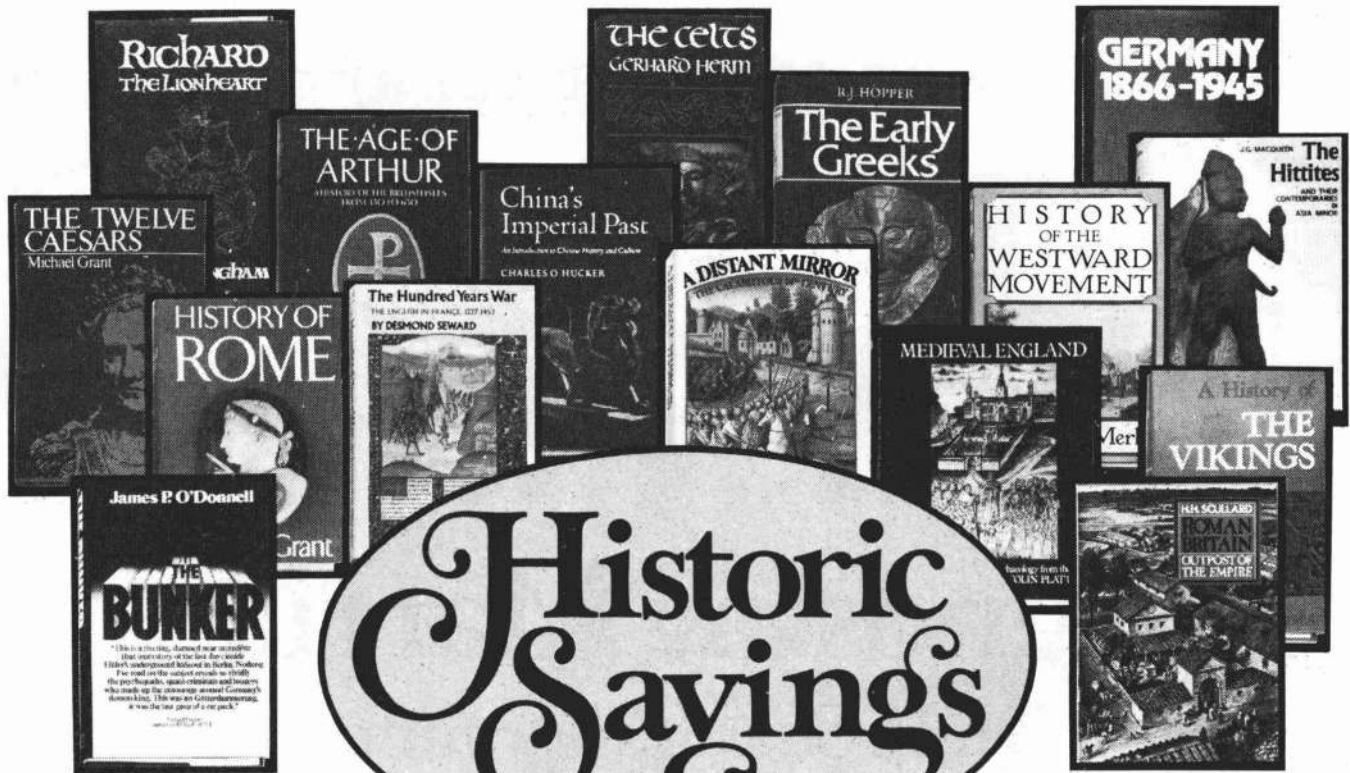
caused the death of the craftsman who made his dummy.

10 p.m. (5) Scared Straight. Peter Falk is host of this graphic documentary about a New Jersey program to reduce juvenile crime. Young offenders are "sentenced" to a three-hour visit to Rahway State Prison, where inmates tell them in graphic detail what prison life is like. (Viewers should exercise discretion.)

10 p.m. (26) Pennies from Heaven. A detective comes to the missing Arthur with the death of the girl he met earlier.

From *The Washington Post*, D. M. Walter, Wash., D.C.

"Frontlines" is edited by Zina Klapper. With thanks to Army Times, Donnie Dionne, Vicki Dompka, Thellen Levy, Militarism Memo, Rick Potthoff, Barbara Zheutlin and Zodiac News Service.



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MOTHER'S HEALER

Diagnosing Marriage

Dr. D. Says It's Terminal

By Hugh Drummond, M.D.

Illustration by M. K. Brown

MARRIAGE HAS NOT been healthy for women. Decent relationships with companionship, sex and homemaking are automatically and unconsciously transformed into a caricature of the whole social order. Take a close look at marriage and you will find the whole system adumbrated, lies and all.

The worst aspect of class oppression is that the oppressed internalize the values and myths of the oppressor. Women have come to believe that security and satisfaction are impossible outside of marriage. Every time a woman attempts suicide because she has been left by a man and every time a writer kills off his heroine when she has left her husband, the Great Male Pantheon quivers with delight. Women are very carefully taught that their only salvation is men.

The reality is that most surveys measuring "personal satisfaction," "happiness" or "fulfillment"—however they are defined—find women who have never married experiencing more satisfaction than married women. In addition, married women have higher

rates of mental and physical illness and, consequently, shorter life spans than single women. In contrast, married men have less illness and live longer than single men. Marriage seems to be good for men and bad for women. The obvious public health conclusion from this is that men should marry other men and leave women alone.

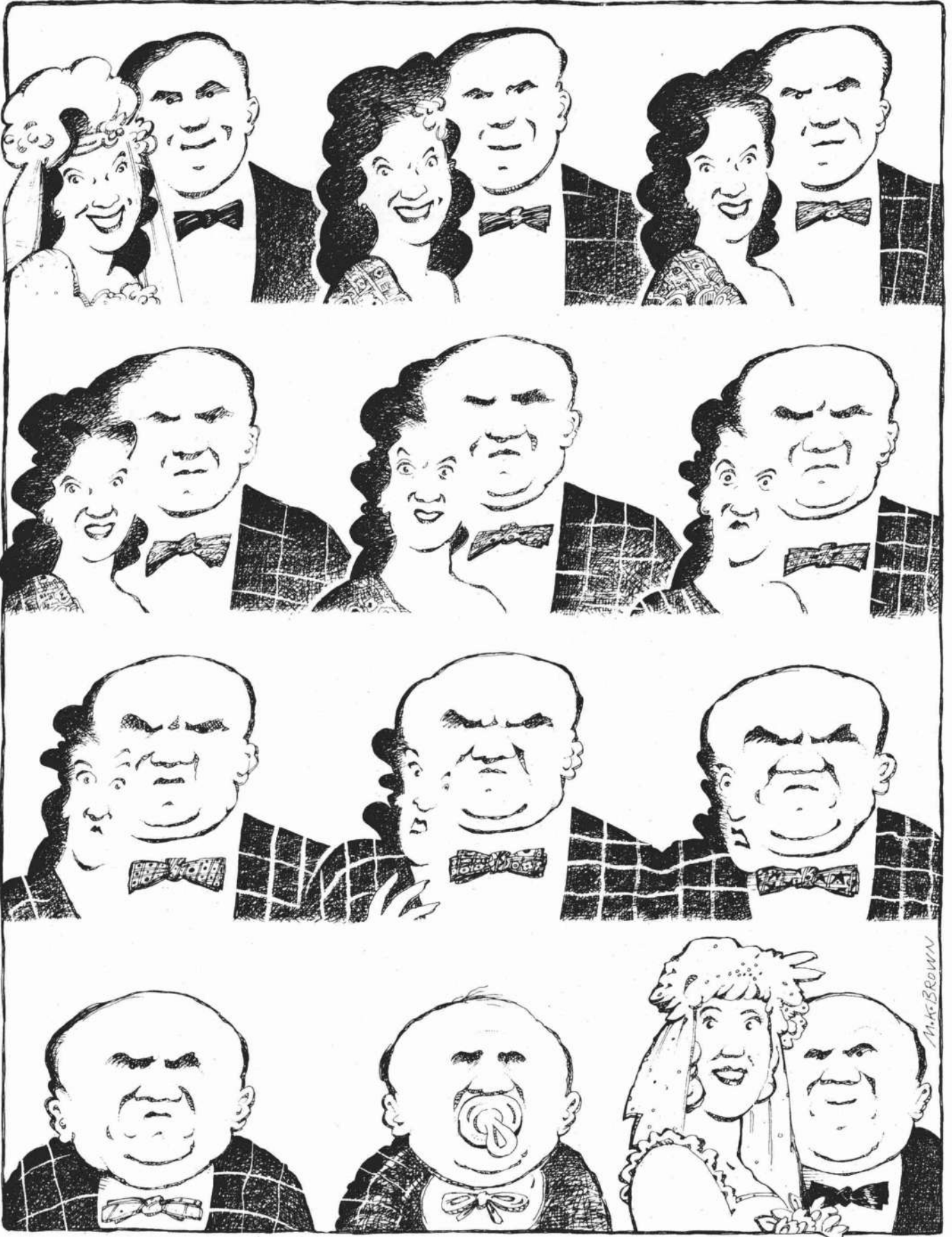
It may be a little while before that particular cultural shift catches fire. In the meantime, for those of us who are kicking through the rubble of heterosexuality for signs of life, marriage will continue to shed its grace. It might make sense for women and the few open-minded men around to understand what actually happens in marriage and why even wives who are not beaten are beaten.

Eleanor Dienstag's book, *Whither Thou Goest: the story of an uprooted wife*, provides one impassioned description of the process. Two bright, career-driven professionals fall in love, live together and marry. Soon after the marriage a sense of horror and humiliation slowly dawns in the woman, with the realization that everyone, her hus-

band, parents, in-laws, friends, assumes that his career is more important than hers and that his "helping out" in housework is just that—helping her in what is presumed by everyone to be *her* primary task. It's like something out of *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, where some subtle, pervasive, alien conspiracy has taken hold of people who were once thought to be trusted intimates.

Often the worst betrayal such women feel is from their own mothers. Every young wife who goes through this epiphany of humiliation, this sullen degradation ritual, harbors the smoldering, unasked question, "Why didn't you tell me?"

Jean Baker Miller's book *Toward a New Psychology of Women* describes the endless job of emotional caretaking that is the implacable burden of wives and mothers. They are the cheerleaders of industrial society. Their purpose is to smooth the furrowed brow, to raise the spirits, to make possible and worthwhile all the dumb, demented work that a mad social order wrings from its men.



It does not matter much whether the returning male is a miner or a professor; his wife, knowingly or not, has the culturally defined task of reading his face for signs of despair and doing her level best to get him back out there again the next day. She may have to fake an orgasm or two after the 11 o'clock news, but, what the hell, he's her hero. A husband may notice a new dress or a drop of perfume behind his wife's ear, but it is rare for him to be as sensitive to her shifting moods as she is to his. She *has* to be. It is a survival skill shared with oppressed minorities, who are also considered inscrutable because their emotional lives are left unattended.

A wife is really put through her paces when her husband becomes unemployed. A patient of mine described how this affected her. "Every instinct I ever had to do something for myself suddenly disappeared. I became nothing but a wife. I didn't think about it. I didn't decide to do it. I just did it. I spent four months catering to him. And now I can't forgive him."

In some households the tacit demands of men for emotional sustenance take a less subtle form. When a supervisor victimizes a worker, a terrible entropy often results in a wife being beaten. An increase in domestic violence is the most predictable consequence of unemployment.

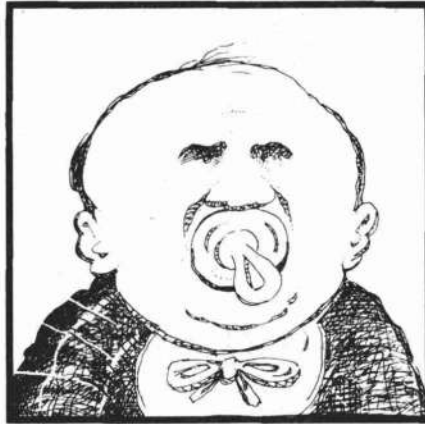
Don't be fooled by the current interest in "husband abuse" as one of the great social problems of the day. Like references to "black racism," it obscures the vastly more pervasive reality. A man biting a dog may make better news, but many more people are bitten by dogs than the other way around.

WHETHER OR NOT physical violence or the implied threat of it takes place, wives are the inevitable beasts of burden in a slave society. The world of men is a friendless and terrifying place. They continue to grind themselves through it only because their wives become the ultimate bearers of the tension and fear. The men can continue to "tough it out" only because their women experience acute anxiety attacks and all the other misery that derives from an insecure and alienated world. This is why corporations like prospective employees to be married: They get two dead souls for the price of one.

This is the case with executives and

professionals as well as assembly-line workers. The more "privileged" proletarians of post-industrial society do not make fewer demands on their wives; they just get more wives. It takes at least two to keep the average physician on his Type-A schedule.

Psychiatrists have an inordinately high divorce rate. They have gone through their first marriage by the time they hit 40. At that point, after a lifetime of striving, things are beginning to crest career-wise and the gratifications may be wearing a bit thin. As



"I have finally discovered what it is to love." (He means: "I have fallen in love with myself again.")

usual they turn to their wives for "a little support." By that time their wives (who were generally high-energy people themselves but subordinated their aspirations to their smart-ass, pushy husbands) are a little tired of the cheerleader role. They may say something not-so-supportive like, "I'm sick of hearing about that pile of shit you call work." Hurt and angry, the husband finds a young social worker or graduate student. She looks admiringly at him and he thinks, "I'm not so bad after all." He says to his friends (I have heard it a dozen times), "I have finally discovered what it is to love." What he means is, "I have fallen in love with myself again." So the maggot-like work of mental health goes on with each shrink supported by a small battalion of unpaid boosters of Male Professional Narcissism.

As it turns out, the sensitivity of women to their husband's emotional needs is not so comfortable for the men either. One of the frequent sources of fighting in a marriage is an emotional over-reactiveness, a super sensitivity that is merely a natural extension of the wife's function. It's like a thermostat that is too sharply set at a critical temperature, so that the on signal and the off signal are precisely set to the "ideal." The problem is that as soon as the furnace goes on, it shuts off again, and as soon as it shuts off it turns on again. A less finely tuned thermostat, one that allows for a lag, may not maintain the ideal temperature so well, but neither will it wear out the furnace in a crazy effort at constancy. One of the reasons there is so much alcohol and Valium in conflicted families is that they provide an emotional buffer, a chemical screw-off. But soon the emotional thermostat goes entirely dead.

MISERABLE THOUGH IT may be when the husband projects his vulnerability onto his wife, a more devastating situation occurs when the marital power-politics revolve entirely around weakness itself. There are families around which the rim of security is so narrow and the assaults so relentless that narcissism takes second place to survival. The fear of absolute abandonment results in a desperate competition based on reciprocal neediness. Here, too, male domination emerges through murky permutations.

I have seen elderly couples who have spent 40 or more years locked in this kind of primitive combat. In one, for example, the wife had catered to her alcoholic, dependent husband for most of his life. In the end, she developed a metastatic cancer that left her too enfeebled and in pain to carry on her domestic role. When she began demanding some caretaking from her husband to avoid being placed in a nursing home, he responded by making a clumsy, abortive suicide attempt. He claimed to be depressed because of her illness. A little probing revealed that behind the depression was resentment that he was now expected to serve his former servant. His desperate, slightly brain-damaged response was to show that, after all, he was still more dependent and needy than she.

Not even widowhood relieves such burdens. Women do much worse than

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F O R T N I G H T L Y

It's a pleasure.

men after the death of a spouse. Frequently enough, the men are married again within a year. Widows tend to carry on alone, ailing, impoverished and suffering a chronic depression that feels like longing for their dead husbands but which partakes of an unconscious resentment that was silted up over the years. The guilt following this anger is more accessible than the anger itself, so, feeling like bad people, they go to their graves wringing their hands. When you have seen many such in their declining years, you are forced to look for the social forces at work.

Society's incursion into the inner life of marriage extends to the erotic as well. All power-hungry people know what a threat sensuality presents to them. In the final showdown between obedience and pleasure, pleasure always has the upper hand. That's why corporations work so hard at simulating laughter on television and portraying cigarette smokers and whiskey drinkers as if they were coming all the time. If advertisers can convince the public that joy resides in the consumption of their products, they will have bought more time for the Empire.

In more "primitive" societies men actually perform clitoridectomies to make sure that women's capacity for pleasure does not interfere with their

capacity for obedience. A more subtle and social form of the same procedure is performed in the modern American marriage. In one couple I saw, the husband justified screwing his secretary because of his wife's "lack of sensuality." This meant that she didn't feel like fucking him whenever he felt horny. What later emerged was that whenever she really got turned on, he became impotent by coming too soon. If she actually became a little sexually aggressive, like wanting to get on top, his penis immediately became limp. He was not aware of it, but he was subjecting her to a classic operant conditioning program, training her to be compliant and to suppress her sexuality. And then, with the excuse of her not being sexy enough, he went around training other women to be compliant.

It is very impressive how men unconsciously but conscientiously use their impotence as an instrument of power over women. Since most women are terrified of being considered "castrating," when a man loses his erection the woman he is with is quick to assume that she is at fault. In fact, the threat of impotence has been the most effective way for men to get whatever they want in bed, everything from the avoidance of condoms to fancy blowjobs. The net effect is the subjugation of women and

the withering away of their capacity for pleasure, which has always been a threat to men. That's why witches were burned.

BUT EVEN THE manipulation of pleasure is not the most horrendous feature of married life for women. The health of their bodies is the final broker in the distribution of power at home.

Enhancing their husbands' self-esteem is so deeply embedded a marital function that wives will actually get sick in order to allow their husbands to feel stronger and better than they. Since men frequently behave like babies in grown-up bodies, women have to become *very* sick in order to be more disabled—sometimes they become paralyzed to let their husbands appear competent.

Agoraphobia has become a common disease. It results in people becoming house-bound because of the sheer terror experienced in the streets. The disease has done much for shareholders in Roche Laboratories and CIBA-Geigy, Corp., the companies that make Valium and Tofranil, the favored drugs of treatment. It has also provided a bonanza in the behavior modification market as phobias in general lend themselves to desensitization techniques. The purveyors of these treatments generally ignore three fascinating epidemiological facts about agoraphobics: they tend to be women, they tend to be married and they tend not to have been agoraphobic before their marriages. Despite the Freudian contention that neuroses are implanted by age six, it is impressive how many of these women led active lives before their marriages. The usual psychoanalytic argument is that phobias have to do with issues that rattle between the id and the super-ego, generally dealing with what psychoanalysts care most about: cocks.

The reality is that agoraphobia has more to do with power between husbands and wives. One series of studies by Julian Hafner that appeared in the *British Journal of Psychiatry* in 1977 seems to demonstrate this.

Hafner was interested in whether the self-esteem or emotional well-being of one partner in marriage depended on the neurotic disability of the other. He studied 33 agoraphobic women and their husbands and found that after successful treatment of the wives, the husbands showed significant increases



in hostility and neuroticism as measured on standardized tests. When some of the wives relapsed, the husbands showed improvement in their own scores. One husband attempted suicide four months after his wife's treatment. He stated that with her recovery he felt useless and inadequate. Two husbands became clinically depressed when the focus of dissatisfaction in the marriage shifted from their wives' agoraphobia to their own sexual difficulties. With four of the husbands, the wives' recovery reawakened abnormal jealousy, which in one of them became a florid paranoid psychosis. He recovered shortly after his wife resumed her agoraphobic behavior. One wife developed severe low back pain with no organic basis, a symptom that served the same marital function as agoraphobia, reducing the marital fighting that emerged when her phobia disappeared.

We have yet to learn just how much neurotic behavior in women is a function of marriage—their own, not that of Oedipus or their parents.

But neurosis is small potatoes and the word itself will soon disappear. In order to make a few bucks the American Psychiatric Association is reshuffling and remarketing its *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*; in the latest version they have done away with the neuroses. It may be too provident a cure, but they had to make changes to make money.

THE INEVITABLE RESPONSE to any statement about the effects of oppression is that the oppressed either deserve or enjoy their condition. If there is so much misery in the powerlessness of wives, they probably want it that way. This argument comes embellished with rape fantasies and is the last bastion of male domination in marriage. It doesn't work. No matter how much the victim blames herself, there is always a residue of anger. It cannot be drowned in alcohol or calmed with tranquilizers or placated with psychotherapy. If it is not expressed, it will smolder within and eventually erupt as rage, suicide or the great paradigm of our social pathology, cancer.

The June 23, 1978 issue of *Science*, a magazine not given to mysticism, summarized some of the research about the psychosomatic aspects of cancer. Among the studies quoted were ones that described "poor expression of

emotion," a "tendency to minimize the significance of their illness," "repressed behavior" and "hopelessness" as among the features associated with patients having a higher risk of various cancers. One of the most dramatic findings of one study, however, was that among 35 women with cancer of the breast, *those who were able to express anger lived longer than those who were pliant and cooperative.*

Well, what is to be done? For men the first task is to understand. We have to see how issues of power invade every aspect of every relationship in a society that worships it. Difficult as it is, the best of us, as much as the worst of us, must see how endlessly the need to dominate unfolds within us. For those struggling against it, the pain can be very intense. Every step of liberation seems to thrust one into a new pattern of domination. It's like a bad dream in which a person keeps entering the same room from which he has just emerged.

Should you marry? If you were foolish enough to ask and I foolish enough to advise, I would say no. Doctors' best judgments are made in the prosaic plains of probability, not among the peaks and crevices of possibility. And

if the decision is to be approached with the same cost-benefit mentality as any other transaction, it does not look like a good deal at all.

And yet you will marry, again and again. There seems to be a hunger for something in it. Maybe the reason it was made "holy" in the distant past was because it whispered a promise of something beyond the benefits of a contract.

And there are occasional moments in rare marriages when a strange thing happens. After a couple has wandered through a bit of shared history, when they have stopped lying to each other and themselves, when they have stopped fighting for small advantages, when they have given up the smallest part of ego, then there may be a fleeting experience of a sense of absolute presence and absolute union. It is something between the erotic and the spiritual and makes everything different.

Such an experience, though elusive and barely imagined, draws us into marriage against every rational judgment. Real or not, it is a crystalline hint of what the world's democratic and socialist dreams have always been about. □

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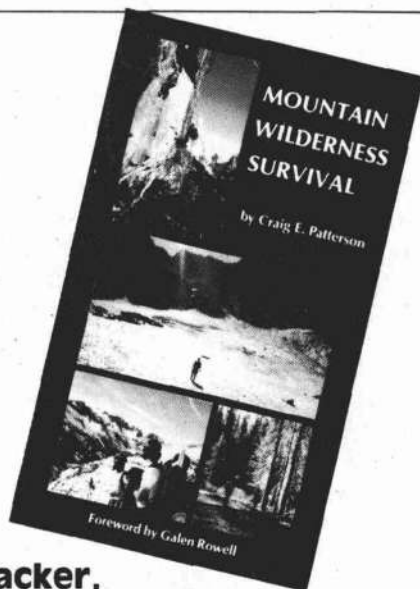
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He Who Strikes First

Introduction by Richard J. Barnet

THE DRILL FOR death we call the arms race has entered a new, more dangerous phase. As the articles that follow make clear, the United States is escalating its "defense" efforts—SALT or no SALT—and there is, of course, *no* defense. According to the Department of Defense, 100 nuclear weapons falling on the U.S. will kill 37 million people and destroy about two-thirds of our industrial capacity. The Soviets already have more than 5,000 nuclear weapons; that we have twice as many will not save a single life.

Had President Carter applied his campaign notions about "zero-based budgeting" to military appropriations, he would have scratched a good part of the \$1.8 *trillion* we are slated to spend over the next ten years. These missiles and other weapons buy no additional security. Indeed, for reasons made clear in the piece on page 24, first-strike weapons make us considerably *less* secure.

The new military game creates a "launch on warning" world, in which planners will tolerate no chance of having their weapons destroyed on the ground. In times of doubt, "prudent" planners will assume that the other side is about to attack. First-strike strategies will no longer be an option—they will be central to the plan.

How did it happen that after a decade of *détente* we have a resurgence of the arms race? The first explanation points to the military-industrial complex, by now as much a fixture of our form of government as the Supreme Court. Without the military version of Detroit's annual trade-in (see article on page 41), the one-third to one-half of the nation's engineers and scientists



The U.S. is escalating its defense efforts. But SALT or no SALT, there is, of course, no defense.

who work in some capacity for the Pentagon would have to look for other work.

But weapons cannot be sold without selling targets at the same time, and selling targets requires selling threats. Thus, every last weapon is needed, they tell us, to keep the Russians out of Philadelphia. Since 1976, the country has been in the midst of an orchestrated campaign to resell the "Soviet threat." Patently ridiculous bomb shelters (see page 29) are on their way back. The Committee on the Present Danger, a well-funded band of unreconstructed Cold Warriors, has flooded the country with statistics, quotes from Lenin and dark hints that the President is part of a conspiracy to conceal our military flabbiness from the American people.

These self-appointed elders warn: "If present trends continue, the Soviets will have military superiority." (The Soviets have been running hard to catch up, but they have made repeated offers to negotiate an end to all new weapons development.)

The Soviet threat is easily sold because most Americans long nostalgically for a world in which the only serious military power is the United States. This is why few people—least of all the workers assembling our bombs (see page 34)—question the hawks' insane logic. The Pentagon hopes to convince the country that building new missiles will make us safer. But the history of the arms race suggests that the opposite is true. More weapons means more danger. Those who create the first-strike technology that makes nuclear war more likely are the greatest threat to our national security.



first strike

first strike (fûrst strīk) n. 1. An attack that seeks to destroy as much of the enemy's megatonnage as possible, before it can be brought into play.

Attack Now

The Pentagon Reaches For The Button

By Eric Mankin

YOU MUST NEVER put a loaded rifle on the stage, if no one is going to fire it," Anton Chekhov once wrote in a letter to a colleague. The Russian dramatist's rule, unfortunately, isn't solely applicable to the theater. Preparations for war have a way of leading to wars. The nature of the preparations changes from time to time, though the intent is usually easy enough to read.

When King Edward III of England decreed in 1337 that, to quote one of his contemporaries, "no one in the realm of England, on pain of decapitation, should practice any game or sport other than that of shooting with bow and arrow, and that all craftsmen making bows and arrows should be exempted from all debts," and when Edward next ordered his lords to teach their children French, it was clear enough what was on his mind. Everyone was surprised, however, that the wars dragged on for 100 years. Similarly, when President John Kennedy assembled and equipped lightly armed, air-mobile infantry, suitable for putting down what were then called "brush-fire wars," it was not long before an occasion presented itself for their use in Indochina. This war, too, did not work out exactly as its planners had calculated.

For 27 years, the United States has been bringing



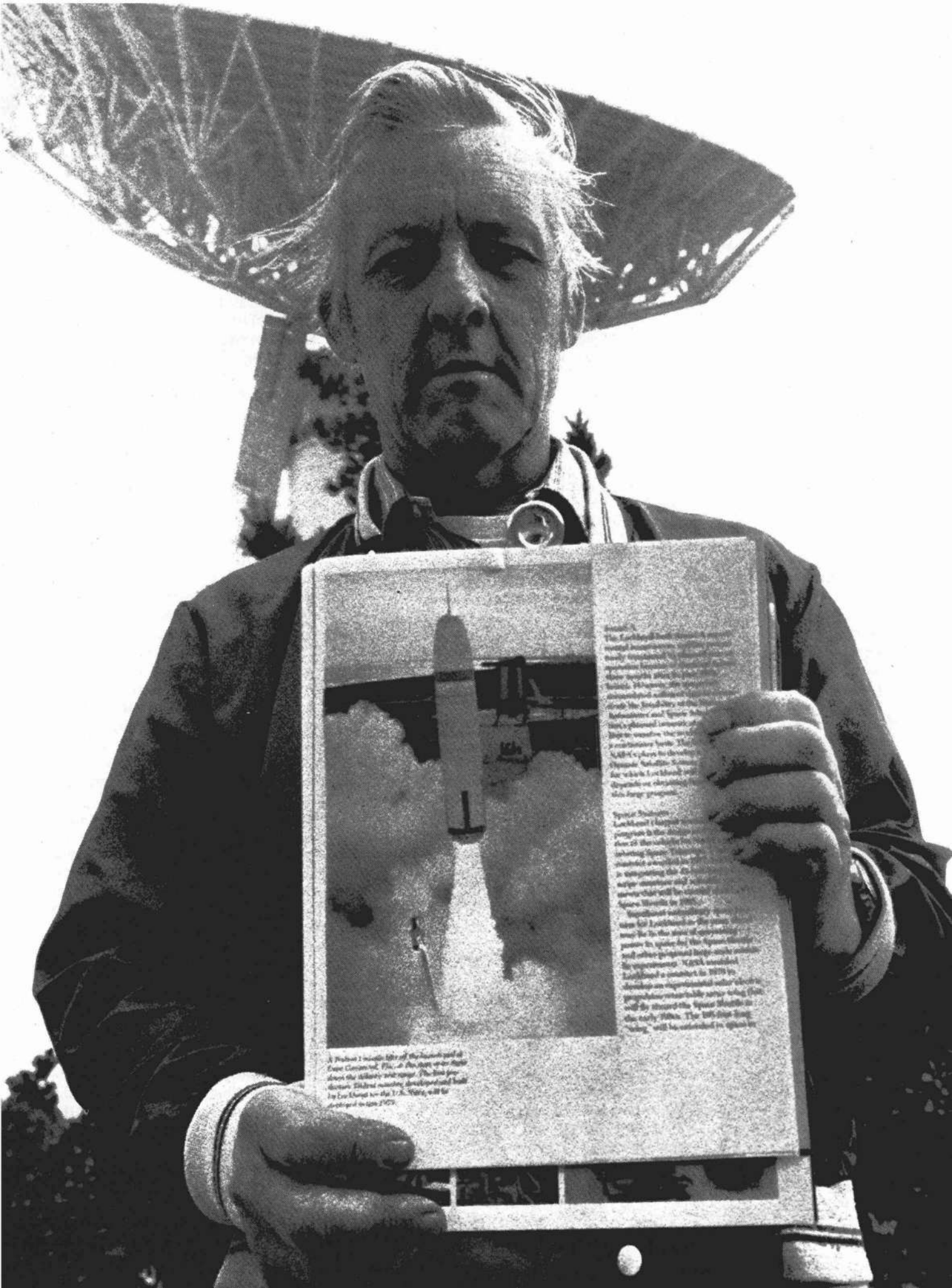
If Robert Aldridge's Japanese bestseller is correct, American factories are now preparing for WW III.

nuclear weapons on stage, with the avowed intention of never using them, to the point where many people have forgotten they are there. But now, both the form of the weapons and the announced intentions behind them seem to be shifting in a significant way.

Robert Aldridge, the author of what was recently the No. 2 non-fiction bestseller in Japan, lives in Santa Clara, California, just up the road from the phenomenal concentration of American electronic skill known as Silicon Valley. Here, on the hazy flats surrounding the southern reaches of San Francisco Bay, are the laboratories and factories that have brought forth a revolution in thinking machinery—and are now, if Aldridge's Japanese bestseller is correct, bringing forth the means for the

United States to win a third world war, SALT treaty or no SALT treaty.

Aldridge, a spare, bony, intense man in his 50s, has paid the dues to discuss the subject. For sixteen years he was an engineer for the Lockheed Corporation, helping to perfect the systems that made it possible to launch missiles from submarines: first the Polaris missile, then the Poseidon. For years Aldridge shuttled between California and the Nevada nuclear-device testing range, supervising detachments of engineers enlisted for the



Space Shuttle
 Lockheed's Space Shuttle program is the most ambitious of the nation's space programs. The program is designed to develop a reusable vehicle for which Lockheed will provide the major portion of the development.

Lockheed's Space Shuttle
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A Pictorial history of the development of Space Shuttle. The first flight was made about the middle of the year. The first production flight is expected to be made in the early 1970's. The first flight will be made in the early 1970's.

Cold War arms race. He began to feel uneasy as a discrepancy broadened between the announced purposes of the programs he was working on and what, as an engineer, he could clearly see they were designed to do.

In 1973, after soul-searching and long consultation with his wife (he has been married 32 years), he quit Lockheed. His wife, a homemaker, became a teacher's aide and helped support the family. At the time, six of the Aldridge's ten children were living at home. But Aldridge brushes off the courage of the step he took, offhandedly: "If people look at it like that," he says, "they never take the step. People get laid off in the aerospace industry all the time. At least we were able to plan for it."

Since 1973 Aldridge has been studying the shape of the American arsenal. And he has found that the trend he detected—toward an American atomic arsenal aimed *not* at maintaining the balance of terror, but at having the ability to *start* and *win* a nuclear war—has continued and accelerated. His book, *The Counterforce Syndrome*, puts forth the arguments in some detail. (A forthcoming book, *First Strike*, has just been translated into Japanese and will be published there this year. It is currently being considered for publication in this country.)

The developments Aldridge emphasizes are occurring across a range of defense programs. They include:

Missile accuracy. When the first intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs) were introduced at the end of the 1950s, they could not be counted on to land closer than five miles from their target. Since then, missile accuracy has steadily improved. Presently, Minuteman III missiles can reliably drop warheads within a 750-foot-radius circle. The Missile-X (M-X) guidance system, just approved, and the proposed Trident II submarine missile systems will shave this even further. And if certain improvements now on the drawing board are incorporated, by the mid-1980s a ballistic missile fired in Hawaii theoretically could land separate warheads inside selected addresses in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington and 16 other Eastern seaboard cities.

Since a nuclear warhead is capable of blasting a *crater* up to a mile in diameter, this kind of accuracy makes as much sense as a telescopic sight on a

shotgun, if the purpose of the weapon is what the United States once said was the only purpose of American strategic weapons: retaliation for an enemy attack. There is, in fact, only one kind of target for which such accuracy is necessary: someone else's missile silos. First strike, not retaliation.

Science magazine, in a three-part article about arms-control problems, somewhat ingenuously attributed this increase in accuracy to what the author of the series, Deborah Shapley, called "technological creep." Small, incremental improvements, made over the years in the course of apparently routine housekeeping, added up almost accidentally, she said, to a threatening new configuration: "the world of absolute accuracy." Still, whether we came by the power by innocent "creep," or, as Aldridge believes, by design, deadly accuracy is within easy reach—and we are reaching. "The United States has acquired this capability [of destroying the Soviet land-based missile force in a first strike]," *Science* concluded, "despite the official U.S. doctrine . . . that U.S. forces exist to deter a nuclear war rather than to fight and win it."

Anti-submarine warfare. The submarine-launched ballistic missile is presently the ultimate weapon. It may not be for long, at least for the Soviet Union. Improvements in our navy's Sound Surveillance System (SOSUS), a network of supersensitive underwater listening posts, have made it possible to track every boat in the ocean, when conditions are good. Improvements now in development, according to Aldridge, should make it possible for the U.S. Navy to know by the mid-1980s, under all conditions, where every Soviet submarine is. This would put the navy in a position to sink them all, simultaneously—a prerequisite for an American first strike.

At the same time, the United States' submarine force is becoming steadily more formidable. Now going into operation is the Trident system—bigger, faster, quieter subs equipped with much bigger, longer-range, more powerful, more accurate missiles. Each Trident submarine will carry anywhere from 168 to 408 nuclear warheads. Protests against the Trident notwithstanding, the U.S. may build as many as 30 of these craft by the mid-1990s.

Civil Defense. Once again, government plans are afoot for civil defense

programs. Despite the ironic, often pathetic attempts by the government to bribe and manipulate people into hurriedly building bomb shelters (a fiasco described in Gar Smith's article on page 29), the emphasis is shifting from the 1950s-style, run-for-cover-under-your-desk shelter program, to plans for the evacuation of entire cities. The crucial comparison here is between the time required for evacuation (visualize rush-hour traffic) and the flight time of a missile traveling at 20 times the speed of sound (10-30 minutes). Evacuations make no sense unless you are planning on fighting a war, not deterring one.

ALL OF THESE developments are accompaniments to a basic change in American defense policy. For years, during the Cold War, the official United States policy was "massive retaliation." American forces were to sit out any first strike by an adversary (i.e., the USSR) and still, in a second strike, inflict fatal damage. What this doctrine implies is that American missiles would be targeted on Soviet cities, not on Soviet missile-launching silos and airfields, since, as Aldridge puts it, "it does not make sense to retaliate against empty silos."

As American missile accuracies have increased, the targets of our missiles have changed. The beginnings of this policy shift were apparent in 1974, when then-Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger announced a new plan for "restrained" attacks against selected Soviet missile emplacements: counterforce strikes. That Schlesinger was not speaking merely for the Nixon administration became apparent this year, when Defense Secretary Harold Brown, in his annual report, explicitly stated that the historic doctrine of massive retaliation "was no longer credible."

Instead, Brown said, the United States "should be able to cover 'hard' targets [a "hard" target is one protected against blast, such as a missile silo] with at least one reliable warhead with capability to destroy that target."

To remove any ambiguity about precisely what "hard" targets were on the hit list, Brown went on to lament the fact that, presently, the United States doesn't have "high confidence of destroying a large percentage of Soviet missile silos and other hard targets with ballistic missiles."

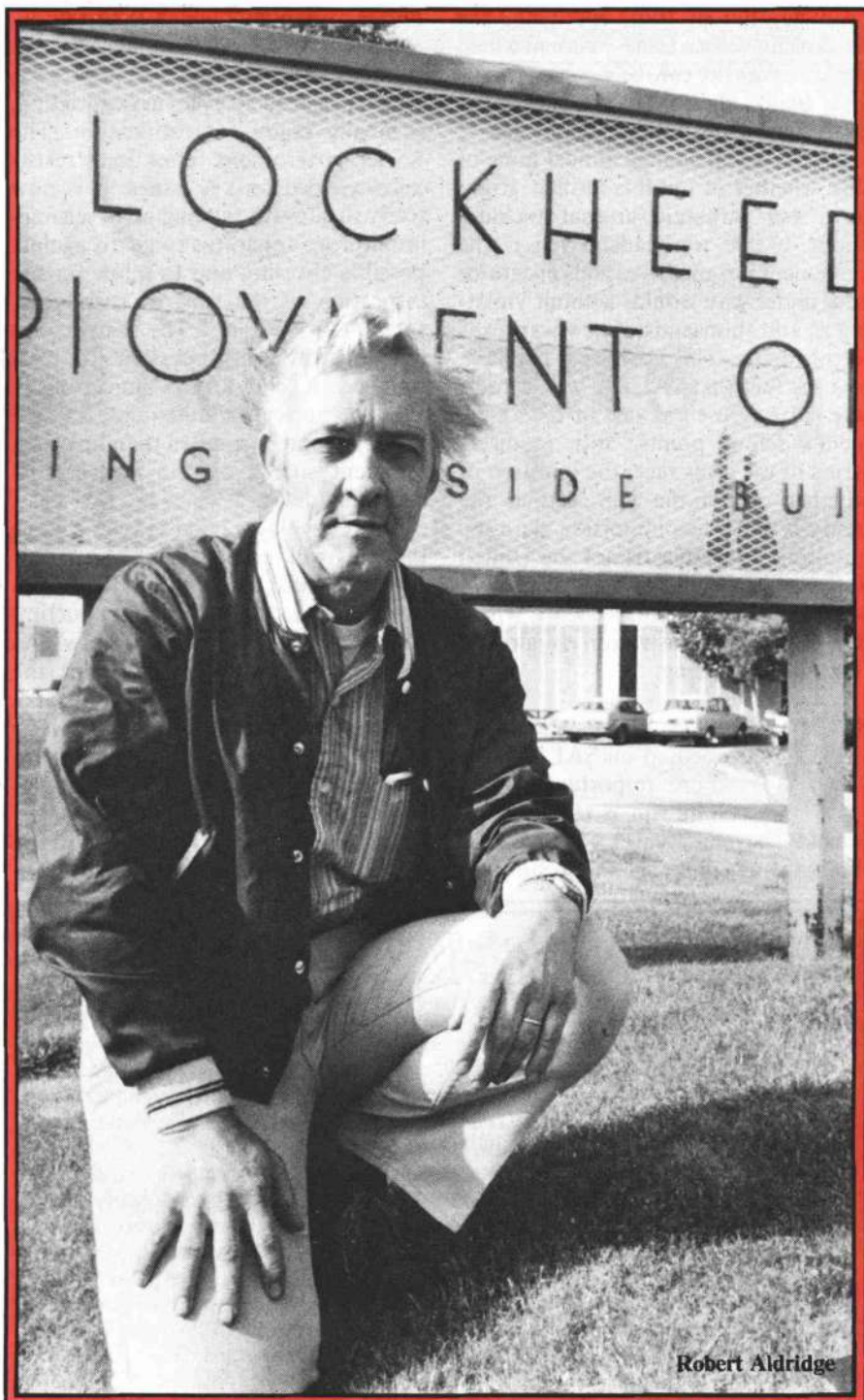
There has been one change from the Nixon/Schlesinger/Kissinger years. This strategic defense policy is no longer called a "counterforce strategy." The new name is "countervailing strategy." Apart from the incongruity of this policy in the administration of a president who, as a candidate, set an end to nuclear weapons production as a goal, little seems to have changed.

There is one problem with the "counter . . ." use of nuclear weapons. It cannot win a war. "We are talking about successive bombardments," Brown said, "delivered by long-range missiles and bombers with nuclear weapons, weapons that are capable of destroying targets and producing large amounts of lethal radiation, but quite incapable of holding or occupying territory, or even of blockading it."

Your tax dollars are now at work attempting to remedy this deficiency. In Los Angeles and in Virginia, think tanks under government contract are trying to figure out if there is some special combination of Soviet targets whose destruction would bring about desirable (from the American point of view) political effects. "We have never really thought the thing through," a Pentagon thinker explained to *The Washington Post*. One plan being explored is "employing strategic nuclear weapons to achieve regionalization of the Soviet Union." This would be analogous to a Soviet plan to use nuclear weapons to resurrect the Confederacy.

Another bright idea, now being mulled over in Vienna, Virginia, is to figure out a strike pattern that would kill the Soviet leadership and presumably leave the Soviet state flailing helplessly. Similarly, in California, a group called Analytical Assessments Corporation (4640 Admiralty Way, Marina del Rey 90291, [213] 822-2571) is trying to find a way, with the right kind of bombing, "of bringing about the collapse of the Soviet government that now exists, but without massive destruction of that country."

Why the switch to a more threatening nuclear posture? Basically, it is not a switch; it is merely an attempt to re-instate what was for years the status quo. In 1962, during the Cuban missile crisis, the Soviet Union was, notwithstanding Kennedy election rhetoric about a "missile gap," grossly out-classed in terms of deliverable nuclear weapons. The leverage this advantage



Robert Aldridge

provided us during that watershed event is now remembered in the United States with nostalgia, and in the Soviet Union with the determination not to let it happen again. During the distractions of the Vietnam War, this country's relative advantage declined, to the point that the strategic arsenals of the Soviet Union and the United States are now more nearly equal than they have ever been: we have better submarines and more warheads; they have more and

bigger missiles.

This state of affairs has created a vulnerability in American domestic politics: if a liberal Democrat like JFK could make an issue out of a missile gap at a time when the United States had virtual nuclear hegemony, imagine what a conservative Republican could do now. And the conservative Republicans are already gearing up. Throw in the recent American foreign-policy fiascos, from the fall of Vietnam to the

disintegration of Iran, and you have the makings of an atmosphere in which the government can be counted on to give blank checks to weapons merchants and their military symbiotes.

SALT II will change almost none of this, whether or not it is ratified. Right now, our strategic arsenal includes about 10,000 warheads. Even if the agreement is signed, weapons programs now under way would, without violating it, add thousands of new warheads to this figure. This is, indeed, planned, and the fact that SALT II won't interfere is being used as one of the agreement's selling points. Still, in direct terms of the arms race, the question of whether or not the U.S. ratifies the treaty is much less important than the question of whether or not the United States goes ahead and builds the M-X and the Trident missile systems, which the Carter administration is already committed to doing.

WHILE THE PRESS noise is focused on SALT II, far more important in the long run is the comprehensive test-ban treaty, which would eliminate all underground testing of

nuclear weapons—which is to say, all testing. Such tests are essential for developing new weapons. The treaty, which has been 20 years in negotiating, is finally ready for ratification. The Soviet government, after long resistance, yielded on key issues. It is now ready to allow the setting up of seismic-monitoring apparatus to guard against possible cheating and to allow on-site inspection of the sites of suspicious, small seismic events. The Senate isn't scheduled to even discuss the test-ban treaty until after SALT—sometime in 1980, perhaps even later—unless much more pressure is applied than has been apparent so far on the nuclear disarmament issue.

There seems to be at least a chance that this will happen. In the past four years, political resistance and civil disobedience has slowed the introduction of nuclear power plants to a crawl. As more people are thinking about the issue of nuclear power—and events like Harrisburg—the corollary between reactors and bombs is becoming increasingly obvious. There is perhaps some room for disagreement about the dangers of nuclear power plants; there is complete agreement about the dan-

gers of nuclear weapons.

In the late '50s, demonstrations in the streets helped force an end to atomic testing in the atmosphere and removed the disarmament issue from the surface of public consciousness for two and a half decades. Now, inevitably, it is creeping into the public conscience.

Late in 1977, over 12,000 scientists and engineers from around the world, including 27 Nobel Prize winners, signed a resolution sponsored by the Union of Concerned Scientists, "a declaration on the nuclear arms race," calling for an American initiative to stop the development of new weapons. The initiative would have the United States simply publicly announce that it would halt all underground nuclear testing, and that it would not field-test or deploy any new nuclear weapons or missile defense systems for a period of two to three years, provided only that the Soviets followed suit in some reasonable time after the announcement. The scientists emphasized that these actions would not jeopardize American security. With satellite surveillance, they said, "we would know if the Soviet Union were not following our lead. Should the recommended interruptions not bear fruit, the interruption in testing would hardly degrade our security. It takes many years to develop and deploy strategic weapons systems, and our strength is such that a short delay of the sort we recommend cannot put the U.S. at risk."

That was one and a half years ago. The United States is now in the process of flight-testing the new Trident missile. More accurate Minuteman warheads and the M-X missile are on deck. The bomb factories are running at capacity.

In *Catch-22*, the bombardier Yossarian realizes that his enemies, his most deadly enemies, are not the crack flak-guns of the German anti-aircraft battery, but his superior officers and his national leaders. Simone Weil said the same thing when she wrote that modern war has become a conspiracy of national leaders against the civilians of the two warring countries. The ICBM has made us all Yossarians.

Eric Mankin is a freelance writer based in Los Angeles. His last article for Mother Jones was "Doing the Missile Shuffle" (Dec. 1978), with co-author Karen Stabiner.

ARMS RACE FRONTRUNNERS

Nuclear weapons production has been a virtually recession-proof industry for the 27 years the United States has been engaged in it on a large scale. Business is now picking up. On November 19, 1978, the Pentagon launched "its most ambitious nuclear weapons production program in two decades," according to *The Washington Post*. Private industry is doing its duty in this effort, in a competition-free atmosphere of guaranteed profit.

Rockwell International ("Where science gets down to business") fabricates plutonium and beryllium bomb components at the Rocky Flats plant in Colorado, outside of Boulder. The plant is owned by the government, but operated by Rockwell, a typical pattern for the industry. Union Carbide ("Today, something we do will touch your life") builds uranium bomb components at another government plant, the Y-12 plant in Oak Ridge, Tennessee. Non-nuclear electronic and mechanical bomb parts are made by the Bendix Corporation ("We speak technology"), at a government factory in Kansas City, Missouri. The explosive detonators that trigger the bombs are manufactured by Monsanto ("Without chemicals, life itself would be impossible") at Mound Laboratory, near Dayton, Ohio. The General Electric Company ("Progress for people") builds neutron generators at its Pinellas plant in Florida.

All these components come together near Amarillo, Texas, where a company named Mason & Hanger-Silas Mason, Inc., assembles them into completed nuclear weapons at its Pantex plant. Robert Friedman's close-up of life and death at Pantex begins on page 34.

Designs for the weapons come from the scientists at the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory in Livermore, California, and the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory in New Mexico. Both labs are operated by the University of California ("Let there be light"). Weapons are also designed in New Mexico at Sandia Laboratories, operated by the Sandia Corporation, a subsidiary, of course, of American Telephone and Telegraph.

—E.M.

Bomb Shelters Are Back!

The Government's Own Hole-In-Earth Catalog

By Gar Smith

ONE MORNING IN November 1973, the United States government announced that Soviet nuke-tipped missiles were about to knock Montrose, Colorado, flatter than a plutonium pancake. There was no panic. In one home a woman hurriedly scooped up clothing, tools and valuables, while her husband disinfected three garbage cans and filled them with water. Across town, a 14-year-old boy named Tad grabbed a screwdriver and removed the wooden doors from the family bedrooms. Within hours, both families were miles outside of town, jabbing shovels into the frozen soil of nearby pastures, trying to build bomb shelters.

The government had told them nuclear war was imminent; they had to evacuate and dig in. Push, as it were, had finally come to shovel. It was a race against time.

Some families won. Some lost.

It was all a test, of course, part of a study in Crisis Relocation Planning conducted by the government's Oak Ridge National Laboratory (ORNL). The object: to see how fast the average American could abandon a home and hearth in the city and burrow into whatever undeveloped land could be found within an hour's drive of Anytown, U.S.A.



It was safe a bet that most city-folk would forsake their high-rise condos and relocate to subsurface suburbias.

But wait! Aren't bomb shelters passé? A flopped fad from the 1950s? Deader than an Edsel?

The answer: No, not quite; not since 1970, when ORNL technicians, translating a Soviet civil defense handbook, discovered, to their horror, the existence of "extensive Soviet preparations to evacuate, disperse and shelter urban Russians within about 72 hours, during some types of crisis-threatening nuclear war." As for U.S. plans, we had zilch.

If, some bright morning, 10,000 U.S. warheads and 5,000 Soviet missiles started playing thermonuclear leapfrog above our heads, the Russians would have already split from the cities into protected areas in the nonstrategic boondocks. And where would that leave us groundlings here in the states? Don't ask. Consequently, since 1971, the government has been quietly toying with plans for "hasty shelter construction."

This is the new direction in America's civil defense plan. According to Seymour Wengrovitz of the Defense Civil Preparedness Agency, such planning is under way in the 50 states and the District of Columbia. (Earlier this year, California became the last of the states to undertake a program of crisis relocation planning, receiving \$375,000 in federal funds for the purpose.)

In 1973, ORNL assigned its resident master of the "expedient shelter," Cresson H. Kearny, to take the lab's blueprints into the fields to test the mettle of America's Just Plain Janes and Joes. The results of the two-year test were published in 1976. Some 880 copies of "Expedient Shelter Construction and Occupancy Experiments" were printed. Most wound up in the hands of such policy makers as Zbigniew Brzezinski, James Schlesinger, Senator Howard Baker and Edward Teller. More copies were sent to interested parties inside the Central Intelligence Agency, the Stanford Research Institute and the Sandia Corporation (which, in cooperation with the University of California's Lawrence Livermore Laboratory, designs nuclear weapons). Fewer than 200 copies were left for circulation outside the power elite. One of these copies has reached *Mother Jones*.

Author Kearny reasoned it was a safe bet that, given sufficient motivation, most city folk would forsake their high-rise condos and relocate to subsurface suburbs, there to rough it with the roentgens.

Kearny decided to motivate his recruits through simple capitalism. You could have called it "Digging for Dollars." Families that finished their expedient shelters in less than 96 hours were assured of "the equivalent of good wages for this type of labor." Those that failed to meet the four-day dig-in deadline got nothing. But! If any family managed to complete its shelter within 36 or 48 hours (depending on the difficulty of the design), "they would earn a substantial cash bonus."

In each of three test states, Kearny's experiment began when a family member received the Evacuation Check List and a set of Shelter Building Instructions. Tad's mother (a widow) received the one-page check list at six a.m. She woke her five children for the evacuation effort. Her family was chosen to represent the "manless families so common in the cities." In addition to water, canned food, shovels and aspirin, the list suggested taking "money, credit cards, negotiable securities, valuable jewelry, checkbooks" and "a favorite book or two. . . ."

By 7:17 a.m., Tad's family was several miles out of town, unpacking a station wagon crammed with six wooden doors, tarps, shower curtains and buckets. Kearny, armed with a camera

and a fat notepad, hovered nearby, recording the event. "Until the second day, no member of this family learned how to swing their dull, old pick properly," Kearny wrote, adding that the mother, a registered nurse, "dug inefficiently with her dull shovel by pushing it with her foot." To make matters worse, it was winter, and the soil was frozen an inch deep. Within two hours of the first day, fatigue had hit the family. "They were so tired, they frequently sat down to dig!" a flabbergasted Kearny reported. After prying

To keep the car on the ground when all of Cleveland is flying past overhead, shovel two tons of earth into it.

and scraping at the hard clay-loam, inch by inch, they quit, utterly exhausted, at 5:20 p.m.

The promise of Kearny's cash bonus helped bring them back to work at 7:33 the next morning. Despite intermittent snow and a 25-degree temperature, the family carved out a trench three feet wide, 15 feet long and four and a half feet deep. They draped bed-sheets down the sides, then covered the trench with the doors, the tarps and 15 inches of dirt. The family's Door-Covered Trench Shelter was completed at 3:50 p.m., November 25, some 34 hours after the receipt of the evacuation instructions. They won \$400.

To discover how the folks in Jacksonville might fare, Kearny traveled to Flagler County in Florida's northeast. There, because of the high water table, all shelters were built above ground.

With Kearny observing, a poor, rural, black family from Bunnell, Florida, built a Crib-Walled Shelter out of logs, working by the light of pop-bottle kerosene lanterns. Lacking newspapers or cardboard, they used palm leaves to shield the roof prior to piling it high with protective dirt. The family easily

earned the base sum of \$500 for completing the shelter. On the other hand, Kearny discovered that "urban Americans in Florida were not attracted to the hard work of building good shelters, even when they had the necessary tools and were offered incentives equivalent to \$10 per man-hour of work."

But what about all those people who are likely to get stuck in a massive traffic jam on Evacuation Day or who can't find any space left in the woods? Well, for those poor souls, ORNL's resourceful planners have developed "the shelter of last resort," the Car-Over-Trench Shelter. In what is doubtless the ultimate homage to the auto, the family car becomes both salvation and tomb for driver and kin.

In the ORNL report we learn how "an urban mechanic from Los Angeles, with inconsequential help from his diabetic wife and no help from their nine-year-old daughter, evacuated in his car, built a Car-Over-Trench Shelter and stocked it for prolonged occupancy."

A Car-Over-Trench Shelter is a simple matter. Just dig a trench 40 inches deep and 28 inches wide and park a car over it. To keep the car on the ground when all of Cleveland is flying past overhead, two tons of earth are shoveled into its interior and trunk. Plastic is taped up the sides of the car and more dirt piled on top of that. Drawbacks are obvious. It is cramped, it leaks in rainstorms, and you can't get out to start the engine to keep warm. But it's a living.

Cresson Kearny's notes from the underground showed that Americans—if caught between the rockets and the hard pan—*could* build expedient shelters. But could anyone actually *live* in one? The answer came in Utah in the summer of 1974, when a six-person family from the town of Bountiful agreed to build and inhabit a Log-Covered Trench Shelter.

The family was described as "an above-average Mormon family, headed by an electrical engineer, a man long concerned with civil defense." Their

Your average doomsday roadies. Top: Door-covered trench shelter with "inexpensively rigged," plastic tablecloth canopies. This family got so tired that they were shouting at each other. Far right: Inside that shelter. Right: Car-over-trench shelter. The woman said she found the experience "quite exciting."



ORNL Photos

new home was to be four and a half feet below the surface. A pre-cut pile of aspen logs was waiting for them when they arrived at the selected shelter site. After two days of digging, they laid the nine-foot logs over the top of the trench, covered them with plastic garbage bags and buried it all under 18 inches of soil. They finished at 1:30 a.m., 32½ hours after receiving their orders to evacuate. They won their bonus.

Now the real test began.

From a small cubbyhole carved alongside the main shelter, Kearny observed the family as it spent nearly four days living below ground. One of Kearny's first observations: he should have given himself more than a 24-inch ceiling—he wound up with a sore neck.

The family's 3½-by-16½-foot shelter was something of a showcase. There was an odorless toilet, made on-site, and a bathing area behind a sliding curtain. Other lavish extras included a transistor radio; a 12-watt light bulb, powered by voltage from a portable foot-pedaled generator; hammocks above and a shag rug below; and even a cheery little sign near the battery-powered clock, which blithely proclaimed: "Hole Sweet Hole."

Despite the relative luxury, the experiment was almost aborted after the 12-watt bulb blew out. (The family had neglected to make the recommended expedient lamp.)

"On the third night of blackness inside the shelter, a potentially serious incident occurred," Kearny reported. He was suddenly awakened by the sound of the woman muttering "in a disciplined but tense" voice, "I have to get out of here. I can't orient myself."

"This decidedly stable woman had never before experienced claustrophobia," Kearny noted. With the help of a dim flashlight, she was able to regain her composure, and the experiment resumed. The ORNL report summed up the crisis. "Conclusion: It is bad not to be able to see at all."

TWENTY-THREE OTHER families went through similar field tests between 1977 and 1978, and, according to the Defense Civil Preparedness Agency, "all but a couple . . . earned a bonus for rapid construction." The results bolstered Kearny's 1976 prediction that a sizable fraction of urban families could evacuate their homes during a crisis, drive to

wooded rural sites and survive.

Recent Defense Department studies go so far as to predict that over 80 percent of America's otherwise-doomed city-dwellers could survive if there was enough time to flee the cities and reach the security of "host cities" or "expedient shelters." But even assuming that woods bomb shelters would save some of us Americans, what would life be like? Not so nice, say the experts.

Even with shelters, "some contamination . . . will occur unavoidably," according to T. B. Drew, a former profes-

The atomic material in the stratosphere travels around the world for months or years, until it finally descends.

sor of chemical engineering at Columbia University. "In an intense nuclear attack, some radioactive gases will be produced. These cannot be removed from the air supply by any known practicable means." Henry Yost, Jr., professor of biology at Amherst College, spells out the consequences: "Fifteen percent of the population would die from alteration of the blood-forming elements and general radiation sickness. . . . Survivors in shelters will show a 25-50 percent increase in the incidence of cancers of all types" and between 25 and 50 percent of surviving females would be sterile.

As for our food supply, a U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) publication admits that "a nuclear attack on this country could contaminate huge areas of crop and rangelands," with strontium 90 "remaining indefinitely—for all practical purposes—in the top several inches" of soil. Water from lakes, creeks and oceans would be radioactive for weeks; water from deep artesian wells, alone, would be safe to drink. High doses of radiation would mean the "total destruction of the ability of wheat, barley, red clover and millet to develop beyond the germina-

tion stage. . . .

"The atomic material in the stratosphere . . . travels around the world until it finally descends," the USDA report goes on. "The residence time in the upper atmosphere ranges from months to several years . . . the fallout would contain mostly the long-lived isotopes." (We can target our missiles with dazzling precision, but we can't control our fallout.)

If we survived in an area of heavy fallout, however, we would be able to watch it collect about our shoes. "Physically, it behaves like dust," the USDA report explains, ". . . and to the unaided eye may resemble dust such as that from a cultivated field, as a fine white powder, or tiny glassy beads."

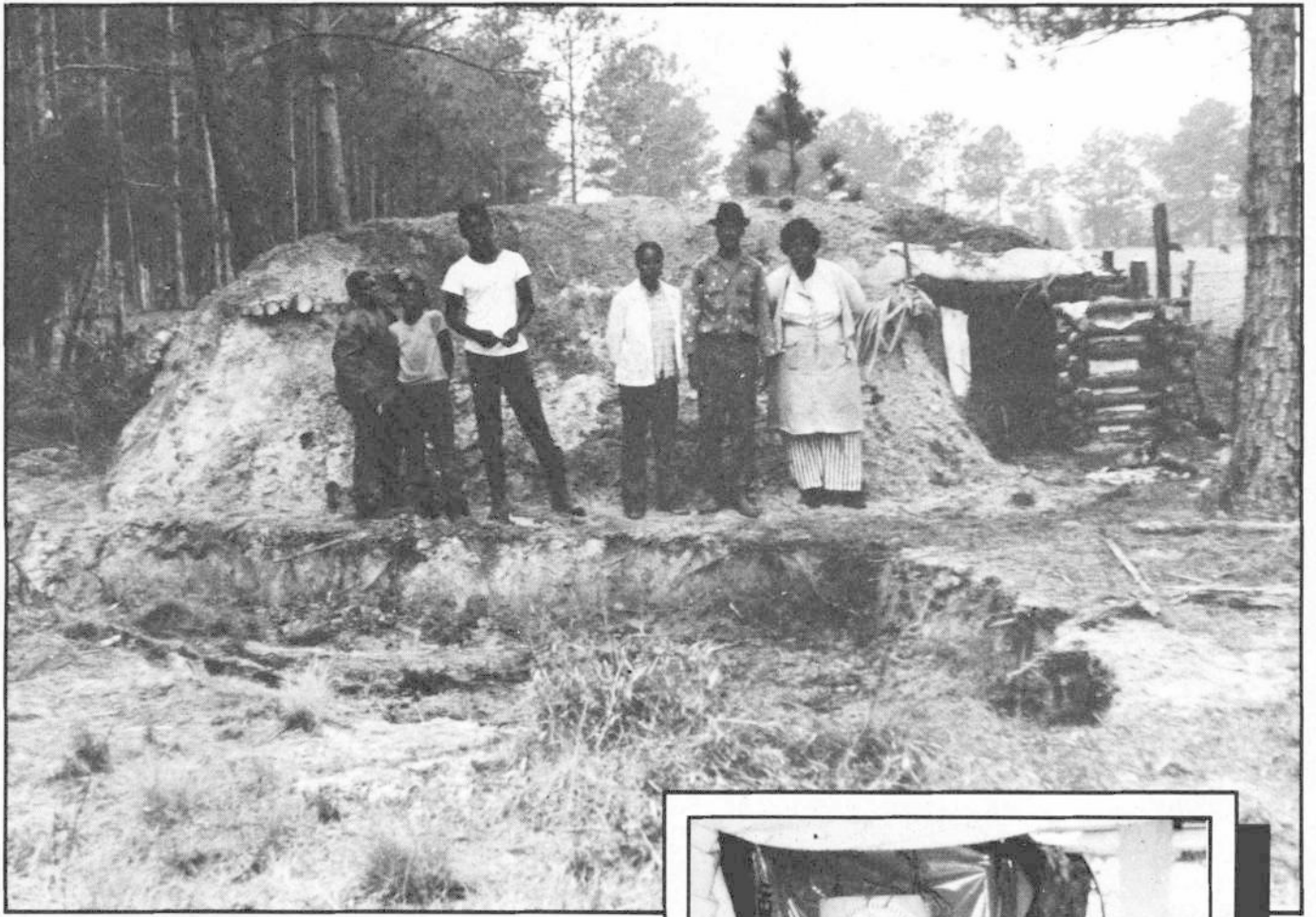
NOT A PRETTY picture, surely. And after the fallout, even shelters, along with all the other long-term, post-attack inconveniences, may prove to be more than temporary. As Cresson Kearny points out in his report's conclusion, it is worth every effort to build a *good* shelter, "since most evacuated urban citizens would be homeless after a massive nuclear attack." These new digs would, in effect, become the permanent homes for the survivors of America After the Apocalypse. Who knows? Kearny happily predicts that, with a little bit of extra effort after the radiation level has died down, these retreats could be "enlarged subsequently into habitations more livable than were many of the dugout homes of American pioneers."

There you have it. A glimpse of the New (Post-Nuclear) Frontier. Can you dig it?

Eat your heart out, Nikita Khrushchev, you almost got it right. For if SALT II can't preserve us from a world gone Helter-Shelter, our national epigraph may read: "We Will Bury Us."

Gar Smith is a Berkeley-based freelancer. His work has appeared in the Berkeley Barb, Hustler and New West.

Top: The feds paid them for the 14 bed-sheets, 6 bedspreads and plastic film they used to protect themselves from radiation. Right: This family moved over 50 tons of earth by manual labor. Far right: The telephone was brought along as a "playful gag." All photos are from the government manual on shelter-building.



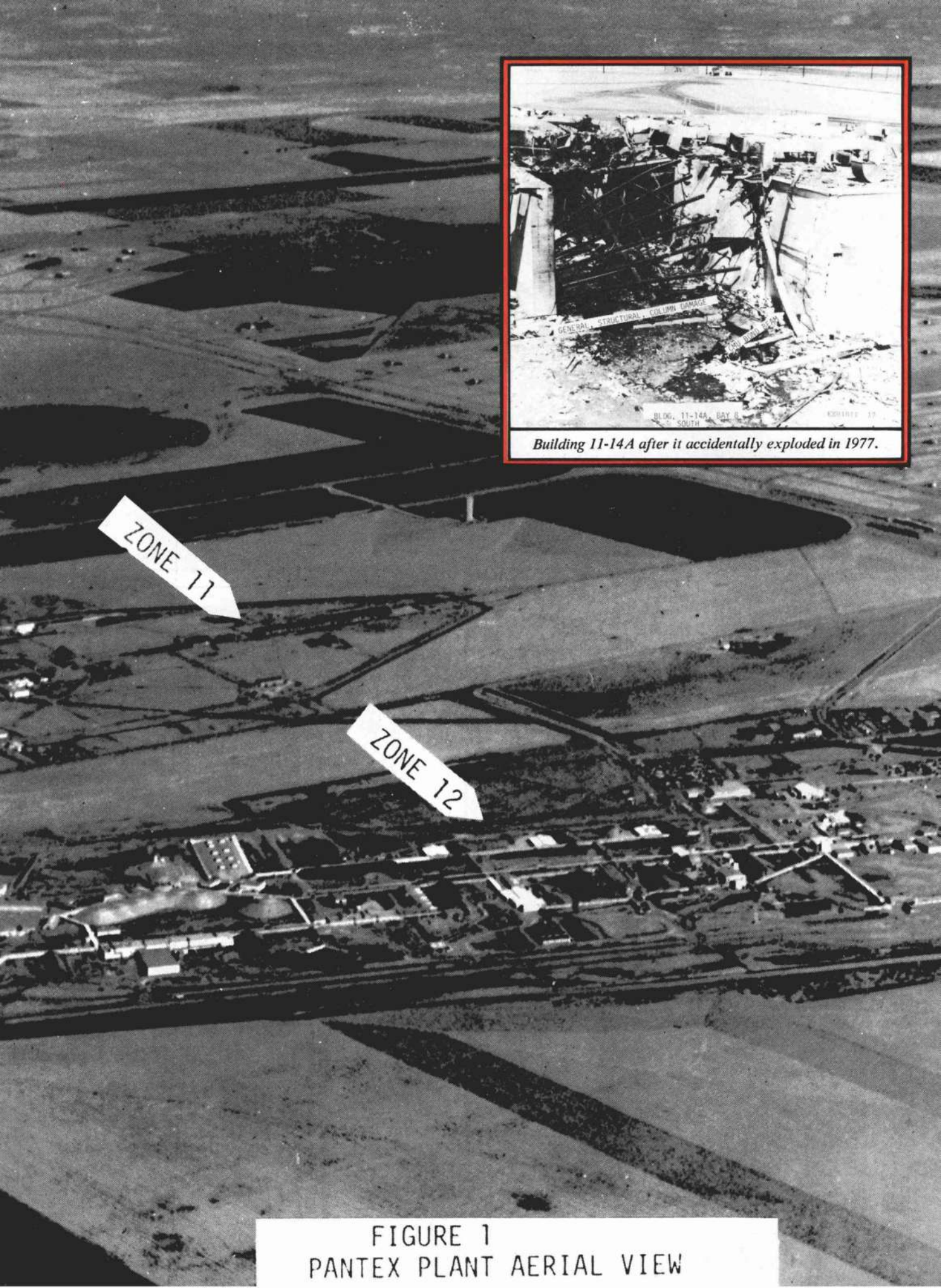


FIGURE 1
PANTEX PLANT AERIAL VIEW

In The Heart Of The Beast

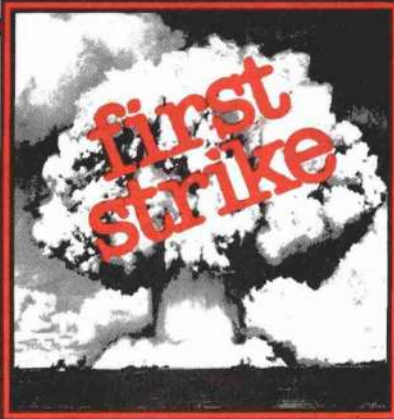
How They Learned To Stop Worrying And Build The Bomb

By Robert Friedman

STANDING ON THE front porch of his white, clapboard house, C. R. Prickett looks out at his neighbor's 9,100-acre spread of relentlessly flat Texas Panhandle farmland. A cowboy hat shields his lined face from the sun, and a string tie swings back and forth as he shifts his weight from one pointy boot to the other. "It's just one of those things," he says philosophically. "It's got to be somewhere, don't it?"

Like a man living at the foot of a volcano, Prickett has grown accustomed to his neighbors on the other side of the two-lane blacktop, euphemistically called Farm-to-Market Road 293. Bomb Factory-to-Stockpile Road would be more appropriate, for the people across the way build nuclear weapons, and the trucks that pass by Prickett's house are more likely to be loaded with warheads than vegetables.

Most of the time, as he goes about his business raising cattle and wheat, Prickett is oblivious to the arsenal of death being assembled next door. Occasionally, the quiet is broken by the blast of high explosives being detonated. These tests release small quantities of uranium 238, which are carried north by the prevailing winds and deposited on Prickett's farm. Although the concentration of U-238 on the north side of the bomb



Who are the people who assemble this most lethal of products? How do they accept the banality of nuclear weapons?

screens, squat concrete bunkers—rise up like the city of a child's imagination. The only hint of danger is a small yellow and black sign: "Warning. Safety Buffer Zone. Only Authorized Persons Allowed."

Within this buffer zone is a factory called Pantex, where every atomic bomb, every thermonuclear weapon in the United States is assembled. There is no other plant of its kind in the country. Woody Guthrie, who spent part of his youth in nearby Pampa, once called this area "the dead center of the dust bowl." Today, it is the dead

plant is 20 percent higher than normal for the area, Prickett is not concerned. Neither is he worried about the Soviet missiles surely aimed in his direction. "Been here 13 years," he says, "and haven't lost any sleep over it yet."

From Prickett's porch, 17 miles northeast of Amarillo, the prospect is indeed peaceful. Clues to what goes on behind the barbed-wire fence across the road are as hard to find as trees. Contented cattle graze over much of the 9,100 acres, unaware of the short trip they will soon be making to the nearby Iowa Beef processing plant, the largest slaughterhouse in the world. Off in the distance, clusters of odd-shaped structures—huge silver hemispheres, freestanding walls the size of drive-in movie

center of America's nuclear empire.

From all over the country, hundreds of different bomb components are shipped to Pantex in white, trapezoidal railroad cars and specially equipped, 40-foot trailers. Plutonium triggers come from the Rocky Flats plant near Denver; tritium, a fusion material used in H-bombs, comes from the Savannah River Plant in South Carolina; detonators from Miamisburg, Ohio; electrical components from Kansas City, Missouri. And here, in Pantex's silver domes, teams of workers assemble these benign pieces into the world's most advanced killing machines.

The completed bombs—it takes three or four days to assemble a weapon capable of vaporizing a city that may have taken hundreds of years to build—are stored in concrete "igloos." There they await shipment to Strategic Air Command bases, Minuteman missile silos, Trident submarines and nuclear stockpiles. This year, dozens of B43 bombs, W78 Minuteman III warheads, W79 eight-inch artillery projectiles and W80 cruise missile warheads will be assembled at Pantex in fulfillment of highly classified production orders. Although the United States now has an estimated 30,000 nuclear weapons—enough to choreograph any dance of destruction imaginable—still more are in the works. The 1980 Department of Energy budget appropriates \$3.022 billion for its defense activities, an increase of 12.5 percent over the current fiscal year. At Pantex, nearly 200 workers have been hired in the past year, and a second and third shift have been added.

Most of this "weaponization," as the nuclear bureaucrats refer to it, is shrouded from the public. I have come to C. R. Prickett's front porch to get a better view of life alongside and inside America's nuclear bomb factory. Who are the men and women who assemble this most lethal of products? How have they, and Prickett and the rest of us come to accept the inevitability, the banality of nuclear weapons?

DESPITE ITS STRATEGIC importance, Pantex is easier to enter than an airport waiting lounge. A sign at the main gate warns that tape recorders, cameras, firearms and explosives are not allowed inside the plant, but no guards are stationed there to see whether I am violating the rules. I drive up, park in

the lot and walk into the red-brick administration building, without once being stopped or asked for identification. Although the plant has several armored personnel carriers equipped with .30-caliber machine guns (acquired in 1976, after a General Accounting Office report criticized security measures at nuclear weapons facilities), they are nowhere in sight. And, while sensitive areas of the plant are protected by



This and posters on following pages are all from the walls of the Pantex plant.

barbed wire and guard towers, a small group of armed terrorists would find it relatively simple to seize the administration building.

That I have such an easy time getting in the front door is not the result of negligence, but of a Department of Energy public relations strategy designed to counteract growing concern about the potential hazards of nuclear weapons production. The Department of Energy, which runs the entire nuclear weapons production system, decided that secrecy no longer afforded sufficient protection; a new strategy was needed to reassure Americans that nuclear weapons make good neighbors.

A few years ago I would not have been able to enter Pantex. The plant was off-limits. Few people in Amarillo or elsewhere knew what went on there. Those who worked at Pantex were sworn to secrecy; those who didn't rarely asked questions. Twenty-five

years went by before the local newspaper sent a reporter out to the plant—a dereliction that may have had as much to do with journalistic timidity as with government secrecy.

Today the plant gates are parted, and Pantex officials are, as one put it, "candid and open" with the public—though only up to a point, of course. After I sign the guest register and swear that I am not an alien, a red "Escort Required" badge is clipped to my jacket. This, presumably, is to distinguish me from Pantex employees, who all wear blue identification tags and film badges to keep track of radiation exposure. I am not given a film badge since my "tour" consists only of interviews in the administration building and a drive around the plant perimeter. The only bombs I am allowed to see are the three models on display near the parking lot: "Fat Man," a replica of the plump implosion bomb dropped on Nagasaki; a more compact fission weapon, circa 1962; and a sleek thermonuclear device.

As Paul Wagner, the top Department of Energy official at Pantex, escorts me to his ground-floor office, I am struck by how much the bomb factory resembles a typical American high school. The weapons on display like football trophies, the gray school buses that transport workers around the plant, the linoleum and cinder-block corridors, the friendly secretaries in the reception area—it is as if some interior decorator of the psyche had realized that a school ambience was the perfect environment for methodically building nuclear bombs.

Wagner, who has the demeanor of a kindly but tough principal, is soon joined by Ross Dunham, the plant manager. Dunham works for a company called Mason & Hanger-Silas Mason, which operates Pantex under a contract with the Department of Energy. Mason & Hanger, an old, Kentucky-based engineering firm that built New York's Lincoln Tunnel, took over the plant from Procter & Gamble in 1956 when the soap company decided to get out of the bomb business. Since then, assembly plants in San Antonio, Texas, and Burlington, Iowa, have been shut down, leaving Mason & Hanger with a monopoly on the construction of new nuclear weapons, the repair of defective warheads and the dismantling of old bombs consigned to the atomic

dustbin. Today the company oversees 2,016 employees at Pantex and a yearly budget of \$52.7 million, on which it earns a profit of about \$1.5 million.

Interviewing Wagner and Dunham is like playing a game of international diplomacy. An uneasy détente pervades the room. They are cordial but cautious, cooperative but constrained. Wagner is an old hand in the nuclear weapons business. His right eye twitches as he speaks nostalgically of the days when the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) was in power and "there wouldn't have been any interviews like this one." Dunham, who has worked at Pantex for 22 years, is a former president of the Texas Panhandle chapter of the American Defense Preparedness Association. He sits impassively, his eyes hidden by brown tinted glasses, letting Wagner do most of the talking.

I soon realize that to them, I am the enemy. I want what they don't want to yield—information. I am trespassing on the nation's darkest secrets. On the wall behind them, two framed photographs of mushroom clouds—one a ghostly green, the other a phosphorescent purple—stare at me like unblinking eyes, reminding me of who has the power here. On the table between us lies a copy of the *Pantexan*, the in-house newspaper whose motto is, "We believe that peaceful co-existence is best maintained by being Too Tough to Tackle."

Building nuclear weapons is, according to Wagner's and Dunham's logic, the only way to prevent nuclear war. Both men say they would like to see a world without nuclear bombs, but neither thinks such a thing is possible. "Sure, I'd sleep better if I knew there were no bombs on the planet," Dunham says. "But as long as they have them, well . . ."

A \$3 billion-a-year program with 30,000 employees to manufacture a product designed not to be used? "You bet," Wagner says. "You never know when you might need it."

Trying to talk to the two of them about the hazards of nuclear weapons production is a little like trying to talk to an automobile dealer about defective parts: they prefer to point out all the latest safety features guaranteed to prevent the unspeakable. Indeed, listening to Wagner and Dunham minimize the risks involved in working at Pantex, one would think that making

bombs was just like—well, to use Wagner's own words, "just like making yo-yos."

The two claim there is no danger from handling plutonium components ("They're all encased, and the possibility of the casing being breached is less than zero"); from low-level radiation ("You can sleep on a nuclear weapon for 20 years, and it will never affect you"); from radioactive wastes ("We're



Text reads: "A perfect score: Bowling . . . 300; Security Infractions . . . 0"

not in the business of storing nuclear wastes"); from theft of weapons-grade material ("There's never been a breach of the security system"); or from an accidental nuclear explosion ("It's close to absolute zero because so many factors would have to happen all at once").

"He thinks we do something special here," Wagner smiles knowingly at Dunham. "It's no big deal," Dunham says, smiling. "We don't have any worries about working here. It's safer than driving home at night."

RUTH HENDERSHOT STILL has trouble keeping her composure when she talks about the accident at Pantex that killed her husband two years ago. She sits stiffly on the edge of a chair in her lawyer's office in Amarillo, her voice quavering, the muscles around her mouth tensed. It seems as though she might go to pieces if one word should

cut too deeply. "It's unfair," she says. "I never knew what went on out there. I didn't even know they made nuclear bombs. Whenever I tried to find out, my husband would say something funny like, 'We make cups for flying saucers.' We weren't supposed to talk about it. But a family should know if there are any risks involved."

At 9:28, on the morning of March 30, 1977, John Hendershot, a 45-year-old metrology supervisor at Pantex, was standing outside Building 11-14A waiting for ground transportation to another part of the plant. The building was in Zone 11, the hexagonal compound within Pantex where nonnuclear, high-explosive components are manufactured. In Bay 8 of Building 11-14A, Ray Tucker, an engineering technician with 25 years' experience at the plant, was machining a 75-pound billet of plastic-bonded LX-09 explosives. He was shaping the billet into a hemisphere, hollowed out at the center like half an avocado. Two matched hemispheres, joined together around a plutonium pit and cased in a shell of uranium, will make an atomic bomb.

Suddenly, Building 11-14A was turned into a fragmentation bomb: concrete walls and steel doors were flying in all directions. Tucker was killed instantly when the explosives on his lathe accidentally detonated. Chester Grimes, who was in the hallway outside Bay 8, was crushed to death. Hendershot was blown 35 feet away from the entrance, and suffered so many internal and external injuries it was remarkable that doctors were able to keep him alive for nearly five days. The number of fatalities would surely have been higher if most employees who worked in Building 11-14A had not been watching a film about the Trident submarine missile program in another part of Zone 11. Damage to the property was estimated at \$2.6 million.

Within hours, investigators from the U.S. Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA)—the agency that had inherited the nuclear weapons program from the AEC in 1975 and that, in turn, was transmuted into the Department of Energy in late 1977—were on the scene, sifting through the debris. Three months later, they released a two-inch-thick report. Its conclusions were like a second blast at the bomb factory.

Because the site of the accident had

been so thoroughly demolished, it was impossible to reconstruct the exact sequence of events that led to the explosion at 9:28 that March morning. But the ERDA investigators suggested that the detonation was the result of Ray Tucker's negligence—that he cut too deeply into the billet while machining it, or that he hit it too hard with a mallet while centering it on his lathe. Tucker, the report said, had been known to his supervisors as a speed demon who repeatedly sidestepped safety regulations. Several of his co-workers even refused to be in the same room with him when he was machining high explosives.

Despite its findings about Tucker, however, the report's sharpest blows were directed at plant management. Apparently, no one had bothered to tell Tucker that the billet of LX-09 he was machining that morning, on a rush order from the University of California's Lawrence Livermore Laboratory, was three times more hazardous than other plastic-bonded explosives. No one had considered whether it was safe to allow the contact machining of LX-09—in which the worker is in the same room as the explosives—in light of previous accidents involving plastic-bonded materials. And no one had thought twice about giving this dangerous assignment to a man with a reputation for recklessness.

The report went even further, attacking ERDA's own high-explosives safety standards as "less than adequate" and criticizing the practice of contact machining as "error provocative." It is "only a matter of time," the investigators concluded, "before another accident will occur in similar operations, unless adequate corrective action is taken."

The explosion in Building 11-14A did not involve any nuclear materials. But if such a "one-point detonation"—as this type of accident is known—had occurred during the assembly stage, when the plutonium core of an atomic bomb is being embedded in its shell of high explosives, the result could have been catastrophic. According to a Pantex environmental assessment report, prepared by ERDA in 1976, a one-point detonation, while it would not trigger a nuclear explosion, could "seriously contaminate" workers and spread toxic levels of plutonium over a 12-square-mile area. The probability of

such an accident happening is, the report says, less than one in a million. But, if safety procedures in the Zone 11 compound are as haphazard as ERDA's investigators found, this probability factor is meaningless.

On April 28, 1978, 13 months after her husband died, Ruth Hendershot filed a \$2 million damage suit against the United States government. The suit, still pending in federal court in



Text reads: "Keep Pow Wows Unclassified Outside Security Areas."

Amarillo, claims that the explosion in Building 11-14A was the result of negligence—not on the part of Tucker, but of ERDA. Specifically, it charges government officials with "failing to warn Ray Tucker" of the dangers of LX-09, failing to enforce "adequate supervision" and "failing to provide for personnel protection" in the event of an accident. Two similar suits, filed by the widows of Ray Tucker and Chester Grimes, each asking for \$250,000 in damages, were subsequently joined with the Hendershot action and amended to include the lathe and LX-09 manufacturers and Procter & Gamble, former Pantex operator, as litigants.

Since initiating the suit, Ruth Hendershot has become an outcast in Amarillo. "People from Pantex, our old friends, have stopped talking to me," she says bitterly. "I don't understand it.

Maybe they're afraid they'll lose their jobs."

Along with the sorrow, the accident has brought her a new perspective. For years, Ruth Hendershot was like all the other wives, "pretending Pantex didn't exist." Now, her eyes are open. "People have got to stop and think about what goes on out there," she says. "They've got to think about whether it's right to make the neutron bomb. I don't know if we can do away with nuclear weapons, but if we could only get Russia and China . . ."

WE'VE BEEN LUCKY," says Lowell Cranfill, president of the Amarillo Metal Trades Council, the union that represents about half of Pantex's 2,016 employees. "I think we're living on borrowed time. The company will tell you that working at Pantex is safer than driving home at night. But it's not a safe operation."

Cranfill, who has headed the union for the past 11 years and has worked as a "hands-on" bomb-assembly operator at the plant for 20 years, arrives at my motel room early, carrying an armful of documents. Unlike Dunham and Wagner, he is eager to talk about Pantex. In a few weeks, the union's three-year contract with Mason & Hanger expires, and Cranfill is making the most of his triennial opportunity to be militant, down to the "Hell No—7%" button he wears on his blue polka-dot shirt. The main issue for most of the union's members is money—Cranfill says that the top wage earned by assembly workers at Pantex, \$7.15 an hour, is less than that earned by some butchers at a local supermarket chain. But today, what Cranfill most wants to talk about is safety.

"I have complained for a long time that we do not have a real safety department in the plant," he says. "It may look good on paper, but they have no enforcement authority. It's always production first."

The picture Cranfill paints of life inside the bomb factory is in sharp contrast to the one sketched by Dunham and Wagner. Mishaps, safety violations and hazardous working conditions seem to be the rule, not the exception. Like most Pantex workers, Cranfill confesses, he was complacent about the risks that awaited him at the plant every day. But his sense of security was

shattered by the explosion that killed Tucker, Grimes and Hendershot.

"People at Pantex are not properly instructed about the hazards of their work," the union leader says, taking out a copy of a grievance letter he recently sent to Dunham. Last November, several workers were sent to clean up contaminated wastes that had been accidentally spilled at the plant's disposal site. Their supervisor, however, had neglected to tell them the material was dangerous. "Some of those employees," Cranfill reads from his letter, "did not know the difference between a piece of high explosives and a piece of cinder block."

The incident was a relatively minor one, but the longer I talked with Cranfill, the more I realized that the people who build nuclear weapons face equally grave risks as the enemies at whom those weapons are aimed.

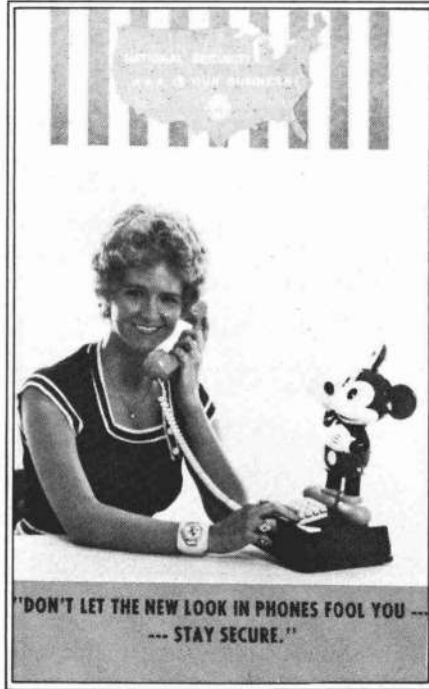
Such risks include:

Plutonium spills. Lethal if inhaled in small quantities, plutonium poses little hazard as long as it remains encased in a protective metal shell. Although plant officials say there is no chance of rupturing the casing, such an accident occurred at Pantex on November 6, 1961. Several workers were machining a bomb component containing plutonium when a tool slipped and cut into the metal casing. Plutonium particles were blown into the air and caught up in the building's air-conditioning system, contaminating the entire assembly area. According to a report on the accident, the workers at the scene of the spill quickly put on emergency respirators and "did not inhale dangerous quantities." The report did not say what levels of plutonium were considered safe.

Radioactive wastes. Despite Wagner's assertion to the *Amarillo Daily News* last year that Pantex does not store nuclear wastes, the plant does, in fact, have its very own burial grounds for such material—a sort of mausoleum for nuclear weapons accidents. When four nuclear bombs were inadvertently dropped on Palomares, Spain, in 1966, splattering plutonium over the Spanish countryside, the radioactive debris was shipped to Pantex. Two years later, contaminated bomb fragments from a similar accident near Thule, Greenland, were also sent to the Amarillo plant. This "hot waste," containing three kilograms of plutonium,

was enclosed in plastic bags, sealed in metal drums, and deposited in 20-foot-deep concrete cylinders. The fenced, 300-by-400-foot burial ground, located near the administration building, is also the final resting place for several tons of uranium 238 and thousands of cubic feet of fissionable material and low-level wastes.

While these are small amounts compared to the more than 534,600 tons



Text reads: "Don't let the new look in phones fool you—stay secure."

of high-level weapons waste stored in nuclear graveyards in Washington, South Carolina and Idaho, they nevertheless pose a long-term threat to Pantex. The metal drums, according to the environmental assessment report, are designed to last at least 20 years—not very reassuring considering the 24,400-year half-life of plutonium. Should the containers leak, as they have at other burial sites, workers at Pantex could be exposed to harmful doses of radiation.

Low-level radiation. Pantex officials claim that radiation exposure to workers is well within the government's five-rem-per-year limit, and there is consequently no danger. But in recent years, some doctors have warned that considerably lower levels of radiation can cause cancer and genetic defects. Employees in Pantex's radiography department—where bombs are extensively x-rayed to see if their components are in working order—reportedly re-

ceive the greatest exposures within the plant. Cranfill says he knows a number of former workers who have died of throat and rectal cancers. The company medical officer, who keeps a death log of the 5,000 or so people who have worked at Pantex over the years, says, however, that the cancer mortality rate in the plant population is no different from that in the Amarillo area.

Deteriorating equipment. Much of the physical plant at Pantex is not what one would expect to find at a factory where the most technologically advanced weapons in the world are assembled. Many of the buildings were constructed for temporary use during World War II, when Pantex was an Army ordnance plant, and are unable to protect workers from an accidental blast of modern explosives.

A 1977 Department of Energy report on the physical condition of nuclear weapons facilities found less than half the equipment at Pantex up-to-date and six percent either "poor and inadequate." Testifying before the House Armed Services Committee last spring, Herman Roser, manager of the department's Albuquerque Operations Office, which oversees much of the nuclear weapons program, admitted the seriousness of the problem. "As a result of that explosion at Pantex," he said, "we have come to the conclusion that the plant doesn't meet the latest safety or safeguard criteria." The time had come, he testified, for a "complete replacement of that facility."

For all his concern about job safety, for all his talk about going out on strike, Lowell Cranfill is fighting a lonely and frustrating crusade to improve working conditions at Pantex. Most of his members, like movie stuntmen, are willing to risk their lives if the pay is good enough. Safety issues are not even on the bargaining table this year. And, if they were, it probably wouldn't make much of a difference. Despite his strategic position as a union leader in the nation's only nuclear bomb assembly plant—a walkout at Pantex could set back weapons production more than an arms-limitation treaty—he is reluctant to strike. (When it came time to consider the company's offer a few weeks later, Cranfill, his "Hell No—7%" button notwithstanding, accepted raises within President Carter's wage guidelines.)

Although he may not see eye-to-eye

with the plant manager across the bargaining table, Cranfill's views about nuclear weapons are indistinguishable from Dunham's. Like most craftsmen, he takes pride in the products of his labor. "I'm proud," he says, "to be associated with the defense of my country. I don't know how you feel about it, but when the time comes, you bet I want that baby to go."

In the 20 years he has spent assembling America's nuclear arsenal, Cranfill has come to accept the logic of Mutual Assured Destruction. The consciousness of worker and boss has been fused: disarmament is unthinkable; the Russians can't be trusted; the United States should get on with building the neutron bomb (which, of course, would be assembled at Pantex). Cranfill is even concerned that the government may have released too much information about Pantex in its report on the 1977 explosion. It is as if Dunham and Wagner were speaking: "I don't want to see any dissident groups storming the gates. I know people have rights, but we've got a critical installation here."

JOHAN DRUMMOND IS Amarillo's No. One razzooper. Back in the 1880s, when the city was first settled, anyone given to button-busting civic exaggeration was known as a razzooper. The word has since fallen out of favor, but boosterism in Amarillo has not. "This is a great place to live," says Drummond, sitting in his office at the Board of City Development, his considerable stomach almost popping the buttons on his shirt. "We've got a great climate, great transportation, great schools. When people move to Amarillo, they end up staying."

Drummond did just that. A native of Boston, he moved to Amarillo in 1956 to take a job as plant manager of Pantex, and he has been here ever since. When he arrived, Mason & Hanger had just replaced Procter & Gamble. Under his leadership, the plant grew from fewer than 500 employees to more than 1,700. By the time he retired in 1974, Pantex was the largest employer in the Amarillo area (it is now second to the Iowa Beef packing plant), and Drummond, one of the city's leading citizens. No one was surprised when he ran for mayor in 1975 and won easily.

"We [Pantex] always had a good relationship with the community," Drummond recalls. "Everyone appreciated

Pantex because of its economic impact, and no one bothered to inquire about what was being built out there."

Indeed, few places could have provided a more hospitable environment for the nation's nuclear bomb factory. Amarillo is a city without roots, an urban tumbleweed. It didn't exist a hundred years ago; it nearly blew away in the dust storms of the 1930s; and it may suffer more before the end of the century if predictions prove true about the depletion of the Ogallala aquifer, a key source of its agricultural water.

The only sign of dissent at Pantex was a brief visit by a group of pacifists on a cross-country trek. They left town quickly.

What has kept Amarillo in place is its "betweenness"—first as a major railroad junction, then as a stopover between east and west on Route 66 and Interstate 40.

Perhaps to compensate for their lack of historical and geographical definition, most Amarillans have taken refuge in political conservatism. When Lyndon Johnson won Texas by a landslide, in 1964, Amarillo voted overwhelmingly for Barry Goldwater. (Johnson is said to have taken the vote as a personal insult; the following year, the Amarillo Air Force Base was closed, decimating the city's population.) "People around here are just different from the rest of the country," explains Jerry Hodge, Amarillo's current mayor.

Although patriotism in the Texas Panhandle has two faces—love of flag and hatred of government—no one ever had any doubts about Pantex. Opponents of the bomb may have had success organizing demonstrations at Rocky Flats and other nuclear weapons installations, but the only sign of dissent at Pantex in 28 years was a brief visit a few years ago by a group of pacifists on a crosscountry trek. They re-

portedly left town quickly.

The *Amarillo Daily News*, the city's monopoly paper, has long been a Pantex booster. Despite the credo chiseled over its front door—"A newspaper may be forgiven for lack of wisdom but never for lack of courage"—the *News*' editorial policy seems to lack both. "The people of the Golden Spread have lived without fear for twenty-five years of nuclear weapons manufacture at Pantex," the editors wrote after the 1977 explosion. "If we have not been afraid of work done at Pantex in the past, we have no reason to become afraid now."

But as complacent as most Amarillans have been about the bomb, they have not been able to ignore the nuclear proliferation around them. In the past year, they have learned that the Amarillo area has been selected as a possible site for a nuclear waste disposal facility; that a 6,000-square-mile tract bordering on their city is being considered as a staging ground for the Pentagon's mobile-missile system; and that a civil defense plan, calling for the evacuation of Amarillo's 154,000 residents, has been drawn up because Pantex is believed to be a prime target for Soviet missiles.

The response to these new nuclear intrusions has not been altogether neighborly. Last August, when a drilling rig appeared 12 miles southeast of Amarillo, in an area where oil had never been discovered, curious farmers began asking questions. A reporter from nearby Canyon soon learned that the rig was not looking for oil, but for salt. The prospectors had been hired by the Department of Energy to explore the area in the hope of finding a suitable, underground salt formation in which to bury nuclear wastes.

Randall County commissioners, who had not been informed of the project, were furious. They filed suit in state court in an unsuccessful attempt to block the exploratory drilling. "You probably couldn't get anyone around here to say a bad word about nuclear weapons," says Carroll Wilson, editor of the *Canyon News*. "But when it comes to being a dumping ground for the government's nuclear garbage, that's another story."

Nuclear wastes are, of course, an unavoidable by-product of nuclear weap-

—continued on page 50

Welcome To The War Fair

Where The Hawks Hawk

By John Markoff

THE SPACE SHUTTLE swings over the dark side of the Earth and drops into orbit. The communications officer on board is in instantaneous communication with Pentagon generals in the National Command Post—an airborne 747 jet—on the other side of the planet. The two ships are linked by a pencil-thin laser beam that flashes on and off billions of times each second, converting the human voice into a digital message, relayed by a network of satellites.

Behind the Shuttle cockpit, in the payload bay, the weapons specialist uses a teleoperator, a long extending crane, to deploy a cigar-shaped object and aim it at the Earth below. A command flashes from the 747, and in the Shuttle, a button is pushed. Nothing visible happens out in space, but, in a city far below, hundreds of thousands of people fall to the ground, writhing in pain. Their homes and buildings are not touched; there is no blast, no heat, no flash of light. The victims have suffered a massive dose of neutron radiation, similar to that given off by a neutron bomb. But this is not a bomb; it is a lethal, directed-energy beam that kills by literally tearing apart the atoms that make up the human body.

Welcome to the first annual Military Electronics Expo,



The latest advances in instant communication and computerized war enable us to “destroy anything we can locate.”

a three-day corporate extravaganza held last November in Anaheim, California. At the sprawling convention center, I saw virtually all the components needed to make the scenario described above a terrifying reality; I heard weapons experts discuss those few that I didn't see.

At first sight, the Military Electronics Expo appears to be like dozens of other “arms bazaars” that take place around the country each year. It's an occasion that allows defense manufacturers to show off their wares, military buyers to inspect them, corporate executives to place and receive orders and defense engineers to brush up on the latest in the business by taking mini-courses and attending lectures and seminars.

But here, at the Expo, something seems out of kilter. Nowhere in this giant hall are there any weapons that appear to physically kill people. There are aisles and aisles of high-technology gadgets: computer-aided viewing systems; electronic navigation systems; electro-optical night-vision devices; laser communication systems; microprocessor-controlled video-map displays; silent sensors of every shape and description; and even a “Firefinder,” a radar tracking system that can pinpoint the location of enemy mortars, short-range artillery and rocket launchers by scanning the

Photo by Gayanne Fiettinghoff

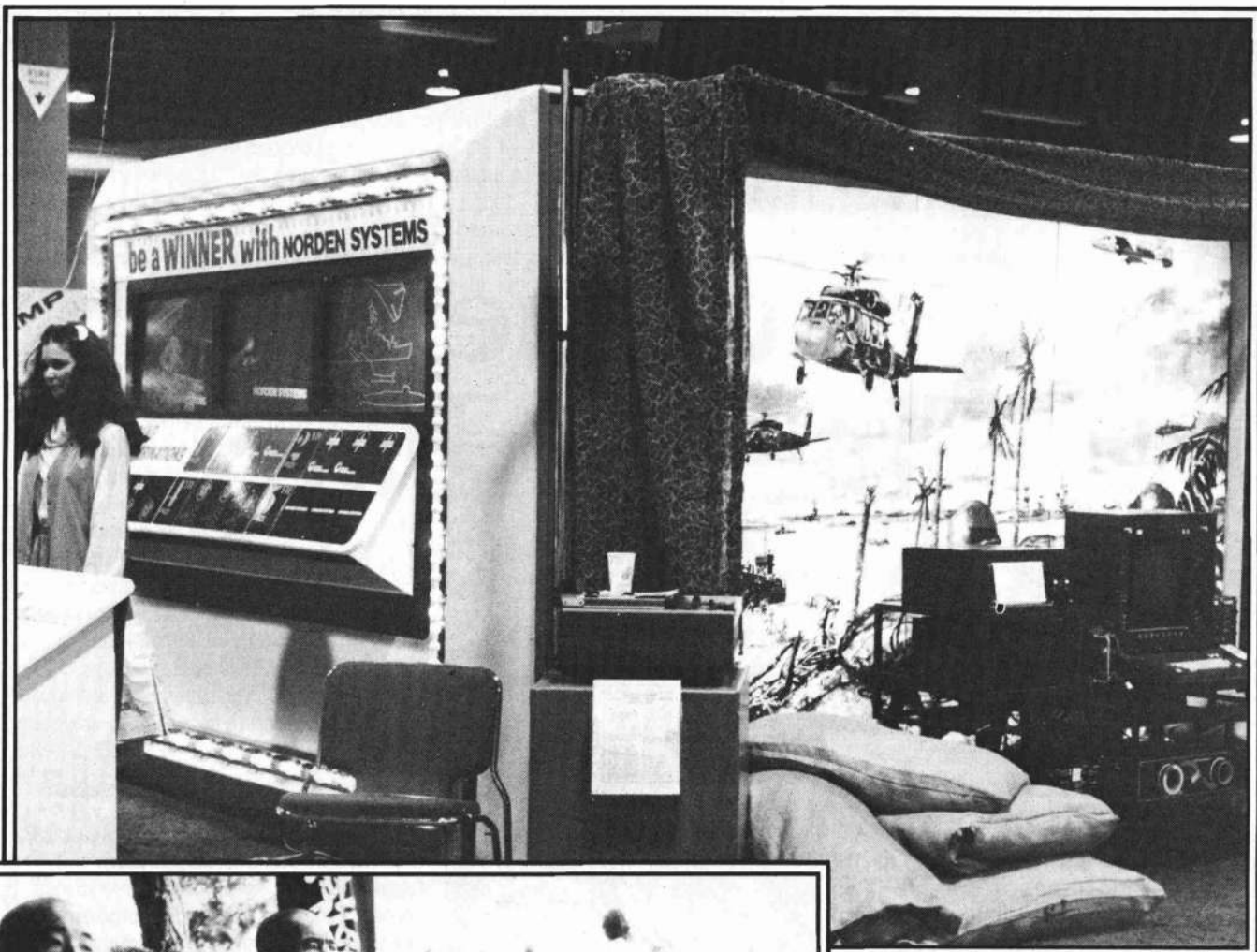


Photo by Don Faiber



horizon with an electronic beam. Yet the only actual weapons to be seen are the guns in the holsters of the convention center's security guards.

Despite the absence of tanks and rifles, the vision of war conjured up by these displays is far more deadly than the traditional one of bombs and bul-

lets. "I see battlefields on which we can destroy anything we can locate through instant communications and the almost instantaneous application of highly lethal firepower," predicted General William Westmoreland nine years ago. "No more than ten years should separate us from the automated battle-

Light my fire: Sales rep entices players to try Norden System's game of luck; a naturalistic battlefield setting is laid for the command and control equipment of the future. Left: Buddhist monks protest.

field." And sure enough, the corporations and the Pentagon have brought this vision to reality. They have computerized warfare, expanded the battlefield into outer space and transformed a great proportion of America's scientists and engineers into soldiers.

Long ago they lost touch with the meaning of what they are doing. You can feel it at Military Electronics Expo: the process is out of control. The Pentagon is still in the driver's seat, but it can no longer maintain a grip on the startling, upward spiral of technology that has taken over the arms race. Like Space Mountain, the best and most exciting roller coaster ride at nearby Disneyland, the arms race careens along, each turn more mind-numbing than the last. And with each twisting

escalation, we are more frightened and less secure.

"This is our Disneyland," one of the engineers tells me, as we walk past banks of computers that can control more firepower than was expended during all of World War II. Opponents of the arms race who are here to demonstrate understand the momentum of what they're up against. One of them remarks: "There's a euphoria in the military-industrial complex that's not present anywhere else in America."

ALMOST A HUNDRED demonstrators are gathered in a vigil to greet the Expo participants. Mostly from the anti-nuclear weapons Alliance for Survival, they are joined by 20 Japanese Buddhist monks who have walked more than 60 miles from downtown Los Angeles to fast, chant and beat drums during the Expo. The presence of the Buddhists, with their shaven heads and traditional garb, is clearly unnerving to the convention-goers. The drums beat constantly in the background, providing an eerie counterpoint to the convention.

Inside the exhibit hall itself, more than 200 corporations have set up display booths. The firms range from defense giants like United Technologies, McDonnell Douglas and Rockwell International, to more esoteric and specialized companies like Quadri Corporation, Optical Radiation, Inc. and Impulse Technology. There is no shortage of hands-on computer displays that allow the visitor to do almost everything: map the terrain, guide missiles, track enemy aircraft, see in the dark. Companies strive to outdo each other; mirrors, plexiglass and bright-colored plastic are everywhere. One corporation even sets up a fake, mahogany-lined control room, complete with deep-pile carpets, ornate windows, leather chairs and an electric fireplace.

Michael Klare, a project director and activist at the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, D.C., who has been instrumental in organizing nationwide protests against arms bazaars this year, spends an hour inside the enormous exhibit area. Many of the electronic components look deceptively harmless. Klare, an intense, bespectacled veteran of the anti-war movement, says, "You have to read the military literature to realize that a black box or a laser, when connected to a missile system and guid-

ance system, becomes extremely lethal."

The point is driven home by Robert daCosta, the publisher of *Countermeasures*, one of three glossy trade magazines that now cater exclusively to the \$4 billion-plus electronic-warfare market. "We can leverage out dollars into high-technology areas to build better computers, to build microprocessors and to keep ourselves secure, without having to invest all of our money in bombs, bullets and things that kill people." The irony of the statement appears to escape him.

Fast-talking daCosta radiates confidence and energy. "If we have another major war," he tells me, "85 percent of it is going to be over almost instantly, and it's going to be ability to survive. And when I say 'ability to survive,' I don't mean human survival, as much as I mean systems survival."

The specter of a war in which the computers alone survive gives a bizarre new meaning to the computerized gadgetry on display at the Military Electronics Expo. DaCosta isn't worried about the future though; he is sure that America is going to win the next war. He laughs and says, with a trace of humor, "We've always managed to come up with a John Wayne from somewhere."

Kirk Kirchofer has a cultured air that sets him apart from his American counterparts at the Expo. He is here as the marketing representative for Crypto AG, a Swiss manufacturer of encrypting devices, which allow the user to send typed, taped or facsimile messages in code through normal communication lines.

"I haven't come here to sell anything," Kirchofer says. "I'm at the Military Electronics Expo to look for partners." What kind of partners is Crypto AG looking for? Let's say a U.S. corporation like Collins Radio International, a subsidiary of Rockwell, worked out a deal with the Argentine government to build a communications system, but was prohibited from selling the sophisticated coding equipment to Argentina by our State Department. Would Crypto AG help circumvent such an embargo by supplying the necessary equipment?

Yes, that is a good example, he concedes. But he won't admit that this is a glaring loophole in American laws that control the export of high-technology military equipment. Kirchofer will re-

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lease the names of only two customers (the United Nations and the Vatican), but Crypto AG's products are sold in 92 different countries.

There is enough international traffic around the floor here to indicate that, despite President Carter's repeated promises to "reduce the deadly global traffic in conventional arms sales," America's \$14.4 billion military export market is still going strong. A similar military exposition, recently held in Wiesbaden, Germany, and heavily attended by U.S. arms exporters, attracted more than 10,000 participants.

The demonstrators have made many of the participants at this Expo nervous and defensive. Most of them feel compelled to respond to the "merchants of death" label that has been pinned upon them. One says: "This weaponry is what makes America strong and defends our democratic institutions, which makes demonstrations like this one out front possible." Another comments enigmatically: "I wish the people out front could see all the beneficial applications that this equipment has." But a few Expo participants are more

blunt about the demonstrators. One of the salesmen from a components company says, simply, "I'd like to go out and kill about ten of 'em."

MEANWHILE, THE PENTAGON is planning to spend more than \$12 billion this year on the research and development of still more exotic weapons. And the military and its corporate allies are increasingly excited about the new territory, now unfolding, in which these weapons could be used. "Space is a dandy arena, actually," one Department of Defense scientist was quoted as saying in *Astronautics and Aeronautics*. "You've got to attract strategic war off the planet. The notion of abhorring war in space is just plain wrong."

In the future, war will be carried out by computers that will be preprogrammed to respond instantaneously to military crises. "Smart bombs"—weapons guided by television cameras, which can hone in on targets by matching them with pictures in their computer memories—will soon be given the capability to hover over hidden targets,

waiting until they emerge to strike. And the cruise missile, a weapon that has President Carter's endorsement, will be given the capability to strike any ten-foot-square spot in the world, simply by following its electronically stored, microprocessor-controlled maps.

The implications of these weapons pale by comparison, however, with the research now being conducted by Air Force researchers at Wright Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio. In the future, they claim, fighter pilots will be able to aim at targets simply by looking at them, and fire their weapons by speaking to an on-board computer and saying something like, "Bang!" Targeting will take place with the aid of tiny lasers that will reflect off the pilot's eyes as he scans the sky around him.

Beyond that, researchers are talking about "driving" the brain, actually controlling the pilot's mental responses to visual instrumentation. The Air Force is using rapidly flashing lights and clicking sounds to force the human brain to emit waves at regular intervals. They claim that the new system will allow them to prevent errors electronically, by "locking out" inaccurate pilot responses. If their research pays off, the soldier of the future will come frighteningly close to being part of the computer that observes and controls his thoughts. Military planners are inexorably moving toward placing tactical and strategic weapons on an automated hair-trigger basis, like the Domsday Machine in *Dr. Strangelove*, in which there is no "man in the loop"—or at least no human being who still has the capacity of taking un-preprogrammed actions.

Robert Aldridge, a former Lockheed engineer turned anti-war activist (see page 24), is on the side of the demonstrators, but he spent most of his work-life with people like the engineers on the convention floor.

He, for one, thinks that the Pentagon may already be at work on such a Domsday Machine and wonders if it can be stopped. "The ultimate weapon is something that can completely demolish the enemy without any [chance of enemy] response, and that is exactly what the trend is toward. . . . I think there's still time to stop it, but time is rapidly running out."

John Markoff is an associate editor at Pacific News Service in San Francisco, California.

BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

Here's a brief list of organizations you can contact for more information about preventing the holocaust:

- The Center for Defense Information (CDI). Headed by Adm. Gene La Rocque (ret.), CDI "supports a strong defense, but opposes excessive expenditures of forces." CDI is distributing a 27½-minute film directed by Haskell Wexler, called *War Without Winners*, for a \$35 rental. In December 1978, the Center convened an extraordinary conference, "Nuclear War: Causes, Combat, Consequences," drawing conferees from the military, the legislature and the scientific community. A summary of that conference is available for \$3, a complete transcript for \$15. They will put interested parties on the mailing list to receive their publication, *The Defense Monitor*. Donations to pay the costs are appreciated. The address: **The Center for Defense Information**, 122 Maryland Ave. N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002, (202) 543-0400.

- The Mobilization for Survival, an organization dedicated to action against nuclear weapons as well as nuclear power. Their national headquarters has information about local groups. The address: **Mobilization for Survival**, 3601 Locust Walk, Philadelphia, PA 19104, (215) 386-4875.

- The Transnational Institute, which has Robert Aldridge's book on arms escalation, *The Counterforce Syndrome*, available for \$2.50, plus 30 cents postage. The address: **The Transnational Institute**, 1901 Q St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009, (202) 234-9382.

- Other groups that have long been active in trying to prevent global suicide, including: **SANE: A Citizens Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy**, 514 C St. N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002, (202) 546-4868; **Union of Concerned Scientists**, 1025 15th St. N.W., 6th Floor, Washington, D.C. 20005, (202) 347-5800; **American Friends Service Committee**, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, (215) 241-7000; **War Resisters League**, 339 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012, (212) 228-0450. □

THE BELLY ROOM PRESENTS COMEDIENNES

Lotus Weinstock, a stand-up comedienne with a stand-out blond permanent, feels that the evening has not gone well. She has just finished her 20-minute comedy routine at The Comedy Store in Los Angeles. Kneeling next to me as another woman comic takes the mike, Weinstock whispers that tonight's was not a hot performance.

The problem, she says, was the crowd at the Cheech and Chong show in the Mainroom downstairs. Laughter kept rolling up through the floor, crashing into the middle of her act. It threw her timing way off to have the audience howling while she was still building to her punch line.

It was a distraction, I agree.



MJ changed tenses on the sign because The Belly Room just went belly up.

She brightens, forgiven, and leans toward me.

"You know what it was? It was like being with a guy you don't like, and the couple in the apartment next door is coming. Loud." Lotus Weinstock has a wicked grin. "Now, you know what that's like, don't you?"

What I don't know—what amazes me—is where these women get the nerve to stand in front of 70-odd people and tell jokes. I can comprehend singing, or writing, or any number of professions, many kinds of work. But stand-up comedy? It's such a terminal endeavor. Just consider the words used to describe a performer: Either she kills the audience or she dies onstage.

But the work also seems exhilarating. Halfway through Weinstock's set I look

By Karen Stabiner

Photographs by Louise Kallenbaum

[DOTTIE ARCHIBALD]

The Los Angeles Times is boring; sometimes as my dog is carrying it up the driveway, he falls asleep. Now *The National Enquirer* is what I call exciting; it's like getting an obscene phone call at the grocery store.



around the Belly Room, established by The Store's owner, Mitzi Shore, as a special place for women comedians. I am not the only woman gasping for air between bouts of hysterical laughter. The men are laughing too, sure, but they look the way I look when listening to a man. Appreciative, as opposed to overcome.

Shore created this room because she was tired of watching women flounder in the highly competitive, 450-seat Mainroom. Women came late to stand-up comedy, says Shore, "like they did to everything else," and she wanted her "girls" to have a space to work out and catch up.

Not that the comedienne who play the Belly Room get off easy: Shore never refers to their half-hours as

performances, but, rather, as "work-outs." She gave them the room, designed specifically to meet their needs—no raised stage, only 75 seats, less distance between the comic and the audience—and she expects them to make good use of this unique setting.

"They used to be working downstairs in the Mainroom, but it was difficult for them," says Shore. "They get psychologically blocked when they're working on the same level as a man."

Lotus Weinstock says that downstairs she feels the need to "put out, put out, get to the punch quicker," and it's easy to lose her self-confidence if her material breaks the evening's already-established rhythm. "If you come on after four men, forget it," she says. "The audience has to get out of that

yang aggressive thing. The only time gender doesn't get in the way is when confidence speaks louder than gender, and the only way to do that is to work at it."

So work goes on upstairs, where Mitzi Shore often selects a woman to be the evening's emcee because she needs extra practice at snaring and keeping an audience; where women are chastised if they do an old, safe routine. Upstairs, where a woman waiting to go on might stage a fight with the woman who is performing, just to see how the audience responds. Where Emily Levine, another comic, works on her tendency to say "you know" too often, by giving her personal stash of M & Ms to an audience member who is instructed to take one candy away from her every time that she utters the forbidden words.

I've had terrible introductions. Once a guy I didn't even know was the emcee and he said, "Here's a woman who fucked her way to the top." So I said, "Oh, he just hates it when I'm on top." Another time some guy yelled, "Take it off." So I said, "Mine doesn't come off." Castration anxiety set the mood for the evening. Boy, did I alienate that audience.

—Emily Levine

Women comics agree: their biggest obstacle, once they've bravely gotten themselves onstage, is that no one expects women to be funny. Being a stand-up comic, no matter how mild your jokes, is an act of aggression. People who grew up on stand-up comedy—which is to say, people who grew up on male aggressors such as Lenny Bruce, Mort Sahl, Shelly Berman, Dick Gregory, Richard Pryor and even the more lighthearted Steve Martin and Robin Williams—are not always prepared when a woman takes hold of the microphone.

The men who hassled Levine were hostile toward her; hecklers often get competitive with her; and even other women in the audience sometimes seem embarrassed at the outrageous things they hear from a distaff comic.

Lotus Weinstock sums up the historical burden. "Ladylike," she says, "never included funny."

Robin Tyler, a club regular, finds she has to pace herself differently at The Comedy Store than when she is touring college campuses or playing to an en-

thusiastic audience outside Anita Bryant's hotel suite in Boston. The women at a recent ACLU women's project benefit at The Store, who laughed themselves to tears at the frustrated sex jokes and the motherhood jokes, straightened in their chairs during Tyler's brash material—what she calls her "anti-male-attitude stuff."

Not that Tyler has any intention of giving it up. She points out to a poker-faced crowd that what she is doing is just "reverse tits and ass," following in the fine tradition of anti-female material like "Take my wife, please" and that voluminous body of work known as the mother-in-law joke. She advises the men: "If anyone gets insecure, just do a crotch check. It's still there." And she puts the entire crowd on notice: "I'd like to say that if I offended any-

one, you needed it."

Very brave, very good. But another woman comic points out that the commercial successes, excluding Lily Tomlin and her comedy of characterization, are the women who soften the aggressiveness of comedy by making themselves the butt of their own jokes. Joan Rivers, the late Totie Fields and Phyllis Diller made names for themselves, she says, "by making themselves victims."

Tyler agrees with the analysis: "Joan Rivers and the others did what they had to do to make a living. But those women didn't have access to the consciousness we do." She expects that time will save her and her contemporaries from having to revert to victim humor.

"In the '40s we had anti-Semitism and you saw a lot of new Jewish com-



I find it very difficult to be a dope-smoking mother. The last time I had a hit of good Colombian on laundry day, it took me six hours to sort two pairs of white identical socks.

[LOTUS WEINSTOCK]

My husband is very open. He says, "Honey, you can have an open relationship with anyone you want. As long as it's not mental. Or spiritual. Or physical. Or emotional." If the person's in a coma, I can be totally open, just hang out.

ics," says Tyler. "In the '60s the focus was on racism and quite a few Third World people became comics. In the '70s, with the emergence of women's liberation, it was only natural that women would come up. The Belly Room is part of a natural evolution, and so is the changing material."

And, in fact, the few women who do the stock victim jokes (. . . my apartment is so small, it . . . etc.) are the least popular with the Belly Room audience. Some of the new women comics believe they're being called upon to define the sense of humor that the Women's Movement is supposed to lack, and to define it without regressing into the jokes men used to make about women.

"I won't do 'Poor Me' comedy," says Emily Levine. "It's an external restriction I place on myself, a political obligation."

I think the Democratic emblem should be changed from a donkey to a prophylactic. It's perfect. It supports inflation, keeps production down, helps a bunch of pricks and gives a false sense of security

when one is being screwed.

—Robin Tyler

Politics is funny, but is just being funny politics? Dottie Archibald decided to try stand-up comedy when she saw a woman declare on *The Tonight Show* that, for a fee, she would set anyone up in their private fantasy for a day. Archibald decided then and there that her fantasy was to be a stand-up comic and appear on Johnny Carson's show. And just this last week, she was booked for a *Tonight Show* spot.

Dottie says she bombed her first dozen times out in the Belly Room, hit her stride on number thirteen and has been doing her soft-spoken brand of domestic comedy ever since. Stand-up is a career for her, not a soapbox. If Robin Tyler invades your brain with comedy, Dottie Archibald tickles it. Her explanation when she is late for an interview, delivered with the demeanor of the perfect suburban mom, is that her daughter was ill, and she had to decide whether to let her die and be on time or take ten minutes to save the child's life.

She talks ruefully of bombing, which is more of a curse to a woman than to

a man. "There is still a saying in this business," says Archibald, "that when a woman bombs it takes two weeks to get the stink out of the room. Women are more vulnerable, so people are more sensitive to you. If a man bombs, you don't feel bad; but if a woman does, you talk about the poor girl and how she's suffering." But beyond the question of how gender is tied to success and failure, Archibald does not analyze what she is doing. Some people think stand-up comedy is a particularly radical occupation for a woman; Archibald thinks it's a dream come true.

Lotus Weinstock's feelings about her work are probably more typical. Hers are the politics of self-preservation: doing a stand-up routine is a logical extension of the childhood routines that make growing up a bit less painful.

"I decided when I was a kid that humor was one of the best options available," she says. "When my family was laughing at me or with me was the only time they weren't judging me." She went on to become the bunk comic at overnight camp, the opening act for such performers as Phil Ochs and a performer at The Comedy Store's open-

ing night in 1971. The entire experience, she says, has been liberating because it requires two things: finding "what's real" and taking charge.

Emily Levine agrees. "I started with a strong feminist commitment, wanting to be funny as I, as a woman, am funny. But I don't carry that around with me anymore. This helps me grow as a woman because I am totally in charge. If I fall on my face, I fall on my face; and no one's there to pick up the pieces for me, except me."

For these two, the political process is personal: the material charts the journey from "when I was still wearing an Accentuate bra, unwilling to give up the disguise," as Weinstock puts it, to today, when playing the Mainroom on her own terms is more of a thrill and less of a terror.

Robin Tyler works in the opposite direction. Instead of taking personal insights and turning them into jokes, Tyler makes people laugh by pulling in political events and forcing them through her own particular filter. Sometimes she seems the odd-woman-out at The Store, discussing Jimmy and Billy Carter ("Billy only says what Jimmy thinks") or Governor Jerry Brown's proposed constitutional convention, while her peers are poking fun at their relationships and feelings. But she believes she is following in an old, grand tradition.

"Humor has always been used to tell the truth," says Tyler. "It goes back to the court jester, who would travel throughout the land and then come back and tell the king how things were. People told him their problems because he was the only one who could tell the king without being beheaded."

It seems that in order to be the kind of woman who's strong enough to live with a man, you tend to become the kind of woman no man wants to live with.

—Lotus Weinstock

And if you're a woman who's strong enough to do stand-up, you tend to be the kind of entertainer nobody knows what to do with. It's an extreme choice. Maybe the best gauge of women comics' popularity, at this early stage in the history of female funnies, is the economic one. None of them make their living doing what they like most—save Robin Tyler, who is always leaving town on one tour or another. (She is

THE YUK STOPS HERE

Since this article was written, there has been considerably less joking at The Comedy Store. A prolonged strike by the Comedians for Compensation (CFC), started last spring, has changed the structure of the club, and one casualty is the Belly Room. Shore says the proposed settlement dictates that men share the room and that workshops be limited to weeknights.

The labor dispute centers around the comics' claim that Shore is literally becoming a millionaire off of their free labor. Initially Shore responded that having to pay comics would put her out of business, but it soon became apparent that nobody was buying that explanation. A final pact had not been reached when *Mother Jones* went to press, but clearly the comics will get some compensation: although the CFC was holding out for more, at last tally Shore was offering up to \$25 per comic per night in the small rooms and up to \$150 per comic per night in the Mainroom.

To some of the women who worked the Belly Room, however, CFC's victory has its Pyrrhic overtones. Robin Tyler, who is experienced enough to expect that she will draw a paying audience, supported the strike and has joined the picket line. At the same time, she worries that newer women comics will be unwitting strike victims.

"The CFC is trying to be very fair, but they don't understand," she says. "You've got to have an affirmative action program, and the Belly Room is it. What they don't recognize is the tremendous discrimination against women."

Members of CFC counter that most of the women will be assimilated into the "mainstream" operation of The Comedy Store and the profitable new clubs that are springing up while The Store is on strike. Comic Elaine Boosler, a CFC organizer, says the demise of the Belly Room could be a blessing in disguise. "The Belly Room created a problem to begin with by making those women dependent and insecure," she says.

Time will tell just how many of the Belly Room comics will now thrive in the co-ed workshop.

—K.S.

[ROBIN TYLER]



Jews have guilt. Catholics have shame. What are you so worried about original sin for - no sin is original, come on.



My mother said I drove her crazy. I did not drive my mother crazy; I flew her there. It was faster.

I would like to become the president of a major TV network, and then I would ban all commercials that make women look like imbeciles - that would mean 24 hours of uninterrupted programming.

songs, has written for name comedians, has a TV pilot in the works and has begun collecting rent from her nine-year-old daughter, Cherub, who works in a Universal TV series. Emily Levine is the story editor for TV's *Angie* and a sometime actress and writer. Dottie Archibald has a husband with a job.

And yet these women usually work at least once a week at The Store, even if it's the 1:45 a.m. slot playing to sleepy drunks and people who don't have anyplace else to go. Why? Because it seems to do as much for them as it does for their audience. Weinstock does a public rap on laughter curing cancer; privately, she is a firm believer in the curative powers of a good guffaw. The highest compliment she pays her husband is that "he makes me laugh like nobody else can."

Tyler claims that being a stand-up has meant nothing short of a personality change. "I used to need to be loved when I performed. Now I *want* to be loved. And the difference between need and want is desperation. I'm not desperate anymore."

Hardly. On a good night the women comics in the Belly Room seem to cruise on automatic pilot, sometimes hitting jokes that they didn't even know they had. Instead of coming offstage tired, they come off with more energy than when they started.

Says Lotus Weinstock: "I want to be buried standing up. With a mike in my hand."

Karen Stabiner's first novel, Limited Engagements, has just been published by Seaview Books.

also about to release a comedy album, *Always A Bridesmaid, Never A Groom.*) Mitzi Shore does not pay her girls for working the Belly Room. (This issue of pay for comics led to a strike. See update on opposite page.)

Yet they push on with awesome determination. Lotus Weinstock sells

Heart Of The Beast...cont'd from pg. 40

ons production. But it is unlikely that the reaction to the proposed dumping in Randall County will contaminate Amarillo's peaceful relationship with its bomb factory. "People here just can't see any connection between nuclear waste and Pantex," observes Richard Wilcox, the attorney who drafted the lawsuit. "It would take a nuclear accident to get people upset at Pantex."

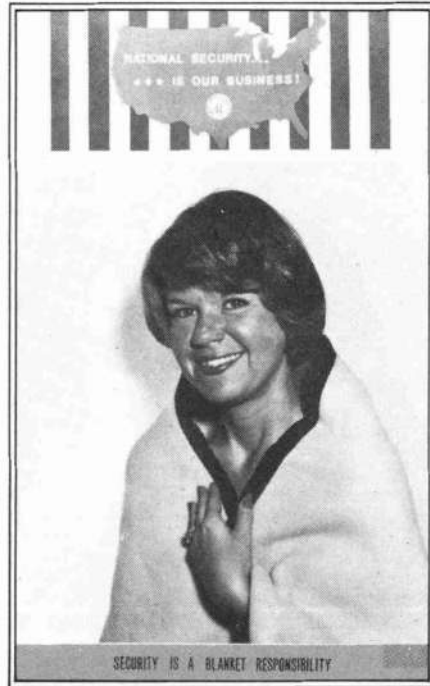
FROM STANLEY MARSH'S office atop the tallest building in Amarillo, you can see the entire city. At a distance of 17 miles, Pantex's igloos look like innocuous bales of hay. Marsh's duplex is an island of imagination floating above Amarillo's flat, dull landscape. A six-foot Eveready battery hangs from the ceiling; a dozen television sets, all blinking, line the balcony; a remote-controlled map of the world rolls up and down like a windowshade; a model of Richard Leakey's famous 1470 skull sits on the desk, staring at a large box of black pepper. There's a fire going in the fireplace, a picnic lunch spread out on a table and a case of Perrier chilling in the refrigerator. Bearded, tieless, his glasses tilted forward on his nose as he peers through a telescope, Marsh looks more like a Robinson Crusoe than the proprietor of a successful broadcasting company.

But Marsh is not only an owner of KVII, Amarillo's biggest television station, he is also one of the city's wealthiest men, a leading art collector and its entire liberal establishment. If there were another perspective to be had on Pantex, this was the place to get it.

The view from Marsh's 30th-floor office is, as he describes it, "rarefied." He tends to be cynical about life on the plains below. "A few years ago," he says, "we did an editorial about a copper-smelting factory that was spewing cadmium all over the countryside. People were outraged—not at the factory, but at us. As long as the smelters provided jobs, nobody cared about the cadmium. It's the same with Pantex. And I suspect the reason people got so upset about nuclear wastes was because it wasn't going to provide jobs."

But, in his own way, Marsh has come

to an accommodation with Pantex. Like a man who jokes about the earthquake fault that runs beneath his house, he prefers to laugh at the bomb factory. He tells a story about an Amarillo prostitute who was rumored to be a Soviet spy on the prowl; and another one about his grandmother who tried to



Pantex poster; text reads: "Security is a blanket responsibility."

hire some POWs being held at Pantex during World War II to do her gardening; and yet another about one of his reporters who was almost beaten up for filming the unloading of a nuclear bomb.

"I'm being flip," he says, turning serious. "I don't like what's going on out there, and my kids in grade school don't like it either. But I don't want to bust my head against the wall if I can't change things. And there's just no way people in Amarillo are going to do anything about Pantex. I admit it's an ostrich method of living your life."

"Psychic numbing" was the term psychiatrist Robert Lifton used to describe the after-effects of the atomic blast on the survivors of Hiroshima. The term could just as well be used to explain what happened in Amarillo after the opening of the nuclear bomb factory in 1951. It was as if each person

constructed his or her own psychological fallout shelter to keep out the enormity of death represented by nuclear weapons. The bombs became part of everyday life; their consequences became literally unthinkable.

The process is not so unusual. A few miles down the road from Pantex is one of the world's largest slaughterhouses. Every 13 seconds, 290 times an hour, 16 hours every day, a steer is killed and put on a disassembly line, where it is skinned, disemboweled and quartered. All that death under one roof—1.2 million cattle last year—is difficult to comprehend. But the people who work in the Iowa Beef plant, like those of us who partake of the steaks at the other end, have become desensitized. There is no other way to come to terms with all that carnage. In the slaughterhouses of our minds, we perform a psychological disassembly, neatly severing the unpleasant process from the desirable products.

Much the same thing has happened with nuclear weapons. C. R. Prickett, Ross Dunham, Lowell Cranfill, Stanley Marsh—all of us to a certain extent—have learned to live alongside the bomb by psychologically defusing it. There is no other way to come to terms with all that death. And the numbing has been so effective that, for many people, the cure for the pain—the dismantling of the nuclear arsenal—has itself become unthinkable.

If you look through the telescope in Stanley Marsh's office, toward the western edge of Amarillo, you can see Cadillac Ranch. There, in the middle of an otherwise empty field, Marsh planted a row of ten Cadillacs—models from among the years 1948 to 1964—noses in the ground, fins pointing defiantly at the sky. I wonder whether one day, at the northeastern edge of Amarillo, in the middle of an otherwise empty 9,100-acre field, someone will plant a row of bombs—consecutive models, from the 1945 "Little Boy" dropped on Hiroshima to the last nuclear weapon ever assembled at Pantex.

Robert Friedman, former editor of the late MORE magazine, is now freelancing from New York, and he hopes this article doesn't contain any military secrets. This story was sponsored by the Mother Jones Investigative Fund, a project of the Foundation for National Progress.



THE RUNNER IS HERE

Every once in a blue moon, a new phenomenon gives birth to an exceptional magazine. In the late '50s, and early '60s, the explosion of spectator sports created a need and a market for *Sports Illustrated*. In the late '60s, it was rock music...and *Rolling Stone*. Now it's the end of the '70s, a time that has seen an entire nation take to its feet. More than 20 million Americans (according to the latest Gallup Poll) are off and running and we have created a new magazine for those who share this, the fastest growing of participant sports.

Called *THE RUNNER*, this new monthly brings you articles not just on running and runners, but on health, biology, and the entire state of mind running expresses. We take as our premise that running is far more than another participant sport; it is an entire subculture, and possibly even a subversive one.

We hope to knock your sweat socks off with the sort of writing and graphics you'll find in no other running publication, and in few other sports magazines; and we'll pull them up again with the latest reports on sports medicine, nutrition, diet and physiology.

With such Contributing Editors as Frank Shorter, Bill Rodgers and Nina Kuscsik, *THE RUNNER* will be with you, toe to toe, at all the major running events, and at many that are of no consequence at all—but are delightful to read about.

So, we hope you get the picture: a magazine for runners but not just about running; a magazine that will probably never cure your athlete's foot, but will always scratch that itch in your soul. If we may quote Dr. George A. Sheehan, "I was seeking a new world, where I could live and create my own drama...I found it in running." We hope you'll find a new world of drama and excitement in our magazine.

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PICK UP A daily paper. Any paper, any city, any day. The story will always be there:

Six Children Die in West Philadelphia Blaze

Six children were killed and three other people, including a 16-month-old girl, were injured this morning when a one-alarm fire gutted a two-story home in West Philadelphia.

A cigarette, carelessly left smoldering on a living room couch, caused the blaze, which firefighters brought under control in only 16 minutes. Four of the dead were identified as children of Raylene Jenkins, 32, who was admitted to Saint Agnes Burn Center with burns over 35 percent of her body and severe lung damage.

They were Clinton, 14, Marie, 13, Latonya, 10, and Joe, 5. A nephew, James Johnson, 16, and a niece, Marcella Washington, 15, both reportedly visiting the family, were also killed.

Melissa Jenkins, 19, and her 16-month-old daughter, Ruchelle, were reportedly in guarded condition at the same hospital. . . .

(From the *Philadelphia Daily News*, January 20, 1979. Names have been changed to protect the privacy of the survivors.)

A DROPPED CIGARETTE . . . a smoldering couch, chair or bedding on a mattress . . . and in a few hours a home or a life or perhaps a whole family is destroyed. Nearly one home fire death in three follows this scenario exactly.

Still other home fire deaths occur when a cigarette ignites papers, curtains or clothing.

Byron Halpin, at Johns Hopkins University, has plotted the course of almost all home fires in Maryland between 1972 and 1977. His research shows that nearly 45 percent of the deaths he investigated were in fires started by cigarettes.

So what else is new? Cigarettes start fires. But what are you going to do?

Ban all cigarettes? Make laws against falling asleep on the couch while watching TV and smoking? People will always be careless. The resulting fires, though tragic, are surely inevitable.

Or are they?

Some extremely simple measures would save the lives of most of the 2,000 U.S. citizens burned to death each year in fires started by cigarettes. Such measures would also spare the thousands more who spend painful months or years in burn centers, and who often bear scars the rest of their lives. This is the story of why those simple measures have never been taken.

Where the Butt Stops

Most American cigarettes, when left to their own devices, will continue burning for 20 to 45 minutes after the

last puff. But not all cigarettes are created equal.

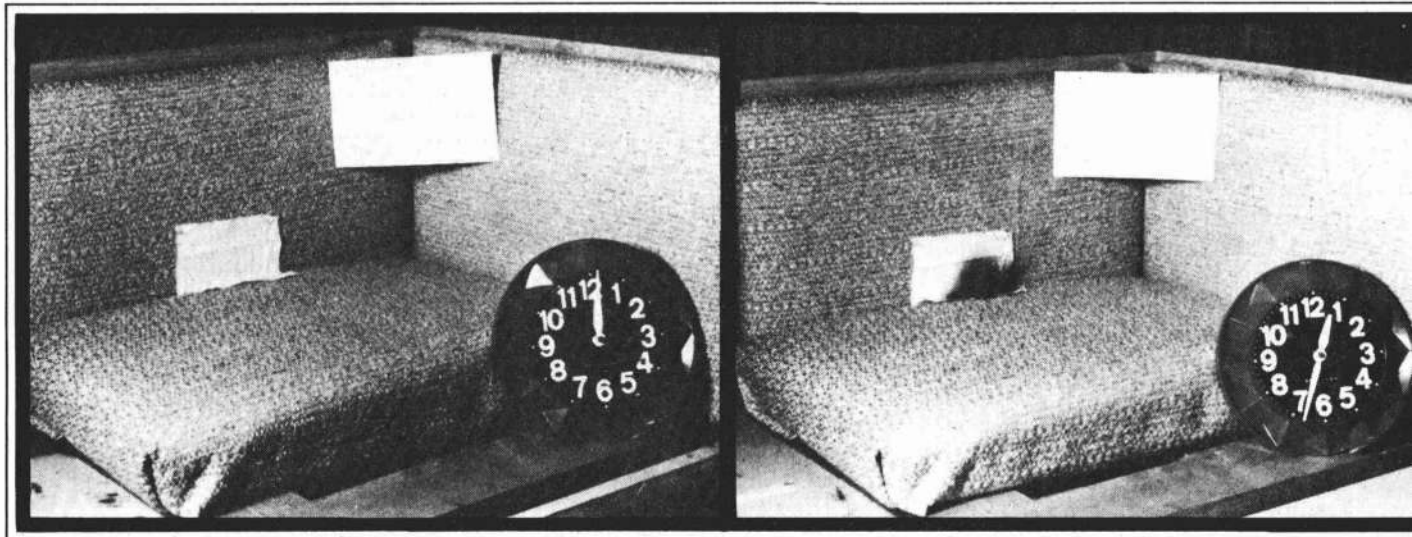
An ordinary cigarette dropped into the crack of a cotton-batting-and-wood-frame chair can start a dense, hard-to-extinguish, smoldering fire in about 15 minutes. But some cigarettes self-extinguish in five minutes. At least 19 patents claim the invention of self-extinguishing cigarettes, some of which go out even sooner.

So why doesn't someone just require cigarettes to self-extinguish in a few minutes, if that would prevent the majority of home fire deaths? As we will see, the agencies in charge of fire safety have been forced by Congress to go to extravagant lengths to avoid this obvious solution. Instead, they must take part in a complicated round-robin game of pass-the-buck-on-fire-safety. Some of the players are:

CIGARETTES

How The Tobacco Lobby Keeps

By Beck



● The Food and Drug Administration (FDA), which bans dangerous chemicals if they are ingested by mouth, but ignores them if they are ingested by inhaling smoke.

● The U.S. Fire Administration, which has most of the mandate for reducing the number of fire deaths in the United States and none of the power.

● The Consumer Product Safety Commission (CPSC), which has been told by Congress that the cigarette is not a consumer product, not hazardous, not toxic and not even flammable.

● State safety agencies, which are pre-empted from preventing cigarette-caused hazards because the feds are doing such a fine job.

● The Health, Education and Welfare (HEW) Office of Smoking and Health, which is so swamped by the job of cataloging the many forms of slow

death caused by cigarettes that they can't get around to studying how cigarettes cause fast death.

Most of these agencies are staffed by well-intentioned but frustrated bureaucrats who have spent years trying to make sure that when a cigarette is carelessly discarded, it will land on a fire-resistant surface. Since Congress, controlled by the tobacco industry, limits their authority, they can't touch the cigarettes themselves.

GORDON DAMANT is a chemist and the chief of California's Bureau of Home Furnishings, a state agency charged with making sure that home products are as safe as possible. He builds mockups of chairs and sofas from various combinations of stuffing and fabric, then leaves lighted cigarettes on them to see how easily they

catch fire. Materials that prove to be unusually dangerous are banned under California state law.

But Damant is mightily handicapped in making a scientific evaluation of the way furniture burns because he can't predict accurately how long each cigarette will burn. All brands are different.

In his Sacramento laboratory he tested 24 types of cigarettes, and he found a wide variation in the length of time each would burn before going out. Some brands self-extinguished quickly when not puffed, but others smoldered as long as 45 minutes.

With wry understatement, Damant revealed his annoyance at the secrecy that cigarette manufacturers impose on the question of precisely what is in their products.

"To be quite frank with you, they were reluctant to give me any information at all. I really don't know why. I did talk to a number of people in the various research centers, and they said they'd send me some information. This was four or five years ago, and I'm still waiting."

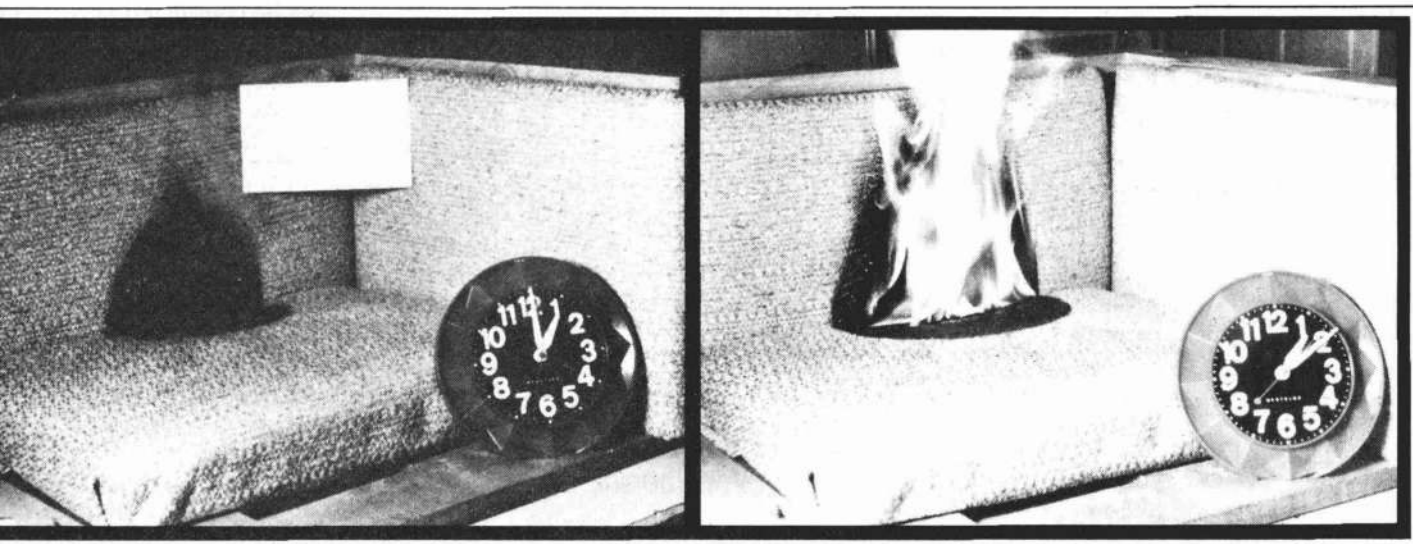
In fact, nobody but the manufacturers knows much about how cigarettes are made, or what's put in them to make them burn for a long time, and the makers aren't about to reveal their "trade secrets." In the absence of fact, a body of folklore has grown up. Many people believe the crucial ingredient is some form of nitrate, added to the tobacco or the paper.

Blazing couches: The California Bureau of Home Furnishings times the fire that erupts when a slow-burning cigarette is left on a piece of upholstered furniture.

ES & SOFAS

eps The Home Fires Burning

O'Malley



Saltpeter (potassium nitrate) has traditionally been blamed, fairly or not, for causing impotence. An increasing body of scientific literature shows links between impotence and heavy cigarette smoking (see "Why the Turk Can't Get It Up," *Mother Jones*, January '79). A chemical analysis of cigarettes will indeed reveal the presence of various nitrate compounds. And, according to the new Surgeon General's report on smoking, the nitrate content of cigarettes has recently been implicated as a precursor of the cancer-stimulating N-Nitrosamines in tobacco smoke.

But some cigarette manufacturers piously deny they add nitrate to tobacco. It gets there "naturally," they say.

"The fertilizers that are used on tobacco contain nitrates, and so the tobacco picks up some of that . . . there is probably more natural nitrate in the tobacco now because people are fertilizing more heavily," the research director of a major tobacco company—who did not want to be named—told me.

However it gets into cigarettes, nitrate is recognized as an efficient "burn promoter" in the few published technical articles on cigarette manufacture. Manufacturers are easily able to juggle the proportions of the main cigarette constituents, including nitrates. Burley tobacco, for instance, contains more nitrate than bright tobacco; flue-cured has more than air-cured; leaves high on the stalk have more than lower leaves.

Another way cigarettes are made to burn for a long time is by adding chemicals to the paper. The most common one appears to be a citrate compound. Also, a porous paper allows a better oxygen supply to an unpuffed cigarette and ensures it will burn steadily to the end by itself.

The crucial importance of paper in promoting burning is recognized among roll-your-own fans. One young man who is homesteading in Canada told me of carrying a homemade cigarette into the hay barn of his old settler neighbor.

"Get that damn thing out of here before you set my place on fire," the old farmer insisted. "If you want to smoke in a barn, roll your smokes with Chanticleer papers. They'll go out when you set them down."

Except for rumor and folklore, though, there is no way for the apprehensive smoker to be sure what's in a cigarette or its paper. No government

agency requires tobacco manufacturers to disclose what's in their product.

"The fact of the matter is, they could put saccharin, and Red Dye No. 2, and DES and any other substance the FDA has ever banned into the tobacco, and nobody can say a word about it. Nobody would even know about it," says Peter Georgiades, general counsel of Washington, D.C.'s Action on Smoking and Health.

Whether it's nitrates or some other secret ingredient or manufacturing technique that gives cigarettes their

**"Potential adverse
consequences on
both sides...
favor slightly our
remaining silent."
—The National
Safety Council**

prolonged burning time, U.S. cigarettes are likely to be long-burning for a long time to come. Manufacturers go to a lot of trouble to design such cigarettes. One excuse they give is that smokers want them that way. "Of course no one wants to lay a cigarette down, and it goes out, and you have to throw it away when it's not more than one-third burned," says D. P. Johnson, manager of Tobacco Products Development for R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company. "If you have to pick up a cigarette and re-light it, it sometimes doesn't taste as good; it has a stale taste." Other cigarette men told me they weren't aware of any specific market research to back up that impression, but "it's historic in the industry" that the consumer wants a long burn. What they don't mention is that a cigarette that burns up when left in the ashtray, instead of extinguishing itself, helps fuel cigarette sales by sending the smoker out for more.

Congress Can't Quit

If the industry won't respond to criticisms of the way cigarettes are made, why haven't safety standards been imposed by state agencies? For

example, cigarettes might be required to go out when not puffed for five minutes. (One furniture test suggests that a cigarette that would go out in ten minutes wouldn't set fire to most upholstery.) The technicalities of meeting such a goal could be left to manufacturers, and their trade secrets would be protected.

The Consumer Product Safety Commission tried to do just this. And failed. What is important to learn from the story of its attempt is that the commission's ability to curb cigarette fire hazards was *deliberately destroyed by congressional action*. The commission is not a stupid bureaucracy, but a *hamstrung* bureaucracy.

Thanks to the tobacco lobby, the Consumer Product Safety Act (CPSA), which established the commission in 1973, specifically excluded "tobacco and tobacco products" from its definition of a "consumer product." However, the same act also gave the commission jurisdiction to administer the provisions of two other acts that were already in existence at the time the CPSA was passed: the Federal Hazardous Substances Act and the Flammable Fabrics Act.

On February 1, 1974, the American Public Health Association and then-Senator Frank Moss of Utah petitioned the commission to make regulations banning high-tar cigarettes as hazardous substances (rather than as consumer products) under the Hazardous Substances Act. The petitioners eventually went to court, and in April of 1975 Judge Gasch of the Washington, D.C. District Court upheld their contention. He agreed that high-tar cigarettes could indeed be considered hazardous and that they were subject to special regulation by the commission as a poison.

While all this was going on, the National Association of Furniture Manufacturers, facing an imminent furniture flammability standard, also petitioned the CPSC. They asked the commission to ban the sale of non-self-extinguishing cigarettes in interstate commerce, due to the risk of injury from fabric fires.

Rebuffed by a CPSC dominated by Nixon appointees, in November of 1974 the furniture people also took their case to Judge Gasch's court. The judge dismissed this case, saying that the court could not review a standard that had not yet been issued. The ques-

tion of the commission's authority over cigarettes as an ignition source was thus left open.

Just about the time these two decisions came down in 1975, Congress was considering the Consumer Products Safety Commission Improvements Act: changes in the commission's mandate based on its first two years of experience. Among the "improvements" was a new section revoking the CPSC authority over tobacco products that Judge Gasch had established in his April decision for the American Public Health Association. It took less than 60 days after the decision for both the Senate and the House to agree on the revocation. The tobacco lobby had moved fast.

A few die-hards hoped to salvage some portion of the commission's jurisdiction over the cigarette, however. Dissenting commissioner David Pittle and the furniture makers independently wrote to the consumer subcommittees of both houses, asking Congress to amend the Improvements Act bill to allow the commission to regulate the cigarette, at least as a fire ignition source, if not as a "hazardous substance." This amendment, sponsored by the late Senator Phillip Hart, passed the Commerce Committee and the Senate.

In the House, the ignition source amendment was introduced by Rep. John Moss of California, then head of the Oversight and Investigations Subcommittee of the House Commerce Committee. What happened to it was a lesson in power politics for Tom Greene, then on Moss' staff.

"We decided to offer the amendment late one afternoon, offered it the next morning in full Commerce Committee and were overwhelmingly defeated. The Republicans bloc-voted and the Demos from tobacco states organized themselves and others. I think we got maybe no more than ten votes [out of a committee of 43]."

There was little overt lobbying against the amendment, he remembered. The members of Congress just seemed to know how they were supposed to vote.

"I had worked for Mr. Moss for a year and a half, and I thought I knew where the votes were. I thought we'd probably do okay on this, it seemed like such a motherhood issue.

"We just got blown out of the water. Mr. Moss at the time was 'Mister Con-

sumer Protection,' and if he supported something, particularly something as good as this one, we could generally be assured of success. It was one of the few times we were ever beaten, and it was probably the only time we were defeated as dramatically and as soundly as that. Those guys are tough!"

So strong is the tobacco lobby's influence that even the supposedly pro-safety National Safety Council (NSC) refused to come out in support of the self-extinguishing cigarette. The NSC checked its cigarette-producer members and found "serious sensitivities about doing anything that might upset a rather delicate balance that now seems to exist in the tobacco industry," according to a letter that Phil Dykstra, manager of the council's home department, wrote the furniture manufacturers. "... Potential adverse consequences on both sides of this issue favor slightly our remaining silent. . . . I am sorry that we feel it necessary to avoid openly supporting your proposal, and I hope you will understand why." The NSC gets most of its financial support from industry, Dykstra noted, and "... we have to consider their concerns in

matters such as this."

After the House Commerce Committee had shot down the bill there was little hope; the Senate's Hart amendment was killed in the Senate-House Conference Committee version of the bill. There's a similar case history for virtually every instance in which some federal agency has attempted to control some aspect of America's most unsafe consumer product.

Needless Deaths

At least 4,900 people die in residential fires in the United States every year. According to the U.S. Fire Administration, America has the second highest per capita death rate from fire in the world, as well as the second highest per capita dollar amount of property damage. Total costs of residential fires in this country every year have been estimated, conservatively, at \$2 billion, when direct property losses are added to indirect costs like temporary shelter and medical care.

Furthermore, the rehabilitation costs for a child like Ruchelle Jenkins who suffers severe burns may add up to more

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than half a million dollars in her lifetime. That total places no dollar value on what the pain and suffering involved in endless skin grafts and permanent disfigurement will cost her and her family. Other indirect fire-related costs, such as the cost of medical care for injured firefighters, makes the social cost of fire even higher.

Congress has courageously come out four-square against fire deaths, of course. It established the U.S. Fire Administration in 1974 to coordinate fire safety programs, with the goal of reducing fire deaths by 50 percent in the

next generation. The largest category of fire deaths are home fire deaths, and about 40 percent of *them* are caused by cigarettes. But the Fire Administration was given no authority to regulate cigarettes.

Six Children Die in West Philadelphia Blaze

[continued from p. 54] All of the dead children were found upstairs, except one who was found at the base of the staircase, apparently having tried to get out, [Philadelphia Fire Commissioner Joseph] Rizzo said.

LIKE THE FIRE that killed these children, about 30 percent of all home fires start either in upholstery or in bedding. The fire marshal's report on the Jenkins fire noted that the living room couch was almost completely consumed, except for some small pieces of wood and the springs, which had buckled inward. This evidence is enough to reconstruct the probable course of the fire:

A cigarette fell into the crack between the front and back of the couch. It continued burning for 15 to 45 minutes, enough time to ignite the slipcover and the batting underlayer. This in turn started a smoldering combustion in the stuffing, with a steady build-up of tremendous heat and outpouring of toxic gases such as carbon monoxide. The couch was completely blackened, with most of the stuffing gone and the springs buckled, before any flame became visible on the surface.

Finally, after an hour or two, long after everyone in the house was sound asleep, the couch burst into flame. After that the fire moved quickly, leaping across the room, catching rugs and chairs as it went, rolling across the wall, up the ceiling and then up the stairwell.

Most of the children were probably dead from smoke inhalation long before any flames reached their bedrooms. Firefighters commonly find a child who dies in such a fire curled up in bed as if the child were asleep. When the body is removed, the shape of the sleeping child can be seen on the sheet, outlined by soot from the smoke.

Safe for Cigarettes

As long as the cigarette is untouchable, safety officials have been at work trying to fireproof home furnishings instead.

George Anikis is in charge of devel-

oping an upholstered-furniture flammability standard for the Consumer Product Safety Commission. He combines the practical bent of an engineer (he's a veteran of the space program) with a philosophical twist perhaps derived from his Greek ancestors. (The day I interviewed him a volume of early Greek authors lay open on his desk.) He's a lean, angular man with the intensity of an El Greco monk. Three "No Smoking" signs decorate his office wall. Statisticians he works with have discovered that two-thirds to three-quarters of all upholstered furniture fires are started by cigarettes.

I asked him why his agency was going piecemeal after all the different kinds of fuel that the home contains, instead of tackling the fires' cause: the long-burning cigarette.

"Because Congress took the law away from us!" he replied. "There's no question in my mind that we can save a hell of a lot more lives and reduce the economic losses if we attack the cigarette, but this country is not willing to attack the cigarette."

But, not surprisingly, it is a much more difficult job to regulate the furniture. For instance, when you make a polyfoam mattress that is less vulnerable to being set afire by a burning cigarette, it is *more* vulnerable to ignition by an open flame, such as a dropped cigarette lighter. Resistance to smoldering combustion (i.e., a dropped cigarette) and to flaming ignition (e.g., bedclothes already ignited) are not at all the same thing. In fact, they tend to be mutually exclusive. Very few materials are equally resistant to being ignited by *both* kinds of sources.

Polyurethane foam is one upholstery material that meets proposed commission safety rules, because it is inherently smolder-resistant—and dropped cigarettes cause more furniture fires than open flames. However, polyurethane has another problem. Once it *does* catch fire, this petroleum-based material burns fast and hot, quickly generating enough heat to make a whole room explode into an inferno. It also generates unusually large amounts of super-toxic gases like hydrogen cyanide. Firefighters call fires started in such synthetics "plastic fires," and they hate them because of their toxic smoke. "I feel sick for two days after I breathe that smoke," Oakland, California, firefighter Ray Gatchalian told me. It was toxic

CAMPAIGN CONTACT

To help in the campaign for self-extinguishing cigarettes, contact:

Andrew McGuire

The Burn Council

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smoke from polyurethane seats and other materials that killed an Oakland firefighter in the subway tube fire under San Francisco Bay last January.

There is no easy way out. CPSC officials can set a standard that will protect a chair from a smoldering cigarette. But that leaves the chair more vulnerable to a child playing with matches.

What about treating furniture with flame retardants? Clothing manufacturers tried this, under government pressure, and added the chemical flame retardant tris (2,3-dibromopropyl) phosphate (tris-BP) to children's pajamas. But tris-BP was discovered to be mutagenic and possibly carcinogenic, and so was banned. Other common flame retardants have similar problems.

Some upholstery fabrics such as polyester, which are both flame- and smolder-resistant, combined with design changes, seem to hold the most promise for making safe fire-resistant furniture. But this greatly increases the cost of the furniture, manufacturers claim, as well as limits the consumer's choice to a few synthetics.

A further difficulty with trying to solve the cigarette fire problem by re-designing furniture is that the old flammable stuff will be around for a long time anyway. CPSC data says that a given piece of furniture has an average life of 17 years. That means that a good deal of the furniture in the country will be around for *more* than 17 years.

By some time in the 21st century, all the old cigarette-vulnerable furniture may be out of American homes. But in the meantime, the home fire scenario will continue to cause deaths: an old couch, ignited by a smoldering cigarette, in turn ignites other furniture, perhaps a new urethane piece, and then the whole house goes up.

The tobacco industry claims that any attempt to regulate cigarettes hurts the smoker's "freedom of choice." Now smoking is often defended as an act that harms only the smoker, at least by those who don't know the data on sidestream smoke. But in the case of fires caused by cigarettes, the "freedom of choice" of the smoker comes smack up against the freedom of choice of the furniture buyer who doesn't smoke. Furniture buyers might resent being limited to buying cigarette-proof merchandise, perhaps made of hot sticky polyester instead of soft, natural fibers,

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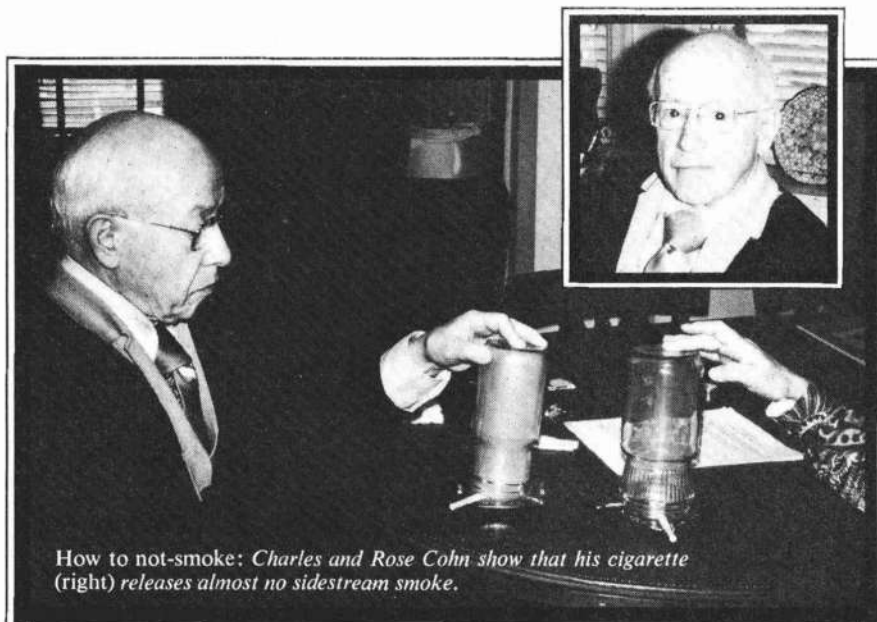
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How to not-smoke: Charles and Rose Cohn show that his cigarette (right) releases almost no sidestream smoke.

INVENTION PREVENTION

Can you make a self-extinguishing cigarette? Charles Cohn thinks so.

He holds U.S. Patent No. 4,044,778—one of at least 19 patents for cigarettes that go out quickly when they're not puffed.

The treatment he has devised is very simple. He paints each cigarette with lengthwise stripes of a well-known compound, water glass (sodium silicate). As the cigarette burns, the stripes don't. They just melt a little, releasing their water content, but nothing else, into the smoke. The glassy, unburned paper stripes form an insulating cage (easily knocked off with the ash) around the burning coal. Even if the cigarette is placed on a highly flammable surface, a fire can't start because the tip stays cool. The cigarette goes out, typically, between one and three minutes after the smoker takes the last puff. Since water glass is inert, it doesn't enter the smoke, and thus poses no additional health hazard to the smoker.

Charles Cohn is an inventor. He holds 35 patents, mostly in metallurgy. (One of his patents is on the basic process that makes it possible to use aluminum on car exteriors.) He's retired now, so he has a lot of time to spend promoting his inventions. He and his wife, Rose, live in the same row house in Atlantic City they've owned since 1950.

In the more than 20 years since he thought of the process, they've written to almost everyone. He showed me his voluminous file, packed with letters to every agency in the government concerned with fire safety or cigarettes, to representatives, senators and especially to cigarette companies.

The cigarette companies haven't had much time for Charles Cohn, however. There's no great reason for the cigarette people to be interested in a self-extinguishing cigarette, of course, since sales are already very good, thank you.

There have been ad hoc tests by people in various federal government laboratories over the years, but nothing as elaborate or controlled as would be necessary before a self-extinguishing cigarette could be marketed. James Winger, head of the Product Flammability Research Group of the National Bureau of Standards, tested one of Cohn's cigarettes on a highly flammable furniture mockup, and it worked. Winger speaks of Cohn and his invention with utmost respect: "There isn't any doubt that from a technical viewpoint his cigarettes can be made the way he says and will do what he says."

I took some of Charles Cohn's handmade prototype cigarettes from Atlantic City to the California State Upholstered Furniture Fire Test Lab in Sacramento. There I watched chemist Gordon Damant put them through a comparison test on mockups covered with the kind of upholstery that is most susceptible to smoldering ignition: cotton batting covered with nubby linen fabric. Cohn's cigarettes performed perfectly, self-extinguishing before the fabric was even scorched. The control cigarette, on the other hand, smoldered merrily away for 30 minutes.

—Continued on page 64

perhaps made of polyurethane foam easily inflamed by children playing with kitchen matches, perhaps treated with mutagenic flame retardants. Only about one-fourth of the population smokes, but the other three-fourths will have to buy furniture tailored to suit the long-burning cigarette. If a flammability standard isn't imposed, the non-smoker will have to risk death in the fire set by the smoker in another apartment. It's not much of a choice.

Fighting Fire with Ire

What is to be done? Law Professor Donald Garner of Southern Illinois University suggested to me that all cigarette smokers should be held to account for the costs that society as a whole bears for their fires. In cases where the negligent individual can't be located—in a forest fire, for example—the cigarette companies themselves could be the target of product liability lawsuits by the agencies that incurred the expense of a fire caused by a cigarette.

Some attorneys such as Robert Rubin of Philadelphia are starting to explore the possibility that even smokers could hold cigarette manufacturers liable for fires, if it could be shown in court that it is possible to manufacture a safe self-extinguishing cigarette. Another incentive for developing cigarettes that self-extinguish would be a safety tax on brands that don't. Just such a tax was responsible for the gradual disappearance of hazardous white phosphorous matches, Professor Garner has pointed out.

Some people are optimistic that cigarettes can be changed. Andrew McGuire, executive director of The Burn Council in San Francisco, has launched a nationwide campaign to push for the self-extinguishing cigarette. Burn center officials and fire chiefs in many cities have joined the drive. It has also received the endorsement of several professional organizations concerned with fire victims, including the American Burn Association. McGuire hopes that public outrage will force Congress to take a new look at the unnecessary fire hazard that cigarettes create, or even, *mirabile dictu*, that the cigarette industry itself will see the handwriting on the wall and change cigarettes without being coerced.

More likely, it will be a long and hard battle. The reformers are up against a



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tobacco-controlled Congress that self-righteously passed laws deploring the fire death toll, then walled the cigarette off from regulation by the agencies charged with fire prevention, and that now blames those agencies for not solving the fire death problem.

Donald Shopland, the director of the Smoking Information Service of HEW's Office of Smoking and Health knows the tobacco industry as well as anyone in Washington. He says:

"I assume the tobacco companies will fight all the way . . . right down the line . . . they will fight anything they perceive as having any kind of impact,

whether it's minute or large, in terms of the smoking behavior of the public. You can bet your life they're going to put up quite a good fight."

Becky O'Malley is a staff writer for the Center for Investigative Reporting. The Center's research was funded by a grant from members of the International Association of Firefighters, Local 55, of Oakland, San Leandro and Emeryville, California. The Center and Mother Jones thank them for their support.

A more detailed set of references to the technical and scientific data supporting this article is included with the reprint (see page 58).

INVENTION PREVENTION —cont'd from p. 60

Consumer acceptance of a novel cigarette is undoubtedly the industry's biggest worry. Manufacturers think a smoker won't like a cigarette that goes out. So I asked Damant to puff on Cohn's cigarette with his rubber suction bulb to see if it would stay lit well enough to satisfy the average smoker (who statistically takes a drag once a minute). Cohn's cigarette passed the test.

Cohn also claims that his product produces virtually no smoke when "idling" in the smoker's hand between puffs. Rose Cohn had showed me a demonstration she devised of this feature. She placed a regular cigarette and a Cohn cigarette side by side in separate ashtrays and put a Mason jar over each to trap the smoke. Sure enough, the jar over the regular cigarette filled up with smoke and the other one didn't. This should be enough to make militant nonsmokers stand up and cheer, since 95 percent of the sidestream smoke in a room comes from the idling cigarette.

Some people fear that any tampering with cigarettes to make them self-extinguishing might cause some harmful change. And, in fact, the mechanisms that create carcinogens in tobacco smoke are not yet well understood. But Cohn says that his process can use the same high porosity paper and other devices that are credited with lowering tars in modern cigarettes, and that it will not affect burn-rate, draw or other variables. Since Cohn's cigarette burns slowly, there are more puffs to be had per cigarette than with regular cigarettes, and the smoker receives more tar and nicotine. Cohn suggests shortening the cigarette or adding a longer filter.

What's needed now are thorough comprehensive tests of all Cohn's claims by a reliable independent laboratory. That's what he thinks too, so about one year ago he started negotiating with the well-known consulting firm, Arthur D. Little, Inc. They drew up an impressive draft proposal for him, detailing all the different kinds of experiments they could do.

Then, one day last December, Cohn got a telephone call from Derek Till, a vice president at A. D. Little. Till informed him that the firm wouldn't be able to carry out the test proposal after all because of "conflict of interest" with its cigarette industry clients. Stunned, Cohn asked Till to send him some version of this bombshell in writing. It hasn't come yet.

I called Till to get his version of the conversation. The first time I talked to him, he refused either to confirm or to deny what Charles Cohn had told me. The next day he called back and reluctantly admitted that Arthur D. Little, Inc. had indeed refused to test Cohn's cigarettes because it might conflict with their tobacco accounts. He hoped I would understand.

I understand, all right. I understand that the cigarette industry, big and powerful as it is, doesn't want small-time inventors like Charles Cohn rocking the boat. William Dwyer, vice president of the Tobacco Institute, told me he didn't know of any practical way a self-extinguishing cigarette could be made, and I guess he'd like to keep it that way.

—B. O'M.

Books

OLD REDS AND THE UNION BLUES

by Joe Klein

Rise Gonna Rise: A Portrait of Southern Textile Workers by Mimi Conway. Photographs by Earl Dotter. Doubleday, 228 pages, illustrated. \$10.95.

FIRST, SOME background: On October 19, 1935, John L. Lewis slugged William Hutcheson, the 300-pound president of the Carpenter's Union, in the midst of the American Federation of Labor's annual convention and then led his mine workers and seven other unions out of the hall to form the Committee for Industrial Organization, or CIO (later renamed the Congress of Industrial Organizations).

The idea was to begin organizing workers in entire industries, instead of by individual skills: there would be one giant union for the auto industry, instead of a maze of smaller groups organized by craft. It was a near-impossible task and Lewis realized he was going to need all the help he could get. He also realized that many of the toughest and most experienced union organizers around were Communists. Swallowing his personal disdain, John L. welcomed them aboard, and in the next six years they dominated the building of the organization that eventually transformed much of America's working class into its middle class.

It is not a well-known fact, but the creation of the CIO was the greatest triumph of the American Left.

It is not well-known, or widely celebrated, for several reasons: first of all, Communists did it. We all know about Communists—stiff-necked Stalinists, slavishly devoted to Russia, while it mocked every principle they believed in. But during the 1930s, the Communists were just about the only people militant, disciplined (God, how they were disciplined) and crazy enough to do the real dirty work. Every electrical worker who owns a color TV today can



Hattie Baker holds a portrait of the daughter of a mill owner, for whom she worked 27 years as a cook. Photo by Earl Dotter.

thank the Communist Party for getting his original union organized—and that goes for a large chunk of the other old CIO unions as well.

But once most of the tough organizing was completed and the Cold War bloomed, the CIO turned around and expelled all of its prominent Communists and tried—successfully, eventually—to break the Left-dominated un-

ions. The Reds, of course, had brought on much of the enmity themselves (a steelworker from Chicago recently told me that the few Commies left in his local—museum pieces that they are—are still at it, introducing long, complex, disruptive resolutions supporting the Vietnamese against the Chinese invaders and so forth). But then, these Commies shouldn't take all

the blame; their erstwhile union brothers proved to be disgustingly enthusiastic McCarthyites.

Since then, the labor movement has behaved rather swinishly. The operative images are hardhats tromping on anti-war demonstrators in New York, beer-gutted numbskulls vowing to keep minorities out of their lily-white locals, the Teamsters, George Meany and so forth. . . .

And so, an important heritage has been lost. One old Communist organizer, a woman, told me last year: "What you young people don't understand—what you couldn't possibly understand because you never did it—is that we actually affected people's lives. You protested a war six thousand miles away, and now you deal in abstractions like nuclear power [this was before Three Mile Island, of course], but we actually helped people, and you can't ever imagine what it was like to see them getting together, and getting strong, and getting smart, and taking control of their lives."

I'm not suggesting here that it's time to resurrect the Communist Party—for all the principles they betrayed and lives (and minds) they ruined, they should be relegated to the Gulag Archipelago of history. But it might not be such a bad idea to take another look at the U.S. labor movement, which, at this moment, seems to need all the help it can get.

Over the past several years there have been a few tentative contacts between the remnants of the Left and the remnants of labor. Douglas Fraser, the enlightened president of the United Auto Workers, has been pushing the idea of a new popular front. The Citizen/Labor Energy Coalition in Chicago, a group of environmentalists and labor leaders, also is promising. But the real contacts shouldn't come up top; it is time to begin gut-level support of union organizing drives, especially in the

South and West where the Captains of Industry are increasingly taking refuge from the union shops of the North and East. It is still a basic fact of American life that less than a quarter of all workers are organized.

Which brings us—finally—to *Rise Gonna Rise*, Mimi

Conway's fine, dignified book about Southern textile workers, who, of all the unorganized, seem to have the most symbolic plight. They are victims of an intractable management (which, indeed, fled from the unions of New England) and horrible working conditions, including the

scourge of brown lung disease, which comes from inhaling the cotton dust that swirls in the air of the rotten old textile plants.

Conway limits herself to the millworkers in one town, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, who happen to be the only employees of the J. P. Stevens Company to have won a union election—and who've been struggling ever since to win a contract. She has a solid, unpretentious style of writing, and a felicitous ability to get the workers talking about more than just their lives in the mills, to make them come alive as more than simply victims (as do Earl Dotter's photographs, which accompany the text).

She also manages to avoid being polemical, a notable achievement aided in large part by the fact that J. P. Stevens is so awful a villain that no exaggeration or call to arms is necessary. Conway simply attends the various stockholders meetings and quotes the chairman of the board, James D. Finley, directly. If the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union (ACTWU) were truly creative, it would raise the funds to send Mr. Finley on a national speaking tour.

And Stevens is abetted by such allies as the textile industry's house organ, the *Textile Reporter*, which revealed on July 10, 1969, that brown lung disease was "a thing thought up by venal doctors who attended last year's International Labor Organization [ILO] meeting in Africa, where inferior races are bound to be afflicted by new diseases more superior people defeated years ago."

With enemies like that, the textile workers could eat their young and still arouse our sympathies. As it is, they range from narrow-minded to noble. I was particularly struck by Lucy Taylor, the wheezing leader of the Carolina Brown Lung Association, who brings a pathetic delegation of fellow victims to Washington to push for a federal regulation requiring compa-

nies to lower the amounts of cotton dust in the air. After a public hearing and a meeting with their elected representatives—including the rancid Senator Jesse Helms, who has bitterly opposed all labor reform legislation and yet throws an arm around poor Lucy for the cameras—the group staggers exhaustedly into the office of Eula Bingham, the new director of OSHA, who, confronting the reality and utter frustration of their misery, starts to cry. It is to Ms. Conway's credit that she can even make a bureaucrat's tears seem convincing.

For the past several years, a boycott of J. P. Stevens' products has been conducted by the AFL-CIO. It has been only mildly successful, partly because Stevens cleverly camouflages its various sheets, towels and fabrics under a bewildering array of brand names (see box). Several different courts have ruled against the company for racial discrimination and unfair labor practices, but Stevens seems content to stretch out the court cases, ignore the rulings and federal regulations, ignore the union and hope it all goes away (as, indeed, it has several times in the past). In an era of public relations and corporate soft soap, Stevens seems a remarkable anachronism—and yet, it stands a very good chance of persevering. And if it does, other companies in the South and West will take note and harden their stands against the fossilized labor movement. But if Stevens falls, the other companies will realize there's nowhere to hide (except, perhaps, Mexico or Korea or Taiwan, but that's another story). So, in a way, no less than the future course of the trade union movement is at stake.

Once upon a time, the American Left gained a sense of purpose and dignity through the struggle of workers to organize themselves into unions. Perhaps, in this dull, gray period, that is where it all should begin again. □

STEVENS' COVERS

Boycotting J. P. Stevens is difficult since their textiles are marketed under many names. What follows is a partial list of Stevens' labels:

Sheets and pillowcases: Beauti-Blend, Beauticale, Fine Arts, Mohawk, Peanuts, Tastemaker, Utica, and designer labels Yves St. Laurent, Angelo Donghia and Dinah Shore.

Towels: Fine Arts, Tastemaker, Utica.

Carpets: Contender, Gulistan, Merryweather, Tastemaker.

Blankets: Baby Stevens, Forstmann, Utica.

Table linen: Simtex.

Synthetics and blend fabrics: Blen Tempo, Carousel, Coachman, Consort, Gesture, Lady Consort, Linebacker, 20 Below, Westmatic, Windsheer.

Woolens and worsted fabrics: Boldeena, Forstmann, Hockanum, Worumbo.

Cotton fabrics: Academy, Lady Twist Twill, Twist Twill.

Women's hosiery: Finesse, Hip-Lets, Spirit. □

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Classifieds

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Radical Psychiatry Summer Institute, August 16-19, 1979, San Francisco. Theory and practice of problem-solving groups, meditations, bodywork, and cooperative living. Fee: \$50 before 7/16, \$65 after. For more info, write RPSI, 1669 Grove St., San Francisco, CA 94117.

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The best books on homeopathic medicine. For extensive book list, send SASE to: Homeopathic Educational Service, 2133 Derby, Berkeley, CA 94705.

BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS

No Nukes: Everybody's Guide to Nuclear Power, by Anna Gyorgy and friends, 478 pages; \$8, postpaid. **Nuclear Madness—What YOU Can Do!** by Helen Caldecott. 120 pages; \$4.50, postpaid. Kate Donnelly, P.O. Box 271-MJ, New Vernon, NJ 07976.

Readable radical scholarship. Recent articles: Thailand, N. and S. Korea, India, China, Indonesia, Vietnam, Japan. List, free; subscription, \$9; 1 copy, \$2.50. **Bulletin of Concerned Asian Scholars**, Box W, Charlemont, MA 01339.

Attn: community organizers and housing activists. Special issue of *Shelterforce* (a national housing publication) features analysis of U.S. cities and Carter's urban policy. Review copy, \$1. Special group rates. *Shelterforce*, Dept. MJ, 380 Main St., East Orange, NJ 07018.

Anarchist Cookbook, \$9.85; **Mini-Manual for the Urban Guerrilla**, \$2.75; **The Complete Book of Knife Fighting**, \$10.95; **Lock Pick Design Manual**, \$5.50; Catalog, \$1. Survival Books, Dept. M, 11108 Magnolia Blvd., North Hollywood, CA 91601.

Publishers' overstocks. Over 4,000 bargain books, all subjects. Free catalog. Hamilton, 98-54 Clapboard, Danbury, CT 06810.

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Sexual Politics: Women's, men's, gay liberation books. Free catalog: TCP, Albion-40, CA 95410.

Read the Guardian—Marxist news-weekly covering national and international events. Special six-week trial subscription, \$1. (\$17/year.) *Guardian*, Dept. MJ, 33 W. 17th St., New York, NY 10011.

The People's Guide to Campaign Politics by Gary Robert Schwedes. Definitive work on local campaign techniques. Nominated in *Washington Monthly* for "Political Book of the Year." Send \$3.30 to Schwedes Campaign Consultants, 1725 The Promenade, #304, Santa Monica, CA 90401.

The nuclear accident in Pennsylvania was not the first near-meltdown. For a frightening and true account, read *We Almost Lost Detroit*, by John Fuller (\$4, postpaid). Also, *No Nukes: Everybody's Guide to Nuclear Power*, by Anna Gyorgy (\$8, postpaid). Contact: GMP, P.O. Box 177-A, Montague, MA 01351; (413) 863-4754.

To be listed in the National Directory of Alternative, Radical and Feminist Therapists, send business-sized SASE by Sept. 1, 1979. Pat Henry/Judy Browder, P.O. Box 2064, University Stn., Lawrence, KS 66045.

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access, the bi-weekly journal of media reform, is the only publication that covers media-reform issues exclusively and in depth. \$36, institutions; \$24, individuals; \$18, students. *access*, 1028 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20036.

Beauty contests on the job? Women paid 80¢ a day? Read about new forms of personnel control in the global electronics industry in *The Changing Role of Southeast Asian Women*, \$1.50 each. *Southeast Asia Chronicle*, Dept. Q, P.O. Box 4000D, Berkeley, CA 94704. (Subscriptions: \$8/year.)

Arming the Third World, a new 8-page booklet detailing recent U.S. arms transfers and their impact on human rights in 10 selected countries, including Iran, Nicaragua, South Korea and South Africa. This booklet also contains sections on the largest corporations involved, actions and resources. Single copies: 15¢ each, plus 15¢ postage. Per hundred: \$7 plus 20% postage. Available from NAR-MIC, a project of the American Friends Service Committee, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102; (215) 241-7175.

1979 Disarmament Action Guide—A definitive 16-page booklet analyzing the arms race and what you can do. 1-5 copies, 20¢ each; 6-50, 12¢; 51 or more, 10¢ each. Add 20% for postage. Write: Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy, 120 Maryland Ave. NE, Washington, DC 20002.

Community Bookshelf—Books on cooperative and communal life styles. For free brochure, write: Community Bookshelf, R.R. 1, Enterprise, Ontario, Canada, K0K 1Z0.

Announcing Red-eye, Issue No. 1. A libertarian communist magazine; articles on the international crisis, resistance to austerity, culture, the Left and the ultra-Left. Cover price, \$1.50; yours for \$1 plus 25¢ postage. *Red-eye*, 2000 Center St., No. 1200, Berkeley, CA 94704.

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MISCELLANEOUS

Car-Con '79, June 29-July 1, 1979. Education critic John Holt, economist David Friedman, others. For information, send SASE to: P.O. Box 3280, Charlotte, NC 28203.

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- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Where the need is greatest | <input type="checkbox"/> Indian (U.S.) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Africa | <input type="checkbox"/> Indonesia |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Appalachia (U.S.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Inner Cities (U.S.) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bangladesh | <input type="checkbox"/> Israel |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chicano (U.S.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Korea |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Colombia | <input type="checkbox"/> Lebanon |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dominican Republic | <input type="checkbox"/> Mediterranean |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Honduras | <input type="checkbox"/> Mexico |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Rural South (U.S.) |

3 Would you like a picture of your sponsored child?

Shortly after we select a child for you, we can send you a photograph and brief personal history, if you desire.

Yes No



Mail to:

Save the Children®
50 Wilton Road, Westport, Connecticut 06880
Attn: David L. Guyer, President

4 Would you like to correspond with your sponsored child?

If desired, correspondence can help build a meaningful one-to-one relationship. Translations, where necessary, are supplied by Save the Children.

Yes No

5 Would you like information about the child's community?

Several times a year you can receive detailed reports on community activities to benefit your sponsored child. These community reports show how your money is being used most effectively for permanent improvements to the child's environment—for health care, education, food production, nutrition, and community training. Would you like to receive such information?

Yes No

6 Do you wish verification of Save the Children credentials?

Save the Children is indeed proud of

the handling of its funds. Based on last year's audit, an exceptionally large percentage (75.8%) of each dollar spent was used for program services and direct aid to children and their communities. Due to volunteered labor and materials, your donation provides your sponsored child with benefits worth many times your total gift. Would you like to receive an informative Annual Report (including a summary financial statement)?

Yes No
(A complete audit statement is available upon request.)

7 Would you rather make a contribution than become a sponsor at this time?

Yes, enclosed is my contribution of \$ _____

Check here for general information about our unique programs for aiding impoverished children.

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YOUR SPONSORSHIP PAYMENTS AND CONTRIBUTIONS ARE U.S. INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE.

Established 1932. The original U.S. child sponsorship agency. Member of the American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service.