

MOTHER JONES

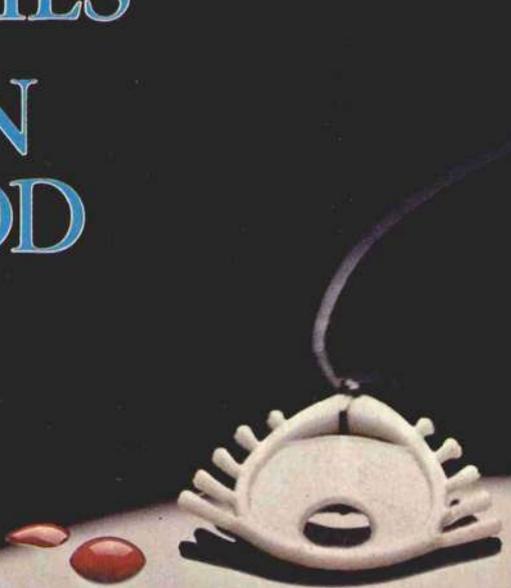
HERZOG: WORLD'S
BEST FILMMAKER?

ROCK REMEDIES

TIMOTHY LEARY'S
SPACE COLONIES

FEMINISTS ON
MOTHERHOOD

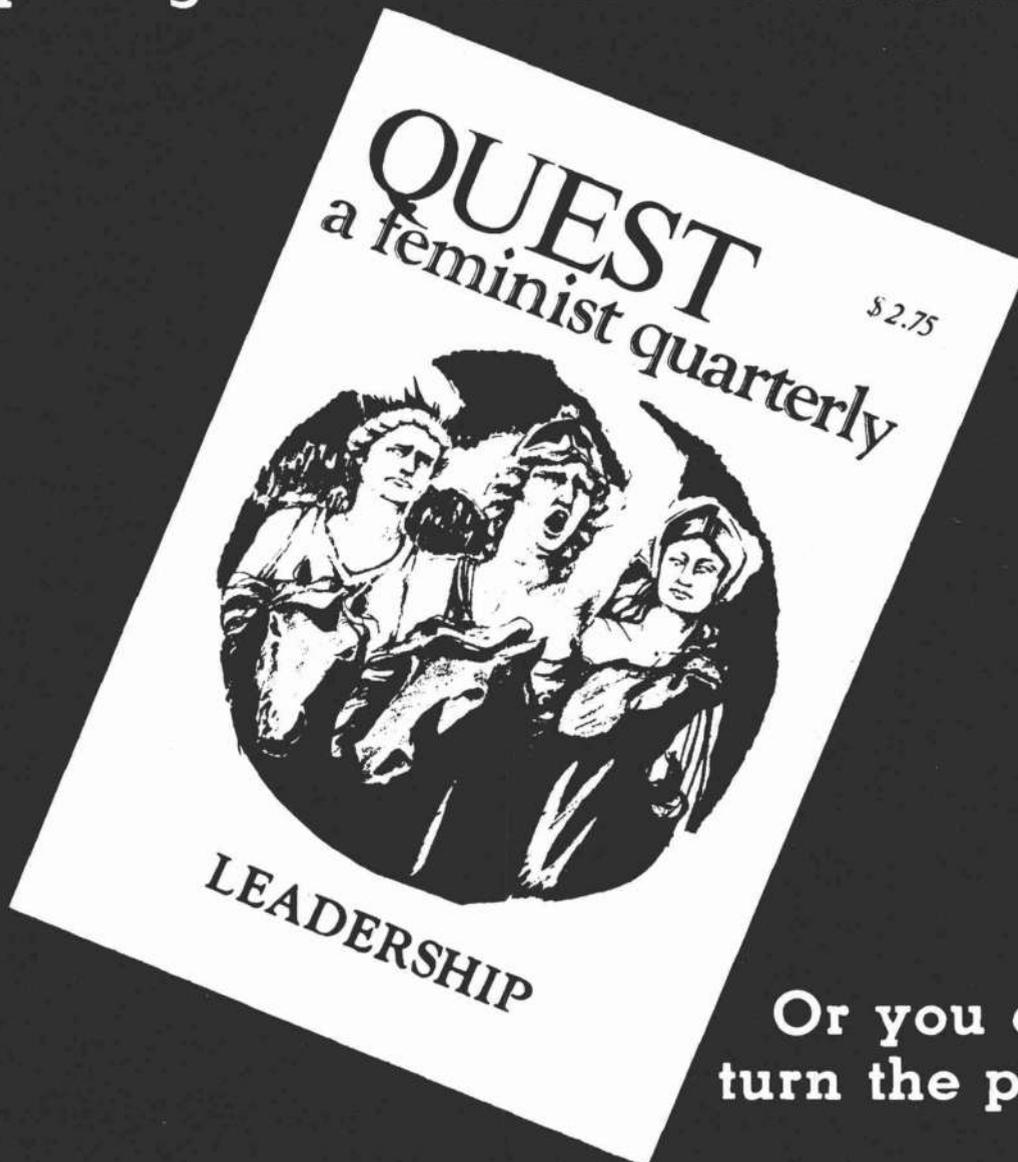
THE NEXT
SIX WARS



IS THIS DEVICE THE
NEW THALIDOMIDE?

Its story is clearly (cont. p. 36)

You can find out what's really happening in the women's movement.



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MOTHER JONES

A MAGAZINE FOR THE REST OF US

NOVEMBER 1976 • VOLUME I, NO. VIII

FRONTLINES

Page 5

NEWS: D. B. Cooper, you can come in from the cold; how to avoid paying taxes on bribe income; the Top Ten albums of all time (no, not the Beatles or the Stones); the city that's still battling big oil.



COVER STORY

Page 36

... A CASE OF CORPORATE MALPRACTICE

by Mark Dowie and Tracy Johnston

If you think you know the full story of the Dalkon Shield, the IUD that has killed at least 17 women, look again. Here is our own reconstruction of how lies, shaky statistics and sheer hucksterism helped a dubious medical invention gross millions for its corporate backers. The main character in the story, our investigative reporters found, should go to jail for perjury.

COLUMNS

Page 11

MIAMI BEACH TRIES TO BE VENICE

by Ann Banks

The first installment of our new "Communities" column.

Page 13

OF DIMPLES, DREAMS AND FLAMES

A potpourri of nonsensical book indexes, all discovered by *Mother Jones* readers.

FEATURES

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MINE THE MOON, SEED THE STARS

by Don Goldsmith

Hello up there, Timothy Leary. What's this new plan of yours for getting us all into space colonies?

Page 21

THE NEXT SIX VIETNAMS

by Roger Rapoport

The U.S. has been involved in 17 wars or military interventions since Pearl Harbor. Here's our educated guess at where some of the next 17 will be—and how they'll be different from any wars we've known so far.

Page 27

THE GLASS-BOTTOMED BOAT

by Paul West

"It began when Toby Flankers, out in the middle of Montego Bay in his glass-bottomed boat with two tourists, all of a sudden began to stamp barefoot on one of the two panels." A short story.



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MOON ART

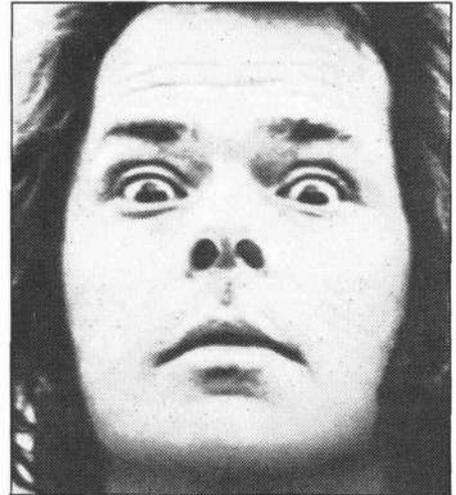
The art of Robert E. Moon: a portfolio of drawings.

Page 40

HERZOG

by Sheila Benson and Mal Karman

Whether he is jumping into a cactus patch or creating an extraordinary film like *Kas-*



par Hauser, Werner Herzog is the kind of person who gives rise to legends. François Truffaut considers him "the greatest filmmaker alive and working today."

THE ARTS

Page 51

FEMINISTS LOOK AT MOTHERHOOD

by Annie Gottlieb

Until recently, women were writers or mothers, seldom both. But now three exceptional books illuminate "the harsh yet beautiful terrain of modern motherhood."

Page 54

A MIXED BAG OF FALL READING

Short reviews of half-a-dozen new books.

Page 56

FILMS TO THROW POPCORN AT

by Karen Stabiner

Page 59

ROCK Rx FROM DOCTOR ROLL

by Ed Ward

Can't find music you like anymore? Dr. Roll suggests a few records as remedies.

POETRY

by Lawson Fusao Inada (page 50); by Juliana Mutti (page 53); by Chris Gilbert (page 58).

Cover photo by Craig Simpson

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Letters

[RUIDOSO WRITES]

Dear Mother:

Just finished reading the article on Wampler ("The Captain of Nitwit Ridge, the Underground Orchard and the Mortician's House," *MJ* Sept./Oct. '76), which I greatly enjoyed because it is an aspect of the cabins in this mountain community that is inescapable. People just came up here and made do with what was available. Like Victorian mansions in Old West mining towns, these cabins will often have woodwork and masonry that make you step back and say, "Wait a minute; that was done with affection and the artist/craftsman would dig its being appreciated."

Could you please correct the spelling of our town? People have a tendency to pronounce it "Ruidosa," but that ain't the way she's wrote. Ruidoso—got it?

W. C. "Buck" Meyer
Ruidoso, NM

[BOYS ON THE BUS]

Dear Mother:

Congratulations to Paul Hanson for a fine article on Ken Kesey ("Kesey Agonistes: Did Hollywood Cuckoo Ken?" *MJ* Sept./Oct. '76). Congratulations to Ken Kesey for a fine book. Fuck Saul Zaentz and Michael Douglas for being so ungrateful. So they spent four years making the movie; where would they have been if it wasn't for Kesey's book in the first place?

Keep drivin' that bus, Ken. You've got a lot more passengers than you think.

Perry Gauntt
Little Rock, AR

[OILY MESS]

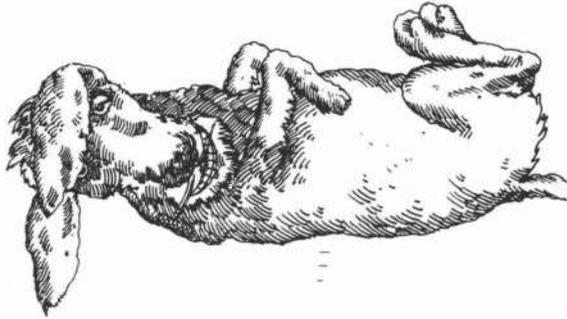
Dear Mother:

R. P.'s Frontlines article: "And the Oil Goes Round" (*MJ* Sept./Oct. '76) is provocative, and I hope my ideas don't get buried under an avalanche of Rube Goldberg inventions; but let me add a note.

Seems R. P. failed to mention that the oilmen finally got their sticky fingers on old Teapot Dome itself. Seems they were ringing the place with their pumps and Uncle Sam decided they might as well lease it to them fair and square. No

Dog enjoying a subtle sense
of the miraculous

© Stine 1976



fuss. No muss. No bother. Harding must be turning in his grave.

Laverne Rison
Basin, WY

[BIG DEAL]

Dear Mother:

Parker's piece on the People's Bicentennial Commission "paper chase" exposé was great ("Let's Make a Deal," *MJ* Sept./Oct. '76).

Hope we can expect more of that kind of reporting in the future. Really, it was great. I only wish it had gone further.

Although I have mixed feelings about PBC, I am truly sympathetic to what a "movement group" has to go through to get mainstream media coverage.

Jeff Stein
Washington, DC

[SHE'S SORRY]

Dear Mother:

"A Magazine for the Rest of Us," you say . . . but have you defined that audience yet? I think not. So far it's been nothing more than stale commentaries and regurgitated rhetoric.

I believe in new publications. I like to support them. Contrary to what some friends and relatives felt about not becoming a charter subscriber, I sent in my \$8 and hoped to get my money's worth. It's been a bit dull, a trifle preachy and, with the exception of one or two articles, of limited interest.

I'm sorry for the rest of us.

Joan Levine
San Diego, CA

[CRUEL RIDICULE]

Dear Mother:

I thought Alan Cober's ridicule of fat people (in "What America Needs to Do Next," *MJ* Sept./Oct. '76) was cruel and inhumane, considering the often difficult position of fat people in our society.

Up until very recently I was fat. The volume of ridicule, much of it verbal and public, which I had to endure might make you squirm. The assumption of our society seems to be that fat people deserve this. Apparently, Mr. Cober shares this assumption. Why?

Many fat people are addicted to food in the sense that food can be used as a drug—as a temporary refuge from a painful reality, an anaesthetic to calm the nerves. Compulsive eating, like alcoholism and drug addiction, is very likely a disease and ought to be treated as such, not with ridicule and mockery like Mr. Cober's.

I would like to suggest that your magazine, which, I understand, is interested in the betterment of social conditions, take a look at the condition of fat people, who could possibly be defined as a persecuted minority unfit for the sexual marketplace.

Karen Iris Bogen
Berkeley, CA

[JIVE ON JAGGER]

Dear Mother:

I am offended by inaccurate journalism!!!

In reference to the blurb on the new Rolling Stones album, *Black and Blue* ("Mick Jagger Is Looking Black and Blue," *MJ* Sept./Oct. '76), paragraph two is entirely in error!!!

It states: "Outrage has been a constant feminist reaction to Jagger and the Stones since the hit song 'Midnight Rambler,' which glorifies the Boston Strangler and recreates the rape/murder of Beverly Samans. 'Oh God, hit her head . . . rape her . . . hang her . . .'"

LIES!!!

a) "Midnight Rambler" was never released as a single; b) it reminds/warns of the Boston Strangler; c) it does not

An Honest Magazine Subscription Ad

It's unfortunate. A good magazine is such a viable and unique product—a regular distillation of exceptional writing, talent and art. It's unfortunate that readers often feel tricked into subscribing by clever gimmicks and sales techniques.

We're MOTHER JONES. An honest magazine. The result of honest efforts of writers, photographers, artists and dedicated business folks. We're a non-profit publication that offers serious insights into today's most poignant dramas in politics, education and myriad sociological situations around the world.

MOTHER JONES is about politics, literature, psychology, art, music (from the blues to Beethoven), joy, home-cooking, gardening, a fair amount of anger, and a good deal of dedication to making sure the 70's don't turn into the 50's—despite the dedicated efforts of some to do so.

MOTHER JONES is a bit of the *Whole Earth Catalog*, but not quite; a bit of the old *Ramparts*, but not quite that either; in fact, it's a blend of a whole fistful of magazines, newspapers, journals, catalogs, books that we've grown to admire over the years, but that taken alone, never quite reflected the complexity, the richness or the range of our lives.

We're also a lot of fun. Each issue features a bit of trivia, some cerebral laughs, the etchings of Charles Bragg and the wit and wisdom of perceptive young sages who prove, if nothing else, that the pen is more entertaining than the sword.

All in all, it's a fine journey through the world of the 70's. And to take the trip, you've got to pay the fare. We have no tricks and we're not going to appeal to your greed and avarice—just you intellect and sense of humor. So here's the best we can offer . . .

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It's a substantial savings and an offer we can only extend for a limited (seriously) time. Charter subscribers will always get the lowest rates available on renewals, gift subscriptions, etc. Non-Charter (soon) subscribers will pay more. Give us a try. We think you'll enjoy MOTHER JONES. Honestly.



All these faces appeared in MOTHER JONES. Honest!

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My payment is enclosed

MOTHER JONES 1255 Portland Place
Boulder, Colorado 80302

M O T H E R J O N E S



Mother Jones (1830-1930)

From the time she heard Lincoln speak against slavery until she raged against the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, labor organizer Mary Harris "Mother" Jones led the fight in every movement for social change in her time.

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Richard Parker

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Consultants:

John Klingel, Holly Reppert

recreate the rape/murder of Beverly Samans; and d) the correct lyrics are, "... I'm called the hit 'n' run raper, in anger! ..."

I was very insulted by the outrageous errors in that brief blurb. How can our own *Mother*, dedicated to defending the wronged, spread such unforgivably faulty information?! I agree that the ad was sexist and unjust, but you say yourselves that Jagger was not responsible for it. Don't sling slanderous mud at your allies, stand beside them! The Rolling Stones are on our side, don't shoot your comrades—we need all the help we can get! Why must Jagger always be the one to suffer the blows? Mick Jagger's socially aware lyrics carry a powerful influence on our youth (and have since the early '60s).

Jagger is not a male chauvinist pig! Songs like "Under My Thumb" and "Stupid Girl" were written about specific individuals and are not directed at the general public.

How can you call yourselves "A Magazine for the Rest of Us" when you are so inconsiderate of your supporters?

(Ms.) Pat J. Bushong
Lewiston, NY

[MEDITATE WITH MOM]

Dear Mother:

Just a note to tell you people that every month when my *MJ* appears I experience something close to Nirvana. I was turned on to you by a friend who is a teacher, and since then I have tried to get all the people I know interested.

Here in the fog capital of the U.S., your magazine is a burst of cosmic sunshine.

Lee Levin
Eureka, CA

[NUMBER, PLEASE]

Dear Mother:

As a C&P Telephone Co. of Virginia employee, I want to thank you for the article about "Pa Bell" ("Pa Bell's Plan for Us All," *MJ* August '76).

After hearing all the propaganda from management, it is refreshing to hear the other side. It is very hard to disbelieve everything told to us when that is all we hear.

Pamela B. Ross
Spotsylvania, VA

Dear Mother:

Magazine writing is a collaboration between author and editor. As most

writers, but fewer readers, know, the last editor makes the final changes in style—and politics.

In my article, "Pa Bell's Plan for Us All," a sentence was changed that meant a good deal to me. Answering why consumer and phone worker control of AT&T is currently an "American Impossibility," the printed version reads: "Why an impossibility? Well, it isn't really, but worker-consumer control of American Telephone & Telegraph runs into the biggest damn wall of fear, misunderstanding and propaganda you could imagine."

But my original goes: "Why an impossibility? Well, it isn't really, but worker-consumer control of American Telephone & Telegraph runs smack into the brick wall which crumbled on Chile's Salvador Allende. You don't turn over to public ownership the biggest corporation in the world, or the world's largest copper and nitrate deposits, without a fight."

Small changes? Perhaps. But if Chile proved anything, it proved that the transition to socialism cannot be peaceful. I hardly see any reason for that to be different in the United States, the home of Anaconda and AT&T.

Steve Chapple
San Francisco, CA

[OUR MOUTH'S OPEN]

Dear Mother:

Congratulations on the birth of a fine magazine that gets right into the scheme of things with both eyes and ears wide open. (Not to mention mouth.)

You are more than a "ten-minute glance through," like a few magazines I could name. You have successfully combined current events, rip-offs, humor and fine poetry, and come up with a casserole fit for even the most discriminating gourmet.

"For the Friend Who Has Everything" (*MJ* May '76) was priceless. Mother, don't let anyone put you down. You're great.

Joan Maupin
Manchester, WA

[FROM MOTHER TO DAD]

Dear Mother:

Thank you for the magazine. We appreciate your thinking of us at this time and welcome your support. I will pass it along to Dad.

Jeff Carter
Jimmy Carter Presidential Campaign

Frontlines

Hijackings have been taking on a different look these days: the hijacker is starting to lose. But one man who gambled and won (maybe) has been the focal point of a lot of FBI attention this fall.

He's D. B. Cooper, the man who jumped out of a jet in 1971 with a parachute strapped to his back and \$200,000 in his hands. Even though Cooper hasn't been seen since the day of the hijacking and an extensive search of the mountains of Washington, Oregon and Nevada has turned up nothing, the FBI won't let up its search.

It may have to soon, though, because this month, on November 24, the statute of limitations runs out on D. B. Cooper: he will officially be a free man. And if he turns up alive and well, it will be with a story that should shame Clifford Irving.

Cooper—if that's his real name—paid cash for a Northwest Airlines flight from Portland to Seattle five years ago this month. After takeoff, he handed a note to a stewardess that read "I have a bomb in my briefcase."

The stewardess relayed the message to the pilot, the plane landed, the passengers and two flight attendants exited and \$200,000 was brought on board. Then the plane took off, with Cooper, the \$200,000 and the rest of the crew as hostages, and headed straight for a thunderstorm. Somewhere between Seattle and Reno, Cooper jumped, cash in hand, walking down the stairs of the plane's tail exit out into the night.

The act galvanized officialdom, mortified the FBI—and fascinated the public. It was at the height of the hijacking craze, and the FBI opened an intensive search—one that, to date, has included tracking down more than 825 separate leads, but turned up no clues.

In 1973 Karl Fleming, editor of a short-lived weekly newspaper and former *Newsweek* bureau chief in Los Angeles, thought he had found a method of flushing Cooper out. Placing classified ads in newspapers throughout the Northwest, of-

THE ONE WHO GOT AWAY

WANTED BY THE FBI



fering to tell Cooper's story in exchange for both cash and confidentiality, Fleming was contacted by a man who claimed *he* was Cooper. Fleming believed the story, persuaded his principal backer, Los Angeles millionaire Max Palevsky, to put up \$30,000 cash as payment, then proceeded to discover it was a hoax.

"Cooper" and his accomplice turned out to be a pair of questionable real estate speculators from Bremerton, Washington. They were convicted of fraud but escaped lengthy jail terms by returning most of the money. Fleming, a bold journalist if ever there was one, went ahead to publish his tale of D. B. Cooper in a highly publicized, highly charged series that didn't bother to mention any hoax until the final installment. His paper folded shortly thereafter.

Ironically, Fleming says that

"five per cent of me" still thinks that the "phony" D. B. Cooper is the real D. B. Cooper—and that the hoax wasn't a hoax, but a final laugh on Cooper's part.

Meanwhile, apparently satis-

fied that it hadn't turned up the real D. B. Cooper, the FBI kept on looking. This summer it came up with a last-ditch idea for enlisting public support in the search. The Bureau proposed circulating a list of the serial numbers of the bills Cooper had escaped with—the first person to turn in one of the bills would receive a \$5,000 reward.

Someone, however, pointed out to the FBI that since Cooper had escaped with all the money in \$20 bills, anybody's poring over a list of 10,000 ten-digit numbers was a teensy bit unlikely.

And so, unless the unlikely happens, on the 24th of November, a tall, swarthy man in his mid-40s somewhere in the United States will pour himself a drink and sit back, bemused, a free man.

There's a hitch, though: D. B. Cooper may have escaped criminal prosecution and the clutches of the FBI—but he hasn't escaped the IRS. Since the day he jumped out of that 727, D. B. Cooper's ill-gotten gains have steadily gained a heavy weight of back taxes, interest penalties and fines. Indeed, on November 24, D. B. Cooper, hijacking's apparent answer to Houdini, will owe the government \$218,000 in taxes—or \$18,000 more than he escaped with.

The Nice Guys At IRS

Melvin Pierson used to be a parks commissioner for the city of Los Angeles. He also used to be a highly successful bagman in the administration of Mayor Sam Yorty, regularly collecting hefty chunks of cash from those who would win city contracts. On one occasion, an architect paid \$22,850 through Pierson to get a job. Another \$15,000 job cost the same architect an additional \$1,500. Zoning plums went for \$3,000 to \$4,000 an acre.

Hardly sizable potatoes in the larger scheme of things—but a case that has set a tantalizing precedent. Pierson was eventually caught, convicted of bribery and ordered by the IRS to pony up back taxes on \$75,000 in bribery income for 1964-65.

Recently, the Tax Court ruled Mr. Pierson not guilty, so moved was it by Mr. Pierson's claim that he was "a mere conduit" and never personally benefited from the funds, since he always passed them up the ladder.

We're moved too.

Frontlines

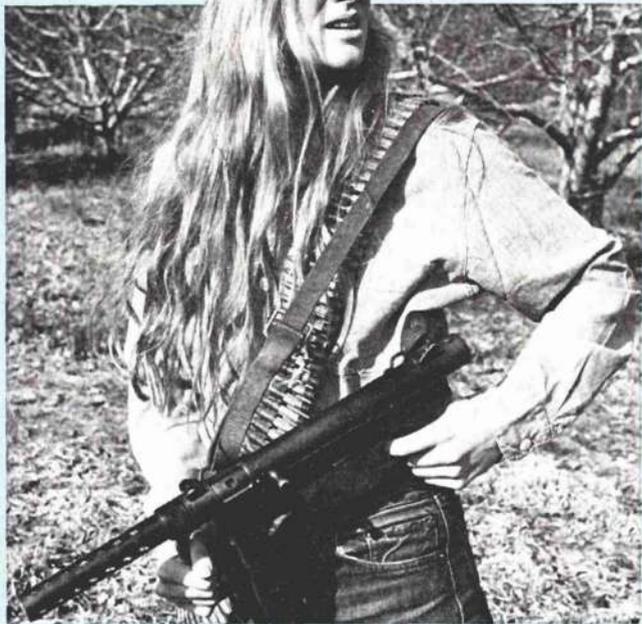


Photo by UPI

In *Network*, a soon-to-be-released film, Kathy Cronkite, daughter of Walter, plays a Patty Hearst-style revolutionary. In the film a newsman gains instant fame by threatening suicide on camera, then is assassinated by the "Ecumenical Liberation Army." Kathy's father allegedly turned down the newsman's role.

Breast Cancer: Looking For A Cure Becomes A Cause

Betty Ford, after her radical mastectomy, advocated mammography; so did Happy Rockefeller. *Time* and *Newsweek*, as well as the networks and major dailies around the country devoted much attention to it. And over the past four years, more than a quarter million women, some influenced by the publicity, some acting on the advice of their doctors, have undergone "routine" breast x-rays.

Now apparently there is evidence that the exams may be more dangerous than the breast cancer they are designed to reveal. In fact, an advisory panel to the government's National Cancer Institute has called unequivocally for "immediate cessation of routine mammography" for women under 50.

Breast cancer is diagnosed every year in about 90,000 women, and every year about 33,000 women die of the disease. Obviously the disease

constitutes a clear and present danger to an enormous sector of the population.

Yet apparently, back in 1972, in the halcyon days when mammography seemed a promising detection device, a substantial number of doctors and cancer researchers opposed it, but for a surprising reason. When Congress insisted on funding preventive screening, it was, according to *Science* magazine, "much to the distress of many members of the National Cancer Advisory Board, who hated to see money they wanted spent on basic science 'diverted' to what in their opinion amounted to patient care."

Moreover, it now seems that there was evidence even then that mammography might not be that valuable. A New York study suggested that no positive information was produced by the process among women under 50; but the decision of the National Cancer Institute

was to go ahead anyway, in the hopes that newer equipment and methods might prove helpful in early detection.

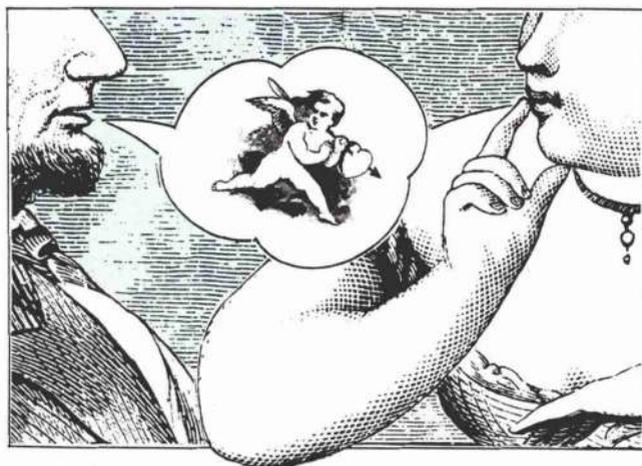
The mammograms *did* in fact locate early cancers—but only marginally. Among a total of more than 270,000 women tested, researchers concluded that only about 100 instances of cancer were discovered by mammography.

To weigh against this was the danger of high radiation doses from the x-ray equipment itself: even low, "acceptable" doses of radiation were concluded to increase a woman's chance of breast cancer by one per cent. When the number of likely overdoses was accounted for, the percentage rose even higher. And since at the 27 centers run jointly by the National Cancer Institute and the American Cancer Society, it was recognized that radiation exposure was as high as 6.5 times "acceptable" levels, there

seemed little doubt that radiologists in private practice often used even higher dosages.

Now there are two questions to be faced: whether to suspend routine mammography of all women under 50 immediately, or wait for further test results. The second, with more disconcerting implications for the medical establishment, is whether or not women can now sue for gross malpractice if they were part of the NCI's screening program.

Dr. Irwin Bross, who is director of biostatistics at the prestigious Roswell Park Memorial Institute of Cancer Research in Buffalo and who has followed the debate surrounding the program, says the "mindless" way in which mammography has been used may produce "one of the worst iatrogenic disasters in medical history." Iatrogenic means doctor-caused.



What This Country Needs

If you want to tell your co-workers off, but haven't got the nerve, you might consider giving them some lip service.

For \$5, Lipservice—a San Francisco-based company started by Philip Abrams—will call up the object of your love or hate and give him or her a message.

Abrams says he started the service for people who, through fear or shyness, can't pick up the phone themselves and say how they feel.

Abrams charges \$5 for a single message, but for \$7.50 he will ask the other party for a reply and call you back.

Abrams says he delivers the message with appropriate emotions, including anger or sympathy, and that his Lipservice can even be dished out in Russian, Chinese, Spanish and a host of other tongues.

Note: Lipservice can be reached at (415) 282-3050.

Frontlines



Mitch Miller Beats Beatles

Okay, quick, what is the most popular record album of the last 20 years?

Sgt. Pepper? *Blonde on Blonde?* Something by Elvis, the Stones, the Monkees, Grand Funk, Led Zeppelin, the Airplane, the Dead?

Not according to *Billboard*, the music-industry magazine. In fact, there is not a rock album in the Top Ten for the years 1956 through 1975, a period that goes back almost to the beginning of the rock era as well as nearly to the beginning of the era of the 12-inch LP. Frank Sinatra? Bing Crosby? Judy Garland?

Sorry. Here is *Billboard's* 20-year Top Ten:

1. *My Fair Lady*, original (Broadway) cast
2. *South Pacific*, movie soundtrack
3. *The Sound of Music*, soundtrack
4. *The Sound of Music*, original cast
5. *West Side Story*, soundtrack
6. *Oklahoma*, soundtrack
7. *Johnny's Greatest Hits*, Johnny Mathis
8. *Sing Along with Mitch*, Mitch Miller
9. *Camelot*, original cast

10. *The King and I*, soundtrack

If Mitch Miller and two versions of *The Sound of Music* aren't enough, consider that the 11th spot is occupied by *John Denver's Greatest Hits*. Finally at number 12, we hit the first real rock record, and it is not even by a good rock group: *Led Zeppelin*. Next comes Carole King's *Tapestry* album, which is okay I guess if you like your black singers to be white. And after that it is mostly musicals—with *Peter, Paul and Mary* an exception at number 15—until number 26: *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. Above it is a Herb Alpert record and just below it is *Inside Shelley Berman*.

We first encounter the Rolling Stones at number 144 with *Hot Rocks 1964-1971*, a greatest hits album, just one notch below *Vanilla Fudge*.

Vanilla Fudge?

Number 200 is *Three Dog Night*. No Dylan, no Airplane, no Dead, no Allman Brothers. Elvis first weighs in at number 64; Sinatra's first is number 88: *Songs for Swinging Lovers*. It almost makes you wonder if Rolling Thunder Revue was worth the comeback.

—Harper Barnes

Calley Calls For Amnesty

Former Army Lt. William Calley, who served three years in prison for the murder of 22 civilians at My Lai in 1968, has called for amnesty for all draft evaders.

How To Lose \$150 Billion

Last year, if unemployment had been only five per cent, instead of running over seven per cent, the federal government would have saved \$20 billion. According to a study

by the Brookings Institution in Washington, that was the *additional* outlay for programs like food stamps, unemployment insurance, Aid to Families with Dependent Children and Medicaid caused by just a two per cent shift in unemployment.

Moreover, the Gross National Product would have been \$150 billion higher had unemployment been at five per cent.

Memorize those numbers. Repeat them in the shower. Tell your friends.

From *Publicist*, a new public relations trade journal: "First Women's Bank—A PR Man's Dream Campaign."



Etching by Charles Bragg

No Comment: Cause & Effect

The following is reprinted in its entirety from *The New York Times*:

MANILA, July 26 (UPI)—The United States Navy has agreed to compensate the relatives of four Filipino fishermen who were killed during United States bombing exercises last month, a Navy spokesman said today. They had retrieved an unexploded bomb.

The spokesman said the settlement, the amount of which was not disclosed, was made even though investigation of the incident was still under way. He said the Foreign Claims Act allows officials to settle meritorious claims immediately.

"In this particular claim, it was obvious they were killed by United States Ordnance," he said. "If we had not dropped the bomb they would not have been killed."

Frontlines



Illustration by Raul del Rio

But Does He Have Papers?

An Australian man who was unable to find work is offering himself as a household pet.

Forty-six-year-old Josef Holman, in a televised interview in Sydney, told nationwide audiences that he was offering himself as a house pet because he thinks animals are treated better than humans.

Says Holman, "I'm also willing to perform tricks like a pet for my master and mistress," like rolling over and fetching the family newspaper.

Holman says he had applied for about 2,000 jobs over the past two years, but was always turned down.

Santa Barbara—From Oil Slick To Tanker Superport

Santa Barbara, California, in the annals of the environmental struggle, is a town alone. When, in 1969, Union Oil's Platform A broke open and spilled thousands of barrels of crude oil, fouling beaches, slaughtering birds and marine life, the town gained an instant national identification.

Walter Hickel (remember Walley Hickel?), President Nixon's Secretary of the Interior, came, saw and condemned what he had seen; national television converted the sight of dead birds caked with crude oil into a nationwide environmentalist symbol; for a time, despite

the pressure of major oil corporations, it even appeared that Santa Barbara could block the development of the rich oil deposits that lie buried off its shores.

No more.

In the wake of the oil embargo, and the call of President Ford for American energy independence, Santa Barbara is facing a decidedly uncomfortable future.

Now, nearly eight years later, Exxon, America's largest corporation, is in the process of assembling history's biggest offshore oil rig in the middle of the Santa Barbara Channel. The

rig itself (the first of five to be placed in the Channel) is so large that when the first *half* of it was completed and towed southward from its San Francisco Bay construction site to Santa Barbara, the rig cleared the Golden Gate Bridge by less than 50 feet.

That rig is in the vanguard of a whole new technology being developed by the oil industry. The "Super-Rigs" are roughly equivalent to the "Supertankers" like the Torrey Canyon in the '60s. The rigs are being placed well over three miles offshore in a deep channel; the first rig, for example, will be sunk at a depth of 850 feet, twice the present maximum depth of oil rigs in areas like the Gulf Coast. The rigs to follow will be set in even deeper waters.

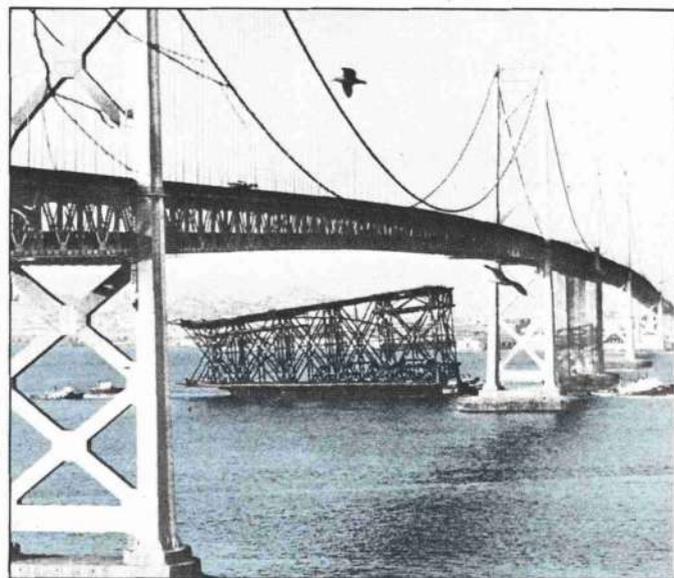
Each rig in turn will be used to drill multiple wells (28 in the case of the first rig). They will be connected to storage facilities and separator tanks that will feed to a central offshore pumping station, where tankers can call without ever approaching the shore. Anchored to a massive buoy, the tankers will take on oil from what Exxon calls its "marine loading terminal" at a rate of 180 shiploads per year.

The idea that tankers will be calling offshore at the rate of one every other day has raised

hackles in the Santa Barbara community—as has the sudden realization of how massive is the oil field that lies beneath the Channel. According to Department of Interior studies, the area contains between 730 million and 1.1 billion barrels of oil, as well as 370-550 billion cubic feet of natural gas—making it the largest single field in the U.S. outside Alaska. What galls the Santa Barbarans is that they have literally no say whatsoever about what will become of this huge resource.

Right now a final case is making its way slowly through the courts. In it, a local group called GOO (for Get Oil Out) is asking for a ruling that the Exxon "marine loading terminal" falls within the jurisdiction of the 1974 Deep Water Port Act, which would allow California's Governor Jerry Brown to veto the presence of the offshore terminal. Exxon, not surprisingly, is fighting a complex counteroffensive, to date successfully.

The new oil field is scheduled to start producing at a time when it may not be needed at all. Next year, the Alaska pipeline will be completed, and if all goes according to original schedules, Alaskan oil will begin flowing southward to the American West Coast—to a market already glutted with oil, so deeply glutted in fact that



One half of a "Super-Rig."

Photo by Paul Glines

Frontlines

producers are predicting an unsalable *surplus* of between 400,000 and 600,000 barrels per day. Meanwhile, the federal government is putting into production its own fields in California, with the consequent likelihood of further flooding a flooded market.

So who will get the Santa Barbara oil? At this point no one really seems to know. Rumors are flying that the

Japanese may become its ultimate recipients, but that's if Alaskan oil doesn't reach Japan first.

Meanwhile the second half of the world's biggest oil rig is nearing completion, and Santa Barbara is girding itself for tanker calls 180 times a year.

It has not been an inspiring past few years in the town that once thought it could stop big oil.

Update: Mobil In Rhodesia

Mobil Oil is a bit upset these days about charges that it has singlehandedly kept the whites-only Rhodesian government alive for the past ten years. At first denying the charges that appeared in last month's cover story in *Mother Jones*, Mobil reversed itself and launched an internal investigation, sending a special corporate team to South Africa.

But the team has now returned empty-handed. Claiming immunity under South Africa's Official Secrets Act, Mobil's own subsidiary refused the

parent corporation access to crucial documents. "It is clear that the Official Secrets Act has worked to prevent us from getting the information we wanted," a Mobil spokesman says. He declined to say whether Mobil had contacted the South African government in an attempt to get the facts; but the company *did* express hope that "a way can be found to develop the information necessary to complete our investigations."

With thanks to Harper Barnes, Sam Van Zandt, Zodiac News Service, John Sink and Boston's The Real Paper.



Marshall McLuhan

Photo by Manchete/Pictorial Parade

Marshall McLuhan: Another Guru Gone Goofy?

Nobody can say it's quite gone unnoticed, the flight of the Great Minds of the '60s—Charles Reich, Erich Segal, et al. But now apparently the dean of deans, Marshall McLuhan, has joined the hegira from the planet. The master of "hot" and "cool" communication and prophet of the TV-Electronic Age now describes the affluent young who embraced him as "a generation that crawled out of the woodwork."

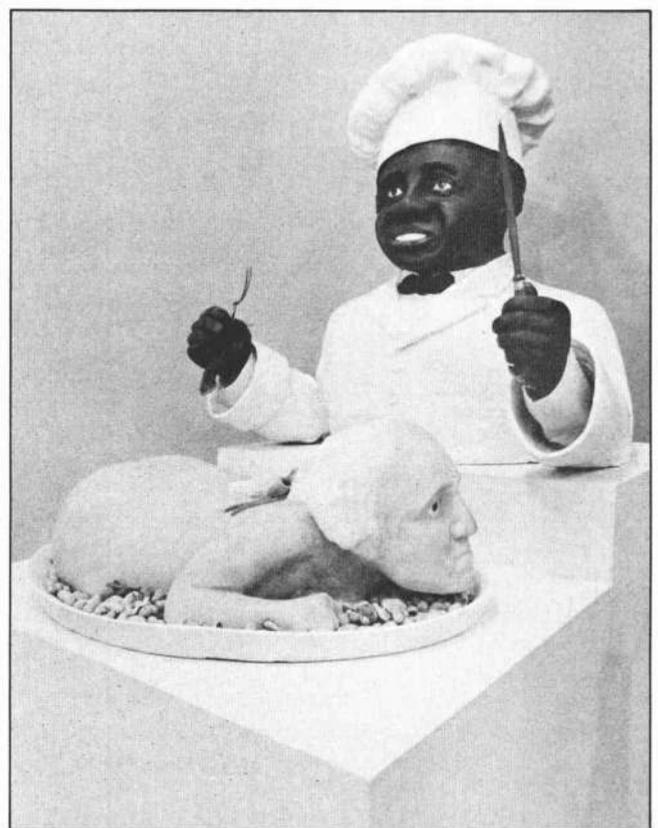
"They afford little possibility of communication," he says. "They are a group of semi-illiterates in our Jules Verne period of outdated science fiction." In one generation the washed-out Dagwoods and Mechanical Brides of the '50s have given birth to TV cripples and "mini-skirted jujubes."

McLuhan is still continuing his study of technology at the

University of Toronto, every Monday evening holding a public meeting for anyone who wants to wander in. Recently, he opened one session to a room packed with friends, students and disciples by comparing meat-packing plants and Hitler's death camps to the "abortion mills of present-day Toronto."

He still holds out faith in the Electronic Age and claims that to survive we must speed up reforms. But he's gloomy about the prospects: "North America looks, as usual, grim."

The advocate of inter-disciplinary, multimedia education admits he now supports a close friend's decision to send his children off to traditional private European schools, where the kids sweat it out on the classics, no TV and only six hours a week each Sunday for time off.



Sculpture by Craig Southard

Photo by David Powers

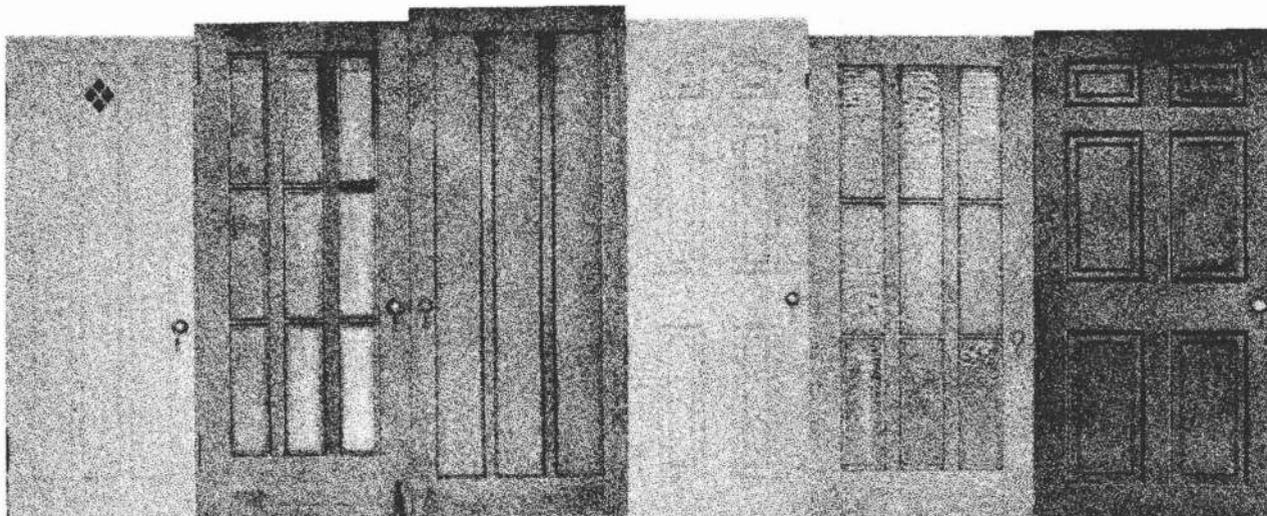
George Washington Carver

Two Southern California researchers say there is a distinct generation gap, at least when it comes to what makes people laugh.

Mental health specialists Nick Andonov and Nikolai Khokhlov have found that parents usually burst out laughing at political and nonsense jokes.

Their kids, on the other hand, seem to prefer sick jokes and sexual and racial humor.

Has National Politics left you in the corridor of lost causes?



This year Presidential candidates don't want to "rock the boat," so your needs will probably be ignored. BUT there is still something you can do! Join

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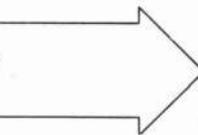
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JOIN TODAY 

Communities

MIAMI BEACH
TRIES TO BE
VENICE

by Ann Banks

SYLVIA SHAPIRO isn't especially worried. The latest plan to develop the south tip of Miami Beach into something "not unlike Venice" shows a canal where her apartment should be. But Shapiro—whose red hair is now graying—has seen plans before. During the quarter-century she has lived in Goodman Terrace, an apartment building in Miami Beach's oldest public housing project, half a dozen development schemes have come and gone. This time might be different, Shapiro realizes, so she never misses an open meeting or a public hearing on the latest threat: the South Beach Redevelopment Agency has \$373,000 to draw up plans that would transform the area into a network of luxury hotels and condominiums, all connected by an intricate system of canals.

South Beach is a 230-acre enclave at the lower end of the island of Miami Beach. It is home to more than 5,000 old people, many of whom live on Social Security. They retired to Miami Beach from northern cities, bringing with them their urban habits of strolling, of schmoozing with neighbors on the front porch, of talking politics on street corners. In contrast to most of Miami Beach, where residents seldom venture beyond the cool confines of central air conditioning, South Beach has a thriving street life.

The list of recent local issues reminds one of what life is like when there is no money to cushion the shocks of aging: can opticians advertise competitive prices for eyeglasses? Will the city begin to charge 25¢ admission for the public dances in the park that have always been free in the past? Do the traffic lights stay red long enough to allow someone with an arthritic gait to cross in safety?

For the majority of the elderly in South Beach, redevelopment is not yet a hot issue. It's too far in the future. Park bench conversations are more apt to center on whether or not to pay an eight per cent across-the-board rent increase voted by the rent control board.

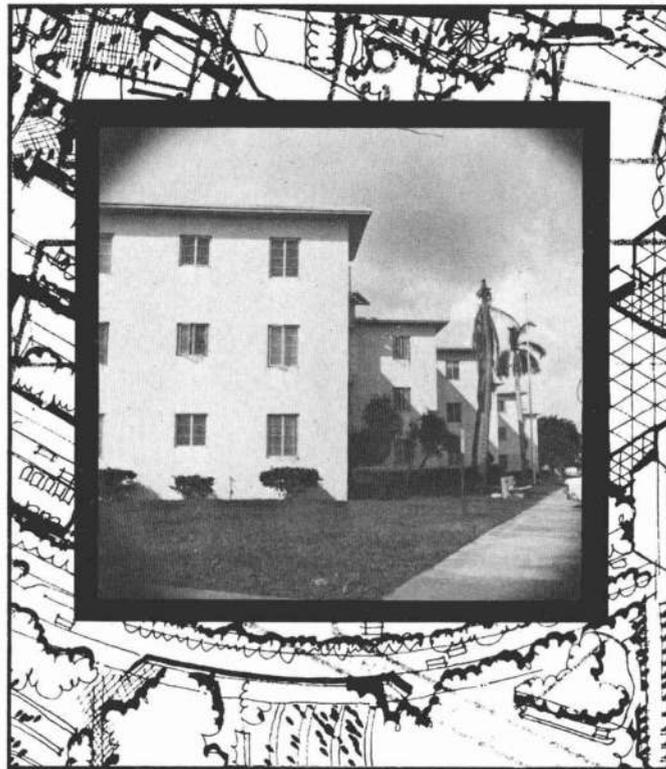


Photo by Mildred Clouse

Meanwhile the South Beach Redevelopment Agency keeps on planning. The latest scheme calls for leveling every building in South Beach, save for a few recently constructed high-rises. Although a *Miami Herald* puff piece on the redevelopment plan describes South Beach as a "blighted landscape," in fact, it has a unique architectural character. The three- and four-story white hotels with contrasting trim that most of the old people call home form the densest concentration of Art Deco buildings in the country. In their place, the Redevelopment Agency proposes to construct an "archipelago" of seven islands connected by a pedestrian walkway and 20 acres of canals. Along with

luxury hotels (one with a "boat-in" lobby), a sports complex, a 450-boat marina and a fleet of water taxis, the plan features a "fishermen's wharf area" of restaurants, shops and open-air cafes. If that sounds like Fishermen's Wharf in San Francisco, it's not surprising. The firm hired to work these wonders was San Francisco's Wurster, Bernardi and Emons. The planners jet in from the Coast every other month (on alternate months the South Beach redevelopment brass fly there), which helps explain how the plan alone is costing so much.

The architects' drawings are classics of the genre, replete with potted palms, rustic wooden signs hanging in front of

posh shops and elegant power boats moored at the sides of the canals. Venice would blush. Although the Redevelopment Agency has made pious noises about "helping all those who now live in the area to remain if they choose," one looks at the drawings in vain for an old person among the chic couples strolling across the plazas and leaning against the tastefully designed trash containers.

The plan has all the earmarks of what *The New Yorker's* Calvin Trillin calls a Grand Urban Scheme. The main characteristic of a Grand Urban Scheme—as distinct from grubby piecemeal enterprise—is a central concept that is so bold and dramatic that its proponents can present themselves as visionaries, as people who dared to dream. For an idea of truly breathtaking foolishness, scissoring a hurricane-prone island with canals makes about as much sense as spanning downtown St. Louis with a useless Gateway Arch.

Another distinguishing feature of Grand Urban Schemes, at least as they are practiced in 1976, is that the bulldozers are preceded by something going by the name of "community input." You want a Citizens' Advisory Board? You'll get a Citizens' Advisory Board. You want an Old Person on the Advisory Board? You'll get an Old Person.

But for all the good it does, we might as well be back in the days of John D. Rockefeller rearranging the landscape of the town of Pocantico. In South Beach the numbers tell the story better than all the enlightened cant about community participation in the relocation policy making.

The plan calls for a total of 7,300 luxury hotel rooms and upper- and middle-income residences. A planned low-income housing area (to be located in the least desirable section near the parking garage) will contain all of 750 apartments—only a few more units than have been allotted to boats in the marina.

For developers and the city

fathers, the relative poverty of South Beach offers a welcome second chance to exploit the area. The northern end of Miami Beach, once the ruby in the navel of Florida's Gold Coast, has lost its glitter. The famous hotels are now faded and scruffy; cut-rate camera stores have begun to dominate the commercial strip. For an area that has prided itself on being Big Time, that is indeed bad news.

As for the natural environment, there is hardly enough of a beach left to turn a cartwheel on. For years, the hotel owners have fought with environmentalists (in Miami anyone who stays outside longer than it takes to walk to the car qualifies as an environmentalist) over whether Miami Beach should sign up for federal aid to prevent beach erosion. Since the aid was contingent upon allowing limited public access to the reclaimed beaches, the hotel owners were mostly opposed. Better no beach than a beach full of non-paying riffraff. A belated compromise has been reached, and a \$47 million

restoration is about to begin.

But that is why it is especially ironic to hear what Redevelopment Agency Director Steve Siskind has to say about the plan. He told the *Miami Herald* that "Miami Beach has not actually taken advantage until

developers. The Agency plans to raise the rest through tax increment financing, a funding method that Steve Siskind calls "a revolutionary way of creating money." Under this plan, the tax revenues from the new hotels, etc., will go directly to

"Surrounded by sand and water, it is too tempting a morsel for the second generation of Florida developers."

now of the main elements here. The sun, the water, the air—these are the things we would utilize." The reason for the canals is to "develop the island image of Miami Beach." Now that the city fathers have finally discovered the natural elements, they hope that by enhancing them they can "stimulate private capital to invest and upgrade their facilities further north" on Miami Beach.

And all for a mere half-billion, about three-fourths of which will come from private

pay for new development until the entire project is completed. What this means, in effect, is that the public subsidizes the developers by providing expanded city services at no cost. A state constitutional amendment that would mandate this Ponzi scheme is on the November election ballot. If the referendum should be defeated, alternate financing proposals are under consideration.

Meanwhile, the Redevelopment Authority wants to let Sylvia Shapiro's apartment

house deteriorate. Redevelopment officials have asked the Miami Beach Housing Authority, which operates Goodman Terrace, to withdraw requests to the Department of Housing and Urban Development for money to modernize the public housing units. The Redevelopment Authority wants to acquire the Goodman Terrace property in exchange for "some other tract" it will offer for a new housing project. Sylvia Shapiro can't believe that HUD will let the developers get their hands on the property. "They've tried before," she says.

But in the long run Goodman Terrace doesn't have much of a chance. Surrounded on three sides by sand and water, it is too tempting a morsel for the second generation of Florida developers, the ones who are coming to realize that with the proper Machiavellian planning perhaps it is not necessary to destroy the beaches in order to "save" them.

Ann Banks is working on a book about military families.

MEANWHILE, ON FLORIDA'S OTHER COAST...

The people who live in Bone Valley, Florida, near Tampa, have long been worried about phosphate plants "blowing their stacks," sending enough fluoride, sulphur and other chemicals into the air to kill whole clusters of pines. The health department in Polk County has placed radiation monitors in about 750 homes this year to determine the hazard caused by radon 222, a short-lived radioactive gas produced by the decay of the radium usually found in phosphate deposits. Continuous exposure to radon and its associated particles doubles the likelihood of

lung cancer. Local residents also have other worries about industrial expansion: water pollution and the destruction of land.

One of the most vocal opponents of the phosphate industry's proposed expansion to a four-county area has been the publisher of the *Sarasota Herald-Tribune*, David Lindsay, Jr. Largely through his efforts, the three strip mining companies who've applied for permission to expand have been stopped temporarily by a recent Presidential order for an environmental impact study. In return, one of the phosphate companies has

sued Lindsay and his paper for \$11 million for libel.

The phosphate companies say the world critically needs new fertilizer supplies right now and that Bone Valley, one of the world's most bountiful sources of phosphate, must be further exploited. Mining operations in Polk County alone supply 80 per cent of the phosphate mined in the United States, and a third of the world market. Pleading the case for more fertilizer, the manager of one chemical company insists that "basically what we're doing is feeding people. So who is going to play God?"

Abby Leach, mayor of Bradenton, a town south of Tampa, thinks differently. "I'm not for having any heavy, polluting industry down here. Why, even now, when the wind is from Tampa I can't see the [Manatee] river's other shore." Of Polk County, he says, "You've

seen the wasteland they've turned that into. They don't even think about it anymore. It's an established evil, like sin and death."

• • •

Mother Jones readers who are concerned about phosphate mining in central Florida should write to Jack Ravan, Regional Administrator of Region 4, Environmental Protection Agency, 343 Courtland Street, Atlanta, Georgia 30308.

Elsewhere in the country, phosphate companies are seeking permits from the Department of Interior to open mines in national forests: Los Padres, California; Osceola, Florida; and Caribou, Idaho. If you're concerned about phosphate mines on public lands, please write to Thomas Kleppe, Secretary of Interior, C Street between 18th and 19th Streets, NW, Washington, D.C. 20240.

—Joan Medlin

Photo by Mildred Clouse

Miscellany

OF DIMPLES,
DREAMS AND
FLAMES

TWO ISSUES AGO, *Mother Jones* asked readers to send in selections from their favorite book indexes. We've culled the best from the enormous response we received—including one index whose discoverer, a poet, termed "a found poem." You should have no trouble finding it here.

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 —*The Golden Bough*, by Sir James Frazer

(Chris Redmond;
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 —*The Human Interest Library*, Volume I, *The Wonder World* (1914).

(Sue Newman;
 Guymon, Oklahoma)

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Talking along in this not quite prose way
 Tamed by Miltown, we lie on Mother's bed
 That mare stood in the field
 The Church is a business, and the rich
 The dove returns; it found no resting place
 The eyelids glowing, some chill morning
 The eyelids meet. He'll catch a little nap
 The fishmarket closed, the fishes gone into flesh
 The gold-coloured skin of my Lebanese friends
 The good grey guardians of art
 The grass cuts our feet as we wend our way
 The last time I saw Donald Armstrong
 The left side of her world is gone
The light foot hears you and the brightness begins
 The nurse carried him up the stair
 The police are dragging for the bodies
 The quieter the people are
 The red eyes of rabbits
 The tall camels of the spirit
 The vase is white and would be a cylinder
 The weather of this winter night, my mistress
 The wind through the box-elder trees
 Then the long sunlight lying on the sea
 These are amazing; each
 These seven houses have learned to face one another
 They served tea in the sandpile, together with
 Think back now to that cleft
 This broken city, heaving a white breath
 This is the black sea-brute bulling through wave-wrack
 This one was put in a jacket
 Toe upon toe, a snowing flesh
 Tonight a blackout. Twenty years ago
 Travelling through the dark I found a deer
 —Index of first lines, *Contemporary American Poetry*,
 edited by Don Hall

(David Ray; Kansas City, Missouri)

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 (Peggy Grady;
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 —*The Household Physician: A 20th Century Medica* (1926), by Herbert E. Buffum, M.D., Ira Warren, A.M., M.D.,

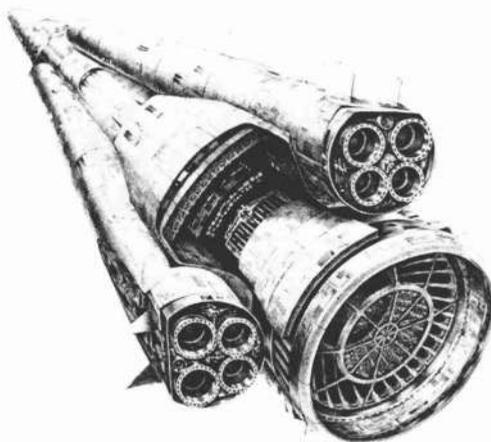
William Thorndike, M.D.,
 A.T. Lovering, M.D., A.E.
 Small, A.M., M.D., J. Herber
 Smith, M.D., Charles P.
 Lyman, F.R.C.V.S.

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 —*Compatible Divorce*, by Robert Veit Sherwin, LL.B.
 (Clifford Lewis;
 Harpham Springs, Wyoming)



MINE THE MOON, SEED THE STARS

Hello up there, Timothy Leary. What's this new plan of yours for putting us all in space colonies?

By Don Goldsmith

ON A RAINY Saturday in August, in an old brown-shingled house in south Berkeley, a tanned, handsome man in his 50s is talking intently to several dozen listeners. The man leans forward from time to time as he reaches a particularly deep thought, as if to inspect his canvas shoes or to approach the half-dozen microphones that feed a battery of tape recorders. The knob of the man's chin juts forward from the rest of his face, which lights up in a lovely grin when his story reaches a moment of high irony.

The man's name is Timothy Leary. Berkeley made him a Ph.D., Harvard a professor, LSD an ex-professor, the media a devil, the government a convict, prison a space-oriented philosopher. He is, perhaps, sane. But what is this elixir he is pushing? Space travel to other star systems? The aging process slowed by a factor of ten, halted entirely before long? Can you get behind it?

If you can, you are ready to join The Network (né Starseed), ready to help

create the organization and the starship that will carry humanity onward to its next evolutionary stage. The meeting is The Network's Starseed Seminar #1: S.M.I.²L.E. (S.M.I.²L.E. = Space Migration+Intelligence Increase+Life Extension.)

The DNA molecules that fix how all organisms will grow, Leary smoothly explains, are themselves cosmic templates. Our intergalactically programmed destiny must lead us off the Earth and out into space; thus shall we continue our evolutionary role by seeding the cosmos with our biomes.

Yet even Mother Nature sometimes needs a swift kick—so here in Berkeley we are being asked to lend our energies to get this project off the ground. The trouble is that to build a spaceship in which thousands of people can travel to other star systems will take a few decades. What we need is something that people can get behind *now*. And that is . . .

Yes! Space colonization right here at

home. Starting today, Leary tells us, we could construct vast habitats to orbit the Earth, each supporting thousands of people in great comfort and style. Eventually we could even move most of our population into space—leaving the Earth as our cradle of fond memory.

The Network's Starseed Seminar follows Leary's inspirational talk with a nuts-and-bolts, graphs-and-all, you-want-figures-we-got-figures presentation of space habitation by Dr. Peter Vajk, formerly employed at the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory. Vajk too has a gleam in his eyes, the vision of humanity beating the zero-sum game (what you have, I don't) of life on Earth. Freed from the heavy pull of Earth's gravity, we can mine the moon, Vajk says, to make the first few thousand habitats. Later we shall move on to the asteroid belt to build millions more, thus allowing humanity to gather all of the sun's energy output, instead of the meager one part in a billion that reaches the Earth.

Vajk's message, delivered with the

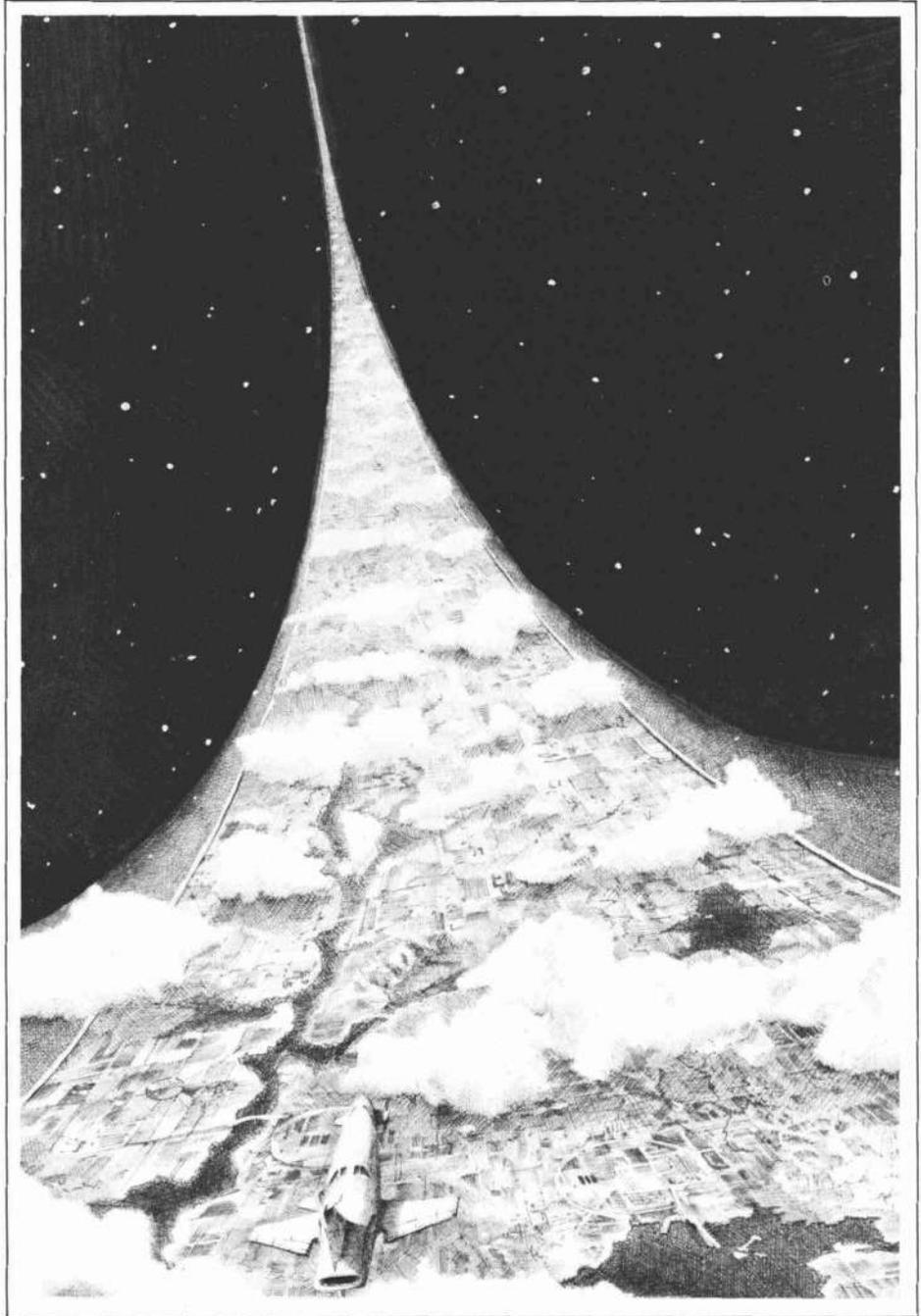
THE FOUR GREATEST SPACE COLONIES OF ALL. THREE ARE SCIENCE FICTION.

fervor of Grenville Dodge opening the West, is a simple one: Seriously, folks, we can do it if we want to. Space colonization has, in fact, begun to be taken seriously. Right now the concept stands poised at the juncture between a far-fetched notion and a technological imperative. And it's not simply Peter Vajk who likes the idea; bigger fish are in the pan. There are professors too . . .

Whole Earth Catalog creator Stewart Brand, for example, who considers O'Neill's idea to be as momentous as the atom bomb, asked various heavy thinkers to state their positions pro and con (*CoEvolution Quarterly*, Spring 1976), and the responses came in character. Astronaut Russell Schweickart: "Gerry O'Neill is my hero." Carl Sagan: "Space cities provide a kind of America in the skies." Buckminster Fuller: "It has been logical for humans to employ their minds' progressive discoveries of the cosmic principles governing all physical interattractions, interactions, reactions and intertransformings, and to use those principles in progressively organizing, to humanity's increasing advantage, the complex of cosmic principles interacting locally to produce their initial environment, etc., etc., etc." Heavy indeed.

As space colonization has its prophet in Timothy Leary, so does it have its priest in Gerard O'Neill, professor of physics at Princeton, as conservative and as well-connected as Leary was 15 years ago. And we may note in passing that if relativity was a Jewish idea, space habitation seems to be an Irish one. O'Neill, a trim, dapper man approaching 50, has an effective briefing style and a charming willingness to meet objections without getting riled. And his calm vision of the future is marvelous indeed:

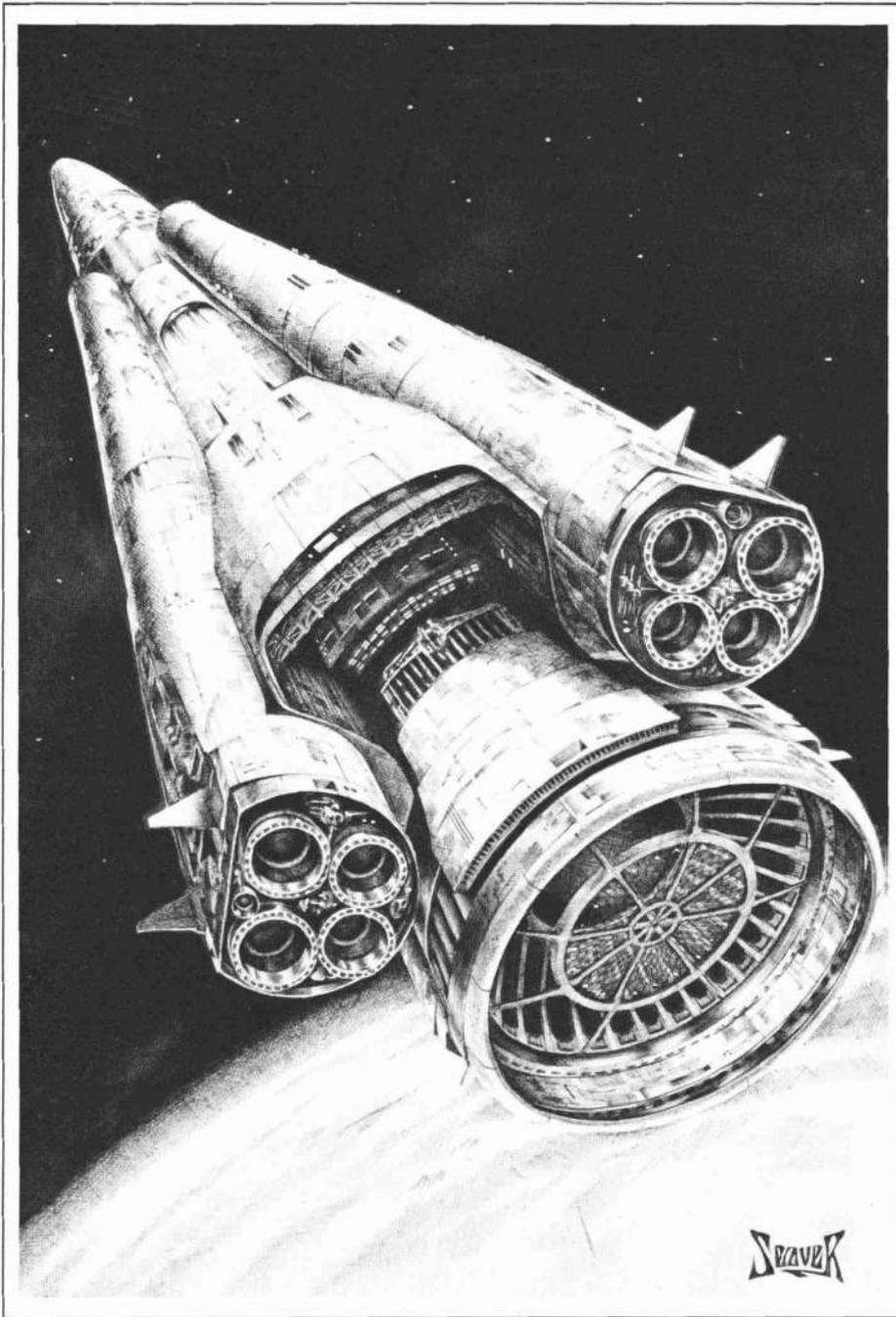
Beginning with his first rough, and extremely tentative, calculations in 1969, he has passed through two summer study programs at NASA's prestigious Ames Research Center and has begun to collect both persuasive figures and powerful allies. O'Neill estimates that with our present technological capacities, and a few billions, we could start today to build the first space habitats, mini-versions only a mile long and a few hundred yards in diameter. By some time in the 1990s, at a cost of \$100 billion to \$200 billion, we could have 20 solar power stations in orbit, beaming down enough power (transmitted through microwaves) to supply all our projected energy needs, and easily expandable to



RINGWORLD, by Larry Niven

Illustrations by Jeffrey Seaver

"The ring was more than 90 million miles in radius, about 600 million miles long . . . but less than a million miles across, edge to edge." On it were lakes, farms, even massive cities and industrial centers, three million Earth worlds all joined in a circular band, within easy reach by airship. But who, the astronauts wondered, in this distant G-2 galaxy had built such a thing . . . and would they welcome us or not?



TAU ZERO, by Poul Anderson

The *Christine Lenore* was minuscule by Ringworld standards, but man was not far ahead of the 20th century, and it was ample by worldly standards for the mission at hand. Its 50 inhabitants were headed far away, and the ship had been equipped with a gymnasium, hobby shops, a swimming pool, even tiny gardens and bowers. On the walls of the massive craft were murals of forests and sunlit lakes to remind the voyagers of where they had come from and where they were headed.

produce power unlimited by our current standards. And after that, even the sky would no longer be the limit. With the appropriate breakthroughs, even Leary's notions might become plausible.

In the year 2000, the energy crisis will have been resolved by solar power. Not the sunlight that reaches the Earth's surface, weakened by atmospheric absorption, often obliterated by cloud cover, and entirely absent for half of each day, but rather the solar energy that fills the space around the Earth, ever-present, unchanging, ready to be beamed to Earth from solar-power stations in geosynchronous orbits around the planet.

These orbiting power stations will be built not on Earth but in space, if we follow the Princeton professor's plan, from material that has been mined on the moon. This lunar ore will be flung from the moon by a "magnetic levitation accelerator" that rides electromagnetic waves the way a surfer rides water waves. Bucket after bucket, filled with lunar soil, will accelerate down the magnetic speedway to fling its load into an outward-bound trajectory, then return for re-use at the mining site. Giant collectors will catch the outflung soil, bag it and move the material to space manufacturing facilities.

In short order (about 20 years) we should have both solar-power stations and the habitats in which the space workers can live for years on end. These space habitats, giant cylinders a mile across and five to 20 miles long, will rotate to mimic the effects of Earthly gravity through centrifugal force.

Bound only by the limits of human imagination, the habitats can provide various climates, terrains and social systems to suit the tastes of the space colonizers. As presently conceived, each could contain anywhere from 10,000 to 20 million inhabitants. Within the initial cylinders, strips of land ("valleys") would alternate with strips of transparent panels ("solars"). Natural sunlight would be regulated by mirrors outside the cylinders to create an artificial day-night cycle. The first colony might possibly have a climate similar to that of Hawaii, but larger colonies could have the climate of the inhabitants' choice, ranging from Vermont to the Caribbean.

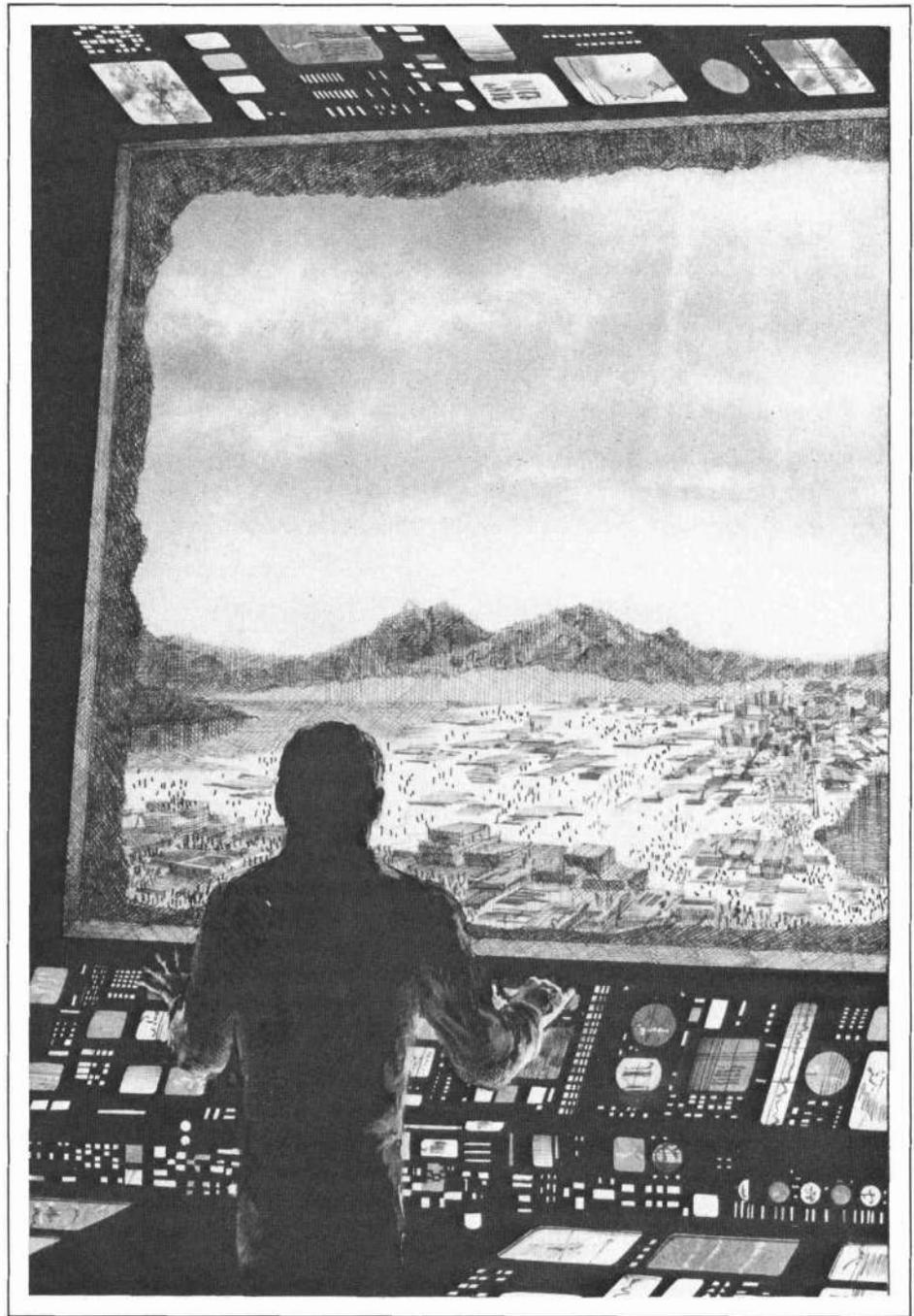
The landscape would include hills, valleys, streams and lakes. Agriculture and heavy industry would be carried on separately from living areas, and life would be so near American-normal that O'Neill has even discussed the possibil-

ity of transporting and then breeding cattle, in order to ensure a steady supply of hamburger.

If we choose to leave the moon alone after a while (there is conservation in space, too), the asteroids between Mars and Jupiter (who needs them?) can furnish the material for millions of space habitats, each of them powered by sunlight, growing sustenance for thousands of inhabitants and providing one more cell for the development of humanity. The construction of space habitats, carried through 30 doublings over the next few decades or centuries, could in this way let the bulk of humanity live in space, trillions of people enjoying an existence that lies beyond the boundaries of our present consciousness.

O'Neill's ideas have been percolating through the scientific community since 1974, when his first article appeared in *Physics Today* (though not without some opposition even before publication from editors who considered his concepts totally off the wall.) During the past year, these ideas have begun to see the light, however, in the periodicals important people read: *The National Geographic*, *The New York Times Magazine*, *Aerospace*, and *CoEvolution Quarterly*. Most people who encounter O'Neill's suggestions have either a strong positive or negative reaction. The concept bores almost nobody; nor would anyone characterize it as "value-free science." A few questions, however, struggle immediately to the mind's surface. First, how can it make sense economically to mine the moon, build power stations in space and then move the stations into orbit around the Earth? Second, how can anyone reasonably suggest that most of humanity could or should live in space? Third, who benefits if this grand conception starts down the road to eventual reality?

The key to the economic benefits of manufacture in space is gravity. Our solar system consists of one huge sun, nine much smaller planets, 32 still smaller satellites and a host of asteroids, comets and meteors, all orbiting the sun under the influence of its gravitational pull. As Isaac Newton so accurately put it, any two objects attract one another by gravitation, and the strength of this attractive force varies as the mass of one object times the mass of the other, divided by the square of the distance between their centers.



EXPLORING NEW ETHICS FOR SURVIVAL, by Garrett Hardin

Then there was the *Spaceship Beagle*, Hardin's fable for the new ethic of survival here on Earth. As it roamed space searching for escape from the population and ecological disasters that had engulfed the Earth, the Argotes, those who had been selected for immortality, watched through their glass shields as the Quotions, the merely mortal, made their way through a Daliesque landscape of abandoned factories and dead trees, surviving and reproducing on the other side of the huge ship.

On the Earth's surface, 4,000 miles from its center, we all feel the gravitational pull from the Earth. But if we could rise 4,000 miles above the surface, we would feel only one-quarter as much gravitational pull; at a height of 8,000 miles, the force of gravity would be only one-ninth its strength at the Earth's surface. Beyond that, once you get away from Earth, sailing through space requires relatively little energy. (The two Vikings journeyed to Mars, each covering 200 million miles, but more than half the energy went into raising the craft a few thousand miles above the Earth's surface.)

Now consider: five per cent as much energy is required to escape from the moon as from the Earth. Which means,

tricity. Such elements exist today, but they are expensive. Make them by the millions, and they might be cheaper. The good part about space is that the continuous sunshine and the absence of atmospheric absorption mean that each element receives five to 20 times as much sunlight per day as it would on Earth. To convert the solar-generated electricity into microwaves would be a simple matter, and to beam the microwaves to Earth-based antennas would be simpler still. Transmission losses would be far less than those in conventional power lines, where half of the electrical power generated (far from cities, for health reasons) turns into heat during the transmission process.

Of course, we might have a problem

With billions spent on developing the Space Shuttle (just a few more years until it's ready), and Viking's future complete, there is a need to find something for NASA to do. When O'Neill made a 12-point series of recommendations to the Senate Subcommittee on Aerospace Technology and National Needs, recommendation number one was "the vigorous continuation and successful operation of the space shuttle." O'Neill has said that he doesn't believe that we should spend billions in space unless there's a proven benefit to humanity, but as far as NASA goes, he's mister there-when-you-need-him: A bold new idea that embodies the thrust of good old technology.

(2) **Because we can do it.** To those who see the advance of ever-more-grandiose engineering as inevitable, living and working in space are the logical next step to temporary space flight. The logical end point (for the time being) will occur when humanity envelops the sun with a shell of space communities. Later we shall attack the Milky Way galaxy with the same thoroughness.

(3) **Because we must do it.** If our genetic structure does in fact represent a message from intergalactic space, as Leary has proclaimed, then surely its function is to reduplicate the biosphere in deep space. There is little counter-argument to this approach. If we must, we must.

(4) **Because the nation that controls space controls the Earth.** To those who seek useful points for surveillance and control (read the Pentagon), space habitats provide a good place to get organized. It is easy to see that if an orbiting solar-power station can collect enough energy to furnish a fair share of the Earth's needs, then it would be a simple matter to focus the energy and burn the bejesus out of any designated area. Thus would Archimedes' ship-burning glass become a global weapon. Furthermore, we could use the space stations to monitor Earthbound events. With a relatively modest expenditure, every package, automobile, animal or citizen could be tagged and surveyed so that none could get lost. This possibility, unfortunately, does not require anything as complicated as a space habitat for its implementation.

(5) **Because we can tap the resources of the solar system.** There are those who fondly imagine that the best way to evade the message of growing population and dwindling resources is to move

"As Columbus carried the Bible, they will bring the thoughts of Timothy Leary."

simply put, that it makes good sense to use lunar soil, rather than Earth's own resources, in constructing space stations. This is O'Neill's genius stroke: he painstakingly documented his contention that most of the cost of space manufacturing resides in transporting essential items from the Earth (for example, a nuclear-power station for the initial lunar colony), rather than in processing the material mined from the moon—or even in flinging it off the moon's surface. The lunar soil, rich in those elements most familiar to us on Earth, can be heated, refracted, sifted and refined to release its constituents: oxygen to breathe, metals for construction, silicon to make the solar-power diodes and slag to provide shielding against otherwise lethal ultraviolet radiation from the sun.

(Building large structures under the zero-gravity conditions of space might also prove to be easier than the same construction on Earth. Here we must devote great attention to making sure that the factory doesn't collapse under its own weight; in space, it has no weight. Here we need giant cranes to hoist structural members; in space, a modest shove will suffice.)

If O'Neill's cost estimates prove even roughly correct (something far from certain), it may well be that the best way to provide electrical power to the Earth should be orbiting solar-power stations. Each such station would contain millions of elements that turn sunlight into elec-

with the microwave transmission, because we would be beaming a great amount of energy into a small area. We would have to trust our fail-safe devices to turn off the beam if it accidentally wandered away from the antenna targets. Furthermore, we would want to make sure that no one wandered into the target area unintentionally. As for the birds, perhaps we could invent a device that would warn them not to fly through the beam, certainly an avian nightmare.

• • •

Because no one would call these problems insuperable, orbiting solar-power stations might be of critical importance for our energy needs on Earth. But almost no one on the O'Neill team wants to stop with a few thousand workers making a few dozen power stations: those who are gripped by O'Neill's vision are taken hard. It is the thought of getting off the Earth—not the workers, but *us*—that can act like a wave of power on the willing mind.

But it is not only the Learys and Fullers whom O'Neill's scheme has attracted. Indeed, a veritable hodgepodge of supporters is rallying around it at the moment, all of whose motivations are worth more than a moment's glance, since they range from the venal to the sublime. Consider just this range of intentions:

(1) **To stay employed.** NASA is in danger of having nothing to do in the 1980s.

tory as a record of human fuckups, the chance to start over and to do things right this time has immense appeal. We can build space habitats without harmful bacteria! And without pollution! And without antisocial elements!

• • •

Each of these powerful arguments has its audience, and it must be admitted that any plan with the support of Timothy Leary and large sectors of the Defense Department has a widespread appeal. For a last grabber we can always recall that maximizing possibilities often seems to be the human good on which we can all agree (thus Sagan's "America in the skies"). Still, there are plenty of folks who feel that O'Neill's plan has more faults than California (never mind Leary). As *CoEvolution Quarterly* found out, some great minds fairly retch when they think about it. Lewis Mumford: "Such proposals are only technological disguises for infantile fantasies." George Wald: "The very idea of Space Colonies carries to a logical—and horrifying—conclusion processes of dehumanization and depersonalization that have already gone much too far on Earth." If we attempt to divide objections to O'Neill's plans into convenient categories, we arrive at this list:

(1) **Space habitats may prove to be technologically unfeasible.** No one doubts that we can make a small version of a cylindrical habitat, something like a few dozen Skylabs hooked together. However, progressively larger cylinders rep-

resent greater and greater feats of engineering that could be beyond our abilities, at least in terms of having the project pay off. Moreover, the economics of space habitats starts with the assumption that the materials come free except for the cost of mining them and moving them into space. On Earth we have managed to see that this approach has a touching short-sightedness to it, as we count the cost of strip mining, for example, at something more than the mining effort itself. It may well be that in space, too, there is no free lunch.

(2) **Even if space habitats are feasible, they may not be worthwhile.** Humanity has just so much collective energy to devote to its needs and its troubles. If you regard space habitats as pie in the sky for most of us, you may think that a program to mine the moon and to build cylinders in space makes a good shuck to keep our minds off our real difficulties. Furthermore, whether the habitats prove to be cheap (\$100 billion for the first few dozen) or expensive (more), it is easy to suspect that not everyone who wants to will get to live in one. Meaning we will have spent something like \$100 million per person to give a select few an interesting ride. Of course, we did this with the astronauts, too, so all this means is that more people can get on the merry-go-round. Most of us will have to stay down. And if we must, why should we pay through the nostrils to let a few inspired spacenuts have their way?

(3) **Space habitats sound like awful**

places to live. Of course, if you don't like them, you don't have to go. If you follow O'Neill's vision to the point where thousands of space habitats have been created, you would seem to be a poor stick indeed if none of them suits your fancy. But maybe Earth is best after all. . . .

The list of objections to O'Neill's projections comes out shorter than the list for it, but that can hardly be definitive. Conservatism is always a bore, and the conclusion that we can't leave our problems behind by leaving the Earth is the absolute pits. Can you seriously oppose spending a mere million dollars per year, as NASA now proposes, to investigate the stunning suggestions that O'Neill has made? There will be time enough to object when this figure starts to multiply-ten thousand fold, as O'Neill would like. *Then* we shall have a drain on society that we can ill afford. On the other hand, if you think of the entrenched staying power of well-funded boondoggles such as the C5A, the B1, and the war in Vietnam, you may decide that now is the time to stop O'Neill before we find ourselves laden with a \$100 billion program of space manufacturing.

Of course, O'Neill would counter-attack (as he has) by saying that we can ill afford not to spend these few hundred billion dollars, and that such Earthbound hesitations may yet sink us all: "People were saying 'You mustn't think about anything in the third dimension, because we must solve our problems in the two dimensions that we already have.'"

Now although one can easily picture a mind like Jerry Brown's, say, wrapping its Zen consciousness around that thought like an anaconda, on closer examination there's not much to it. What two-dimensional problems do we have that a third dimension will remove? The fact is that NASA may solve its problems in space, Timothy Leary may too, and the lovers of technology may have a field day out there, but you and I are likely to be still waiting for the elevator. So why don't you just move to the back of the line there and I'll hunch forward a bit . . . Room! Goddammit! A little room down here!

Don Goldsmith holds a doctorate in astronomy from the University of California at Berkeley, has taught at the State University of New York at Stony Brook and is the author of two textbooks on astronomy. He is presently working on a book on the search for extraterrestrial life.



THE NEXT SIX VIETNAM

Learn this list of places: the U.S. will be at war in several of them in the next ten years.

By Roger Rapoport

FROM THE MOMENT they land at Kuala Lumpur the 6,000 Marines know exactly what they are doing. Their computerized invasion plan was being prepared while their huge, bulbous C-5A Galaxies were airlifting them across the Pacific from Camp Pendleton. As they troop out of the silvery planes, the sky overhead is already crisscrossed by the contrails of Air Force B-1 bombers that have begun attacking enemy positions. Three days ago these guerrillas had started shelling American supertankers passing through the Strait of Malacca, the crucial shipping channel between Malaysia and Indonesia.

The soldiers lining the runway look familiar in their green fatigues and black combat boots, and the noncoms barking orders sound no different from their predecessors in World War II or Vietnam. But this time, many things are different. There are no draftees among these 20- and 21-year-olds who are seeing Malaysia, for the first time, and a fairly high proportion of blacks: this is an all-volunteer military force. Its members have fought the same kind of war already in stateside maneuvers, pursuing "enemy" forces through North Carolina swamps and the Southern California desert. Backing them up is no World War II-style Red Ball Express supply

line: everything from beer to machine-gun bullets comes in by air. On flights back home, the big transport planes carry out the wounded, eliminating MASH-type hospitals. And thanks to direct microwave channels back to Washington, all important decisions are made instantaneously at the Pentagon.

Working with the Marines are Malaysian and Indonesian troops. They use the same weapons we have; their officers went to U.S. Army training schools; coordination is smooth. Infrared detectors and laser scanners render the guerrillas' hiding places useless. The B-1's are dropping "smart bombs" guided by laser beams or TV cameras. In 72 hours the guerrillas are crushed, and the long, low silhouettes of oil tankers are again gliding through the Strait. By the time *Time* does its cover story ("Malaysia—Another Vietnam?"), the remnants of the guerrillas have fled back into the jungle and the Marines are back at Camp Pendleton cashing in their combat bonuses.

• • •

One thing about America's next war is certain: it will *not* be another Vietnam. It cost the U.S. military a dozen years and nearly 60,000 lives to learn one important tactical lesson: don't get involved in a long, protracted ground war.

The United States still has its worldwide economic empire, and it will fight to defend it. But the shape of these wars will be profoundly different from that of the ones we have known.

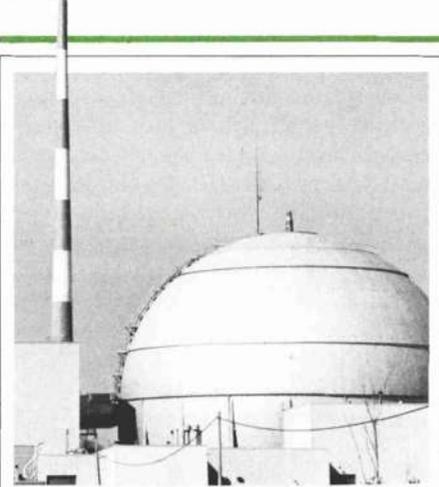
For one thing, America's economic position has changed: fortress America is no longer; we are increasingly dependent on internationally traded commodities. Protecting the channels and shipping lanes through which these commodities—such as oil, for instance—reach us has become a top military priority. And, ironically (for we still have billions of dollars' worth of weapons aimed against it), we seem increasingly less likely to go to war with the Soviet Union. Instead, Pentagon planners have their eyes on various parts of the Third World that are strategically or economically important, and have devised a variety of strategies to keep these areas in friendly hands.

Today the kind of wars the United States is likely to be involved in over the next decade are lightning strikes like the scenario above, economic/political wars of "destabilization" of unfriendly regimes (as we did in Allende's Chile), preparing other people to fight our wars for us (two countries being given major buildups as regional policemen: Iran and Brazil) and, of course, counterin-

surgency at every turn—at least where we can avoid letting it tie down a large army of draftees. What all this means is that the Pentagon and the State Department can plan their future wars without having to worry so much about public opinion.

And preparing for war they are. Beyond any doubt we will be at war *somewhere* several times in the next decade: since Pearl Harbor we've been in three full-scale wars and were involved, directly or indirectly, in 14 other military interventions. And today our corporations, our armed forces and our political alliances span a far greater portion of the globe than they did 35 years ago. Today the U.S. spends \$1.2 billion *weekly* to support American troops abroad and to maintain 92 military allies. (We account for a huge proportion of international arms sales.) Our 686,000 military and military-related personnel abroad occupy more than 2,000 bases. Nearly half of all U.S. tactical nuclear weapons—nearly 11,000—are parked in foreign bases.

Where are all these men and weapons likely to be used? Scholars on the Left who keep tabs on what the American military is up to have a rough consensus on what countries the U.S. may be fighting in next. The locations of some of these conflicts, as we shall see, are a bit surprising. But then, remember that in 1961, we all thought the next war would begin in Berlin.



NUCLEAR AND SPACE COMBAT

[TIME: ANYTIME]
Place: Any Nation
with Nuclear Reactors



**WAR WITHOUT ARMS:
SOUTHERN EUROPE**

[TIME: 1977-1980]
Countries:
Spain, Portugal, Italy



**THE WAR WE'RE
ALREADY IN: OMAN**

[TIME: 1976]
The Other War
We're in Now: Timor



LIGHTNING WAR: THE STRAIT OF MALACCA

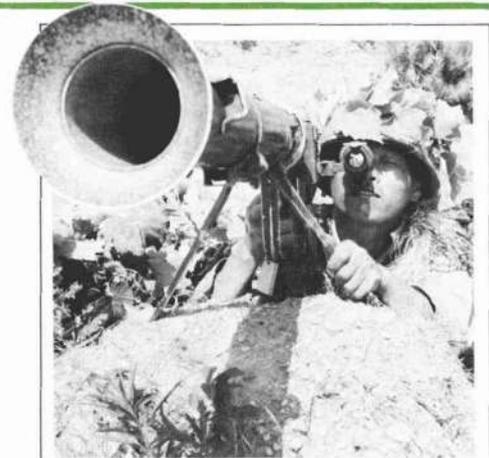
[TIME: THE 1980s]

Possible Similar Wars:
The Strait of Hormuz,
The Panama Canal



THE LAST DOMINO: THAILAND

[TIME: 1976?]



REVOLUTION IN THE PHILIPPINES

[TIME: THE LATE 1970s]

Possible Similar Wars:
Iran, South Korea

leading the ground troops are American-trained.

The Shah's only problem in this lower Persian Gulf battleground is that the war may end before his troops have a chance to learn the proper use in combat of their billions of dollars' worth of American-made planes, missiles, helicopters and destroyers. As a result, he has accelerated troop rotation, increasing the number of soldiers who get fighting experience. By the time war in Oman ends, the Iranian soldiers will be an effective strike force, willing and able to take on anyone who threatens American interests in the Middle East.

• • •

Don't feel bad if you aren't familiar with our war in Oman. You may also not know about our role in a still less-known war, the one in Timor. After all, it's not easy to publicize American involvement in foreign wars these days. Consider the plight of the FRETILIN revolutionary front currently fighting Indonesia for control of East Timor. Last December 7, just 12 hours after President Ford ended a visit to Jakarta (where Kissinger said the U.S. would side with Indonesia in not recognizing FRETILIN), Indonesian President Suharto's troops launched a full-scale attack to wrest control of Dili, the capital city of Timor, from the revolutionaries.

Anxious to protect our oil interests in Indonesia, and to aid the country that is Japan's chief supplier of raw materials, we supplied Suharto's troops with virtually all the fighters, destroyers, tanks, helicopters, transports and ammunition necessary for this invasion directed by American-trained officers. Dili was burned out by fire from Indonesian warships furnished by the United States. Gunners managed to score a direct hit on a local hospital. More than 500 women and children were murdered in the first assault by Indonesian forces who dragged civilians from churches where they had been seeking sanctuary.

Despite a U.N. Security Council call last April for Indonesia to withdraw its forces from East Timor (the U.S. and Japan abstained), Suharto's troops have remained to consolidate their control of the country. Although Jakarta now declares this territory its 27th province, combat has been intensifying on all fronts. In an effort to get out the story on this hidden war, FRETILIN has set up an information office in New York. Unfortunately, the U.S. mass media

have bought Suharto's story that the struggle is over, and are failing to give continuing coverage to the guerrilla war.



Micha Bar-am/Magnum

1

THE WAR WE'RE ALREADY IN: OMAN

IN THE HOT sandy plains and low rolling hills of a small Arab sultanate, America is already—indirectly—at war. The story of the Oman war really begins across the Persian Gulf in Iran.

There are now more than 10,000 Americans with Iran's armed forces—more than we had in Vietnam at the time John Kennedy died. Some of the 10,000 are in uniform; some work for the CIA; some are civilians, Vietnam veterans who work for the Iranian government, training its troops.

Some of these 10,000 men are helping the Shah fight a war—a small one to be sure, but one that has left hundreds dead. The U.S. has equipped Iran to be its surrogate policeman in the Persian Gulf area, and Iran has been happy to oblige: the Shah needs combat experience for his troops and he wants to increase his own influence in the Middle East. When guerrillas in Oman's Dhofar province threatened the conservative sultan, an ally of the Shah, Iran responded by sending in 3,000 combat troops, dispatching destroyers to shell the coast and unleashing air force pilots on bomb runs.

At every step of the way, though, the Iranians are backed up by Americans, who do everything short of actually loading bombs on the planes. American mechanics service the Iranian Air Force's Phantoms, and run its radar, logistics and communications systems. Virtually all the pilots and most of the officers



Charles Harbutt/Magnum

2

THE LAST DOMINO: THAILAND

THAILAND WAS OUR land-locked aircraft carrier during the Vietnam War; the Pentagon is still smarting from seeing its government take control of our huge and expensive air bases there—our last on the mainland of Southeast Asia. Though democratically elected, the current regime is not at all to Washington's liking.

At the moment, the major threat to peace in Thailand is the CIA, which uses the nation as a base for training mercenaries to fight in Laos and Cambodia. Our intelligence operatives are deep into a Chilean-style stabilization campaign that involves financing Thailand's conservative political parties, politicians, student groups and newspapers. They have also been caught depositing \$3 million in the nation's military bank to pay Thai mercenaries returning from Laos, and forging a letter to the country's leaders in the name of a prominent Communist official.

At the moment, General Saiyud Kherdpol, leader of the CIA-backed mercenary forces in Laos, is seen as a top candidate to lead a CIA-financed right-wing coup. "Should this happen," says Asian affairs expert Lennie Siegel of the Pacific Studies Center, "I think it would polarize the country, prompt a lot of leftist Thais to join up with the

fairly well-established guerrilla movement and touch off a war."

If war breaks out in Thailand, the U.S. may supply the rightists with arms and ammunition—particularly in some manner that could bypass the need for Congressional approval—but not men. (Watch for rationalizations like: "We're merely fulfilling an existing contract to supply the national police force with training in law enforcement techniques and materials.") The spectacle of American troops landing in Southeast Asia wouldn't go over well on the evening news.

Editor's note: Just as we go to press, a bloody right-wing military coup is taking place in Thailand. One early wire service report quotes an American spokesman to the effect that "the U.S. would work toward good relations with coup leaders," indicating some of our predictions above may be right.



Rene Burt/Magnum

3

**LIGHTNING WAR:
THE STRAIT OF MALACCA**

THIS ONE is a Mayaguez-type action, a one-night stand of modern warfare: if you (or your senator) are away for the weekend, it will be all over by the time you get back. A war in the Strait of Malacca—the principal gateway between the Indian and Pacific Oceans, and a shallow channel whose blockage would cause all kinds of problems for America and our allies, including virtually cutting off the flow of oil to Japan—was the subject of the scenario

at the start of this article.

Washington has its eye particularly on the Strait because Malaysia, which borders it on the north, has been fighting a Communist insurgency for the past 20 years. To date, the rebels have been active mostly along the Thai border, but in 1975 revolutionary activities stepped up: the People's Army for the Liberation of Malaysia attacked Kuala Lumpur's paramilitary police force headquarters, killing two constables and wounding 41.

The appeal to the military of lightning wars to protect places like the Strait is easy to understand if you talk with Michael Klare, author of a penetrating study of Pentagon combat plans called *War Without End*. Sitting in his modest Berkeley office cluttered with charts and documents on the latest updates on American weapons sales abroad, he says: "Vietnam has taught the military to use a ledger-book approach to combat. You can't fight a war where losses exceed gains. That means in places where you can't use surrogates like Iran or Indonesia to fight for you, the most attractive alternative is often going to be rapid interventions." Klare pauses; he is a soft-spoken man who makes his points with a careful, methodical logic. "And judging from reaction to the Mayaguez incident, the public will buy it."

Another critical and narrow waterway is the Strait of Hormuz, the narrow exit from the Persian Gulf through which supertankers carry the Middle East's oil to the rest of the world. Roughly 90 per cent of Japan's oil, 70 per cent of Europe's and 25 per cent of U.S. oil passes through the Strait of Hormuz. If there were trouble here, we might merely back up the Iranian military in policing the situation. But in the Strait of Malacca our troops would be more likely to move in, Mayaguez style, with backup provided by Indonesia and/or Malaysia.

Another possible candidate for such a raid is the Panama Canal. If a radical Panamanian government ever tried to seize it, the U.S. would have no trouble staging a raid to secure it, particularly since the Canal Zone itself is full of U.S. bases. But don't look for a ten-year Vietnam-type war in the Canal Zone. The supertankers and big aircraft carriers can't get through; oil is running out in Venezuela. Surprisingly, as Mike Klare explains, "the region really isn't that important to us anymore."

You might think of Israel as the location of a likely lightning war with U.S. involvement, but, surprisingly, hardly

any of the experts *Mother Jones* surveyed thought this was so. In the immediate future, Israel seems able to hold its own in any Middle East war; U.S. involvement now seems likely to be limited—as it was in the Yom Kippur War of 1973—to an airlift of supplies.



Henri Cartier Bresson/Magnum

4

**WAR WITHOUT ARMS:
SOUTHERN EUROPE**

IF GOVERNMENTS WITH strong Communist participation come to power in Spain, Portugal or Italy, look for the U.S. to become involved in another kind of war: an economic and political one. There will be no troops sent overseas, no weapons aid for Congress to vote down, no carrier sailings at which to stage demonstrations. Rather, we can expect the U.S. to quietly mount a destabilization campaign like the one that brought down Salvador Allende's government in Chile three years ago.

John Marks, the former CIA officer who co-authored *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, explains: "Washington is not about to write off Southern Europe. You have people like George Ball, who may be Secretary of State, who opposed the Vietnam war because it wasn't in Europe. He felt we shouldn't fight land wars on the Asian continent because it wasn't high on our list of priorities. But Italy is the kind of country he would be willing to fight for. Perhaps I'm oversimplifying a bit, but all you have to do is look at the CIA's record in Italy and you'll get the picture. They've donated millions to the campaigns of right-wing

candidates and also given the secret police director \$800,000 in an unsuccessful effort to initiate a coup."

Just how would the U.S. go about trying to overthrow a democratically elected Communist government in Italy? The first step would probably be to join with West Germany, France and England in cutting off the new government's loans (before the most recent Italian election all four countries planned to take precisely this step if the Communists won). Next would come stepped-up CIA infiltration of labor unions, opposition parties and anti-Communist student groups, aimed at paralyzing the country with work stoppages (remember the truck drivers' strike that crippled Chile during Allende's last months?) while simultaneously staging protest demonstrations in major cities. CIA money given to opposition papers would help promote scandalous charges about government leaders lining their pockets with taxpayers' money. And finally, with CIA arms and financing, military leaders would attempt a coup.

A somewhat different strategy would be applied in Spain should King Juan Carlos prove unable to consolidate his power. Here the CIA will fight for the election of pro-American candidates in an effort to save the regime bolstered by about \$245 million worth of U.S. loans and gifts each year in exchange for letting our military use four Spanish bases. (A new treaty with this country is aimed at promoting Spain's entry into NATO. The Center for Defense Information points out this will require a major expansion of the Spanish armed forces—paid for by American taxpayers.) Should Juan Carlos's troops prove unable to put down domestic insurrection, look for the U.S. to step into the fray under the guise of protecting our rented bases.

In Portugal we have already been busy undermining the Left. After General Antonio de Spínola assumed the presidency in an April 1974 Lisbon coup, American military experts scoffed at his egalitarian dreams. Writing in the warmonger's bible, *Strategic Review*, retired Vice Admiral Ruthven E. Libby declared: "Whether General de Spínola was a tool—witting or otherwise—of international Communism, or remarkably naive politically, is moot. In any case, there was no justification for his belief that his attempt to reintroduce parliamentary democracy, in a country historically unsuited to it, could succeed."

Portugal's military-led revolution has taken a recent turn to the right—and has been rewarded by new military equipment from Washington. That's been the carrot; the stick—some destabilization—may come if the regime tries to move left again.

Destabilization techniques are likely to be used by the United States in plenty of places other than Europe, too. There is increasing evidence they may be under way already against the left-leaning government in Jamaica. Sadly, a small island or an impoverished country somewhere in the Third World, like Guyana, has little chance against a well-financed American intelligence operation. And, while a move against Italy would at least make the front pages, progressive regimes in smaller and poorer countries will topple with the American public scarcely noticing.

Rene Burri/Magnum



5

REVOLUTION IN THE PHILIPPINES (. . . AND MAYBE ELSEWHERE)

TAKE AN UNPOPULAR, reactionary regime, add a guerrilla movement that is threatening enough so the government has had to declare martial law, add three major U.S. military bases in that country and you have a volatile trouble spot where America could find itself at war. Such is the current situation in the Philippines.

Since losing our military foothold on the Southeast Asian mainland, the Pentagon has felt increasingly covetous of its huge air and naval bases in the Philip-

pines. Anxious not to offend its ally, Washington dismissed President Marcos's 1973 imposition of martial law as "internal domestic changes undertaken by a sovereign nation" and nearly doubled the rate of military aid over the past three years. To help his regime fight back Moslem guerrillas, our country has provided C-47 transport planes, Huey helicopters, landing craft, weapons, infrared detection systems and troop training, some of it on our own bases. Enterprising Filipino soldiers have proceeded to turn around and sell some of the combat equipment to guerrillas. Obviously we would send in troops to defend our bases if Marcos can't control these rebels shooting at us with our guns. If this war happens, you can expect Washington to avoid trying to tame an entire country, and instead just defend its bases and maybe protective cordons of territory around them. We'll make limited strikes to knock out attackers' positions, but won't try to hold large portions of Philippine territory.

"The degree of our troop commitment," says Lennie Siegel of the Pacific Studies Center, "obviously would depend on how threatened our bases were. The whole country is explosive because of martial law. But the guerrilla movement here is not as well developed as it is in Thailand."

Despite Washington's penchant for supporting right-wing dictatorships, not all of them can count on direct U.S. military support. There are some obvious spots, for instance, where we probably *won't* intervene, such as South Africa. Courtland Cox of the Center for National Security Studies found in a poll he conducted that most U.S. congressmen oppose making any military commitment at all to the Vorster regime. "More than likely any support we do provide will come in the form of economic aid to prop up the government while it fights an expensive war against black Nationalists." (U.S. loans helped bail out South Africa once before, after the country was badly shaken by the Sharpeville massacre in 1961.)

But there are several other countries, like the Philippines, where the U.S. has either military bases or an important regional ally at stake—and would fight to keep its friends in power. One such country is South Korea, where dictator Park Chung Hee sends his troops out in American tanks to break up all rallies challenging his policies (today you get a

—Continued on page 50

THE GLASS-BOTTOMED BOAT

The Life and Times of Falfada and Toby Flankers:
a Tale of Blood and Music.

By Paul West

IT BEGAN WHEN Toby Flankers, out in the middle of Montego Bay in his glass-bottomed boat with two tourists, all of a sudden began to stamp bare-foot on one of the two panels. The glass cracked but did not break, and after a few seconds of standing there fazed by its strength, he resumed his crouch at the tiller, nothing said. The tourists said nothing either, accustomed by now to the vagaries of Jamaicans. He hadn't interfered with their view of the reef. The canopied boat had wallowed and twirled, but had not sprung a leak and was, after all, his to treat as he wanted. So they kept on peering downward, half convinced that he had staged some ingenious test of the glass in the interests of safety. For 20 minutes more, until their time was up, he crisscrossed the area while they exclaimed at bluefish and brain coral. On the way back to the beach club's jetty, he even gave them a chorus or two of "Ain't She Sweet," providing himself with rhythm from a gourd filled with seeds called a *shac shac* and prefacing each fit of song with an invitation to himself: "Take it away, man," as if he were a bandleader in front of a big audience. Baffled, the tourists kept their eyes on the glass and ignored the song. They could think of nothing else to do.

So no one heard what Toby had done, and Toby only half remembered. He had wanted to stretch his legs; that was it. His feet had been hot, so he'd cooled them in the thin leakage that always brimmed on the glass. Not in any sense had he wanted to go down, feet first; he couldn't even swim. That night he invaded a contractor's yard, helped himself to glass. He walked a mile from his shack in the village called Dinner Time to borrow a glass cutter and ate bananas on the way back, picking them almost absent-mindedly. When he'd finished the rubber-cement seal, he went to sleep right away on the beached glass-bottomed boat, crooning an old song about sugar mills.

But even if his fellow villagers or other boatmen or deck-chair attendants had found out, they would not have been surprised. Toby came from Trinidad where, the rumor went, he had been much arrested for brawling in the days before steel drums, when folk made music by thumping on the ground with bamboo poles a foot thick by five long, and thumped one another with them as well, even the police. In 1937, when these "bamboo tamboo" bands were outlawed, Toby migrated to Jamaica. A model of good behavior, he worked as

houseboy, gardener, beach attendant and tourist guide, finally saving enough for a down payment on an old glass-bottomed boat, the first of two. Only one thing seemed odd: he boasted, when drunk, of weird sorties into the local jungle, where he had been accosted by a goat-faced woman white from the navel down, otherwise black. In the steaming, bird-loud nights, he said, she had given him repeated experiences of what he called the gantry-kiss, with which Falfada (as he called her) used inhuman strength to lift him off his back with his jigger in her mouth. His listeners almost believed him when he told of mighty elongations of the organ as she whirled him round by his root, faster and faster until his head swam and his juice bursting made the straight hook bend. Which was when she let him drop. Some nights, cattle egrets from upon her shoulders flew to him as she whirled him round, and sat on his belly. Other times they flew in formation alongside him in splashy parallel, like laundry on a windy line.

• • •
Show us, they said. Take us to Falfada. We too want to go merry-go-round in the dead of night.

First he took them, two or three, to a place in Paradise Pen, but nothing hap-

pened. Then, farther afield, to the Retirement River, that expedition taking an entire night. But Falfada never showed, even though he said he had pleaded with her. They paid him, and he arrived with liquor with which they swilled away their disappointment.

"Bring us Falfada," they whined, love-sick for the sorceress. "An' them cow-bird."

"Nuther night, you bet," said Toby. "She vacationin'."

One time they dumped him in a spring, and when he clambered out he told them she was right there, in the water, awaiting them. In they plunged, crowing like cocks, palming their bodies as they went under, kneeling in the four-foot depth. But no Falfada, no gantry-kiss, no birds.

"How them bird fly in water?" It was a natural question.

"Save me," they heard. "Water all same like air. Want to, them fly in ground 'self. Fly through bluestone. Inside alligator. Round and round inside little knuckle on your hand. No egret, them Falfada own *hands*. Truth."

They thumped him hard, and for a while it was like the old days of the bamboo tamboo. He vowed to surprise them even more and invited them to his shack to watch, to sample, Falfada within four corrugated-iron walls. All they found, though, was a dead manta ray wrapped in banana leaves with an old earthenware teapot atop the heap on the bed. Falfada in a new shape, he told them, and within weeks began claiming he had enjoyed her gantry-kisses at the end of the airport runway ("her Sunderlan' flying boat that time"), in the Montego Bay town fountain right in the middle of the main square, on which occasion she had been garbed like a big policeman. And then out on one of the Bogue Islands, where—

"Her," they cynically interrupted, "big fat mermaid?" *Octopus*, he corrected them in a restrained voice; her belly had been full of soup cans that clattered while she spun him miles out over the even water. To console them, he even presented them with Falfada teeth, feathers, a scab from her granite knee, a pellet of her droppings. His narratives bloomed. He milked her and gave them rum bottles of acrid-tasting fluid. When resting, he trimmed her teeth and horns with an old nail file, which he let them handle and sniff. One day he actually brought to a cricket match a sack in which he had a newborn kid wrapped round and round with bicycle inner tubes like beige intestines. Laughed away, he left the kid

behind and they kept it, at least until the morning they found its throat cut. So *somebody* believed him, had swallowed his magic, and Toby turned his attention to tourists, regaling them with tales of Falfada but gaining only costive smiles if they even looked up from the glass beneath which the reef sprawled and curled.

To blacks he said Falfada had gone to Haiti. His nights were barren, no ordinary female having the knack of the gantry-kiss. He no longer flew. To whites he revealed her in colors even more mythic than before, elaborating her into a reef queen in whose pores lurked baby barracuda, in whose armpits groupers and sharks. A deep cleft as the reef fell

"Falfada was in a new shape, he told them, claiming he had enjoyed her gantry-kisses at the end of the airport runway"

away was one of her ears. Lion-tawny sand 30 feet below, speckled with black sea urchins, was part of her flank. "What about the mouth?" someone asked him, and he revealed the sea itself was that, in which they all floated.

• • •

Within weeks he had become a tourist draw. Already known as a first-rate boatman, deft and polite, he became a master of ceremonies, filling his passengers' ears with tall stories while they gaped down over the high wooden lips of the two windows in the boat's bottom. Those who heard him out in exasperated tolerance found themselves coming back for more, as if his words had sunk in deep and germinated. Word went around that Toby gave double money's worth, was a visionary raconteur (though no one used that phrase), somewhat whacky, but as a helmsman beyond compare. His boat never rocked.

Soon he bought himself a new one, had "Glass Bottom" painted on the sides and put the rest of his money in the bank. His love life improved. He habitually bought rounds of drinks at the Coconut Bar. For breakfast he drank milky coffee instead of tea and substituted eggs for melon. Instead of chicken-neck stew in the eve-

nings he had legs and breasts. Living on in the same iron shack in Dinner Time, he bought a radio, a big Mercator map of the world, a pair of fleece-lined slippers, a cherrywood pipe and a brand-new *shac shac*. A picture of him appeared in the island newspaper, captioned "Beach Notable," and he clipped it out and glued it to the iron wall.

Only six weeks later he first stamped on the glass.

And a week after that, with four passengers aboard, he did it again, somehow driven by being too comfortable in a merely Jamaican world. All day he fantasized, but he wanted more. With both legs thrust clean through the glass, he would have gone down but for his arms across the wooden hatch. The unattended outboard ground away while the passengers observed Toby, who mouthed a silent lyric with his eyes aimed down. Sea welled up. The boat began to list. Blood flowed beneath the intact glass panel on the other side. No one spoke until a high-school teacher from Ohio staggered aft, seized the tiller and steered for the beach, 200 yards distant.

When the badly listing boat was towed in by the Bermuda ketch *Davy Jones*, which had interrupted its afternoon cruise, the beach was lined with people. A siren started up. The police took Toby to hospital on a stretcher. Others took statements. Hauled up to a stretch of new-dumped shingle, the wounded boat sat unattended. In the end, no one preferred charges against him; in fact, none of the passengers could believe he'd done it on purpose. Toby knew better, though, telling the interrogators at his bedside, "I wanted to be down. Not over the side, man. *Through*. You go over side, you no' meet Falfada. I was obliged go through the glass." They asked him why, and he launched into a long, magical ramble about the gantry-kiss, the jungle at night, bamboo tamboo and freshwater springs. The reef was a palace of stag-horn coral, he said. The glass-bottomed boat was a royal coach. The *shac shac* was Falfada's voice. In the end the police cautioned him but chose to believe the local lunatic had just been careless and was trying to rationalize.

• • •

When the stitches were out of his legs, Toby fixed up the boat, at considerable cost, and went back to sea. But in the first week he had only three couples by way of passengers, and these newly arrived, unacquainted with local gossip. The ticket seller at the beach club guided

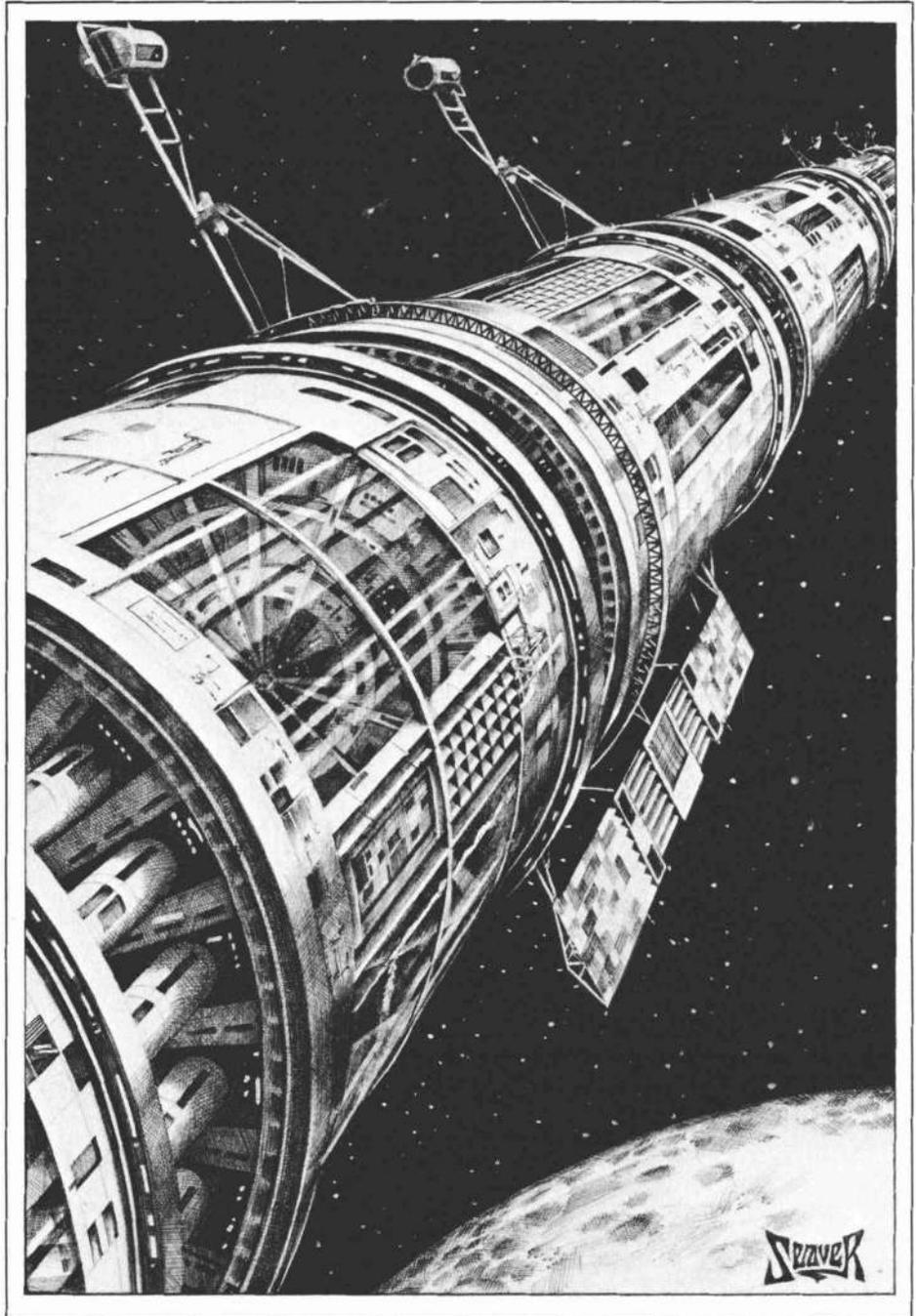
into space and to mine the moon, the asteroids and even the giant planets. This approach worked for the Spaniards in Peru, and it has its own potential for the conquest of space. Owing to the rules of gravity outlined above, the crucial step in the exploitation of space consists in getting a few thousand miles away from the Earth.

(6) **Because space journeys start from space habitats.** The rules of gravity also make it clear that a trip to Mars, for example, would require perhaps one-fifth as much energy output from a space habitat as it would if it began on Earth. Therefore, space voyagers should live, work, construct spaceships and travel in space communities. In farther-reaching fantasies, we can imagine space habitats containing thousands of people traveling to the nearer stars in a few thousand years, maintaining a constant population still fired with the urge to explore, reproduce and spread the seed. As Columbus carried the Bible, they will bring the thoughts of Timothy Leary.

(7) **Because clean, boundless energy comes from space.** If you believe O'Neill's projections, we would be foolish to continue trying to solve our energy problems by mining the Earth's crust, by burning our treasures to pollute our priceless atmosphere or by creating lethal radioactive wastes to be hidden for thousands upon thousands of years. According to O'Neill, solar-power stations in geosynchronous orbits could provide power at such low cost that everyone could have some, and the have-nots of the world might find themselves far better off than they would if they must buy or beg dams, reactors or solar technology on Earth. Naturally, those who construct the orbiting power stations would have to be big-hearted, but with energy so cheap, why shouldn't they be?

(8) **Because it is time to go into space—all of us.** The view that the bulk, if not the totality, of the human population will inhabit space someday grabs many people right where they live. Of course we shall inherit the solar system! Then all of our sociology, ecology, psychology and teleology will change as we spin our new habitats—and so they should. For when has human society been static? And why should we think that merely covering the land, exhausting the atmosphere, the oceans, the mineral wealth of our home planet should put a stop to human development? Never!

(9) **Because we can leave the Puerto Ricans behind.** To those who view his-



HABITATS AND SOLAR PLATFORMS

Finally, the vision of Prof. Gerard O'Neill: In, say, 20 years (O'Neill argues) we could have giant space habitats as well, huge cylinders a mile across and five to 20 miles long. Alternating strips of land ("valleys") and transparent panels ("solars") would provide mini-worlds for millions, and each cylinder could be designed for different kinds of worlds, with different climates, governments, even races.

Right now, everyone from NASA to Timothy Leary loves the idea. The question is why?



Illustration by Gary Rudell

tourists to other glass-bottomed boats. Daylong, Toby cruised between the reef and the warning cable 40 yards from the sand, chanting big-band lyrics from the '40s and '50s, or calypsoes in which "Jamaica" rhymed with "make her," and rattling his gourd as if to set the seeds free. "Take it away, man," he told himself repeatedly, and took it away forthwith, mimicking the noise of trumpets and trombones with a whistler's pout. Alone, uneating, he ran through his entire repertoire, making up nothing new and not even trying to remember all the words. It was as if, he told himself, he was exhausting this world before sampling the next. Falfada awaited him while he crooned himself to death. Two big cans of gas kept him going all day, back and forth along his strip of sea.

Soon he was cruising all night, with no lamp.

All day he dozed; he almost struck a buoy.

The police fetched him in, took him home to Dinner Time, ordered him to stay put. But, after a long sleep and a hasty meal of bananas and corned beef, out he went again, this time going all the way from Cornwall Beach to the Bogue Islands and back. And he had more with him: a sack of canned goods, with an opener; a pound of tobacco; a bamboo pole thick as his thigh and as long as his leg; and enough gas for several days.

Out past the reef he chugged, farther than he had ever been, with the incongruous feeling of an ice cream vendor

who finds himself afloat on his cart. A mile out, with only raucous jets for company as they banked before final approach, he began to thump the bamboo on the boat's bottom to the rhythm of old digging songs, of stone-passing games played by men seated in a ring. Thump-a-thud he went, noting he was farther out than the vultures flew. Only gulls and pelicans. Down into the depths his rhythm boomed, calling on Falfada.

"Mas Eu," he shouted low over the sea, naming the uncle, Eustace, who had brought him up in Trinidad. Then he cut the engine, moved forward to mop both glasses with rag and sponge and lit his pipe. Peering down, he nodded as the boat's idle motion brought copper-tinted sand into view, 50 feet below. Air Jamaica churned overhead. The breeze picked up. A squadron of indignant-sounding gulls cut past, reflected in the glass like knives. As a cloud went over, he saw his own face, toothless, walnut-withered, unshaven, and in that instant made up his mind.

Instead of smashing both glasses with the bamboo tamboo, and going down with the boat, he started up the engine, headed for the beach, then turned back and circled to burn up gas. He aimed for the beach again, cut the engine in five feet of water, tied the rudder, then stove in both panels. After starting the engine again, he stuck his pipe in his mouth, his *shac shac* and tobacco in the sack and eased himself overboard with the bamboo pole as the reeling boat moved away.

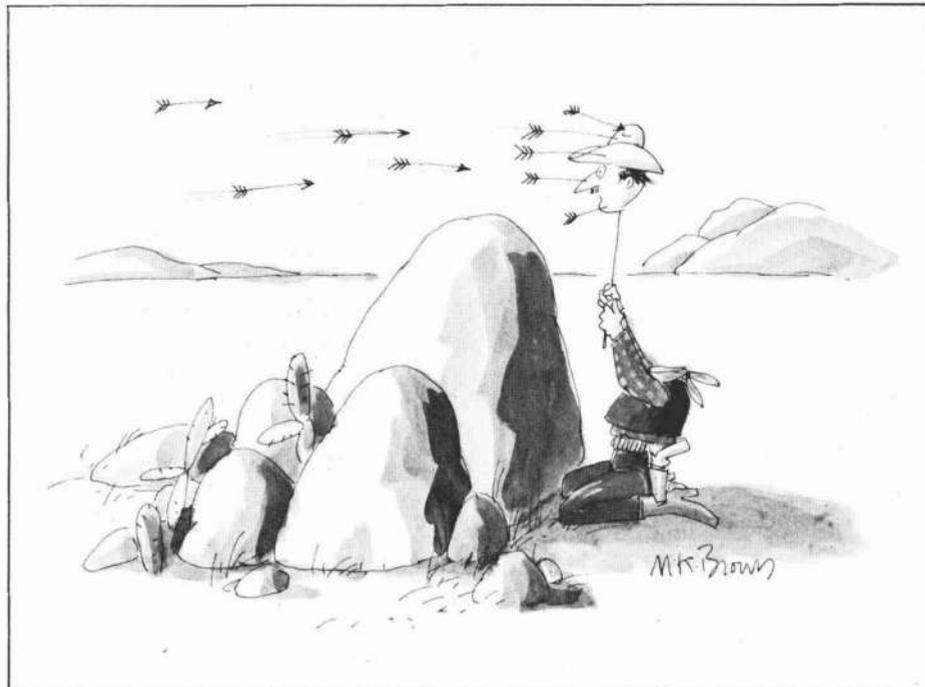
He found bottom easily, trod on a sea urchin and waded ashore in pain, where he at once urinated on the embedded spine, soon had it out, by which time the glass-bottomed boat's canopy was level with the waves a quarter of a mile out.

Fined \$50, he paid in cash with a superbly delivered smile. Illusions he had drowned with their instrument. Or so he said repeatedly in the little black and yellow tent he set up on the beach club's sand just below the restaurant patio. A large poster at the tent-flap announced, in untidy letters, "The Life and Times of Falfada and Toby Flankers in the Glass-Bottomed Boat. A Tale of Blood. Music. 50¢ J. 75¢ US." At first slow, business picked up as Toby remilked his fame, embellishing with spicy items filched from JBC radio, from fillers in the daily *Gleaner*, even from his map of the world. Like a certain movie star, he had tried to drink himself to death. He had witnessed a rape from a prison cell. He had frozen in Little America, sited on Antarctica's Ross Ice Shelf; breast-stroked from Christmas Island to Starbuck Island, both in the Pacific; sung with a swing band in Casablanca. He got a bigger tent, sat in it daubed with garish greasepaint behind an ancient windshield, with *shac shac* and tamboo, confident that no offended nature goddess could fell him now. All that stuff, he told them, he'd seen through.

All her lies. "Like I haunted, man. One Jamaican feller. Dead on both feet. Cripple-up an' not in this world." He winced. He guffawed. He half bowed.

Even after the sun has waned and the beach umbrellas have been collected up and stacked, Toby reminisces on, at least until six, when he leaves to perform on the cocktail cruise of the *Davy Jones*. No one who hears him believes in Falfada, but everyone believes in hearing him out, as if truth itself no longer mattered, but only how rich-blooded one of its opponents can be. Understudies, to whom we shall one day owe all the Falfadiana we have, drink in his words. He feels he is already living his afterlife. The lies are bigger than he, a living reef of tale, available to any and every boatman until the marauding crown-of-thorns starfish pick it clean. When a story has been swallowed, it is home and true. Fictitious planets can have real moons.

Paul West teaches English and writing at Pennsylvania State University. Campus reports are that students seek him out the way tourists flock to Toby Flankers.





Courtesy of the University of Louisville Photo Archives

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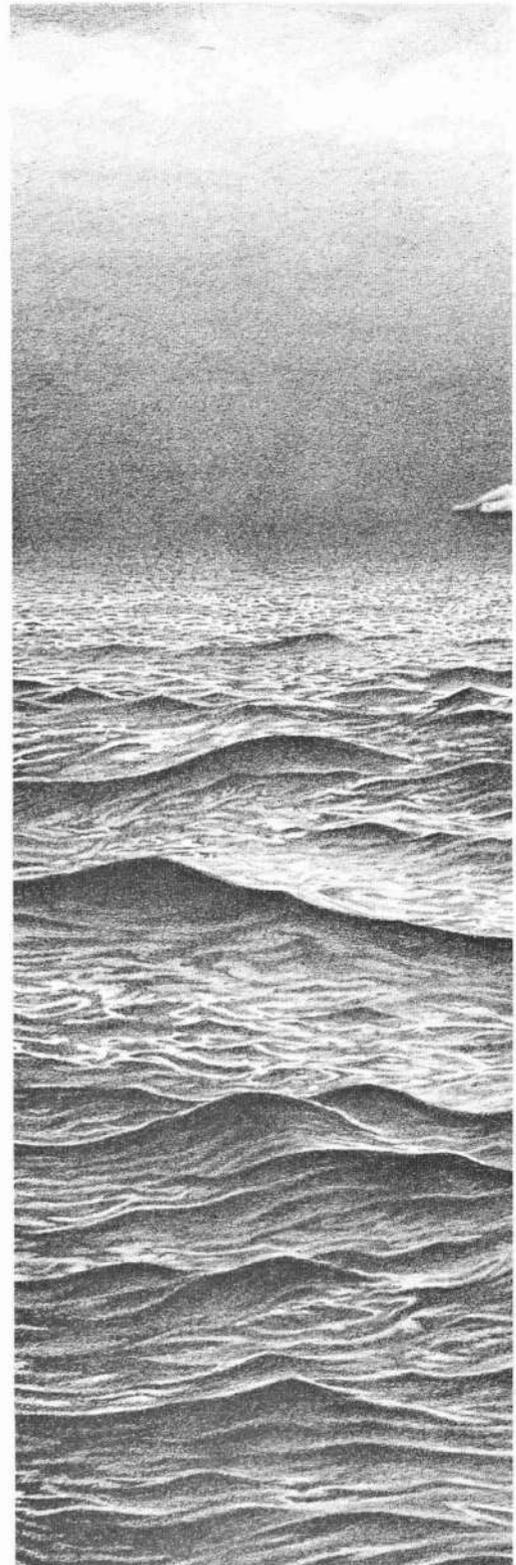
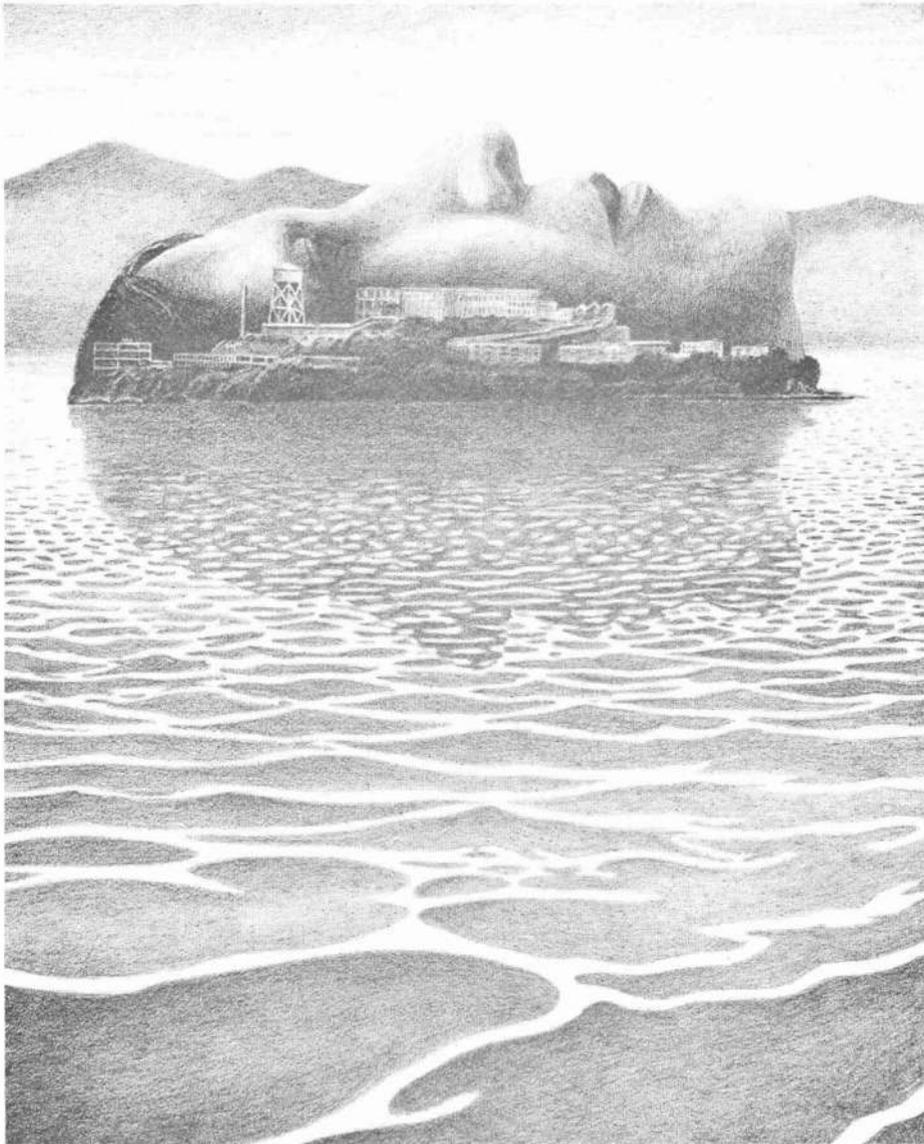
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MOTHER JONES

LITHOGRAPHS BY ROBERT MOON

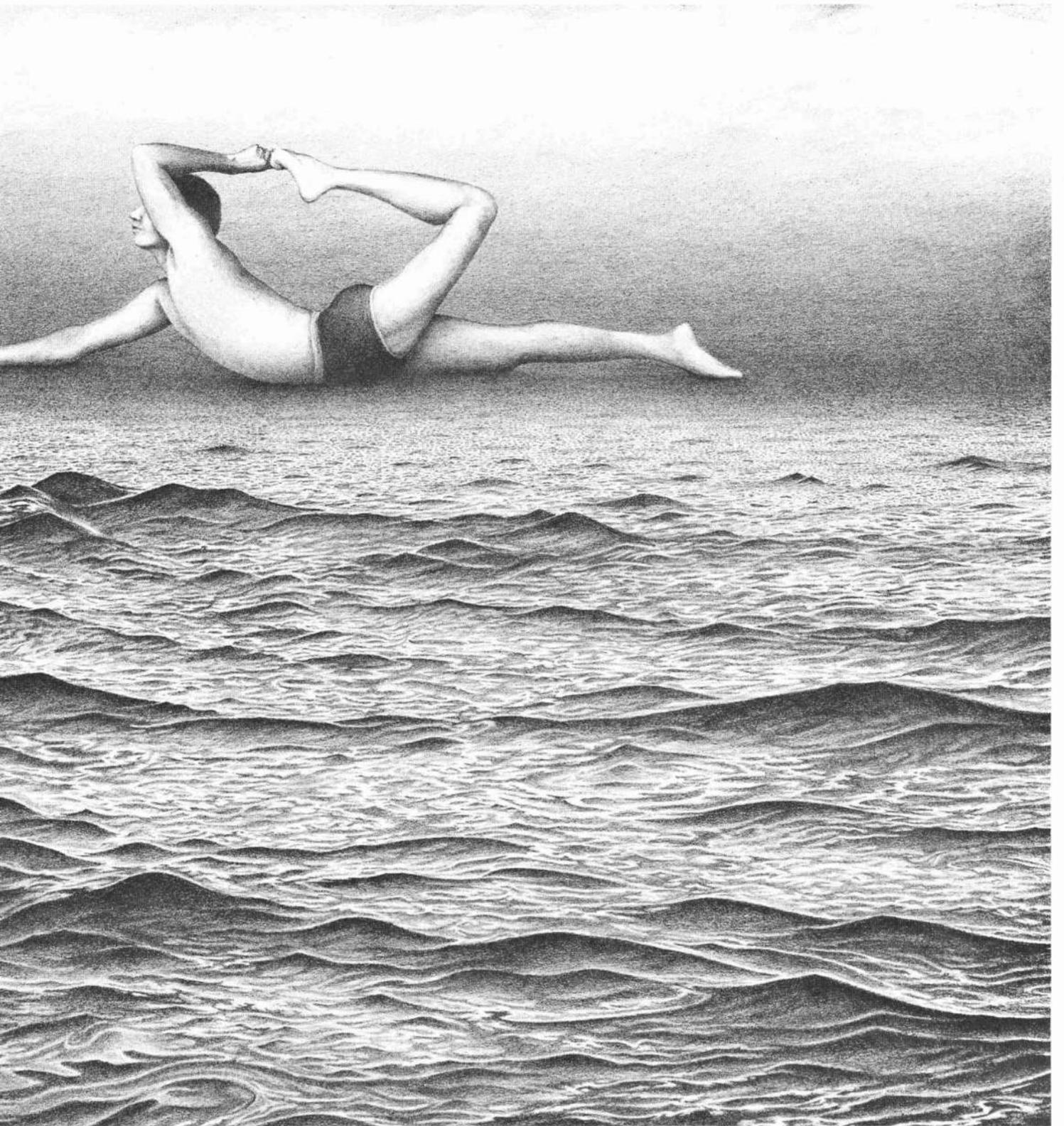
MOON ART



Left: Alcatraz, 1972, 14" x 18";

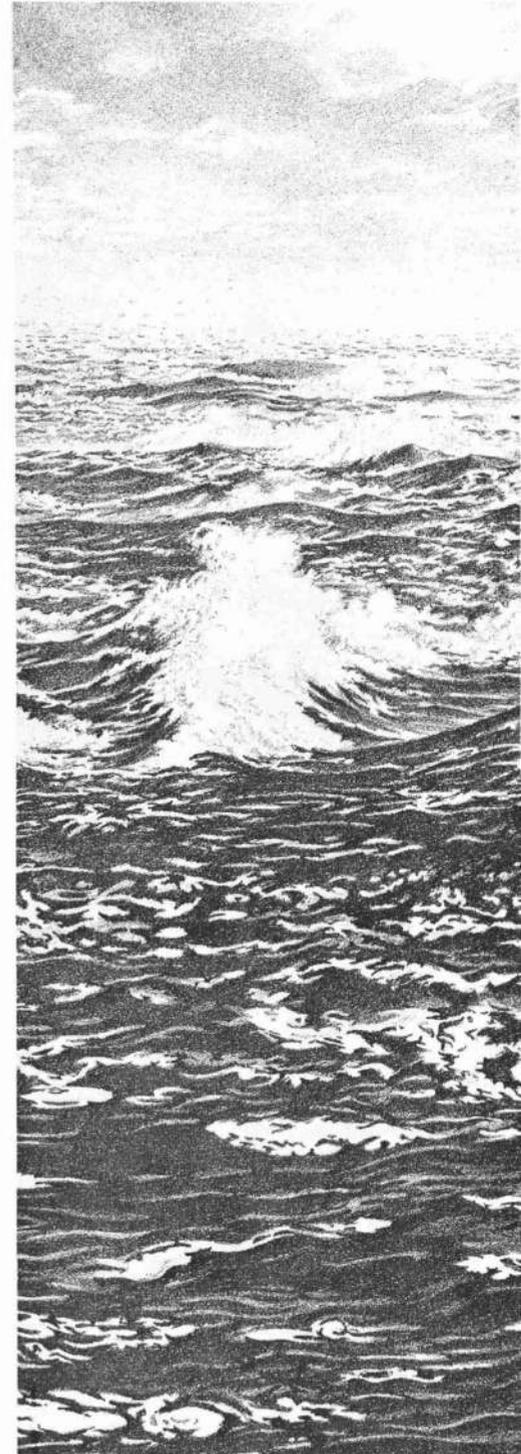
NOVEMBER 1976

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above: Swami Vishnu #5, 1971, 19" x 26".

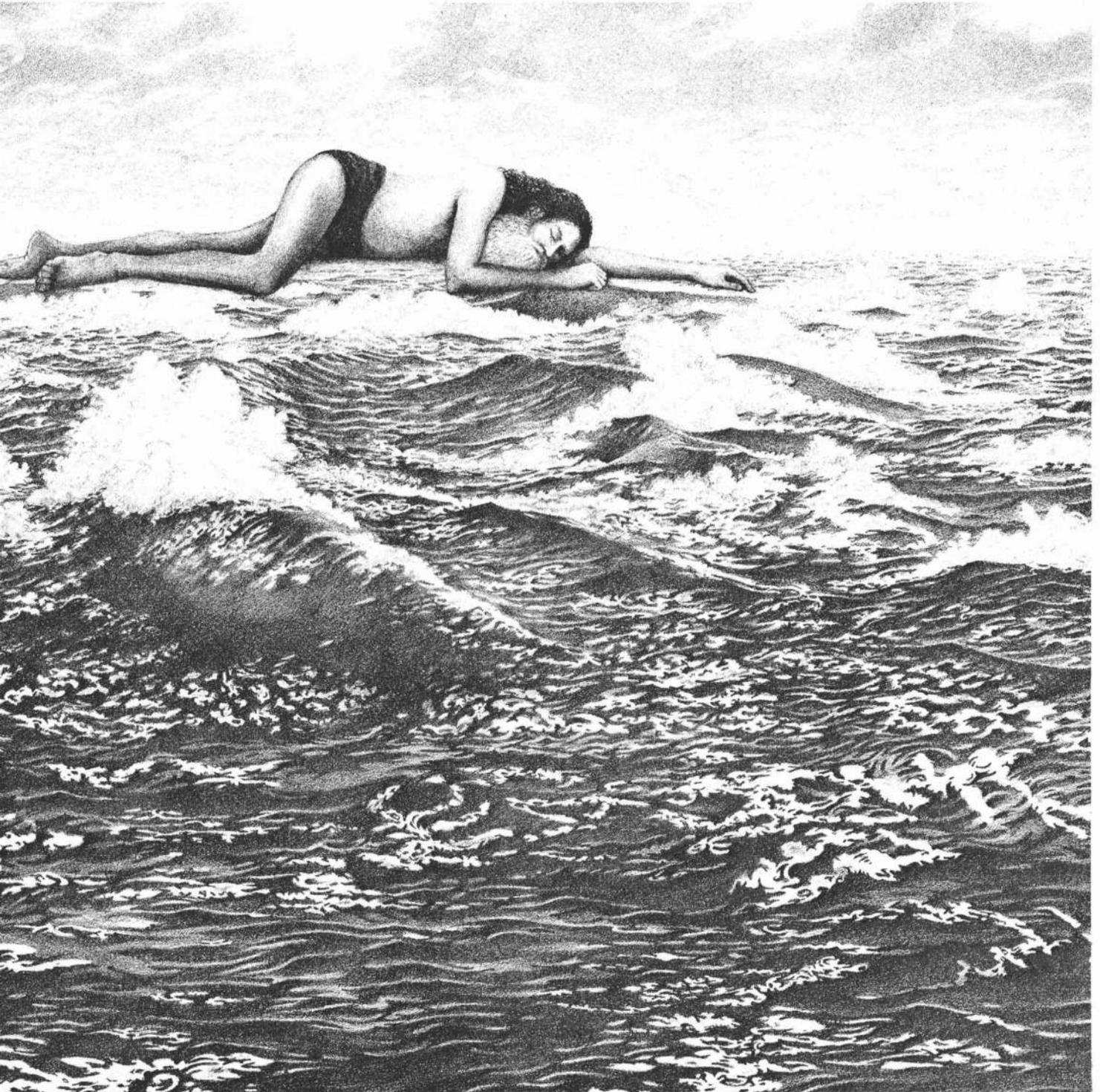
Lithographs courtesy of Will Stone, Two Kansas St., San Francisco, CA 94103



☾ Robert E. Moon is an artist and teacher living in Woodacre, California. He was born in Oregon and started printmaking at the age of 13. He's had many shows, the most recent being "California Art on Paper (Mindscape)," which toured Germany and France, and "Baja," an exhibit at the San Francisco Museum of Art.

☾ As we can see from the featured etchings, Moon loves water. Friends tell us he can sit under water for five minutes in the lotus position. Besides etching, Moon paints water-color scenes on truck doors and etches the door's window with the driver's profile. Moon's work has been published in *The New York Times*, *Art Week* and *Rolling Stone*.

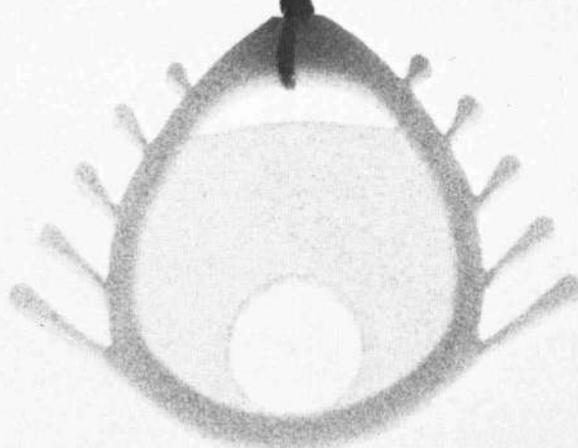
Top left: Swami Vishnu #3, 1970, 10" x 11";



bottom left: Swami Vishnu #6, 1972, 9" x 14"; above: Satchidananda, 1972, 126" x 36"

A CASE OF CORPORATE MALPRACTICE

By Mark Dowie and Tracy Johnston



[The Dalkon Shield was hailed as a promising new method of birth control— until 17 women using it died. Here for the first time is its full story.]

IN 1971, Dr. Hugh J. Davis, associate professor of gynecology at Johns Hopkins, decided to write up his experiments with a new intrauterine device he had been using at the university's family planning clinic. He heads the clinic, which is part of one of the country's most prestigious medical schools. The clinic, like the John Hopkins Medical School, is in the middle of one of the worst ghettos in Baltimore, and Davis spends a lot of his time prescribing pills, inserting IUDs and advising poor black and Latin American women how to prevent unwanted children. One of the many lawyers who do the talking for him now says Davis thinks of pregnancy as "a social evil—contributing to poverty, unhappiness and unrest."

Although Davis's book, a slim volume sprinkled with charts and graphs and called *The Intrauterine Device for Contraception*, was not stacked up alongside the cash registers of bookstores across the country, many doctors read it eagerly. The results of research performed under the auspices of Johns Hopkins could certainly be trusted, and doctors everywhere were anxious for information about the various plastic loops and squiggles and paper-clip-like things they had inserted in over three million women in America. They still know almost nothing about intrauterine devices, except that somehow a foreign object in the uterus usually prevents pregnancy.

At that time, the entire subject of contraception was especially controversial. Pill men and IUD men were known to exchange bitter comments at conventions and engage in primitive avoidance rituals if they discovered each other at the same party. The Davis book, since it came from Hopkins, was discussed by most everyone in the field and widely reported on in women's magazines.

In his book, Davis gives evidence that the IUD is a better birth control device than the Pill—almost as efficient and much safer. More important, he indicates that a certain new IUD recently put on the market works better than any of the old ones.

To be sure, Davis doesn't directly recommend the Dalkon Shield over the Lippes Loop, the Saf-T-Coil, the Copper-7 or its other competitors; such recommendations in medical texts are considered highly unprofessional. The Shield's experimental results just look a lot better. The comparisons appear to be thorough, scientific and convincing. On every graph, on every chart and in every

analysis, the Dalkon Shield is first.

The only thing the book does not say about the Dalkon Shield—and the full story has not been told before—is that Davis had not only tested it, he had invented it, along with his good friend Irwin Lerner, and he was making money on every new Shield sold. At the time the book was published, Davis had already made \$250,000 on the sale of the Shield to the A. H. Robins Company, one of the largest pharmaceutical houses in the U.S. In five years' time, before the Shield would be removed from the market amid increasing publicity about deaths and injuries to women who used it, Davis would earn well over \$300,000 more in royalties and consultants' fees.

NO ONE KNOWS exactly how many women have been killed by the Dalkon Shield. As of last January, 17 American women had died. There have been a number of deaths since, but the government totals and releases such figures only once a year. Statistics from the dozens of other countries where the Shield has been in use—mostly in the Third World—are fragmentary or nonexistent. In other ways, too, the full story of the device that has left untold hundreds of women sterile, and that is still in use by more than a million women around the world, has been hard to get. Doctors do not easily reveal secrets about each other. Also, all the principal characters in this story are under orders from their lawyers not to speak, for the Dalkon Shield has become one of the most litigated products in pharmaceutical history.

Since Davis would not talk to us, it was difficult to get a full picture of this paradoxical man, who teaches at a leading university and runs a clinic for the poor, yet who succumbed to the temptation of making big money by the most unethical means. We could assemble only a fragmentary picture of him from others' reports. Thomas Kemp, a lawyer handling many of the cases for Robins, describes Davis as "tall," "neat" and a man of "overwhelming heart." Davis's wife says she hopes the true story about her husband will get out, but she doesn't know what it is. "Work is work and home is home," she says on the phone over the sounds of children giggling, and Davis doesn't mix the two. Still another picture of him comes from a woman who once worked in his clinic, who described him as "the most efficient man I ever met." She said he once used a vacation to have

his appendix taken out, just so that he would lose no work time if he ever got appendicitis.

Luckily for our story, though, there are sworn depositions in the Dalkon case, and although Davis is cagey and doesn't reveal a thing when he talks to lawyers, Irwin Lerner is a garrulous guy and tells the story of the Dalkon Shield with relish.

"Win" Lerner is an inventor, really. He started off in 1948 as an electrical engineer in oil development. He went on to computers and then typewriters, where, he claims, he developed the Selectric. In 1960 he got interested in the medical supplies field and started working for a company making polyethylene tubing, blood test equipment, automatic pipettes and all sorts of things a burgeoning medical market could use. He met Hugh Davis in 1964, while trying to push one of his inventions, and the two men liked each other right away. Also, they realized, according to Lerner, how they "could use each other's expertise."

THE DAVIS-LERNER association started out as business (they worked on several products together from 1964 to 1967) but it soon turned into friendship. In fact, it was on Christmas Day, 1967, while the two families were opening presents and sitting around Davis's home in Baltimore, that the idea for inventing a new IUD came to them.

Each man claims it was the other who first came up with the idea, but whatever the case, both were very excited about it. The two men would call each other up at midnight and three o'clock in the morning to discuss the project. Davis would tell Lerner the little that was known about IUDs and the failures of the ones already on the market: they caused pain, cramps and bleeding; they didn't work; they came out. And Lerner would discuss ways of solving each problem. For the expulsion problem, they had a unique solution: a disk-like IUD with stubby tentacles whose barb effect would hold the device in the uterus. Within a few months Lerner had his first model of the Dalkon Shield, and in August, Davis took a few of them fresh from the Pee Wee Plastic Company, where they had been manufactured, and inserted them into some patients at his clinic. Patients had heard about dangers from the Pill and were quite willing to try a different contraceptive. Initial results looked good, and one month later Lerner applied for

Dr. Hugh Davis testifies before the Senate subcommittee on birth control.



a patent.

Instead of donating the device to a medical institution for study, Lerner and Davis decided to market it themselves and to get private physicians across the country to test it for them. Lerner says Davis had some money from Hopkins, which he used to buy Dalkon Shields, and over a one-year period, Davis inserted 640 of them into women (558 clinic patients, 82 private patients) and carefully noted down the "results." He wrote them up and published them in February 1970 in the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, the leading journal in the field. They were remarkable to say the least, especially the pregnancy rate—the lowest among all IUDs (1.1 per cent). The article concluded, "Taken all together, the superior performance of the Shield intrauterine device makes the technique a first choice method of contraception control."

Meanwhile, other doctors across the nation were beginning to hear about the device that had impressive Johns Hopkins statistics behind it, and many were sending for it to try out on their own patients.

One of the people who read of Dr. Davis's exciting discovery was Mary Bolint. She was a junior at the University of Arizona in Tucson at the time and was engaged to Ned Ripple. She planned to go to law school after college, so she wanted to wait to have children until after she finished four more years of school. Contraception was an important factor in her life, and so she informed herself about such things. "What makes me angriest

now," she says today, "is that I didn't just go to my doctor and let him put whatever he wanted in my body, I studied all the statistics carefully." She read glowing reports of the Dalkon Shield in a feminist health book and asked her doctor if she should have one. Since he too had heard favorable reports, and since a model had been specially designed for women who had never had children, he inserted a Dalkon Shield into Mary's uterus. Carefully following the instructions that accompanied the product, he warned her that she might experience some minor discomfort and slightly heavier bleeding with her period. The pain, however, was immediate and acute. Mary returned to her doctor, who told her it would subside. It did, but her first period was profuse and painful. Again, her doctor promised that once her system grew used to the device all would be well.

After a few months the pain during her period became tolerable. Mary and Ned were married, and she was accepted into law school during her senior year. She continued to study hard and became an avid modern dancer.

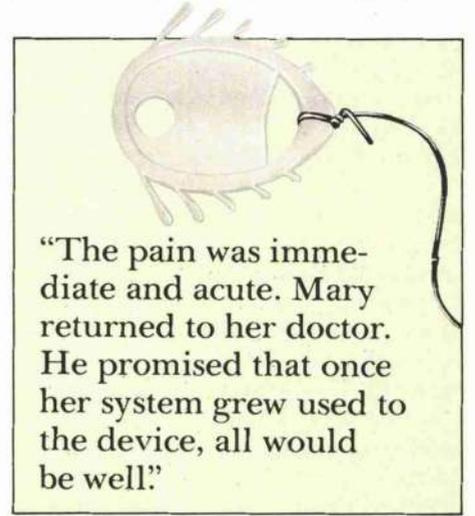
[I: DAVIS'S "SCIENTIFIC" RESEARCH]

The rise of the Dalkon Shield really began with Davis's research at Hopkins, and the more closely you look back on it, the less scientific it appears. For one thing, the women tested didn't sign any consent forms, so no one knows what Davis told them about the fresh-off-the-drawing-board gadgets he was putting into their uteri. Also, many people claim that Davis regularly told his IUD patients to use spermicidal foam during the tenth to seventeenth days of their cycle, which would leave it unclear whether his study reported the contraceptive effects of the Dalkon Shield or of the foam. Davis said the people who came to his clinic wouldn't use foam even if they were told to, but that is questionable. In any case, Davis admits that at least some of the 82 private patients in his study might have taken his suggestion to use foam, and that makes his research findings dubious. It is as if, in studying a new headache remedy, he had told patients to take aspirin as well. Also, the study sounds less impressive when you realize there was an average of only 5.5 months testing per woman—not much time to get a reliable pregnancy figure.

Hindsight aside, however, after the *Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology* article was published, the Dalkon Shield began to take off. Additional help had

come to Lerner and Davis on New Year's Eve, 1969, in the form of Dr. Thad Earl. He was a small-town practitioner from Defiance, Ohio, and had inserted the Shield into some of his own patients and thought it was a great idea. He offered Lerner, Davis and their lawyer, Robert Cohn, \$50,000, and got a 7.5 per cent interest in what became "The Dalkon Corporation." (The name was probably an amalgam of Davis, Lerner, and Cohn.)

Lerner had been the inventor, Davis the scientist whose research at a famous institution had validated the invention, Cohn the lawyer who had put together a corporate framework that would allow everyone to get rich, and now, finally The Dalkon Corporation had what it needed to get off the ground: Thad Earl, the enthusiastic salesman willing to go on the road drumming up publicity. If you don't have a large marketing organi-



zation or the capital to advertise, about the only effective way to sell a new medical product is to set up demonstration booths at medical conventions. Earl proved to be an energetic salesman. IUDs were not, at the time, classified as drugs, so Dalkon Shields could be hawked just like new office furniture to doctors browsing in convention hallways. Earl passed out the Shields from his booth and showed everyone the impressive testing results of Dr. Hugh Davis of Johns Hopkins.

One warm spring day toward the end of her senior year in college, while Mary Bolint was shopping for dinner, she began to feel uneasy. Suddenly an enormous wave of nausea swept over her. She left her groceries and walked as fast as she could to her car, where she lay down in the back seat. She had been dancing all afternoon, preparing for a summer arts

festival, and hoped that she was simply overtired. She remained dizzy and confused, however, and had to ask a friend to drive her home. Her main worry was appendicitis. That would have spoiled her summer of dancing and working. She worked as a nurses' aide in the local hospital and was saving her money for law school.

She made it home, cooked a small dinner and went to bed early—tired and sore. The pain grew worse through the night and at six a.m. she woke her husband Ned. She barely had enough strength left to ask him to take her to the hospital, and he rushed her to the emergency ward, where her condition was quickly diagnosed as appendicitis. When the doctors opened her up, however, they found a healthy appendix, but large abscesses on her ovaries. They drained the abscesses, took out her appendix and sewed her up. When she awoke she told her doctor she was using a Dalkon Shield and asked him if he thought it should be taken out. He said he didn't think it was necessary since he had never heard of IUDs causing infection, but that he would remove it if she wanted. She decided to leave it in and was released from the hospital in a few days. She returned home satisfied that she had made the right decision. The infection was gone and, even if the Dalkon Shield was uncomfortable, it couldn't be as dangerous as the Pill.

[II: DALKON GOES NATIONAL]

It was 1970, and the scene was a medical convention in Ohio. Thad Earl was there selling Dalkon Shields and found himself set up in a booth next to one run by John McClure, a salesman for A. H. Robins Company. The two men began talking; their chit-chat quickly turned to business talk, and suddenly the promoters of the Dalkon Shield had a big break beyond their greatest dreams.

Robins is headquartered in Richmond, Virginia, and has assets of \$186 million and subsidiaries in more than a dozen foreign countries. Tranquilizers and appetite suppressants are among the best-selling products of its large line of drugs; it also makes cosmetics, Robitussin cough syrup, Chapstick and Sergeant's Flea Collar, which *Forbes* business magazine accused of killing pets.

At the time Thad Earl and John McClure got to talking outside their convention booths, Robins was looking for an entry into the growing contraceptive market. Its rivals Schmidt and Ortho had captured the Pill business and were be-

ginning to reap enormous profits from their own IUDs. When McClure started chatting with Earl, he didn't waste time. Within a few days after their meeting, Robins' acquisition manager flew to Defiance, Ohio, to watch Earl make a few insertions of the Dalkon Shield and to talk medicine and markets. A week later the company's medical director, Dr. Fred Clark, flew to Baltimore to meet Hugh Davis.

Davis told him, by Clark's account, "that the company that takes the Dalkon Shield must move fast and distribute

Mary Bolint: "What makes me angriest is that I studied all the statistics carefully."



much merchandise and really make an inroad 'in the next eight months.' " Several other people Davis knew were working on similar devices. The courtship quickly intensified; both sides were eager to consummate.

Within a few days Lerner and Cohn, Dalkon's lawyer, flew to Richmond to work out a deal. After three days of negotiating, everyone returned home richer. Robins paid The Dalkon Corporation \$750,000 for the patent, which was split among Lerner, Davis, Earl and Cohn according to their interests in the Corporation. Also, an agreement was made (and this is where the big money comes in) that the four men would split ten per cent royalties on all gross sales of the Shield by Robins in the U.S. and Canada. Finally, Earl was retained by Robins as a \$30,000-a-year consultant for three years; Davis consulted at \$20,000 a year for five years; and Lerner consulted for one year at \$12,500 and two more at \$2,500.

As the deal was being made, however, something was discovered that proved to be a portent of troubles ahead. Dr. Fred Clark, the Robins official who had flown up to Baltimore to meet Hugh Davis, dictated a three-page memorandum to the files on his return to Richmond. In it he said that of the 832 patients Davis had tested so far, 26 had become pregnant. This would raise the pregnancy rate from the previously published 1.1 per cent to close to three per cent. The dates on the Clark memo show that Hugh Davis was aware of this new, less impressive result back in February when his *Journal* article was published.

(Robins lawyers claim that Fred Clark's memo about a higher pregnancy rate is merely a typo. They say Clark never read the typed version of the notes he dictated and that he meant to say "an additional six" rather than "26." But their claim sounds weak, for there is other material in the subpoenaed files that indicates Clark did not believe Davis's figures were as impressive as he had first heard.)

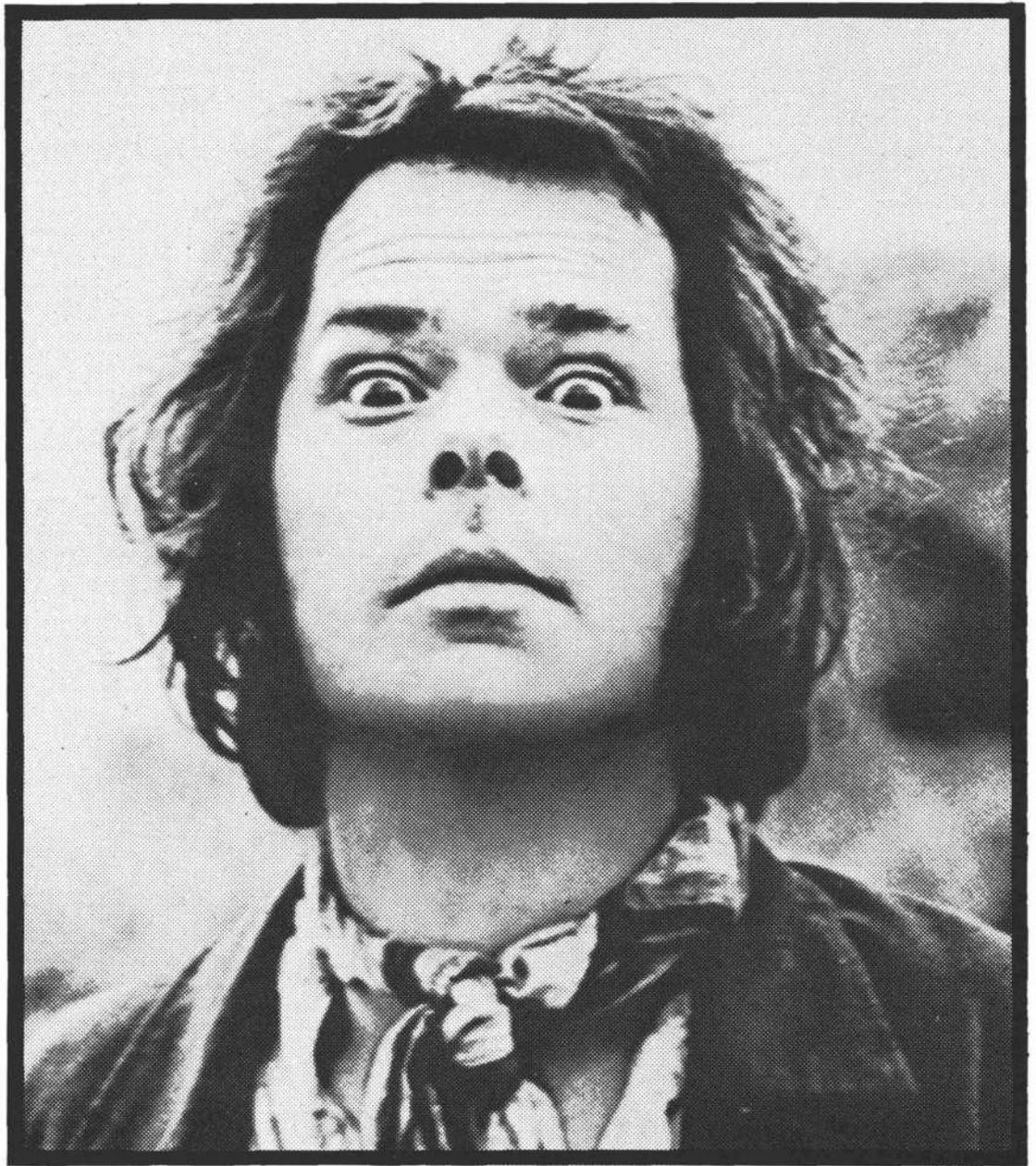
Although not quite the corporate equivalent of a smoking gun, the memo has become an important document in the Dalkon affair. It indicates that both Davis and Robins are guilty of promoting the Dalkon Shield with false statistics. The crucial importance of the pregnancy rate becomes clear when you imagine a fetus having to share a uterus with a small crab-shaped piece of plastic. Most of those 17 deaths were due to blood poisoning caused by infection and spontaneous abortion among women who got pregnant while wearing the Dalkon Shield.

[III: THE "FLYING UTERUS"]

Readers of five national medical journals in December 1970 found themselves looking at a remarkable two-page advertisement. It became known in Robins' ad department as the "flying uterus" ad, and it was Robins' way of beginning the vigorous promotion of the Dalkon Shield it had bought only six months earlier. The ad's art page is a painting by a prominent medical artist, Arthur Lidov. It shows a cross-sectioned uterus floating through the sky towards the reader with a Dalkon Shield nestled in it. The Shield looks like some sort of space bug out of the pages of Ray Bradbury—it's about the size of a small fingernail, is made of white plastic and its most notable feature is the little spines

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MOTHER JONES



HERZOG

Truffaut calls him "the greatest filmmaker alive today." Not one for false modesty, Werner Herzog agrees and compares himself to Kafka and Beethoven.

A look at the man and his legend.

By Sheila Benson and Mal Karman

HE TURNS OUT, not surprisingly, to be as complex as his films—by turns enigmatic, passionate, blunt, patient, gentle and arrogant. He stole a 35mm motion picture camera to shoot his first feature film and claims, “Truffaut and Bergman steal [ideas] from me—even though their films came first.” Film intellectuals consider him perhaps the most talented young director in the world today. He may be its most unknown.

At Cannes in 1975, the virtually unknown Werner Herzog walked off with the prestigious Jury Prize for *Every Man for Himself and God Against All: The Enigma of Kaspar Hauser*. Francis Ford Coppola hailed *Kaspar Hauser* as the best film he’d seen in years, and guaranteed the cost of its distribution in the United States; François Truffaut called Herzog “the greatest filmmaker alive and working today.”

Yet in this country Herzog hasn’t really emerged from the “film-buff ghetto,” where a mere handful, perhaps five per cent, of film devotees recognize his name, and perilously few of these have seen more than one of his films.

Now Werner Herzog was in the U.S., tangible and voluble. He’d been brought to the San Francisco Bay Area for a showing of all of his films at the Pacific Film Archive in Berkeley, rotunda of the recondite. Gathered under one roof was the full display of nine years of Herzog’s life: six harsh, uncompromising, beautiful films (see box)—the treacherous world as seen through Herzog’s unblinking hazel-green eyes.

Herzog spoke to us in two settings, once at the Pacific Film Archive, where, with his full moustache, tattered shirt and well-loved corduroy pants, the 33-year-old director could easily pass as a Berkeley graduate student—architecture or perhaps archaeology. In the second background, a private screening room in San Francisco, the tall, broad-shouldered Herzog looked out of place and uncomfortable. (It was hardly surprising; only a madame like Belle Watling could look comfortable among those gilt mirrors, Moorish iron chairs with fat Astro-Swivel feet and flocked red wallpaper.) He seemed patient about this country’s slowness to recognize him.

“Beethoven had a real hard time during his life. Kafka had 35 readers. My films will outlive and survive me.”

Is the world, then, not ready for the new German cinema?

“It isn’t the world,” Herzog said force-

“For *Kaspar Hauser* I would just like American audiences to bring a little sympathy and an open mind—without prefabricated ideas about Krauts.”



Above, seated: Bruno S. as *Kaspar Hauser*.

fully. “*Aguirre* has been playing in Paris for a year and a half. *Kaspar Hauser* played there for ten months. But most of the U.S. is like Mongolia in terms of culture. Go to Omaha, Nebraska, or Stevens Point, Wisconsin, and find out what films they’re watching. Stevens Point, Wisconsin, is a place we should care about.

“It’s hard to find an audience anywhere who comes and looks at a film, closely.” He gestures as though bothered by gnats. “For *Kaspar Hauser* I would just like American audiences to bring a little sympathy and an open mind—without prefabricated ideas about Krauts—and just take a close look at the film.

“*Jaws* wasn’t a bad film, because when I saw it, I gave it a chance. It is chic to say it’s terrible. I just went in with a little sympathy; that way a film can develop its dimensions.”

Kaspar Hauser was a film Herzog felt he had to do. Based on a true incident, it concerns a man who appeared in a Nürnberg square in 1828, standing like a mannequin and bearing a note. He couldn’t speak or read (and could barely stand). He had apparently been brought up in a cave or dungeon, and was pre-

cipitously catapulted into the world at the age of 18. He was taken in, cared for, taught to speak, and—in an era fascinated by the philosophical concepts of “the natural man”—was the subject of endless pokings to test his “innocent” responses to a “civilized” world.

“It seems to me that my coming into the world was a terrible fall,” Hauser mourned. He had a talent for music and began to write his history when suddenly, as abruptly as he had appeared, he was stabbed to death.

Herzog felt that the Hauser story, with its theme of “radical human dignity and deep human suffering,” was “one of the few” right for him. “I am always struck by how few choices there are for me for films”—and he threw himself into the production.

For Herzog the shooting of a film demands monk-like devotion. (Earlier, in reference to his private life, he said, “There is no private life—it is just a filmmaking life.”) In the 17th-century town of Dinkelsbühl, Herzog located the perfect house for *Kaspar’s* benefactors. “That house was the work of five months. Each needle, each piece of music had to be exact. That garden [an exquisite period garden] was a potato field when we arrived. I dug in the garden, and we planted strawberries and beans and flowers, so it would be as you see it.”

He is asked gently if he considers it unusual for the director of a film to be out in the field, putting in the strawberry plants himself.

“But if I do not work bodily I do not have a feeling for the space. I do a lot of body work on my films—I carry the camera, the reflector. It’s good for me to have a physical connection with my own tools, with my own locations.”

Kaspar Hauser’s most striking feature is the lead performance of the amateur actor Bruno S. He spent the first ten years of his life in an asylum for retarded children, although he was not in any way retarded. His mother, a prostitute, used to beat him until, when he was three, she deposited him at the asylum. Bruno spent his next 20 years escaping from and being returned to reformatories, prisons and hospitals. He got work as an unskilled factory worker in Berlin and supplemented that with street singing. A television documentary, *Bruno the Nigger*, was made about him; Herzog saw this film by accident. “One of those calculated, enforced accidents that one cannot question,” he says with an ironic quirk of his eyebrow.

Despite the fact that Bruno is now 43, Herzog knew at once he had his Kaspar. "What the hell difference does Bruno's age make? Even if he was 65 I would have taken him. Nobody actually knew Kaspar's age anyway."

"Bruno is a very difficult man, of course. He has trouble communicating, he doesn't trust easily, he's suspicious and afraid of people, but he's sweet and soft underneath; he is very tender, very profound. He looks like a schizophrenic, and he behaves like a schizophrenic because he was so badly mistreated. He doesn't know how to behave. He would walk up to a woman and say 'Let's fuck,' and when she said 'No!' he didn't understand."

"'Bruno,' I said, 'the film won't resolve your problems with women or with society.' But the workers in his factory now respect him, he's been able to buy himself a piano, and he's not a freak anymore."

Both Herzog and Bruno decided that his actor should remain anonymous behind his single initial. "We agreed that if he became a star it would ruin his life."

The last institution released Bruno as cured; Herzog sees him differently. "For me this man is beyond repair; he has been destroyed by society. It didn't take too long for me to convince him to take the part because he understood right away that it was about him, too."

Herzog shot his film during Bruno's three-week vacation and then paid him to take off three more weeks to complete the film. "He thought I cheated him on his salary," Herzog says, wryly, "but he was the highest paid actor on the set. I pushed him into opening a bank account—it was an enormous obstacle for him. After two to three weeks of shooting, because his money had gone into his account and he didn't have it in his hand, he said, 'You're cheating me.'"

"We had to get the bank manager to explain it to him, and he *still* didn't believe me. He thought it was a conspiracy that everyone was part of."

Herzog's solemn face becomes intense as he speaks of Bruno. "He made not one false movement in this picture. I am so proud of him. He was magnificent. I take pride in *demanding* the Academy Award for him for this picture. That John Wayne or someone like that should get it is an outrage. What he has is something which you do not see—it has not been seen on screens before."

Interviewers frequently compare *Kas-*

par Hauser to Truffaut's *The Wild Child*, another innocent savage story, based on another actual occurrence—the work of Dr. Jean Itard in 1798 with a young boy found in the woods. With Herzog, you make such comparisons at your own risk.

"Truffaut made *Wild Child* because he was intrigued by my story," he snaps. "No, it doesn't matter that *Wild Child* was made in 1971; he has learned from me." A better comparison, he feels, is Carl Dreyer's *Joan of Arc* because it, too, is a story of passion, a Christ-like passion. "And anyway, my film is 95 times better than Truffaut's."

Anais Nin was enraptured by *Kaspar Hauser*, whose story, she said, "is more fascinating than the story of Christ."

"That's a good quote," smiles Herzog, "but by the way, I can't stand this woman. It happens once or twice in the life of a silly person that she says something worth remembering."

If Bruno's life parallels Kaspar Hauser's, it also parallels Herzog's own: "I grew up without a father—my parents were divorced—and I began running away from home when I was very small. My father always lived off women; he literally never worked. We were never a family."

When Munich was bombed in the raids of 1943, his mother took her two-week-old son with her to the relative safety of the Bavarian mountains. When the family came back to Munich after the war, Herzog's running-away streak began. He walked to the Albanian border at 14, and finally worked his way to the Manchester docks at 16, where he developed his muscular shoulders and excellent English.

His passion for film had also begun. Back in Germany he worked in a steel mill at night, went to school in the daytime and schemed to raise money for a film company of his own.

"I had a career as a screenwriter once for 30 seconds," Herzog says. He had a wonderful idea for a film and called a German producing company, somehow managing to get past their vigilant secretaries. After hearing the story briefly on the phone, the executives agreed—it was an interesting idea, and would he come discuss it with them? "I came, and they saw this writer was 17 years old. Right then they showed me the door."

Desperate to complete his first feature, he stole a 35mm motion picture camera from an unwary television crew working outdoors on a commercial. "I wanted

to be a professional right away," he explains blandly. He made three short films, then at 24 his first feature, *Signs of Life*, which he shot in Crete.

Money has always been a pressing problem, even though federal laws in Germany make available substantial production funds for serious works. Since 1968, almost six cents of every movie ticket sold in Germany goes to the Film Assistance Institute, which means that struggling German directors will get a healthy amount from the \$4 million made by *Jaws*. German television also underwrites productions. In addition, the Bonn Interior Ministry awards both prizes and production money for films of high cultural value. Herzog explains that if a film is a flop the government money doesn't have to be repaid. If it's a hit, you pay it back. In the case of the awards (up to \$150,000) that are for already produced films, the money must be invested in your next movie.

In 1966, a group of almost 20 German filmmakers, including Herzog, Volker Schlöndorff and his actress-wife Margarethe von Trotta, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, Wim Wenders, Jean-Marie Straub and Alexander Kluge, pressured the government. Give us \$1 million, they asked, and we can make five features. They got what they asked for, and with these loose beginnings Germany's new cinema was born.

Of all the lot, Herzog, Fassbinder, and Schlöndorff/von Trotta are the most recognizable names . . . so to speak. Fassbinder, who exploits the punk in his personality, has a prodigious output, cranking out 28 films since 1967, in addition to acting, writing and directing in the theater. Americans may know him best for *The Merchant of Four Seasons*, *Ali—Fear Eats the Soul* or *The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant*; he has just emerged from the (half-opened) closet to play the oppressed homosexual in his latest film, *Fox and His Friends*.

In contrast, Schlöndorff and von Trotta's movies, *A Free Woman* and *The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum* (the latter from a novel of Heinrich Böll), have been dramatic films on themes of women today.

American audiences, unable to separate Germany from the burden of its Nazi past, find it remarkable that not one young German has treated the Nazi experience. Part of the reason is simple—Fassbinder is 29, Herzog 33; Schlöndorff, older than the others at 37, was six years old when the war ended.

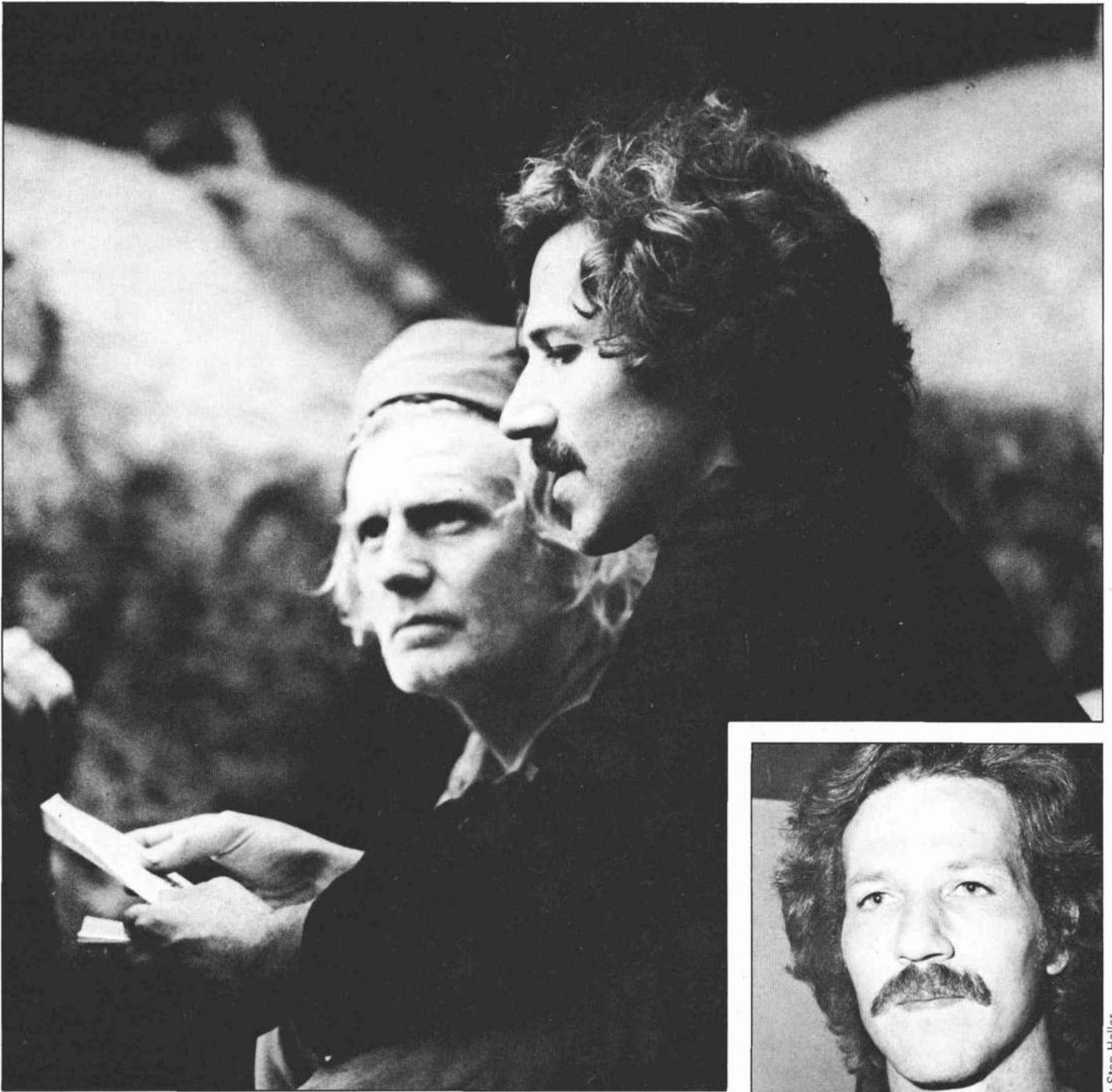


Photo courtesy of Pacific Film Archive

Werner Herzog, for whom there is no private life, just a filmmaking life.

Herzog is blunt: "To some extent the war affected me—in common terms, not specifically. It gave me a certain awareness of things. I have become sensitive about things like racial discrimination. But I don't give a damn about recent German history.

"We had a cultural gap for 25 years in filmmaking. Germany is the *only* country to have had this. It's strange, because Germany has recovered economically and politically but not so culturally." Why? "Maybe we needed a whole generation to pass. Germany is not a

nation any longer; it's divided into several parts. A country that has no national identity or capital has a difficult time to develop a culture.

"German filmmakers have no common style, no common subjects, but a whole variety of talents. We have a renaissance. All the young Germans had to start life from zero, after a period of self-imposed cultural barbarism. It's not bad that Germany came out of utmost defeat. It has awakened people."

"I hoped the U.S. would get out of Vietnam with a severe defeat, because

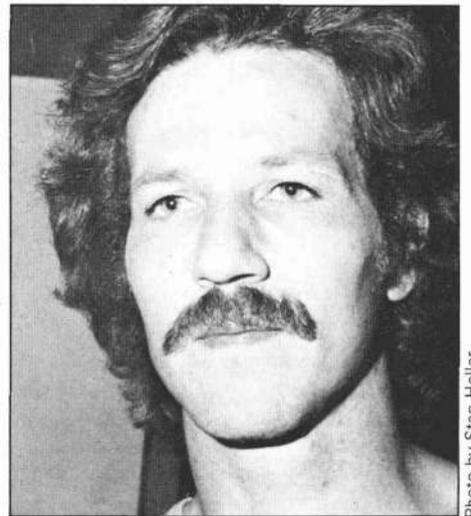


Photo by Stan Heller

"Maybe Bergman learned from me, too. Anyway, he is over the hill. Shit, he is . . ." Herzog's voice trails off. "Everyone tries to compare."

the U.S. dominates so much of the West. It might have awakened *you*. Look at the awareness that's come out of Watergate. I'd like to have Agnew, Mitchell, Donald Nixon, Bebe Rebozo in a movie," Herzog says dryly.

To foreigners the new German cinema makers may be allied under a common banner, but at home they don't live in each other's pockets. "Of all German filmmakers, I am most friendly with Schlöndorff," Herzog says, a trifle warily. "But we do not see each other in Germany. The last time I saw him was at Cannes.

"I remember," he adds, "at the London Film Festival, Rossellini was there, and people said we must be introduced. So they dragged us up together in the corner and we met. And then what? I said . . . 'I like your tie.'"

On the note of Rossellini, Bergman's name and similar film style came up. "Maybe Bergman learned from me, too," Herzog says. "Anyway, he is over the hill. Shit, he is . . ." His voice trails off. "Everyone tries to compare. It's pretentious to make these comparisons. People will get accustomed to my films."

Stories are already beginning to pass mouth to mouth among film buffs, who as a group are the most dedicated gossips outside the Seventh Avenue garment industry. Only in Herzog's case the stories are true—especially the most bizarre ones.

We ask him about the dwarfs and the gasoline and the cactus patch. "That wasn't anything—everyone asks about that. . . ." During *Even Dwarfs Started Small* there is a procession of dwarfs, holding aloft a pet monkey tied to a cross, marching between smoldering flowerpots full of gasoline. One of the dwarfs was playing with the gasoline and caught fire. Herzog threw himself onto his small actor and beat out the flames. A few days later, during a sequence in which a driverless car is set in motion, to circle endlessly, the same actor somehow got himself under the wheels. In horror, nobody moved until Herzog rushed forward and pulled him out. This time he gathered his cast—two dozen dwarfs and midgets.

"I told them—if you see to it that you all get through this picture unharmed, I will jump into that," (*that* was a seven-foot cactus) "and you can film me."

True to his word, at the film's end the young director, outfitted with goggles, jumped off a wall into the cactus while his cast, armed with Super 8 cameras, ground out their own documentary of the event.

"It wasn't so bad, except getting out. I got a thorn in my knee sinew that hurt for half a year. But it would have been a nasty thing to operate. It was for them—because they suffered to make the film."

Aguirre—Wrath of God took Herzog

and a crew to Peru, for a film of Hernando Pizarro and his obsessive search for the Incan city of gold. His leading actor was Klaus Kinski, who lent new dimensions to the term "difficult actor." "He is used by directors," Herzog says, "but only for one, two days. No one has ever managed to domesticate him yet. He behaves so scandalously because he is a paranoid schizophrenic."

Kinski worked six to seven weeks on *Aguirre*, and it became a match of wills in the remote jungle—Kinski raging that he would leave and bring the production down around his shoulders. "He would have two-hour screaming tirades, but I would wait it out. I *had* to finish the picture. I was more deadily decided than he was crazy."

The eerie last sequence of *Aguirre* is another Herzog legend. It very nearly didn't happen. Pizarro's expedition is finally wiped out to the last man, woman and horse. The rafts sit at the edge of the water and from the lush greenness of the jungle hundreds of tiny monkeys appear, pick curiously over the raft and dash away again.

"I had hired some Indians to catch 400 monkeys, way before we started shooting. We gave them a down payment." On the morning the scene was to be filmed, the production manager turned up, white-faced. "Some American guy came and paid for the monkeys for U.S. zoos," he shrieked. They were on a chartered plane at that moment. Herzog tore off to the airport in a jeep, followed by a truck.

"I screamed at customs officials that I was a veterinarian and that those monkeys *must* be vaccinated before they could leave the country. 'Where are the documents?' I shouted. He got confused because, of course, they had no documents. He started to yell at his assistants."

Taking advantage of this, Herzog's crew loaded the confused, heat-baked monkeys onto their truck, drove back to the river and shot the scene. "We returned them all, too . . . well, except for a few dozen who swam back into the jungle. I did this out of desperation."

Desperation also helped Herzog acquire the rare early recording of a tenor aria from *The Magic Flute*, which graces the opening of *Kaspar Hauser*. When a radio station wouldn't lend it, Herzog gently lifted the record.

Then there's Herzog's midwinter walk. The famous, tenacious Jewish film his-

Herzog's Films: A Viewer's Guide

Besides *Every Man for Himself and God Against All: The Enigma of Kaspar Hauser*, Herzog has made *Fata Morgana*, a fiendishly difficult film about dead colonialism in the Sahara; *Even Dwarfs Started Small*, which has been described as "an almost obscene parody of human life at its most petty, mean, vulgar, selfish and destructive"; *Land of Silence and Darkness*, a documentary about the blind deaf; *Signs of Life*, a metaphysical parody about cruelty and madness set on a Greek isle during the German occupation; and *Aguirre—Wrath of God*, depicting Pizarro's ruthless search for the legendary Incan city of Eldorado—films that, on the whole, have been seen only by the most agile and dedicated film cognoscenti.

• • •

Herzog has just finished his seventh

feature, *Heart of Glass*, for which he says he hypnotized his entire cast of more than 30 actors. Based on a Bavarian legend, the film concerns a seer who prophesies doom to a glass factory in the 1800s, but the workers walk about, unmindful, in trance-like states.

One stunned viewer at its unveiling at the Third Annual Telluride, Colorado Film Festival said the film's attrition rate was second to none.

"They left in droves. It's visually beautiful—all his films are—but it's suicide for him. Just when he was building up an audience . . . this is the most inaccessible of *all* his films."

The fact that it was shown in an unsubtitled version (Herzog's wife, Martje, supplying instant translation) may have had as much to do with the audience's dismay as the actors' trances.



Photos courtesy of Pacific Film Archive

Klaus Kinski, a troublesome actor who starred in Herzog's *Aguirre—Wrath of God*.

torian Lotte Eisner, now in her 80s, had done the narration for *Fata Morgana*. (The narration is a legend-like account of the creation of the world, which Herzog modified from the *Popol Vuh*, a Guatemalan Quiché Indian tale.)

When *Kaspar Hauser* was completed, Herzog, who reveres Eisner, wanted to dedicate that film to her. ("She is our common conscience. She's our cultural link between the cinema of Murnau and our renaissance.") But she lay critically ill in Paris.

"I decided that I'd walk up against it. I do not *allow* her to die." Herzog took a compass and walked through rain and snow for three weeks, from Munich to Paris—about 400 miles. He cut through fields, avoided highways, doggedly making a straight line to the Paris hospital. When he arrived, Eisner was recovering, but she didn't want a film dedicated to her. "Lotte, you have to let me, I have walked more than three weeks now to

ask you. It must carry more weight than if I had flown.' She agreed, and she is now really proud about it."

Herzog looks thoughtful and serious. His long fingers pick up a pencil and drop it. "I'm beyond the point of being afraid anymore—illness, loneliness, that sort of thing. This, I think, enables me to do things other people would not do anymore. There are too many directors who are physical cowards. There are few people who understand. They have not walked; they do not have the fire, do not have the flame anymore. That, I think, is the most important thing—to have the flame."

Sheila Benson is a film brat, the daughter of a screenwriter and a costume designer. Mal Karman has just completed a short film about the \$2 horsetrack bettor. Both Sheila and Mal have been film critics for several years; they frequently sit together in the back of old movie theaters.



"Kinski's paranoid antics make him almost unemployable. When he tried to quit this shooting in its last week, Herzog screamed: 'I'll shoot you. You don't do this stunt because I'm going to harvest you first!'"

Dalkon Shield

—continued from page 39

or legs surrounding it to keep it from slipping out of the womb. It also has a "tail" or piece of string attached to facilitate medical removal.

It turns out that the string is more important than it would seem. In fact, technically speaking, it is the culprit of the Dalkon affair. According to most researchers (although not Robins) who have since studied it, its construction (which is multifilament, meaning several threads wound together) acts like the wick of a kerosene lamp and allows bacteria from the vagina to creep up and enter the uterus, where massive infections leading to blood poisoning, and eventually death, can result.

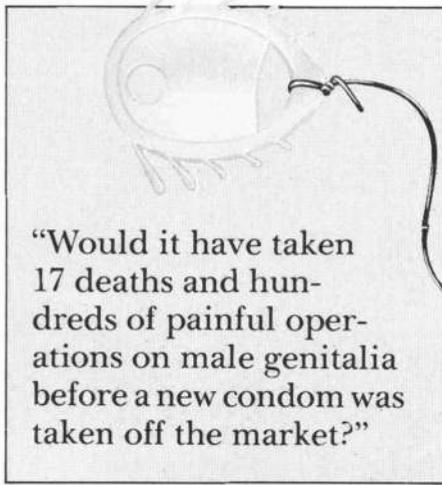
The copy on the companion page of the advertisement, with the "scientific" findings from Dr. Hugh Davis's earliest research, boasts of the 1.1 per cent pregnancy rate, and says nothing about the women in the study also using foam or being tested for an average of less than six months. Davis is impressively footnoted as a research physician with citations from the articles he published. He is not cited as a businessman who had just collected \$250,000 from his share of the sale of the Shield to Robins.

[ONWARD AND UPWARD]

For the next few years, everything went wonderfully for Robins. The Dalkon Shield was inserted into 3.3 million women in the U.S. and overseas. Robins reaped huge profits from it (each device had only a few cents' worth of plastic in it, but sold for \$4.35 retail). The Shield was hailed as the latest thing in IUDs, particularly good for women who had not yet had children. E. Claiborne Robins, Sr., chief executive officer of the company started by his grandfather in 1878, was proud of his officers and was looking forward to the day when the Dalkon Shield would be as familiar a product as Chapstick.

Not long after her "appendectomy," when the abscesses on her ovaries had been discovered and drained, Mary Bolint again began feeling pain and nausea. She went directly to the gynecologist in the hospital where she was working for the summer. He tried in his office to remove her Dalkon Shield but was unable to do it, and so she was put in an operating room where it was removed surgically. For two days after the operation Mary remained in the hos-

pital, running a temperature of 104 degrees and experiencing almost constant dream-like hallucinations. When her temperature returned to normal several days later, she was sent home with antibiotics. She was still too weak to work or dance, so she stayed home to cook for Ned, who was working. She grew weaker day by day, and finally her parents convinced her to come home to Louisiana, where they could take care of her. Her mother flew to meet her and took Mary to the plane. When they arrived in New Orleans, a flight attendant had to carry Mary off. After she had been home for a few days the fever returned and again she was



rushed to the hospital, where she was found to have septicemia, or blood poisoning. For ten days she was kept in intensive care, receiving intravenous antibiotics. During that time, her appendectomy scar burst open from new abscesses on her ovaries, which were again drained. When she finally regained her strength after a month, she flew to San Francisco to join Ned and begin law school. She hoped at last that she could put the painful memories behind her and look ahead to law school, a career, a good marriage and, someday, children.

[ENTER A WOMAN]

Up to this time all the characters on the corporate side of the Dalkon history have been men. (One wonders how different this story might be had the subjects of their experiments and sales been men also: would it have taken 17 deaths and hundreds of painful operations on male genitalia before a new variety of condom, say, was taken off the market?) But one woman played a role in the discovery of the Dalkon Shield's dangers, although, unfortunately, her warnings

were ignored by higher-ups.

She is Dr. Ellen (Kitty) Preston, a Southern woman who got her M.D. in 1950. She had worked as a physician in private practice and for the State of Virginia Health Department before coming to Robins to be chief of the Antibacterial and Miscellaneous Division (the Shield came under Miscellaneous). In 1971, Preston wrote a memo to medical director Fred Clark (the same Robins official who had flown to Baltimore to meet Hugh Davis and had discovered Davis had been using inflated statistics). In her memo, Preston said that she and Daniel French, president of Robins' Chapstick Division, were concerned that the Dalkon's multifilament tail might display "wicking qualities." She was predicting the source of the very problem that was to lead to so many injuries and deaths among women who used the Shield. On August 20, 1971, Clark replied with a curt letter saying that it was not up to Drs. Preston and French to test the Shield. He indicated in the letter that he was passing the problem to Dr. Oscar Klioze, the company microbiologist. But did he ever do so? In a sworn deposition four years later, Dr. Klioze said he had never heard of the Preston and French memos, and when he was shown them he swore he had never seen them.

It was one of Dr. Ellen Preston's duties to answer medical inquiries from doctors regarding the Shield. After her rebuff by Clark, she responded to at least one doctor who wrote asking about the possibility of "wicking," saying that as far as Robins knew, such a problem did not exist.

Robins must have been having some second thoughts about the Shield's safety, for around this time it did its own testing, came up with a pregnancy rate of 2 per cent, somewhat higher than Davis's, and cited the new figure as well in its ads. However, some other studies done at the same time that showed vastly greater pregnancy rates—one by Dr. Johanna Perlmutter at Beth Israel Hospital in Boston (10.1 per cent) and one by the Kaiser Medical Center in Sacramento (5.6 per cent)—Robins simply chose to ignore.

Two weeks after she had arrived in California to enter law school, Mary Bolint again began experiencing fever and nausea. She went to a doctor and told him her history. He examined her and said she had a new large abscess on her left ovary and that if it burst she might die. Very scared and sick, Mary decided to fly back

to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where her father-in-law, a doctor, could supervise her medical care. On the plane east she began to wonder if it would ever end. She was going in for her fourth operation in four months.

While she was under anesthesia, the surgeon made a six-inch incision from her navel down to the top of her pubic bone and two 1½-inch incisions on either side of her abdomen to drain the infection. The doctors were working to save her reproductive organs, but cautious not to give her too many pain-killing drugs because her nervous system was by now so weak. Mary lay in bed for two weeks with tubes and needles running in and out of her body and was in constant excruciating pain.

When she recovered and again flew home to Louisiana to recuperate, she was badly scarred all over her abdomen, emotionally drained but dimly grateful that she would still be able to have children.

[AN INCRIMINATING SLIP]

Let us backtrack in time a little to take up another strand of the Dalkon Shield story. It is an important one, for it involves a slip for which—in the unlikely event that the law is enforced justly—one of the principals could go to jail.

In January 1970 the controversy over the damaging side effects of oral contraceptives was at its height, and a Senate Subcommittee headed by Senator Gaylord Nelson was holding hearings on the subject. One of the experts on contraception they called in to testify was Dr.

Hugh Davis. Davis took a stand against birth control pills with high estrogen content and for IUDs, especially “the new ones” that have been developed. He disapproved of the collection of infor-

Dr. Thad Earl: the eager salesman who took the Dalkon Shield on the road.

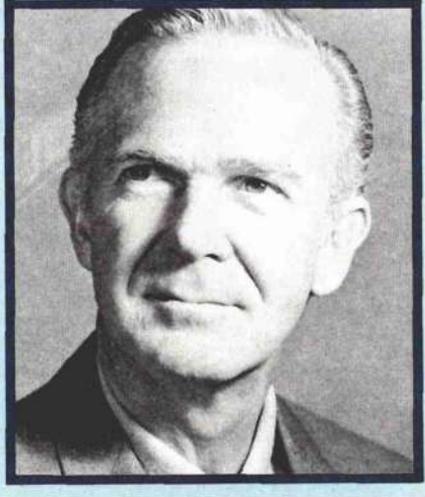


Photo by Sierra Vista/Herald Dispatch

mation regarding the side effects of the Pill, saying that they were vastly “under-reported.” He said information regarding contraception supplied to women is not adequate, and that gynecologists aren’t all that informed about it either. “They are busy,” he said. “They read the brochures and information that the drug houses tend to pump into them, I am

sorry to say.”

It is true that IUDs are generally safer than the Pill, but, sensing that Davis might have some special stake in his strong case for the IUDs, one of the committee members asked if he had a patent on any intrauterine device. Davis mentioned an IUD (not the Dalkon Shield) he had co-invented ten years earlier that was never marketed. The time to tell it straight came, however, when the question was put more bluntly.

“Then you have no particular commercial interest in any of the intrauterine devices?”

“That is correct,” replied Dr. Davis.

For the first time in the whole murky history of the Dalkon Shield, someone had clearly and indisputably broken the law: Davis had committed perjury. In flatly lying under oath to the Senate Subcommittee, Davis had committed a felony—one that carries a prison sentence of up to five years and one for which a whole host of people, from Alger Hiss to one or two of the lesser Watergate defendants, have done time in prison. To date, Davis has not been indicted or charged.

[IV: THE TROUBLE BEGINS]

The first hint of trouble for Robins in the Dalkon matter came in 1973, and it came, surprisingly, from a man in an Army uniform. He was a witness at a federal hearing called to discuss whether or not medical devices should be subject to the same kind of controls as regular drugs. The hearings dealt with every device imaginable, from pacemakers to artificial kidneys, but on May 30 Army Major Russel Thomsen stole the show by recounting his experiences with the Dalkon Shield. Like so many doctors, he said, he had trusted his medical journals and assumed their editors made sure their authors and advertisers were responsible. On the strength of Robins’ advertisements and Davis’s article, he had convinced his patients to switch to the Dalkon Shield, only to see them go through a great deal of suffering because of it. Thomsen described cases of septic abortion, pelvic inflammatory disease, massive bleeding, incessant cramps. Some of his patients had almost died. He said he was “revolted” by the gap between the glossy advertising claims and the occurrence of serious and even fatal complications. His testimony about the gruesome effects of the Dalkon Shield was in most major American newspapers the following morning.

Read The Label, But Not Too Closely

The A. H. Robins Company took a number of hasty actions in its eagerness to get the Dalkon Shield selling faster than its competitors; nowhere was their salesmanship more embarrassing than over the copper question. Back in 1970, Hugh Davis publicized the fact that copper sulphate (which makes up about five per cent of the Shield’s composition) had contraceptive properties. The salespeople at Robins decided to publicize this, even though they had no evidence that the copper did anything other than make the Shield’s plastic less brittle. Detail men in the field were instructed to add “copper content” to their sales pitch, and they did.

In April 1971, however, the FDA began inquiring about the copper in the Shield. If copper was actually released into the uterus, this would make the Shield not a “device” but a “drug,” and it would have to be withdrawn from the market for a lengthy and expensive testing period to meet federal requirements. Robins quickly scrambled to rewrite its sales monograph, removing all references to copper being released, and explained that the copper was blended into the plastic only to enhance malleability and “radiopacity.” It “has no effect in the contraceptive effectiveness of the Shield.” (Robins’ emphasis.)

After the Dalkon Shield became a public issue, a flood of reports like Thomson's began coming in from throughout the country. After a year of such information-gathering, Robins got word, finally, of a death in Arizona due to the Shield. From this point on, Robins at last began to act responsibly. The company went to the Food and Drug Administration with the information, and when four more deaths were reported soon after, Robins decided to send out a strongly worded "Dear Doctor" letter to every physician in the country. The letter warned doctors about possible septic abortion and death from the Dalkon Shield and recommended that women who got pregnant with the Shield be given therapeutic abortions. Similar warnings were printed on the packages of new Shields being manufactured. All this seems reminiscent of the Surgeon General's warning on cigarette packs, with one difference: as with prescription drugs, the ultimate recipient never gets to see the label.

Things began looking bad for Dalkon sales. Within weeks of the Dear Doctor letter, the Planned Parenthood Federation sent a memorandum to its 700 mem-

bership clinics. It suggested that they immediately cease prescribing the Shield and recommended that they call in all patients then wearing it, advise them of the dangers and offer a substitute contraceptive. They also said the 26.4 per cent of the women in their clinics fitted with the Dalkon Shield experienced severe cramps and bleeding.

Davis was interviewed by the press around this time. He was known as the Shield's co-inventor, but not as someone who still owned a piece of the action. "The whole thing has been blown out of proportion by a certain amount of deliberate design," he reportedly said. "There are large commercial forces that are quite interested in selling new IUDs."

. . .

While all the fuss was going on, the Food and Drug Administration began hearings on the Dalkon Shield. Robins executives were frightened, and the highway from its headquarters near Richmond to Washington was soon filled with scouts and lobbyists it was sending to the hearing. According to Dr. Richard Dickey, a member of the FDA's Ob/Gyn Committee, which conducted the hear-

ing, "throughout the entire proceedings the halls and offices of the FDA were crawling with the Robins men. It was disgusting."

Finally, though, before the FDA committee made its recommendations, Robins itself suspended sale of the Shield. It was a difficult decision for the company, as Dalkon had recently moved into the lead in national IUD sales. But in 30 short days, the deaths reported to the FDA had risen from four to seven and the septic abortions from 36 to 110. By this time, also, many people were pointing to the possibility of "wicking," which was the subject of the Preston/Clark memos written back in 1971. Now, in 1975, Robins knew its product was commercially dead, and wanted to forget it. Only, as things turned out, it couldn't.

The day Mary Bolint was scheduled to leave Louisiana to fly back to California for another try at law school and a normal life with her husband, she came down with a high fever. Despairingly, she checked into the hospital again. When doctors opened up her abdomen this time, they found that the infection was everywhere. To save her life they performed a complete hysterectomy and rinsed her peri-

How Much They Made					
	Sale of Patent	Estimated Royalties	Consulting	Estimated Gross Sales	Total
Irwin Lerner	\$412,500	\$555,000	\$15,000		\$982,500
Hugh Davis	\$262,500	\$350,000	\$100,000		\$712,500
Thad Earl	\$56,000	\$75,000	\$90,000		\$221,000
Robert Cohn	\$75,000	\$100,000			\$175,000
A. H. Robins Co.				\$16,000,000	\$16,000,000

toneal cavity with antibiotic fluid. During recovery, the intern told Mary that for a while he couldn't get a blood pressure on her and her pulse measured 150.

"I knew from working as a nurses' aide," she says, "that it meant death, but you know, I didn't care. In fact I was relieved. My skin was gray, my hair was falling out and I weighed about 100 pounds."

[BUSINESS AS USUAL]

Throughout the rise and fall of the Dalkon Shield, one irony is how seldom anyone actually broke the law. Hugh Davis did, when he perjured himself by telling senators he had no commercial interest in any IUD. But his having that interest in the first place in a harmful device he and the Robins Company were vigorously promoting by questionable means was not really illegal.

Most doctors we talked to either avoided comment on the Dalkon controversy or seemed to genuinely consider it business as usual. Even Dr. John Brewer, editor of the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, sidestepped the issue. We asked him if he considered it unethical for Davis to have published an article in his journal praising the IUD Davis co-owned, without revealing his financial stake.

"I don't know what you're talking about and I consider it no business of mine."

"But we know lawyers have been taking depositions from you," we persisted.

"I just answer their questions," Brewer replied. "Until you told me this minute, I had no idea of what it was all about, and I don't want to know."

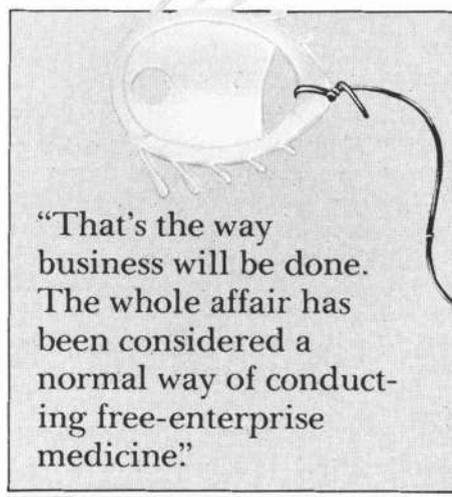
Others in the medical profession say this kind of conflict of interest is fairly common. Many medical researchers are paid by drug companies to test new products and don't mention that fact in their statistical write-ups. Aside from his distortion of statistics, the main thing medical people consider unusual about what Davis did is that he developed the Dalkon Shield while using the clinic and the prestige of Johns Hopkins. Doctors who are out to make big money in the medical market are usually not at medical schools.

A 1976 law (passed largely because of the Dalkon controversy) will make it somewhat harder for anyone to profiteer from a new medical device in precisely the same manner Davis and the Robins Company did. Medical devices are now subject to many of the same kinds of government monitoring and approval as

drugs have been.

Nonetheless, we can still expect drug companies to rush new drugs and devices onto the market as fast as whatever the current law allows. Not because the companies mean harm, but because they have no choice. If a drug or device is tested more cautiously or for a longer time than the law requires, or advertised with less distortion or oversell than the law permits, someone else will corner the market with a competing product. That's why Hugh Davis warned Robins the company had to "move fast and distribute much merchandise."

As long as there is a free market for



medical products, that's the way business will be done. Indeed, though there have been civil lawsuits aplenty as a result of the Dalkon Shield, the whole affair has been considered so normal a way of conducting free-enterprise medicine that Johns Hopkins took no action against Davis, state medical authorities censured neither Davis nor Earl and the government left the A. H. Robins Company and The Dalkon Corporation alone.

[EXPORTING OUR TROUBLES]

A product that has been heavily promoted and advertised gathers a certain kind of momentum, a momentum that can carry it right over obstacles like bad publicity, studies of its dangers and the like. In the case of the Dalkon Shield, this momentum brought a curious coda to its story: throughout the entire controversy over the Shield, long past the time Major Thomsen had testified before the Senate committee, past the time Robins sent out its "Dear Doctor" letter, past the time Planned Parenthood and HEW clinics stopped using them and right up to the moment Robins took the Shield

off the market, the U.S. foreign aid program was busily sending huge quantities of the device to more than 40 countries throughout the world.

The Agency for International Development's population control program is in the hands of Dr. R. D. Ravenholt, a man whose enthusiasm for birth control as a solution to the world's problems borders on the fanatical. When one of us visited his office several years ago she found it filled with charts of female reproductive organs, packages of condoms, and models of a small vacuum cleaner-like device Ravenholt was promoting at the time as the latest in birth control techniques. When she got up to leave, he said "Here, take these," reaching into a small box overflowing with little packets of Pills.

"But I don't use Pills," she replied.

"That's all right," he said. "Give them to your friends."

Only when the FDA ruled the Shield unsafe (which was some time after Robins had stopped selling it) did Ravenholt and AID try to recall any Shields. They managed to get back fewer than half of the 769,000 Shields they had given away.

[V: WHERE ARE THEY NOW?]

Today Mary Bolint has regained her health, but her entire abdomen is a mass of scar tissue. She can never have children. For a long time, she says, she could not think about the Dalkon Shield. Now she is one of many women engaged in lawsuits against the A. H. Robins Company and Hugh Davis, Irwin Lerner, Thad Earl and Robert Cohn.

Robins spent \$5 million in litigation costs over the Shield last year, and more suits are yet to come. The company is setting aside a reserve from its profits to cover future lawsuits, and its stock value has dropped sharply. All told,

If You Need Help

If you've experienced medical problems with the Dalkon Shield (or with other birth control devices), you can get help and information by contacting:

Coalition for the Medical Rights of Women
4079A 24th St.
San Francisco, California 94114

though, Robins' corporate health is not bad: profits were up 26 per cent in the first half of 1976.

Hugh Davis still teaches at Johns Hopkins and still heads the university's Family Planning Clinic. He does not return phone calls from the press. Thad Earl is still in private practice, although he has moved to Arizona. "Win" Lerner is still an engineer, working for himself at "Lerner Labs." Like the others, he has been told by his lawyers to say nothing, but he is the only one who sounds frustrated with this prohibition. Lerner would like to tell the whole story, he says, but he can't. The Dalkon Corporation still exists, he adds, and maybe someday it will come up with a new product.

Dr. Ellen Preston, the woman whose memo about "wicking" first pinpointed the danger of the Dalkon Shield, still works for A. H. Robins in Virginia. She has been forbidden by company lawyers to talk about the case with anyone.

Some 800,000 women in the United States and an estimated 500,000 in other countries are still wearing the Dalkon Shield as a birth control device. Planned Parenthood and several similar groups have considered recommending that all women wearing Shields have them removed immediately. But these organizations have decided not to do so, for recently it has been discovered that removal of the Shield frequently causes lesions of the cervix, followed by serious infection.

Mark Dowie is general manager of Mother Jones. He is the author of Transitions to Freedom, a book on the problems of ex-prisoners. Tracy Johnston is a freelance writer whose work has appeared in The New York Times Magazine, The Village Voice, Redbook and elsewhere.

THAT OL' STYLISTIC ACTION

He got on what seems to be
ice skates for shoes

all high-top and white
but huge blocks of wood
instead of blades.

I know what he's up to.

I mean anyone call him think
he's on their ass like a rink
skating on
to wherever he has to.

—Lawson Fusao Inada

The Next Six Vietnams

—continued from page 26

ten-year sentence in Korea for participating in any kind of school assembly).

Ironically, the greatest long-range threat to the current regime may not be North Korean invasion but South Korean revolution. As opposition leader Kim Dae Jung put it before being sentenced on political charges in August 1975: "I believe most people in this country are becoming skeptical about fighting against Communism under the present dictatorial rule, disappointed with the big gap between the haves and the have-nots and angry with the extent of corruption and the luxurious life of the privileged class. Their loyalties to the nation are eroding day by day."

Finally, one other major possibility for a place the U.S. could easily intervene in a revolution is the country that keeps popping up in many scenarios of future American wars: Iran. "At the moment," says one staff member of the House International Relations Committee, "the major threat to Iran is from the inside. If the Shah should die or be assassinated it's quite likely that full-scale warfare could break out. Obviously, since we are counting on Iran to police the Middle East for us, we would probably have to step in. And don't forget we may have as many as 150,000 Americans in Iran by 1980. That's justification enough for getting involved, particularly when our military equipment is there along with the advisors who know how to run it."

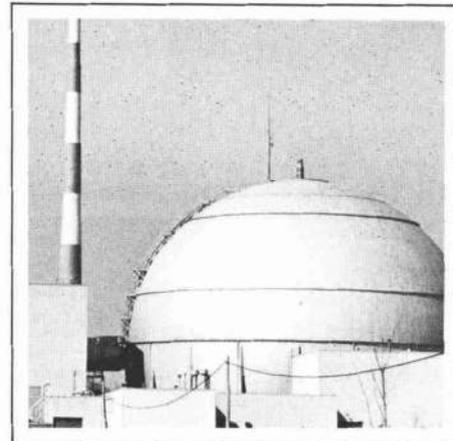
6

NUCLEAR AND SPACE COMBAT

ALTHOUGH WE'VE pinpointed most of the likely spots for U.S. intervention, there could be many more. The Pentagon has computerized battle plans for nearly every country in the world. For, even in places like South America, where strong right-wing regimes make direct American military involvement unlikely, the situation could change overnight. That's largely because of the frightening strategic implications of global nuclear weapons proliferation.

Thanks to the hard work of reactor vendors, the original list of six atomic powers is swelling exponentially. Today 24 more nations, including Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Egypt, Israel, Pakistan, South Africa, South Korea, Spain, Taiwan and West Germany have the resources necessary to make and deliver nuclear bombs.

Compounding the problem are a remarkable array of theft and sabotage dangers associated with these plants. "It seems only a question of time," says a Ford Foundation report, "before some terrorist group exploits the possibilities



for coercion which are latent in nuclear fuel." This study runs down a wide array of scenarios that show how downtown office centers, football stadiums, and even entire cities could be paralyzed by nuclear saboteurs. Any group that convinces an atomic plant manager to slip them a little atomic material can quickly become a major political force.

But if by some miracle America manages to stay out of this and all other potential global conflicts looming in the years ahead, don't worry about the Pentagon having nothing to do. There's always outer space. Sixty per cent of all U.S. satellite launchings have been made by our military, at a cost of \$26 billion. Both our country and the Russians are busy building a whole new generation of weapons for space combat. So keep an eye out for war satellites. As Pentagon director of research and engineering Dr. Malcolm R. Currie puts it: "Over the next ten or 15 years space is not going to remain the unmolested territory, the sanctuary, that it is today."

Roger Rapoport has written for Harper's, Esquire and other magazines. He is the author of The Superdoctors, a book of profiles of physicians.

On Reading

FEMINISTS
LOOK AT
MOTHERHOOD

by Annie Gottlieb

LAST SPRING my younger sister gave birth to a son: the first of us, four sisters, to become a mother. A month later she wrote me:

"The feelings I have about Matthew are strongly physical as well as emotional. I can feel my stomach knot when he cries, a warm, sensual feeling when he nurses . . ."

"Yesterday a neighbor 'trapped' me on the back porch, & I could hear Matthew crying. I couldn't break off the conversation, & I was on the verge of throwing up. The reactions I have are so intense . . ."

I sent her this passage from Adrienne Rich's new book, *Of Woman Born*:

No one ever mentions the psychic crisis of bearing a first child . . . the sense of confused power and powerlessness, of being taken over on the one hand and of touching new physical and psychic potentialities on the other, a heightened sensibility which can be exhilarating, bewildering, and exhausting. No one mentions the strangeness of attraction—which can be as single-minded and overwhelming as the early days of a love affair—to a being so tiny, so dependent, so folded-in to itself—who is, and yet is not, part of oneself.

My sister responded with relief and recognition and pride. And so began a dialog on the experience of motherhood, which affects us so profoundly as women, even though she is immersed in it and I am avoiding it. As we talk, I am acutely aware of the newness of this connection between us: between body and mind, between female experience and the realm of thought, between a woman who at this moment is predominantly a mother and one who at this moment is a writer. Ten years ago—less—this dialog could not have taken place.

The birth of my sister's baby would have divided us irrevocably from each other—and from ourselves. She would have passed, for me, into a closed, dim world, inarticulate, seductive and threatening, made up of equal parts of archetypal power and TV-commercial in-



Adrienne Rich

Photo by Thomas Victor

and security in her female powers that I could neither have comprehended nor shared.

And so began a dialog on the experience of motherhood, which affects us so profoundly as women, even though she is immersed in it and I am avoiding it. As we talk, I am acutely aware of the newness of this connection between us: between body and mind, between female experience and the realm of thought, between a woman who at this moment is predominantly a mother and one who at this moment is a writer. Ten years ago—less—this dialog could not have taken place.

She might have feared my educated contempt, for motherhood, while cloyingly idealized, was in no way honored as either a source or an accomplishment of human intelligence. It was supposed to be a dumb function of the womb and the animal instincts, fully capable of being exercised under the anesthesia, first of ether and then of self-ignorance. At the same time, it would have conferred upon my sister, at the price of her pride, a superiority

and security in her female powers that I could neither have comprehended nor shared.

As a mother, my sister would have been a stranger to the consoling and stimulating function of literature: to name, confirm and dignify her experience. And as a writer, I would have confronted an alternative tradition that, as meager as it was, drove home one painful truth again and again: almost every great woman writer had been childless, devoted single-mindedly to work. The lesson was clear: a woman must make an impossible choice—between her femaleness and her humanity.

I have drawn an extended portrait of this state of alienation because it throws into re-

lief the joy with which women are now recognizing the shapes of their own experience translated into language. My sister and I owe our dialog to a few women who have found the courage and determination—and the *time*—to write with honesty and art about their experience as mothers in American society. These women have been freed to speak their often painful truth by the communal support of the Women's Movement, which in turn has drawn inspiration from the work of a few pioneers—foremost among them Tillie Olsen.

Olsen, now in her 60s, is a seminal (should I say ovular?) force in women's literature, a catalyst for many younger writers both as an example and as a source of personal encouragement. Her published works—*Tell Me a Riddle*, a collection of four short stories, and *Yonnondio*, a novel begun and abandoned by necessity in the '30s and resurrected in the early '70s—bracket a life of work and child-raising. By both their slender quantity and their powerfully moving content, they testify poignantly to what it means to be a woman, a mother and a seeking, beleaguered self under 20th-century patriarchy. Probably she is not the first, but to me Tillie Olsen *feels* like the first, both to extend "universal" human experience to females and to dignify uniquely female experience as a source of human knowledge. An example of the former:

Bang!

Bess [the baby] has been fingering a fruit-jar lid—absently, heedlessly dropped it—aimlessly groping across the table, reclaimed it again. Lightning in her brain. She releases, grabs, releases, grabs. I can do. Bang! I can do. I! A Neanderthal look of concentration on her face. That noise! In triumphant, astounded joy she clashes the lid down. . . . Centuries of human drive work in her; human ecstasy of achievement, satisfaction deep and fundamental as sex: I achieve, I use my powers; I! I! Wilder, madder, happier the bangs.

—*Yonnondio*

And yet note that this is also an example of the second: such a closely observed description of the joy of self-discovery—and about a female baby—could today probably have been written only by a mother. It is what Jane Lazarre, another mother and writer, has called “mother knowledge”: the treas-

“Everything she has written has become almost immediately a classic.” *—MOTHER JONES*

TILLIE OLSEN TELL ME A RIDDLE

ury of human understanding that has been hidden in the dark of women’s silence because women did not believe that they could think; that what they were doing *was* thinking; that what they knew was worth thinking and speak-

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ing about — that whole subjugated terrain just beginning to be revealed in the liberating light of words.

The harsh yet beautiful terrain of modern motherhood has been illuminated with progressively increasing clarity by three writers, each of whom, not coincidentally, acknowledges her indebtedness to Tillie Olsen: Alta, Jane Lazarre and Adrienne Rich. These are three women of widely varying temperament and history, yet the shape of the experience they describe is palpably, painfully the same.

Alta’s *Momma: a start on all the untold stories* was written *in medias res*, within vulnerable exasperated earshot of her two daughters’ cries of play or pain and the summons of boiling water. Groping and fragmentary, broken by noted interruptions to wash dishes, stop quarrels, scream at the children or fiercely hug them, it evokes all the contradictions of isolated motherhood with graphic immediacy. “one of the reasons our story is not told,” writes Alta, “is that mothers have no time. . . . i snatch quiet moments when i can, like all mothers i kno, but those stolen seconds do not create a book. . . . we can either live it or write it. we cannot do both simultaneously. & no one can write it who has not lived it.” Jane Lazarre, who has two small sons, gained the time to breathe and think and write *The Mother Knot* by the grace of a good cooperative day-care center, and it shows in the greater depth and continuity of her passionate book, which draws no conclusions, but honors the pains, paradoxes and transformations Lazarre underwent in becoming a mother.

The poet Adrienne Rich writes from the perspective of a woman in her 40s whose work of child-raising is essentially done and who has now made her primary commitment to other women. Her book *Of Woman Born: Motherhood As Experience and Institution* thus can begin in the personal and yet reach far beyond it to encompass the political, historical and mythic context of women’s common experience. It is the

authoritative feminist work on motherhood, as Susan Brownmiller’s *Against Our Will* was on rape. The two books together (Rich’s much the better) compose an arresting radical statement on the alienation of

child. . . . I was in the grip of a loving fascination with my own power. . . . Pregnancy and childbirth had exposed that power, made it impossible for me ever to deny it again. . . . the physical changes were an undeniable



Jane Lazarre, author of *The Mother Knot*.

Photo by Rachel Cowan

women from their bodies as the foundation stone of patriarchal control, and “the repossession by women of our bodies” as the germinal principle of a revolution in which not only society but “thinking itself will be transformed.”

From her perspective, Rich clearly defines the crucial distinction Alta and Lazarre can only intuit and protest: that between the “experience” of motherhood and the patriarchal “institution,” a system of man-made myths and “false-namings” exists that twists the experience itself into something far more anguished and confining than it would naturally be. What it could be under vastly different circumstances we cannot fully know, but all three of these women have discerned its outlines: “an intense physical and psychic rite of passage” (Rich).

“It was the pain, the intolerable agonizing pain of the last stages of labor that I sought to remember each time I closed my eyes. . . . Not for some simple, twisted desire to suffer. It was the enormity of it that drew me; I had created a

sign that I had dared a ritualistic passage and had survived” (Lazarre).

Then, all three writers agree, comes “learning to nurture, which does not come by instinct” (Rich)—despite the bewildering sensual attraction to a newborn infant. It is important to stress that mothering must be learned by women (and, hopefully, men) in contradiction to the myth of maternal instinct that has chained women to the exclusive care of infants and expected them to do it perfectly and effortlessly. Lazarre to her husband: “No (sarcastically), there is no maternal instinct, I just keep trying till he [the baby] quiets down. . . . You try for five minutes and say, Fuck him, and read your goddamn paper.”

This task must be particularly difficult for women who have never felt securely loved themselves (“how could i answer her need when no one wanted to hear of mine.”—Alta); and yet more often than not it is accomplished. And then comes a love of astonishing tenderness and ferocity, “passionate love, delight in my

children's spirited bodies and minds" (Rich), "the overwhelming love that wishes them no harm" (Alta). "I would die for him," Jane Lazarre tells another mother. "I would much prefer to die than lose him."

And yet: "I could kill him sometimes. . . . He has destroyed my life and I live only to find a way of getting it back again." This is the other, darker side of the story. For mother love, under the present conditions of our lives, is far more alloyed with resentment, rage and hatred than women have dared to admit until now. Ambivalence, Lazarre says, is "the only thing which seems to me

these irrepressible demands of the self are monstrous and unnatural. "For years," Rich writes, "I believed . . . that because I felt my own needs acutely and often expressed them violently, I was Kali, Medea, the sow that devours her farrow, the unwomanly woman in flight from womanhood."

The guilt over these natural feelings—and at their misdirected but (we now know) universal expression in anger and some degree of violence against the child—is desperately compounded by a second double bind: the devaluation of motherhood as a trivial occupation, on the one hand, while on the

changing the structure of our lives. But it has given us another gift: the shift of viewpoint that transforms the stark contradictions of our lives into fruitful, if painful, tensions—sources of art, solace and understanding. Like Jane Lazarre, I suspect that ambivalence is "eternal and natural," not only to motherhood but to human existence. But motherhood incarnates and focuses the two basic human conflicts (or are they basically male?) that women, with or without children, have been forced to feel as killing divisions of our being: that between physicality and mind, and that between living

self, and yet has also profoundly revealed her to herself. We are physical and mental, just as we are solitary and in relation, selfish and loving. It is by the wrestle and mutual fertilization of these apparent opposites that we give birth to ourselves.

When I began to enjoy my powers as a writer, I dreamt that my mother had me sterilized! (Even in dreams, we still blame our mothers for the punitive choices our culture forces on us.) I went after the mother-figure of my dream, brandishing a large knife; on its blade was writing. I cried, "Do you know what you are doing? You are destroying my femaleness, my *female power*, which is important to me *because of you!*"

I knew in rage and grief that without the potential power to give life every other kind of creation would be drained of joy and meaning—as my sister knows that without the dignity of word and thought, motherhood would be bondage. We must no longer be forced to make that impossible choice.

Labor Day, 1976.

Annie Gottlieb writes book reviews for The New York Times Book Review and The Village Voice.

"I would die for him,' Jane Lazarre tells another mother. And yet: 'I could kill him sometimes.'"

to be eternal and natural in motherhood."

Alta writes: "how i have mistreated my children, how i love them, how i need them as much as i need privacy, how i have felt trapped for so many years. . . ." And Rich—who would, I think, assert that this ambivalence is neither "eternal" nor "natural"—wrote in an old diary of "the murderous alternation between bitter resentment and raw-edged nerves, and blissful gratification and tenderness."

It is here that the institution of motherhood locks the mothering woman into an excruciating double bind. Unnaturally isolated, day after day, in a suburban house or a public project, with small children whose physical and emotional needs she must fill without help or relief, she feels the natural desperation of a human being deprived of solitude, the most elementary privacy, sleep and even dreams. And yet, according to the myth of motherhood,

other hand the mother almost always bears total, crushing responsibility for her child. She will bear the brunt of the blame for whatever havoc human ambivalence and society may wreak on her offspring. "I yell into his little face for his endless crying and throw him roughly into his crib. Then I quickly sweep him into my arms, protecting him from his insane mother, fearing that I will, of all ironic results of my own pain-filled struggle for health, drive my child crazy. For, if I interpret the experts correctly, that is not a hard thing to do" (Lazarre). The experts have brooded over the impossible drama of motherhood like vulturous priests of the patriarchal myth.

The Women's Movement, by enabling women like Alta, Lazarre and Rich to speak the truth and name the lie, frees mothers at last to turn their rage against its real targets, and to convert its energy to the supremely difficult task of

for oneself and living for others. Writing about motherhood, a woman heals these divisions. She is affirming her body as a powerful source of knowledge, what Adrienne Rich calls "corporeal ground of our intelligence"; and she is reclaiming and honoring as her own an experience that may have threatened to rob her of her-

AT THIRTY I HAVE FINALLY LEARNED

The week's work over
in and out again I move
from my kitchen and a hot coffee
to the door's three locks unlocking
to the street
through the green park
under ground through dark subway tunnels
funneling me onto brightly colored platforms
for a movie and early evening walking about
meeting myself in the plate glass of Woolworth's
at ten o'clock, cold
alone and finally happy
the quarter fare to cross the river back to Boston
grinning between thumb and forefinger
my purse bulging with magazines
and one new volume of poems
to pour into my throat like red wine
like mountain water
at midnight in my bed
still cold
still alone
still happy.

—Juliana Mutti

Books Mentioned In This Essay

Of Woman Born: Motherhood As Experience and Institution, by Adrienne Rich; Norton, \$8.95.

The Mother Knot, by Jane Lazarre; McGraw-Hill, \$7.95.

Momma: a start on all the untold stories, by Alta; Times Change Press, \$2.00.

Yonondio, by Tillie Olsen; Dell Books, \$1.25.

Tell Me a Riddle, by Tillie Olsen; Delta, \$2.45.

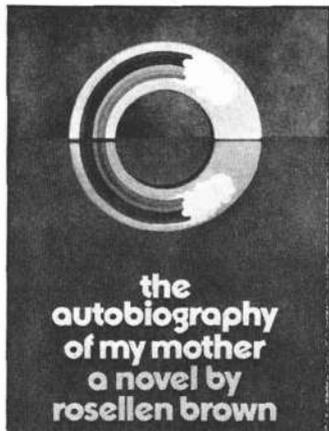
Books in Brief

A MIXED BAG OF FALL READING

ROSSELLEN BROWN'S *The Autobiography of My Mother* (Doubleday, \$7.95) is one of the best Women's Movement novels to appear to date. It uses the autobiographical style with an economy and skill nothing short of masterly.

The story tells of the conflict between a Jewish mother and her only daughter and, by extension, of the two world views they represent. Gerda Stein, a well-known radical lawyer, is a strong German Jew who has pulled herself—and anyone else she can find—up by her own bootstraps. Her daughter Renata is assimilated, yet equally influenced by her Jewish upbringing. Her battleground, like that of so many young people today, is her body; her war against her mother is waged with sex.

The story is told in alternating voices—in one chapter



Renata speaks, in the next Gerda. Here Gerda confronts an irate cab driver:

"Boy, talk about surrounded," he mutters. "Closet butch. I want to tell you, my good lady, nothing's gonna be the same when you guys get the gun, I really mean it . . ."

"This corner will be fine," I tell him and give him precisely what the meter reads and not a penny more. I lean in his window as he counts out the bills and coins and finally the 15 last pennies, and say into a corner of his tufted ear, "But we shall handle the budget beautifully, don't you think so?"

Renata's wit is that of a younger generation viewing the



Rosellen Brown

Photo by Ann Alexander

older, as she views her mother's office with intolerance. . . . "They've gussied up her office too . . . I don't know why they bother, really, the offices probably still look like stables in the back. They were always furnished in a period I called Early Martyrdom, with accessories in Late Social Action. It was kind of touching and undoubtedly it convinced you, if you came to hire them, that they would be dead serious about your case and take too small a cut in the winnings."

Brown's best achievement is simply the richness of her prose. She has a wonderful ability to catch different rhythms of speech and yet maintain her own lyricism. The only real problem is the book's ending, which is a great disappointment—one that I leave the reader to discover.

—Suzanne Gordon

Life at The Village Voice,
by Ellen Frankfort.
Morrow, \$8.95.

Somebody had to write a good book about *The Village Voice*, but practically nobody thinks this is it. Ellen Frankfort's ac-

count of the personal and political intrigues marking the growth of *The Village Voice*, and its eventual sale to Clay Felker of *New York* magazine, has been roundly criticized for untruth, distortion and bias. First to condemn it were many of the writers she describes, who worked years at the *Voice* for perhaps \$75 a week, no benefits and no security, and felt it an honor.

That the *Voice* could hold onto its own patriarchal value system for so long, while its very children were condemning the same thing in other institutions all over New York, is a tribute to human masochism. Nearly everyone who ever committed himself or herself to the *Voice*, only to be dismissed at a new owner's or editor's convenience, hates the newspaper fervently today but with equal fervor defends a sacred memory called "the old days."

This book succeeds in neither its vision nor its substance. Unlike Frankfort's earlier *Vaginal Politics*, it seems to have been written in a wild seizure of anger and sent to press totally shapeless and unedited.

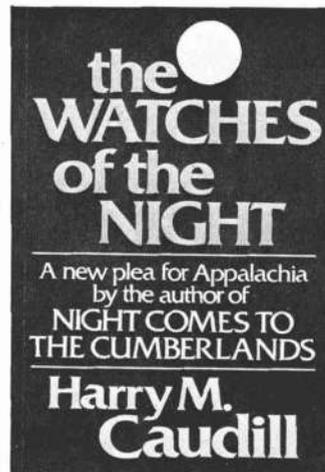
—Laura Shapiro

The Watches of the Night,
by Harry M. Caudill.
Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$8.95.

Appalachia continues to offend. After years devoted to the application of money, Vista, sociology, left-wing organizing, right-wing charity and massive publicity, the hill countries of Tennessee, Kentucky and West Virginia are still being devastated. In the burst of national breast-beating over the region during the '60s, timid regulation of the coal industry was set in motion and the spoils of the War on Poverty were passed around.

But the centers of power held. "The whole region was, and continues to be, ruled by troglodytes whose . . . attitudes would have been completely at home in an English mill town in 1810." The poorest are now dependent on and defeated by welfare; and those who are taking in the profits from the energy crisis are spending them on recreation areas. In big new schools, small dull minds still teach; and this, combined with malnutrition, inbreeding and television, has brought average IQ scores down below 80.

Caudill, who first wrote about the area in 1963, foresees



the eventual destruction of the Cumberland Plateau through the "tragedies and follies" of national greed. In a tone of quietly dispassionate outrage he urges that we recognize Appalachia for a warning.

—L.S.

**My Second Twenty Years:
An Unexpected Life,
by Richard P. Brickner.
Basic Books, \$7.95.**

Richard Brickner was partially paralyzed at the age of 20 when he went over the side of the road trying to learn to drive a friend's sports car. His rebirth—the slow gathering of a new physical independence, a new life as a writer, a new sexuality—is the story of his second 20 years. It ends as Scribner's (publisher of Henry James, Edith Wharton, Thomas Wolfe, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, the author reminds us) accepts his second novel, and he rejects his latest bed partner.

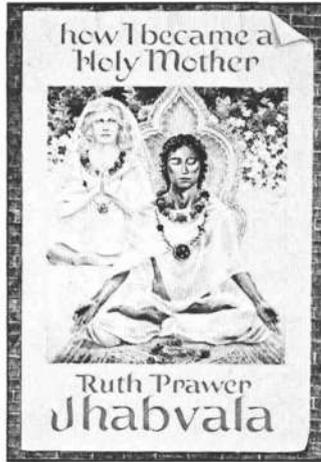
Brickner's parents are both psychiatrists, and he psychoanalyzes himself with extraordinary efficiency throughout, affixing each current frustration to a dream, a parent or a childhood trauma. Yet the ground he covers with the most self-conscious intensity has a few embarrassing potholes.

For all his preoccupation with the search for a woman ("Their most important feature, for me, was that they allowed me to allow them to be human") Brickner doesn't encumber their portrayals with anything more complicated than faces and vaginas. For all his preoccupation with his art and his publishers, the book is written laboriously, bogging down in its own stylistic devices at moment of truth after moment of truth.

What Brickner understands best are the limits and potential of his own body and the horrors of helplessness, and this he tells with honesty, simplicity and skill. —L.S.

**How I Became a Holy Mother
and Other Stories,
by Ruth Praver Jhabvala.
Harper & Row, \$8.95.**

In the title story of Jhabvala's latest collection, an English model wanders off to India and unconcernedly accepts a life of blank peacefulness under a guru. Equally unconcerned, she happens into an affair with the handsome young holy man



being groomed to take over as the next perfect master. Now she is his holy consort, and believers throw marigolds at her feet.

Jhabvala writes about India without compassion—it's not that she's unsympathetic, but that she doesn't need it. Compassion is a foreigner's response.

Born and educated in the West, Jhabvala has lived much of her life in India; and her gaze falls with the distance and purity of brilliant sun on her subjects. Even in their unhappiness or pain, in a marriage or the ashram or a stifling bedroom, the English and Indians in these stories connect and separate in an atmosphere of surpassing calm. —L.S.

**Woman Doctor,
by Florence Haseltine, M.D.,
and Yvonne Yaw.
Houghton Mifflin, \$8.95.**

Dr. Haseltine and novelist Yaw have produced what is called "a documentary with fictional elements" but what emerges more like a comic strip, depicting in frame after lurid frame a woman's year as a mild-mannered intern in a great metropolitan hospital.

Encounters with lupus ery-

thematosis, eclampsia of pregnancy, subacute bacterial endocarditis flash by in colorful detail, while after every six or eight patients the heroine takes a break to pursue an equally detailed sex life. The medical passages are more gracefully written and slightly less predictable than the bedroom sequences, even though (or perhaps because) the latter are meant to demonstrate that a woman too can have a demanding sexual appetite.

Except for an awkwardly applied dab of identity crisis, nothing in this woman's portrait (primed to be a best seller) speaks of change, progress or development: as a novelistic technique the marriage of Brenda Starr and Marcus Welby makes for some graphic physical imagery but little else.

Laura Shapiro is a staff writer for Boston's The Real Paper.

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AS THE NUMBER of feature films being released decreases, and the price of seeing one of the survivors steadily increases, choosing a film to spend your money on gets to be risky business. Anybody who remembers those listening rooms that record stores used to have—where you could listen to an album before you purchased it—yearns for a little cinematic consumer protection.

So *Mother Jones* is instituting a new feature—a series of capsule reviews that either introduce you to new releases or arm you against studio PR and the “love everything” critics.

One tactical suggestion: if you live in a large city, you can usually save money by waiting until a film goes from an exclusive engagement at one or two theaters into general release. No matter where you

live, lobby for twilight-hour prices (reduced admission for the dinner-hour show). It makes taking a chance on an unknown film a lot less painful.

Car Wash

Car Wash is a strange hybrid of music and film; it comes off like an L.A. disco rendition of Robert Altman's *M*A*S*H*. The troop of Korean War medics has been transformed into



the employees and hangers-on at a funky L.A. carwash, all still fighting a bleak absurdity that isn't of their own making.

Car Wash starts as a swift city comedy about people working, people gaming to beat out monotony. The AM radio background—the screaming

Stills from Obsession. Top and left: Genevieve Bujold. Above: Cliff Robertson.

Short Takes

FILMS TO THROW POPCORN AT

by Karen Stabiner

DJs, the "third caller gets the tickets" contests, the boogie beat—set a rhythm at once infectious and horribly redundant, just like the atmosphere at work.

But being the cinematic equivalent of a danceable record has its drawbacks. *Car Wash* comes close to the foolish sentiment of Bob Rafelson's *Stay Hungry*—that poor folks are just naturally happy, like those darkies singing down on the plantation. When the film hints that poverty isn't just practical jokes and loose camaraderie, it falls apart. The serious events that conclude the film only make us realize how little we know about the characters. George Carlin and Richard Pryor are casualties: writer Joel Schumacher develops comic images, but he can't yet define comic characters.

It's a lazy approach; you may enjoy the immediate experience, but there's nothing to savor when the music stops. Give it an 80 for danceability but only a 35 for lyrics.

Futureworld

Schlock (sexist, at that) masquerading as science fiction. It's a tossup as to which element is more offensive: the relationship between the characters played by Blythe Danner and Peter Fonda, or the ill-conceived gimmickry that the filmmakers are trying to pawn off as futuristic fiction.

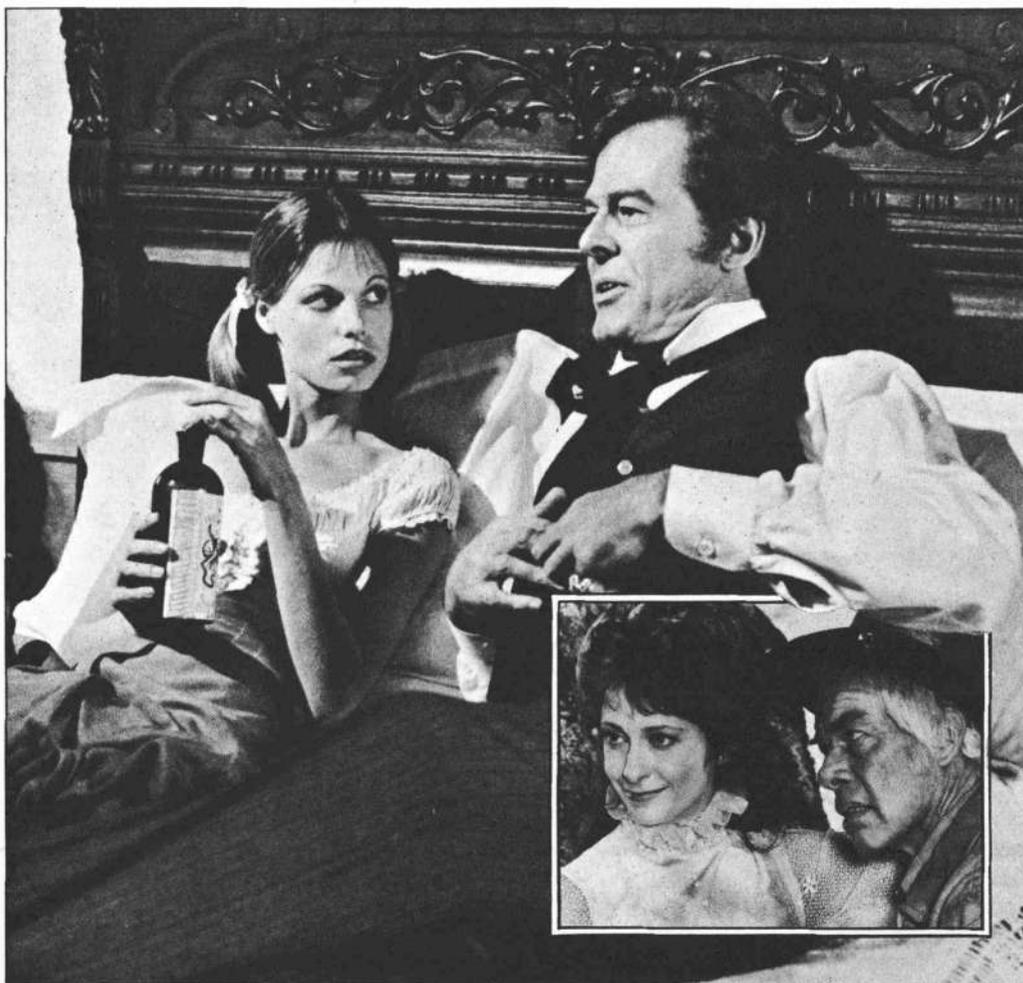
This sequel to the chilly *Westworld* brings us back to Delos, that \$1,200-a-day amusement park for the world's rich. To combat the bad PR that followed the robots' revolt a few years back, the park invites a TV commentator and a hardnosed newspaper reporter to visit *Futureworld* and write up what a great time they had.

They have a lousy time. So do we. In what must be the miscasting coup of the decade, Danner gets stuck playing a lobotomized Barbara Walters and Fonda wins the role of the dedicated newshound. Spunky Danner never gets the kind of part she deserves; Fonda, with his unlined face and uninspired performance, would have been perfect for the more mindless of the two journalists.

Part of what makes sci-fi so intriguing is the carefully contrived suggestion that such a place and time can, in fact, exist. *Futureworld* doesn't excite the mind or challenge the imagination. It empties the wallet. Period.

One foolishness on top of another, shoveled by an inept director and a clumsy screenwriter. Still, Reed is a righteous comic—as is Elizabeth Ashley, who never gets enough time on screen. Had there been a strong hand, somewhere, to piece this

Obsession owes an obvious debt to Hitchcock, but it lacks the high-gloss sophistication that made Hitchcock's best so captivating. The second half of the film becomes so confused that the characters have to pace through the obligatory explana-



The Great Scout and Cathouse Thursday. Above: Kay Lenz and Robert Culp. Inset: Elizabeth Ashley and Lee Marvin.

The Great Scout And Cathouse Thursday

A rat's-eye view of the Wild West: Oliver Reed is an Indian who's a Harvard grad with VD, Lee Marvin a vengeful scout, Kay Lenz an undernourished prostitute, and Elizabeth Ashley a foulmouthed shrew. The story has loosely to do with Reed and Marvin tailing an old friend (Robert Culp) who stole their gold and turned himself into a millionaire. Subplots include a sweetsy romance between Marvin and Lenz, and a scheme by Reed to spread his social disease to as many white men's wives as possible.

collage together, it might have lived up to its advance promotion as a sequel to *Cat Ballou*.

Obsession

Cliff Robertson delivers an elegant performance in an otherwise suffocating film. Had screenwriter Paul Schrader and director Brian de Palma possessed half Robertson's skill and self-confidence, they might have turned out a more subtle thriller. But the script and direction are so heavy-handed that Robertson's delicate portrayal is almost eclipsed. Every line is too significant, every expression and gesture too deliberate.

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tion scenes where they drop what they're doing and talk about it instead.

Imitation may be the sincerest form of compliment, but

spring of *The Exorcist* and *Jaws* that flood the theaters, this has been a bad fall season, at least

of their offerings may actually make us forget how tiresome things have been:

★ **Bound for Glory** with David Carradine playing Woody Guthrie. Here's hoping.

★ **A Star Is Born** with Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson following in the footsteps of Judy Garland and James Mason and Janet Gaynor and Frederic March in this remake/update of a proven product. Actually, it seems a travesty to intrude on Garland's performance. But with luck, the story of a rising star and her failing husband will be changed and contemporary, as the countless writers who have worked on the project will attest.

★ **Two-Minute Warning** takes John Cassavetes out of his neurotic punk roles (*Crime in the Streets*, *Edge of the City*) and turns him into a SWAT officer; the change in image alone may be worth the price of a ticket. He's tracking a sniper who's somewhere in a football stadium filled with

33,000 fans. A new hybrid—the political disaster film.

★ **The Last Tycoon**, taken from F. Scott Fitzgerald's last, unfinished novel, looks at the booming film business of the '30s. The cast includes Robert Mitchum, Robert de Niro, Jack Nicholson, Jeanne Moreau and Tony Curtis. Elia Kazan directs from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. It's an illustrious list. Maybe someday someone will take a story like this—or like Nathanael West's *Day of the Locust*—and use it as the basis for an updated look at the entertainment industry.

★ **Rocky** is an exception to the rule that the more you spend, the more you get. This low-budget story about a prizefighter has already won its director and writer more assignments. That writer, and the star of the film, is Sylvester Stallone, one of the four gang members in the underrated *Lords of Flatbush*.

Karen Stabiner writes on films regularly for Mother Jones.

Lauren Jones and Jim Spinks in Car Wash.



this bad copy is really more of an insult.

• • •

It's as bleak as it sounds. Unless you're interested in the off-

for American-made films. In unspoken recognition of that fact, the studios are already gearing up for the Thanksgiving/Christmas rush. Several

COMING SOON IN MOTHER JONES...

☛ "I come across a phrase used by an English moralist, *the common good*, and I find my eyes filling with tears as if I had heard a lost comrade's name, simply because the words are used so simply, so naturally, that they seem to take for granted what we have forgotten these days: the webs of human reciprocity that bind us, irrevocably, to the lives of distant others. Somewhere, along the turbulent line leading through the '60s to the '70s, we have lost all sense of that. . . ." A major philosophic statement by author and free schools pioneer Peter Marin.

☛ Orlando Letelier and the Chilean counter-revolution. His car was just rounding Washington's Sheridan Circle when the bomb went off: the explosion killed both Chile's former foreign minister and a young American colleague. Saul Landau, who was with Letelier during the last three days of his life, reconstructs the final hours and describes the lonely battle of Chile's exiled democrats—whose story has been virtually ignored by the American press.

☛ Reflections on masturbation. Mopsy Strange Kennedy looks at a subject that has been tucked under the rug (or under the covers) for centuries and examines why it has suddenly become the topic of classes and manuals.

☛ The rise and fall of *The Masses*. In 1912, Max Eastman received a telegram: "You are elected editor of *The Masses*. No pay." In the following five years he turned the journal into the best radical magazine the United States has ever known, one where Left politics combined with a spirited war on Victorian sexual repression. By William O'Neill.

☛ Ed Zuckerman on Robert Pirsig. The author of *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* sails along the New England coast in his 32-foot boat and talks to our reporter about his life and ideas.

☛ A new column on lifestyles by Ann Banks. To get married or not; what difference does it make, legally and emotionally? The question of whether to have kids. Are female friendships different from male friendships?

☛ Sarah Hrdy's apes and the sociobiology controversy. Why do female langur monkeys pretend to be in heat while pregnant? A researcher's observations of Indian apes suggest some things about human society—and illustrate the burgeoning controversy over sociobiology. And in this dispute, according to author Richard Brown, the Left may not be entirely on the side of the angels.

☛ A preview of the new film about Woody Guthrie.

Music

ROCK R_x FROM DOCTOR ROLL

by Ed Ward

Editor's Note: "Dr. Roll" recently dropped by our offices, asking if he could counsel disenchanted listeners. "I think it's a shame that the roll has been taken out of rock 'n' roll," he told us. "I'd like to see a revival of music to enjoy, to make out to, to dance to—all the things that we used to do when rock was rock 'n' roll. He suggested that we solicit letters from people suffering what he terms "groove dysfunction." Herewith, "Ask Dr. Roll."

DEAR DR. ROLL:
I'm an old folkie—used to sit out at the Washington Square Fountain with the rest, and I still like to pick and sing. I've been in the Peace Corps in the Seychelles Islands for the last six years and returned to find the folk movement gone. Of course, I've changed, too. Where do I start looking? Even *Sing Out!* seems to have vanished.

Picker

Dear Picker:

Oh, fortunate fellow! Follow the Doc's Rx and you'll have a wealth of fine stuff to choose from. To begin with, find yourself a large record store. Then get some capital—rob a bank, for instance—since you'll need plenty. On your first trip to the store, you'll notice that the best folk stuff is on a few new labels: Rounder, Flying Fish and Philo, to name but three. These labels offer delights ranging from traditional balladeers like Almeda Riddle to bluegrass, to newgrass, to singer/songwriters like Happy and Artie Traum, to out-and-out weirdness like the Holy Modal Rounders, whose *Have Moicy!* album (on Rounder) is one of the year's best. There's Canadian fiddle music, black string-band music, Irish rebel music, and Flying Fish even has two albums by master pedal-steel player Buddy Emmons.

You should check out Toni Brown (from *The Joy of Cooking*), who has just put out a very good solo album. Kate and Anna McGarrigle have also produced an excellent album for Warner's, although it's real hard to find. And despite the



Illustration by Raul del Rio

fact that they sell tons of records, Bonnie Raitt, Maria Muldaur, Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris may appeal to you as well.

Also check out Ry Cooder, whose Reprise albums explore such musical backwaters as Bahamian and Hawaiian guitar styles and Texas *norteño conjunto*. The whole flock of "progressive country" artists, such as Jerry Jeff Walker, are mostly just folkies several years on, much like yourself. I'd envy you the discoveries you're going to make except that I've made them myself. Happy hunting!

Dear Dr. Roll:

Whatever happened to progressive rock? Once upon a time, people playing electric instruments seemed to be exploring new areas of music, but the "progressive" station in my city plays nothing but glop these days. The Grateful Dead

have degenerated into wimps, the Jefferson Starship is a pop act and British acts like Yes and The Moody Blues make me sick with their insipidity and ersatz spiritualism. Whatever happened to good improvising guitarists like Eric Clapton and John Cipollina? Was Cream the last band to whom the music was the important thing? Hasn't anybody got a sense of adventure anymore?

Fed Up

Dear Fed Up:

You are the one without the sense of adventure! It's hard to tell from your letter how your taste has changed since the mid '60s. If good playing is what you're after, have you considered jazz? Even if electric guitar is your big thrill, people like Larry Coryell's *Eleventh House*, Chick Corea's *Return to Forever*, Jean-Luc Ponty, Jan Hammer, the Tony Williams Lifetime and the early

records by the Mahavishnu Orchestra (especially the live one) should make you sit up and take notice.

Or you might want to look into John Abercrombie or Terje Rypdal, a couple of great Europeans. If you insist on a rock context, Man, a Welsh band, plays better San Francisco-style rock than any San Francisco band ever did. Super rock guitarists include Johnny Winter and the Irish whiz kid Rory Gallagher. But like I said, it's hard to tell what you want. If none of this turns you on (it should!), write again and be more specific.

Dear Dr. Roll:

Is there any good soul music out there? I'm really not into this disco junk, and I find myself yearning for the old days of Stax and Motown, where the musicians and singers made three minutes seem like eternity, instead of making an eternity seem like an eternity. Is there talent around that I've just missed, or am I getting old and crotchety?

Blue-Eyed Soul Man

Dear Blue:

Wait a minute. Admittedly, a lot of the so-called disco music is junk, but not all of it is. Many Philly groups (Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes, the O'Jays, Archie Bell and the Drells, Bunny Sigler and Instant Funk) put out superior stuff, and even old James Brown hits a good one now and again. But if your ears insist on a close parallel to mid '60s Stax and Motown, you should look into the various Miami-based artists, especially Betty Wright, whose *Danger! High Voltage* album will stand your hair on end.

Timmy Thomas, King Floyd, Jackie Moore, Benny Latimore, George McCrae, Little Beaver and Millie Jackson have all put out good albums in the last year or so. And search through the bargain bins at your local Woolworth's or drugstore—many fine soul albums of past years that you probably passed on when they were new now cost between 99¢ and \$1.99.

Are you hip to reggae? A lot of people say it reminds them of

doo-wops, and somebody whose taste runs to short, simple masterpieces could really appreciate it.

Dear Dr. Roll:

I haven't liked the last three Rolling Stones albums and haven't been wild about one since Brian Jones died. Rod Stewart used to move me, but his stuff sounds real clinical these days. Everybody's raving over Brian Wilson rejoining the Beach Boys, but they sound tired to me. I still like lots of stuff—country music, good

rock like Fleetwood Mac and Roxy Music and a lot of the "Southern bands" like Wet Willie and Lynyrd Skynyrd. I've even been getting into these double-album jazz reissues that have been appearing in the last few years. But when Paul McCartney, Elton John and Earth, Wind & Fire are selling the records, I begin to think there's something wrong with me. Is there?

Worried

Dear Worried:

Something wrong with you? Are you kidding? □

FIRE GOTTEN BRIGHTER

remember that memory.
 in this dimness when the sounds i make
 are foreign. my home is not my own
 when i think of another winter
 and the distant whiteness of its walls—
 when even the sun has set
 outside the world. in this dimness
 remember that memory—
 the young black self
 the whole black body painted hot
 by the fresh orange scene in the basement
 of our old house when i was nine.
 when it was my turn
 to keep the fire going while my family slept—
 my father off divorced somewhere, my older brother resting
 after work, and what shadows hovered at the fringe of light
 spilt from the furnace's mouth—
 i stuck my shovel in the flame
 had its intensity
 its heat travel thru a vein in the handle
 to a part of my head.
 the coals gotten smaller, brighter
 out of that fire. my frightened shoveling in the night
 now a framed power. that young effort
 made a little orange scene
 kept the whole world excited—
 gathered near its center
 in this dimness where i can't tell
 if my longing is my own. it is gotten winter—
 above me i watch a jet
 that be's perfectly still, yet get so distant
 goes so pointless. i could take a plane
 fly from here to somewhere small
 till i'm ashes of my self—
 but we all grow up
 again. remember that memory—
 everything burns repeatedly
 or keeps burning.
 i am black with effort. back at my mother's house
 someone thinks of me. an old and smothered flame gets
 waked—
 the image, fodder thru the night

—chris gilbert

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PROVINCETOWN POETS, the magazine in paperback from Totalworld Services of Provincetown, Inc. Marge Piercy, Women's Media Committee, others. \$1.95 plus 50¢ handling to Provincetown Bookshop, 246 Commercial Street, Provincetown, MA 02657.

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