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corps seemed so ecstatic  
to have a president  
who stays awake that  
they've all declared  
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FROM CIA TO KGB (:iKunder, Gentler Bush) Text by Molly Ivins;

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Cover Illustration by Nrmle Holldmler. Inse! of Bush by  
Steve Brodneri Coloring by Helen Maryles.

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## BACKTALK

### A Matter of Principals

Editor's Note: We received 18 letters from a class at Fremont High School, located in an inner-city section of Los Angeles. The first two letters represent a sample of the students' reactions to our January 1989 cover story, "Education: The Movie"

I'm a 15-year-old student attending, Fremont High in the south central Los Angeles area. I read the article slowly and very carefully and I think that what Joe Clark did (carrying that hat around) was not the thing we need at Fremont. Several years ago Fremont used to be like Eastside. Just about everyone used to be into drugs and there were all those gangs. But no one needed a hat to threaten people and get them out of all these problems. I would say that what we need here at Fremont is what George McKenna did. We need the kind of love he gave the students. There are many students who really need to be loved by someone.

Right here at Fremont we have a lot of problems with students who come to school just to hang out and spend all their time around school but not in class. These are the types of students who have parents who don't take care of them. These students are the ones who really need to be loved by someone. There are also a lot of pregnant girls who feel they're alone. Just because they're pregnant, some feel that they don't count with their parents or friends. These people are the ones who need love. These are the reasons why I think we should use the same methods George McKenna used. This would really change our school a lot. ,  
IRMA NILLIN

I am a junior at Littleton High School. I think what Joe Clark did was right. As we see in the article, the school became a much better place and people respected him. If our school was like that, I would want someone to clean up our school. If it takes a hundred threats or whatever. I'll be with him one hundred percent. If I were a principal I wouldn't take that 15.8 either.

School is a place to learn, not an animal house. And what Joe Clark wanted was the best for the students who wanted to learn. A lot of people disagree with him but if they were principal, what would they do? How would they change it? Most people wouldn't have enough guts to do what he did. And most people wouldn't care.

### DURRON STURGEON

Deborah Meier, not Joe Clarke belonged on your cover. Of the three principals described in your article, she seemed the least motivated by ego and the most devoted to the students.

Joe Clark is a sad joke. It is shameful that he is allowed to infect black children with what appears to be a terminal case of self-hatred.

### CD GRANT

(Liverdale, California)

Thanks to David Kirp for the more-than-generous piece on our school, on my role in it, and on our viewpoint on teaching and

learning.

I'm troubled, however, by what seems to me to be a loutalistic sleight of hand that in the end creates a false symmetry between yloe Clark and George McKenna.

After a warm and sympathetic description of McKenna's efforts Kirp turns on him for raising unrealistically high expectations, having succumbed to media hype, and having only created, in the end, a more orderly and humane environment, without sufficient academic success to show for it.

He even uses test scores against McKenna, which seems odd given Kirp's earlier strongly stated bias against relying on them as a measure of school competence.

The expectations McKenna raised, however, were very decent expectations. He

A REMINDER FROM PLANNED PARENTHOOD FEDERATION OF AMERICA.

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sought to build communal solidarity on behalf of the weakest members of the community. He thus created blaw and orderh while preaching self-respect and mutual respect, On the basis of democratic and not authoritarian values. There is no suggestion, even in Kirphs account, that McKenna enriched himself in the process.

Clark, in contrast, purposely set out to smash such communal ideals. He was out consciously to create disrespect for democratic norms. He demeaned and diminished our human connectedness. He enjoyed dividing and conquering his clientele. He gleefully fostered reliance on saviors. And he did all this while becoming rich and famous in the process. Clark offers his constituents an intellectually, academically, and morally corrupted model, and then promises that his form of law and order will fall apart without him at the helm!

McKenna is living proof that hlaw and orderh can be restored in humane and democratic ways. Thatis the point of comparing McKenna and Clark. his a hsmall point," but one well worth making. However, itis one Kirp seemed to have missed.

DEBORAH W. MEIER

Principal, Central Park East Secondary School  
New York, New York

David Kirp replies: Deborah Meier makes a better principal than critic. I donit equate Joe Clark and George McKenna. But to describe McKenna as iliving proof that ilaw and orderi can be restored in humane and democratic waysii is to confuse the press releases with the man. Whether oneis measure of success is test scores and college enrollment (McKennais own criteria), teacher turnover (eatastrophieally high), or atmospherics (a benign prison, with patent-guards in every corridor), thereis little thatis worth emulating about McKennais school-except the publicity its principal managed to garner.

Revenge of the "Nerds"

I must say to Barbara Ehrenreich (hA Surge of Phallic Science," jan. ,89): hHumbug\_ why donit you get the facts straight before you take pen to paper (or finger to keyboard)?

While scientists can be as piggy as anyone else\_-even slightly more so at times-letis not dehumanize them. The point of mapping the human gene is not to produce clones of Henry Kissinger, but to try to identify causes of genetically transmitted diseases. These include such well-known ones as hemophilia and Tay-Sachs, and, conjecturaliy, Alzheimeretys, Parkinson's, and possibly some forms of cancer. How does Ehrenreieh propose that scientists find a cure for AIDS without studying human molecular biology? Just try drugs at random? Not every biologist works for a phat-maceutical house, is jockeying for a Nobel Prize, is a hiNerdf or is even maleemany don,t even drive Cadillacs. While some scientific projects are worthless, many arenit; furthermore, its not easy to tell which is which, especially, I regret to say, for a scien-

tific illiterate such as Ehrenreieh. Perhaps  
she ought to do some basic reading about  
computer science, cryptography, and math-  
ematics.  
Contrary to what Ehrenreieh may think,  
science is not just done by a handful of big-  
time Phalluses.

MARK BRIDGER

Associate Professor of Mathematics,  
Northeastern University  
Boston, Massachusetts

Many thoughtful people, scientists and non-  
scientists alike, may wonder at the some-  
(f/ln important war 3%

hThe hnest minds have always underscored the  
Eeaeemakmg role of women and their ability to cool  
ot heads and ennoble hardened hearts.n

-Mikhail Gorbachex'ek

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qt confirms our common humanity-and the  
nnportanee of making harmony, making sure, in  
short, that life goes on. The heart leaps in assent.w

-Erica long

ttThe book is a wonderful idea and Iim honored  
to have been invited to participate.v -Isabel Allende  
iiGood for people everywhere who want to  
dis cover the truth?

-Winnie Mandela

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RIDES AGAIN

People magazine recently  
called Paul Krassner "father  
of the underground press."  
Naturally he demanded a  
blood test. But Krassner did  
publish The Realist from 1958  
to 1974, and now he's doing it  
again, as a satirical newsletter.  
The first ten issues-still avail-  
able-include:

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times ludicrous decisions made to fund cer-  
tain scientific projects. Barbara Ehrenreich's  
commentary was not a reasoned response to  
these problems. It was, instead, a weak ate

tempt at humor that was neither funny nor enlightening.

If the author's goal was to make the reader laugh at the foibles of scientists and the gullibility of nonscientists, she failed. Her attack was unnecessarily mean-spirited and inaccurate. Categorizing essentially all scientific inquiry as either "LlNerd Science" or "LLPhallie Science" deliberately ignored the fact that we continue to expand our knowledge of the natural world through careful scientific studies of natural phenomena. To suggest, as Ehrenreich did, that all science is unworthy of support was unjustified.

I am a biologist. As a scientist I could be accused of taking personal offense at Ehrenreich's remarks. And, truly, I am offended, but as much on my students' behalf as on my own. As a teacher, I work to convince students that science is not some impossible subject pursued exclusively by white males in lab coats.

It is my belief that scientifically ignorant people are more likely to make personal and political decisions that are, at best ill-informed, and, at worst, disastrous. I help students to develop the tools they need to understand scientific arguments. Ehrenreich's siren song of ignorance undermines my work and encourages people to be complacent in their lack of knowledge.

JEANNE Di SULLIVAN

Assistant Professor Montgomery College  
Rimkx'illc Maryland

Barbara Ehrenreich replies: Gee, things have really deteriorated. In my days in the lab (PhD. in biology, Rockefeller University, 1968), Nerd Science had not yet swallowed up all science-or scientists\_and many of us retained an ability to laugh at it.

The Beat Goes On

Oh, puh-leeze! Will someone give Mark Crispin Miller ("Gonna Hawk Around the Clock Tonight," Not: '88) a good slap and tell him to get over it? Advertisers have been cannibalizing the classics since the days of radio so why does Miller think that the music he likes is any more sacrosanct? And he's so deadly serious about it, too. Sounds to me like just another aging hippie (probably now a yuppie) who thinks the world began in 1952. I can think of a lot more important things to write about than how "Unbearable" life is without John Lennon around. Spare us.

STEPHEN DE FRANCESCO

Brooklyn New York

Mark Crispin Miller replies: Once regarded too coarse and riotous for TV, rock and roll is now just another of TV's numerous hypnotizing gimmicks. Anyone who still thinks otherwise should recall the sight, broadcast during the inaugural festivities, of George Bush "jamming" cheerfully with Lee "Amen" blues band.

You would have to be a perfect couch potato, or a record company executive, not to see that things have changed-or not to want to see it. Readers may recall last month's bilious letter from Danny Goldberg, president of Gold Castle Records, who

called me a Lls mug college professor1, and sermonized at length on rocks enduring greatness" and the wisdom of Llever y teen-age rock fan? With his obvious vested interest, Goldberg is about as trustworthy in these matters as he is good-natured. The point here. however, is not simply Goldberg's suspect motivation, but the larger fact that he is so deeply implicated in the culture of TV that he cannot, or will not, notice some of its most flagrant effects. Similarly, this note from Stephen de Francesco is in fact pure television. With its sitcom opening (LL0h, puh-leeze fl), its half-conscious reference to Moonstruck (LL21 good slap and tell him to get over it ll), its Lettermanian terror of things getting too heavy, its breezy contempt for the dead, and its implicit claim to speak for the majority (hush), this letter is itself a perfect illustration of the real problem underlying the disappearance of rock music: TV's impending saturation of all minds with its own commercial images, its own agenda.

Spiking the Punch

Until I read Bernard Ohanian's reminder (L'Fighting That Bushed Feeling," Jan. 89), I was busy preparing to be all grumpy and morose for the next four years.

There are no doubt lots of us who need to recall how much fun we had upsetting the established applecarts in the 1960s, and how badly we need a sense of humor, both in spirit and action, to avoid getting Bush-whacked well into the 1990s.

Let's not forget the expressive acts of ecotage and the politics of joy. We can once again be the sugar in America's gas tank.

GIL JORDAN

Comm, Montana

Write your Mother. Send your reactions and suggestions to Backtalk, Motherjones, 1663 Mission Street. San Francisco, CA 94101 Please be sure to include your name, address, and daytime telephone number. We reserve the right to edit letters for publication, :1

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 134420. John Cougar

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Fire. more (Mercury)  
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Buster/Soundtrack -  
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Invisible Touch - (Atlantic)  
163579. Andres Segovia  
Plays Rodrigo, Ponce 8.  
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Gigante. Concierto  
del Sur. Castles 01 Spam  
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104857. Benny Goodman:  
Sing. Sing. Sing - (RCA)  
115306. Pinnock: Handel.  
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# BAD ATTITUDE

By Barbara Ebreneic1)

## Sanity Clause

### 5 TAX TIME APPROACHES, MANY AMERICANS

-normally content to applaud any high crime or misfeasance committed by their elected officials-suddenly become testy, irritated, defensive. Even the most saintly among us, the vegetarians and residents of contemplative religious orders, are bound to ask themselves that familiar question: Why should 52 percent of my tax dollars go to the Pentagon rather than to personal weapons systems such as, for example, a semiautomatic Smith and Wesson designed to take out a medium-weight tax auditor at 50 yards?

Well, there's no need for all that anger, which only produces stress, which leads to multiple illnesses, which will, in the end, be worth only minute deductions in next year's accounting. Try to see tax time as a joyous occasion, located right next to the great Judeo-Christian celebrations of Easter and Passover for a very good reason. It's meant to be a time for growth and personal reassessment, a time to ask ourselves deeper questions: Who am I as a person? Where have I been? How did I get there?

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Do I have a receipt?

Although no (me at the IRS's toll-free number will admit it, the real function of the agency is to provide a form of mass mail-order therapy. And damn cheaply, I say! In fact, as far as the IRS is concerned, the money is incidental-it just shows that you're paying attention. But the form, you say, it's so impersonal! Where are the essay questions? Let me explain: just because they don't ask doesn't mean they're not interested. Consider the criterion for deducting travel expenses incurred while carrying out charitable works. The trip must have entailed "no significant element of personal pleasure? But how much is insignificant? A sunset fleetingly savored while digging graves for homeless paupers? And what if you are the sort of person who derives intense, ( )rgiastic pleasure from acts of simple altruism, such as throwing coins at beggars and watching the ensuing melee?

You see what I mean? Even the simplest question can be an invitation to profound reflection and searching self-analysis leading to lengthy addenda, which may then be stapled to your form, along with philosophical digressions and clippings of possible interest to the Treasury Department. In fact, that estimable tract, modestly titled "I(HO-Forms and Instructions," specifically invites "privately designed and printed substitute tax forms" from those who feel constrained by the mass-produced, federally subsidized variety.

And there are more  
happy surprises awaiting  
you in " I(HO-Fonm and  
Instructions." For exam-  
ple, on Form 2441. page  
Z, we find that a spouse  
may fall into the category  
of a "qualified expensen if  
he "Wyas mentally or phyhy  
ically unable to care for himself. . Who says feminists  
hayetft penetrated the highest ranks of the federal bu-  
reaucracy? What h usband, even in the well-known two-  
ineome marriage. is capable of performing simple acts  
of daily self-eare without the constant assistance of a  
watchful and fully ableebodied spouse?  
The IRS doesn't  
believe in one.  
Just try filling  
out this year's  
without faxing  
your mental hecllh.  
OF COURSE. THE TAX PROCESS WONVT WORK FOR YOU  
if youlre holding back. Did you receive income from  
manufacturera rebates (up to \$2 on a fifth of Kahlua),  
double coupons. deposits on soda pop cans? Well, de-  
clare it, itemize it, document it! Yotfll feel better!  
Illusrnztzon by Victorjubasz  
Form 1 040A

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 A LITTLE GIRL MAKE IT  
 ALL THE WAY TO 1  
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 monthly sponsorship payment of \$20 is enclosed.

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in the area I've checked below.  
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My advice is: Approach every potential deduction in the same spirit of openness and absolute candor. Take the ubusiness lunch? which is not the same as the ubusinessmanls lunch" (a hefty serving of brisket and mashed potatoes in a venue such as the llShamrock Inn,i). A libusiness lunch, (80 percent deductible) is any situation in which you throw aside appetite, friendship, and innocent conviviality for the grim imperative of greed. Nothing less will do.

Thus each llbusiness lunchii you intend to claim can be a prod t0 agonizing self-examination: What if you did indeed discuss tlbusiness" and nothing but business from club soda to coffee, but you werenit really paying attention? What if the person you lunched with doesnlt know you werenlt paying attention and intends to deduct his or her share of the bill? Should you alert the IRS to this potential tax fraud? What if you earnestly attempted to talk business, but the other person grew restless and called you a callow yuppie fool? It is to answer questions such as these that thousands of professionals stand ready at your local IRS office. Call early and often!

But, you may saya-after many hours of toiling through Form 1040A, searching for insight and opportunities for growth-why does the subject keeping coming back to money? 15 money perhaps a metaphor for some nobler aspect of the human condition? Are instructions such as 0lf line 7 is \$45,000, enter \$5,859 on line 8, otherwise multiply line 7 by 1,302" meant to be taken in the spirit of Zen, as a whimsical puzzle posed by some Higher Mind?

No. The tax process is indeed about money. For it is the great ebb and flow of money, cascading in tidal waves about the fortunate and splashing now and again even upon the destitute, that unites us as a people. Think of it: each year the US. government produces a fresh supply of cash, which moves around at dizzying speed, much of it flowing uphill into the deep pockets and waiting vaults of the rich. This is known as uthe economy? and also as "our way of lifefl

Then. each year near the time of the Resurrection, the U.S. government undertakes to harvest some of the money it has sent forth into circulation. Since the abolition of progressive taxation in the Reagan era, most of this vast harvest must come from people like you and me, the non-rich. And most of it (52 percent, anyway) goes, of course, toward defending "out way of life."

If you find something odd about this, something sick, mean, and ultimately futile, then you have reached the state of enlightenment known mundanely as llmental health." If not, return to Form 1040A. It will help, believe me. D

Rushdie's Choice

like a figure in an ancient myth, condemned by the gods to have a boulder pressing down upon his chest; but never mind, he would be English, even if his classmates giggled at his voice and excluded him from their secrets, because these exclusions only increased his determination and that was when he began to act, to find masks that these fellows

. F. FELT THE BIRTH OF THAT IMPLACABLE

rage which would burn within him, un-

diminished, for over a quarter of a century;

. which would boil away his childhood father-

' worship and make him a secular man, who

would do his best, thereafter, to live without a god of any type; which would fuel, perhaps, his determination to become the thing his father was-not-could-never-be, that is, a goodandproper Englishman.

. . . On winter nights he, who had never slept beneath more than a sheet, lay beneath mountains of wool and felt would recognize, paleface masks, clowt ma g until he fooled them into thinking he x 'as okay. le was pcop/e-Iike-us. He fooled them the way a sensitive human being, can persuade gorillas to accept him into their family, to fondle and caress and stuff bananas in his mouth.n

-From The Satanic Va

Photograph of 'Stzlmim Rushdie by George Ruzzo MOTHl-h J 05128 I I

h Lillian Allen raps  
 to an Afro-Carib-  
 been been. Bruce  
 Cockburn says po-  
 litical rock is in  
 fashion, for now:  
 "We're a consumer  
 society and we  
 look at our arts  
 that way, too."  
 Yo! Canada!  
 Rum; (:oCKBLiRN UAIMS A Loy'E-AND-  
 justice Christian worldview. Hcis not big  
 on turning the other cheek, though. His  
 best-known song. a reaction to the plight  
 of Guatemalan refugeest carries the refrain, thlfl had  
 :l rocket launchen some son of a hitch would die. . . T  
 Then there is Lillian Allen a hard-rapping jamaican  
 dub poet who shouts on her latest album: XX wom-  
 anis work is not recognized! If she he black make it  
 doubly-dizele Something, the weather perhaps.  
 gives them a hard edge up there in Toronto. home  
 base for both artists.  
 Cockburn, back from Nepal and in the midst of a  
 US. tour in support of his new album, Big Circum-  
 stance, knows his songs tend to be so crammed  
 with politics that hes been  
 accused of issue-hopping.  
 hltis not a deliberate enough  
 process to be called hopping.  
 Stumbling. muyhe. The new is musk with  
 record contains cuts like the  
 nntinuke hRJdium Rain."  
 and a pnean to Tibetan cule  
 ture herushed by Chinese greed." When does a song  
 become too didactic? Cockburn shrugs: "Whether  
 itis politics or loyemaking or religion. or J combinm  
 tion of all three: I feel free to write." And though he's  
 a shit in (Salimiat he says his musical attacks on LIS.  
 policy.lre re.llly not Very (iamditm. t'Once in .l while  
 we timidly speak out and say something like WV'eH. I  
 doift think you should have bombed Tripoli.' But itis  
 done with .lteiit.ltiyeiieessot"l hope we Limit get  
 slapped tor thisf 'Iiheieis no question thdt whenever  
 (jiiiiiadn does something the US. disnproyes of, we  
 pay for it in some wayf  
 (itlliiititlk own literary establishment is among  
 those who pay on Conditions (:ritz'azl, Lillian Allenis  
 latest record. She fires what she calls "poetic am-  
 munition" at those who refused her entry into the  
 League of (Iaiiadinn Poetst because, they said, her  
 reggnohacked duh poetry was performance. not lit-  
 erature. Allenis response: "tWeill shoot you with met-  
 aphors 5 Tie you cordless x Hang you high in ironies /  
 . . . So donit come with no plingt ying, iing, ding  
 somethingx Calling it poetry : Cause this is a one  
 poem townfi She got in. #an Ouellette  
 Toronto's leading  
 export these days  
 P/vomgmpli by (iaorge Wlnfcsniy (Cockburni

Ildl 'P

HEAR what these provocative thinkers have to say about self-discovery, the quality of life, the nature of the creative mind, changes taking place in the world today, and what you can do to bring about change. There's a difference in hearing new ideas rather than simply reading them. The author is able to provide his or her unique emphases in ways impossible to accomplish in print. Pauses and tonal changes become meaning and create insights and increased understanding. And audio cassettes provide a medium for learning experiences. The actual voices of...

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Indra Devi: Beginning Yoga (50 min.)

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David Attenborough: All the things that are

Linus Pauling: The Scientist as a Human Being (26 min.)

1211111111 1411111111 (60 min.)

Jacques Barzun: The Day Thong! its quality of life (31 min.)

Bruno Bettelheim: The Sound of Great Ideas (48 min.)

Carlos Castaneda: D1111 1111111. Th1 5111'1'cr1'1'(38 min. )  
 Noam Chomsky: G111'1V'111111111t 111 H11 Fuhm (57 111111,) )  
 Alistair Cooke: 14111111111: A11 Outside V1110 (55 min.)  
 Erich Fromm: T11 H111'11111' I11 81': The Nature 1111110 Psythr (56 min.)  
 Robert Frost: A11 E1'1'11111g11'1th Rohvrt Fr1151(55 mini)  
 Buckminster Fuller: T1111111t111th C1'11t111'1/ R1'111115511111'1'(55 min)  
 Gilbert Highet: Proverbs 111111A1111t1111z1/ 11fS11111g (30 min.)  
 Frank Lloyd Wright: Ethivs 111111 Morality 111 Arrhitecturc (34 min.)  
 Ivan Illich: Th1' Dcsvhoolud 51115111111 (33 min.)  
 Martin Luther King, Jr; 01115119 11fPr1'j111111'1' (22 min.)  
 Richard Leakey: P111111I1'11fH11' Lake (55 min.)  
 Groucho Marx: F115! M11111, Faster Mouth (60 min.)  
 Margaret Mead: H0111 P111111I1' Change (25 min.)  
 Ashley Montagu: Th1' Nature11fH111111111 N11t111'1' (48 min.)  
 Edwin Newman: 01111111) 111111 F1111 11fA11111r1151111 Language (55 min.)  
 Madalyn Murray O'Hair: Rituals 11f R1111g1'1111 (27 min.)  
 Carl Rogers: Toward 11 51'1'11111'1'111111' P1131111 (65 min)  
 William Saroyan: Th1' R1111! World of the Writ1'1'(48 min.)  
 Arthur Schlesinger: Th1' 1111111111111 Pr1'51111'11111/ (56 min.)  
 B.F. Skinner: 811111113111'15111 11! Fifty (60 min.)  
 2: Th1'5111g111g Whales (53 min.)  
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Pram: "Teens are having sex, and we're going to deal with it."

Twentysomething

00 BUSY TO MARCH? RHAX. GRASS-ROOTS activism has been prepackaged for the gndlly-on-the-go. Lois Barber and jeremy Sherman call their project 20/20 Vision, it costs 20 bucks to join, and it works like this: Each month 20/20 Vision cote groups in 32 congressional districts send out postcards outlining what subscribers can do in 20 minutes to help stop the nuclear arms race. Usually it means writingsy t() a politician about some pending legislation. Sherman, who claims to have borrowed strategy from Midas Mufflers, his dad's company, hopes to llfranehise" the idea to every congressional district. Barber thinks 20/20 Visions llservicell is tight for the times, and shes getting calls from other causes: 0Eventually I expect that people can spend 20 minutes on the environment, and another 20 minutes on maybe the housing crisis or world hunger, or something, else. . .

-Petrina Chang

14 APRIL 1989

Sass Education

T 26, jANF. PRATT is EDITOR-INvCHIEF OF the brash teen magazine Sassy-and the target of a Moral Majority boycott for publishing llslathering sex." Her crimes include running frank articles on birth control, and acknowledging that some teens are practicing homosexuals\_with rights. A Midwestern group called Women Aglow launched the protest last fall, and after more right-wing pressure, cosmetics giants Noxell and Maybelline pulled ads. Pratt hurried a story called llVirgins Are Cool? That Meet 'he didnt stop four more major adver- . . tisers from bailing. MO". Malorlly's A year old, Sussyls circulation is a strong 400,000, but its aid pages are dangerously thin. In short, the Moral Majority appears to be winning. Pratt muses, 0I guess its OK to show a woman, who is quite often a teenager, on the cover of a magazine with her cleavage exposed down to her belly button but it's not OK to talk about teens who are having sex." Sassy runs its share of kinky blue-lean ads, and even its own beauty contest. Still, Pratt says Sassy counters llsubliminal messagesll about sexuality that bombard teens. "The idea in Sassy is that you can make your own decisions, and that all kinds of individuality are acceptablefl eSam/a Keller

mosI-wcnled

No-fuss unlvlsts Lois Barber and Jeremy Sherman.

Photographs by Antonin Kramcln/il (top) and Lionelj-M Deleuingne

If the press  
doesn't make a  
lot of people mad,  
. it isn't  
doing its job.  
If we don't #3221: :ngtogi 111:3); I.1511 journal ism,  
SO we criticize the critics. Investigate But 21110qu know that ours is much more  
the investigators. Edit the editors. Publish the than merely a gadfiy function. We take p  
ride, as  
publisher's shortcomings. well, in wholehearted salutes to many jobs well  
done. . .in candid discussion of the privileges our  
press enjoys. . .the threats that often confront it  
. . .and the problems inherent in the power it  
sometimes wields.  
Most of them forgive us, because they  
know we share their commitment to honest and  
courageous journalism. Every year, more and  
more of America's leading print and broadcast  
journalists read and applaud the Columbia  
Journalism Review.  
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it. So, no doubt, will you. It's a lively and  
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V Otilia de Koster  
misses the ballet.  
Rights monitors  
"have a feeling of  
intense loneliness.  
We are being used  
10 il."

Rights of Spring

URING Tm. 1960s, OTILIA Di. KostI-R Inu-W  
ovations dancing with the National Ballet  
of Panama. Today she draws threats ;lnd  
intimidations as director of the Human  
Rights Research Center in Panama City. Recently she  
lnd fellow human rights monitors came to New York  
to mark the tenth anniversary of the internatimml  
group Human Rights Watch-nnd to mourn the kill-  
ings of 29 colleagues worldwide in the previous year  
alone.

Does her training as :l dancer help in her new held?  
WK lot. I developed discipline. I wait for hours outside  
:l jail to find out if Ll prisoner IIm looking for is in  
there or not. In dancing you wait in the wings some-  
times for hours just to go out and d0 '.l little jump.  
Another thing, when you have to perform, ynu do it.  
When they call me in the middle of the night now, I  
d(mIt think twice. I just gof'

16 APRIL 1989

Does she worry for her safety? INo. I suppose  
th;ltm;lkes me crazy." Is she brave? "No. And thats  
not humility. BelieX'e me, I'm not ll good person. I  
have :l great capacity myself for cruelty. It doesift  
mean IIm :l cruel person, just that I know IIm capable  
of it. All Iive come to bet really. is a guilty bystander."  
Does she have had dreams? IIThe first incident when  
somebody was I(IIICLI-If was at a demonstration\_  
the bloody head of this campesino kept  
on repeating itselfinside of me. I went to Dancing bemeen  
see his family in the conntrysidet t0 exot-  
eise myself." Is there joy in her work?  
IIOh yes! When :l prisoner comes out.  
Sometimes they come to the center. the  
wife, the children. Believe me, that is  
such ll moment of joy. But most of them  
never come to see me. They want to leave it LIII

I3CI1IIII.LI.H ,

Does she believe in evil? III donIt believe in the  
Devil. But I think man has a great capacity for evil."  
In God, then? uYes. But I must admit that I have lost  
most of my faith doing this workf' -EllenPa11

Photograph by Ken Light

God and evil:

A conversation with

.  
Panama's COIISCIGIICG-



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Bunk Rev; iibut its humor is broader and nowhere so stark? iA "me masterpiece of  
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imo our language in close collaboration with the Nobel Laureate himsclf  
- a writer with a formidable, sinuous command of English? (77/110) iA powerful book' - Gl  
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- London Times  
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Transplant Fever  
Who's going to  
give an organ if  
they don't slum!  
a chance of  
getting one? That  
question may  
reorganize  
medicine-and  
redefine the  
"human family."

Illustration by Tim Bower

#### THE ALLURE OF ORGAN TRANSPLANTING

is impossible to deny. Nations watch in amazement as supercooled organs are sped across continents in chartered jets and the gift of life is deftly transferred from the newly dead to the barely living. Once a novelty, transplantation has, in less than 25 years, become medicine's foremost "miracle," seizing the imagination with its folklore of heroes and rescues. Now organ transplanting enters what promises to be a revolutionary decade, marked by such certain breakthroughs as:

- New ways, without the use of toxic drugs or radiation, to stop the body's immune system from rejecting foreign organs.

- The advancement of multiple-organ transplants.

- The success of animal-to-human transplants.

0 The widespread, though strongly resisted, use of fetal organs and tissue, and

- The cloning of immunologically naive, and therefore universally transplantable, human organs.

Such developments could easily increase the number of organ transplants in the United States by a factor of five. This new transplant era is bound to strain and reshape our basic notions about community-and our responsibility to one another.

#### NOWHERE IS THE DRAMA OF INDIVIDUAL HEALING

so sharply etched against the broad, murkier concept of the public good than in organ transplanting.

#### LATEST THINKING

By Marla Dowit

Dollars are one unsentimental unit of comparison. Studies show a new kidney, compared to ongoing dialysis treatment, becomes a money saver two years after the transplant operation. Heart transplants in some cases are actually cheaper than the post-Cardiac-crisis dying process they prevent. However, no studies have yet compared the cost-effectiveness of a dollar spent on a transplant to the same dollar spent preventing the organ disease that makes a transplant necessary. And few politicians or policymakers seem willing to weigh organ transplanting against other items in the public health budget-items such as prenatal care (which saves \$2 to \$3 for every dollar invested), prevention of birth defects (which affect over 250,000 babies 21 year, and create a vast population of people who sooner or later burden the health-care delivery system), or the search for vaccines.

Those who make the final decision on transplanting place in health care will be confronted by one unique, and key, characteristic. Transplanting is the only medical specialty that is completely dependent on the voluntarism and generosity of the general public, without whose compliance there would be no organs to transplant. Other healing technologies are bounded only by economics. With enough money, the supply of mechanical implants, drugs and hospital wings is theoretically limitless. No amount

of money, on the other hand, can alter the supply of organs, particularly where it is illegal, as it should be everywhere, to buy or sell them.

The clear implication: Transplanting can survive only if it remains available to anyone who might, under different Circumstances, donate an organ.

Those who perform transplants have no alternative, it seems, than to advocate and lobby for the universal entitlement of their services, even if it ultimately leads to the socialization of medicine.

The groundwork for socialized transplanting was in fact laid by the Reagan-appointed 1985 National Task Force on Organ Transplantation. The task force adopted the position that "organs are donated in a spirit of altruism . . . and therefore constitute a national resource to be used for the public good."

Following from that logic, task force members unanimously recommended that a patient's financial status should not limit the availability of this medical treatment. All transplant procedures recognized as medically effective should be made available through reimbursement by existing public and private health insurers. Additionally, the federal government should develop reimbursement mechanisms for the care of patients who have no other source of funds?

Planners naturally fear that soon after such a policy is implemented the demand for transplants will explode and the health budget will be ravaged. They point to pancreas transplants alone as a potentially devastating force. There are one million insulin-dependent diabetics in the United States who might

MOTHER JONES 19

just to cure existing diabetics.  
Guardians of free-enterprise medicine

fear that if transplants were given universal entitlement, neurosurgeons, cardiologists, oncologists, and pediatricians would line up for blanket coverage of their favorite lifesaving technologies. Organ transplanting would thus become the foot-in-the-door for socialized medicine.

ORGAN TRANSPLANTING IS IN SOME WAYS AN inevitable end product of the Newtonian era, the philosophical epoch that began in the early 18th century and melded the ideas of Sir Isaac Newton, Rene Descartes, and their followers into a worldview that came to see nature as raw material and humans as machines. As we learned how to replace the worn parts of our mechanical engines, we strove to replace our own worn parts. However, we have become so awed by our ability to transplant organs that we have embraced the technological treatment before examining its metaphysical consequences.

The peril of transplanting, ultimately, lies beyond its limited healing powers and its enormous cost. The danger lies in how we humans will come to regard ourselves when the replacement of worn and damaged parts becomes the dominant paradigm of healing. Will we, as one prominent French physician feats. become "patchwork" people—a species so desperate for a little personal longevity that we willingly support an expensive and ethically troubled technology, sacrificing the resources of public health, even risking the loss of some major battles against disease? Might we one day even compromise our deepest religious values to serve the cause of organ procurement?

Or will we look beyond transplanting as immediate influence on health care and medicine, and see that it has also given "the human family" a whole new meaning? By sharing organs and discovering ways to make them function in each others' bodies, we confirm our interdependence and expand our sense of community. If that new consciousness is the result, the whole experiment might be said to have paid off.

Mark Dowiel's new book is "We Have a Dilemma: The Bold New World of Organ Transplanting," published by St. Martin's Press.

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That's what/s playing at the local theater  
in San Salvador, where control offear-your ous  
s time HELICOPTER CARRIES L's L'P  
in 2l Cloud of dust the door gunner  
straps in behind the sights of the  
M-6() machine gun and breaks into a  
wide grin t'War is beautiful. he  
cries. We scream north. skimming  
the treetops to San Francisco  
Goteru. the last government out-  
post in the toughest guerrilla  
stronghold in El Salvador. Tum-  
bling out of the Chopper along  
with crates of ammo and medi-  
-cines. warily inspected by  
the exhausted soldiers  
guarding the landing strip. were loaded into :1 pickup that  
winds its way through women selling IZlmillCS. shouting  
kids, pigs and chickens. depositing us at the garrison where  
troops. tanks. and informers are endlessly going and com-  
ing and the smell of gunpowder is in the air.  
And there it is. stuck on 2l jeep parked in front 0l' the  
room in which Colonel Juan Curios Currilio Sehlenker. the  
Plum) (iilmm') by 121l Ri'i'd'Mizymmz; plum; (right) IJy/im Iwiim, Ymmzx  
andotbers'-l's the secret ofsurvival.  
heer-bellied base commander. is having breakfast while  
watching.' loud US. rock videos. A large blue and white  
bumper sticker from New Age California tells us. in Eng-  
lish. to VISUALIZI-Z PEACE.  
The bumper sticker isnit really out Of place. In fact, its  
complete inappropriateness makes it fit right in in this tiny  
country that is both at war with and overwhelmed by US.  
culture. It is certainly no more surprising than the hand-  
some young man encountered in the steaming cotton fields  
of the coast, who, before becoming a guerrilla commander,  
had waited tables at Tavern on the Green, an expensive  
Manhattan restaurant. Or the head of the clandestine urban  
front who passed documents stuffed inside a well-wom  
copy of a jimi Hendrix Rainbow Bridge album. Or the  
eampesino kids at the demonstration who danced happily  
down the street to james Brownis hLiVing in America" blar-  
ing from a CBS TV truck, all the while chanting. "Death to  
the Yankee Invaders!"  
Peace is hard to visualize in Gotem, or anywhere else in El  
Salvador. ltB easier to VISUALIZE FEAR, 3 fear that chokes El  
Salvador like a cloud of smog on a never-ending muggy  
summer day.  
Ruhen Zamora is an expert on fear: a leftist politician, he  
remembers how his brother (at the time the countryk at-  
torney general) was as- .  
By Sara Mlles  
early part of 1980 by a rtag  
death squad that dragged and BOB OSte  
him into a handy bathroom and blew his brains out.  
hBegin from the followingf he says. hFear is part of our  
soul. ltis like the sexual impulse. In the face of fear you  
cannot have an absolute attitude, you cannot demonize  
tear. When the Catholic church tried to demonize the sexual  
sniilted at a party in the  
Human rights demonstration San Salvadot b  
4 Roberto DAuhm'sson; "Our maximal leader"





La Bermeja cemetery, San Salvador "Evidence ain't proof" says a US. official. impulse it was a disaster, it produced schizophrenics or psychopaths.

080 the first thing to do with fear is recognize it as an objective part of the reality in which we live. But second, you must rationalize it. In the sense of trying to situate it so that it allows you to survive, helps you to survive, but does not dominate you. When fear dominates you it's the same as if the sexual instinct dominates you. Totally. You become irrational. So you act bad. You make mistakes.

Zamora shrugs. "Fear is a very complicated thing in this country. We tend to simplify it too much. Then he lights another cigarette, takes a draw from the fifth of Johnny Walker Black we have been working on for the last two hours, and speaks very deliberately. "We have the right to be afraid. We have a rational basis for being afraid. But we do not have the right to live in fear, or to be slaves of fear."

ZAMORA IS HIMSELF A (COMPLICATED) MAN, WHO CONVEYS A convincing honesty, political savvy, and a genuine sense of humor. He is the most dynamic of the social democratic politicians who fled the country in 1980, allied themselves with the guerrillas of the Farabundo Marti National Liberation Front (FMLN), and returned last year to re-enter electoral politics. Much has changed in the past eight years. The civil war has torn the society to shreds: more than 60,000 dead, roughly one-third of the population displaced, the economy in a shambles. President Jose Napoleon Duarte, in the 1970s: a persecuted reformist, then the front man for a bloody military

24 APRIL 1989

junta, and finally the U.S.-anointed symbol of "democratization" is dying of cancer. The FMLN has grown into the most capable guerrilla army in Latin American history, moving freely beyond its traditional mountain strongholds of control, into the cities. A new rugged and militant mass movement—unions, squatters, refugees, cooperatives—has grown from the remnants of the social tidal wave that swept the country in the late 1970s before it was thoroughly dismembered by right-wing terror. The new movement has yet to find its own rhythm but it keeps pushing, constantly testing its limits. The Right has also changed. The army, with all the U.S. aid it could absorb and then more, has grown from a force of 12,000 to over 56,000. The ultraright ARENA party has grown from a loose collection of coffee oligarchs and death squad thugs into a well-oiled political machine, still run by the thugs that is close to consolidating its hold on the presidency and the legislature.

There is continuity as well. Officers with reported death squad links hold some key army commands. The disappearances and killings, after dropping sharply for a few years, have begun to increase. The United States keeps pouring money into the regime—nearly \$2 million a day goes to a country of five million inhabitants—and keeps talking about democracy. The war keeps piling up the dead.

But all the changes of the last eight years may pale in comparison with those soon to come. The March 1989 presidential elections, combined with an expected guerrilla offensive, could irrevocably alter the political landscape in a test of will

Photograph by Larry Towell/Magnum

and force that may shatter the rotting edifice the State Department's nation builders have struggled to patch together. Duarte, alive or dead, will be removed from the scene. His Christian Democrats will face ARENA in a critical electoral battle neither can afford to lose; the army will face its most intense challenge, and the Salvadoran people will face an even more difficult struggle for daily survival. 50 the fear of tomorrow is added to today's, leaving El Salvador suspended in almost surreal tension.

THE FEAR IS PHOTOGRAPHED, DOCUMENTED, CATALOGED, and published by the various human rights organizations that try to keep score. A few entries from the spring of 1988 in one recent catalog:

Felix Antonio Rivera, 25, and Mario Cruz Rivera, 16, Tepemechin, Morazan. Captured by soldiers. Both bodies found with their ears and noses cut off, as well as their thumbs and ring fingers.

Gerardo Hernandez Torres, 27, Mariona Prison, San Salvador. Died of heart failure after being transferred to Mariona from the custody of the National Police. Other captives heard Hernandez crying and asking soldiers to kill him rather than keep torturing him.

Nicolasa Rivera Palacios, 77, and her son, Juan Hector Villanueva Rivera, 45. She was taken to her sons workplace at night by uniformed soldiers. Both were found shot dead; the mother had apparently been raped as well.

Unknown male, approximately 27 years old, San Salvador. Neighbors saw three armed men in civilian clothes take the man out of a pickup with dark windows and throw him on the ground, his thumbs tied behind him. The men shot him in the head and kicked him into the ravine.

Unknown male, approximately 25 years old, on the road to Ilopango Lake. Body found naked, with genitals destroyed, thumbs and hands tied behind back.

A few of the movies (almost all of them made in the United States) playing in San Salvador during one week of the fall of 1988: Armed Response, Absolute Diabolical Terror, Diabolical Gangs, Diabolical Nymphs, Girl Prisoners of War, Rapists of Virgin Girls, Carnal Torture, Mercenaries of Hate, Squads That Kill, and Savage Dogs, a series featuring oversized Dobermans tearing undressed women limb from limb.

EL SALVADOR IS SICK, AND the guerrillas of the FMLN think they can cure it. The war is a giant social experiment in homeopathy, as they attempt to purge the disease by adding their own traumatic dose of violence to that already in the body politic. Though, officially speaking, the guerrillas are no longer llguerrillas? The army press officer calls the journalists in to announce the change. Reading the incorrect names, it pains the colonel to note that journalists still use these terms to Photograph by Susan Meiselas/Magnum describe the FMLN: tlinsurgentsf Atrebelsf llguerrillasf and so forth. All wrong. He reads the proper names to be used by the responsible press: lldelinquent terroristsf or the more familiar lld/Tlsfi

When you run into the D/Tls the combatants in the mountains or their sympathizers in the cities-they can appear almost as incongruous as the admonition to VISUALIZE PEACE. This is because they are Ttorganizedj, meaning: they have joined a revolutionary organization, they have tlformedll cadres, they believe in the strength of their organization, they believe in the revolution. And because, with these beliefs, the

organized learn to deal with their fear.

AT THE CONSTRUCTION SITE, A RAGGED CREW IS GROUPED  
around a short, skinny woman in sneakers, purple jeans, dark  
shades, and a baseball cap pulled low over her face, who's  
taking charge. llComrades, we are in a state of emergency?  
Cecilia explains that they have been striking for 19 days,  
camping out behind makeshift fences, defying the owners,  
their goons, and the cops. She is the only woman at the site,  
and obviously not a construction worker. An older man, huge  
by Salvadoran standards, with a square jaw and a crooked  
smile, beams down at her. He looks and talks like a Wobbly  
from the turn of the century. ttWe've been under this yoke for  
a long time? he says, llthis wage slavery?

Cecilia spits at the mention of the special riot police who are  
Circulating through the surrounding streets in pickups, armed  
with tear gas, clubs, and M-60 machine guns. llNo one invited  
them here? Like most of the other workers, she is carrying a  
lead pipe filled with cement; a few have wooden sticks.

liListen Cecilia says, sticking out her jaw. lVVe're not  
afraid. If they have balls, well so do I. were not afraid?  
Back at the union, Cecilia explains that the office is her  
home; she doesn't want to bring heat on her parents by stay-  
ing at their house. Twenty-three years old, a single mother  
with a seriously sick baby, she recently came back to El  
ear is part of our soul,  
like the sexual impulse, "  
says Left candidate Ruben  
Zamora (at far right). HWe  
have the right to be afraid.  
But not to be slaves offear'

Salvador after eight years of exile to work in the union again:  
llTo fight? she says, lluntil the triumph." In a country with a  
combined under- and unemployment rate approaching three-  
quarters of the population, labor struggles generally win  
nothing but joblessness for the participants. A commitment to  
the union essentially means, as they say in El Salvador, lidem-  
onstrating our combativeness.w

MOTHER JONES 25

liThe bourgeoisie doesn't give us schools or educationfl  
Cecilia sneers. llThey want useful idiots. They say we don't  
know anything, but our useful idiots are smarter than theirs?  
ADS FOR SOAP, THE ONE COMMODITY EVEN THE POOREST  
slum dweller will buy, are omnipresent in the media. The two  
major brands, People and Victory, engage in perpetual psy-  
chological warfare over the airwaves. Housewives march  
across the tube with banners for their favorite soap, chanting  
llPeo-ple! Peo-ple!n Among the hovels of refugees who have  
fled to the City from the war without end in the countryside, a  
triumphant radio voice blares day and night 9l have Victory  
in my handsPi

IN THE SQUATrER SHANTYTOWNS THAT RING THE CAPITAL,  
El Salvadorls poorest slum dwellers seize power every day.  
Working with practical genius, the residents break into elec-  
tricity and water lines, taking the services they need. Leonar-  
do, the head of one squatter association, talks about defying  
landowners and the municipal authorities, as the squatters rip  
up the road to find cables and water mains. ilNothingis ever  
done in El Salvador without pressure? he says, grinning hap-  
pily. His neighbors live in huts of mud and cardboard, held  
together with improvised walls of shower curtains and gar-  
bage bags, now illuminated by stolen light bulbs glowing with  
stolen electricity.

IN THE UNITED STATES, ELECTRIC LIGHTING 15 so OMNIPRE-  
sent that there is no emotional difference between, say, three  
in the afternoon and seven in the evening. Here, there's no  
such illusion. There is a complete pitch-black that always  
lurks in Central America just beyond the range of the tiny,  
fragile lights.

At night, the campus of the National University resembles  
more than ever what its enemies on the Right charge it with  
being: a training camp for guerrillas. Some buildings, battered  
when the army invaded in 1980 and further smashed by the  
earthquake of 1986, stand empty, with revolutionary slogans  
and vines covering the crumbling walls. Others, almost in  
ill Bush keep his word  
with the death squads?

In December 1983, then-Vice President  
George Bush went to El Salvador with a mis-  
sion: to inform the Salvadoran government  
that the United States wanted a llcleanll  
counterinsurgency program. Five years later,  
on the presidential campaign trail, Bush would  
boast: llln 1983,ldirectly discussed the very  
painful issue of the death squads with lthe  
' Salvadoran president! and the Salvadoran gene-  
erals. I explained that the United States could  
not, that we would not, be friends with governments that con-  
doned the killing of political opponents. We, Salvadorans and  
Americans, can now be proud of the strong and swift action  
they took to stop that death squadl activityfl  
Now George Bush is president. From his daily CIA intel-  
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ruins, have one lit window. Dense bushes and overgrowth  
give way to small clearings, where open-air huts have been  
built and food is served. There are paths through the  
darkness, past campfires, where small groups of people stand  
in the shadows talking, and a voice quietly sings.  
By day, there are more explicit signs of the universityls  
sympathies. During one interminable speech at a women,s  
conference, three hooded FMLN urban commandos, with  
blue shirts over obvious breasts and two short Uzi machine  
guns, burst into the room to wild applause. With the voice of a  
very young woman, one reads a statement (iiGreetings from  
the FMLNW), which is interrupted by everyone leaping to  
their feet and screaming in delight and cheering and waving  
their fists in the air.

Not that the university is a reliably liberated zone. Raul  
Escamilla, a janitor briefly detained last year by the National  
Police, is in the main cafeteria the following week when two

men in civilian clothes saunter in and shoot his head off. THE TENSIONS OF FEAR AND HOPE WERE WOUND ESPECIALLY tight in Reina, a political prisoner in the Ilopango prison for women. Reina was what in other circumstances you might call petite: perhaps five feet tall and skinny as a toothpick. Like most political prisoners, she had been raped upon capture. Yet one day a few years ago, Reina was walking around the yard of the political section in a black beret and tight jeans, receiving visitors with the same air with which army commanders welcome correspondents into their garrisons. Reina had led the prisoners in an extended uprising against their male guards. They had occupied the central prison office, taking four kitchen staff hostage. At the age of 19, surrounded by sharpshooters with their sights trained on her tiny frame, Reina had negotiated for the lives of her comrades with the minister of justice.

But now the riot was over and the inmates were alone again with the guards they had humiliated. Reina would survive to be released some years later, but this day she could not know that. Reina was asked if she was afraid that her keepers would exact their revenge. For a moment, and only a moment, her vigilance briefings, he must know that his mission was a failure, and that neither Salvadorans nor Americans have anything to be proud of. Today, the death squads are openly active once again, challenging the president to take tough action on an issue for which he once offered tough words.

Macho Talk. Bush's 1983 message to the Salvadoran leaders appealed to machismo. He called the death squads cowardly and impotent adding: "Every murderous act they commit . alienates the people of my country? More specifically, it alienated Congress, threatening cuts in aid. Bush reportedly carried with him a list of nine officials whom U.S. intelligence had identified as death squad leaders, and demanded they be cashiered. Soon after, the Salvadorans reportedly signed an agreement to meet U.S. human rights criteria.

Flagrant death squad operations did taper off after Bush's scolding. The individuals on his list were transferred into paid diplomatic exile abroad or retired from the military. Salvadoran authorities began investigations into five human rights cases, including the killings of four U.S. churchwomen and two U.S. agricultural advisers. U.S. military and economic aid to El

commanding air evaporated.

11No/11 she and a friend shouted in unison. Just as quickly Reina regrouped. 11We are not afraid. We are concerned?

A FEW MILES AWAY FROM THE

prison, at their headquarters,

ARENA members are busy

VISUALIZING POWER. With a

party machine whose efficiency

rivals the clandestine structures

of the FMLN, ARENA is run

with fanatic attention to detail.

Most of the detail, and a good

deal of the fanaticism, comes

from Major Roberto D'Aubuis-

son, the man universally referred

to by the ARENA cadre as hour

maximal leaderfl a chillingly

handsome presence with re-

lentless energy. D'Aubuisson is

better known as the godfather of

the death squads, accused of

masterminding the wave of rightist terror in the early 1980s

and even plotting to kill a US. ambassador. His notoriety

makes the Americans extremely nervous about the majofs

high profile in the party they expect to be in power soon. In

fact, D'Aubuisson runs the show, wisecracking incessantly,

talking nonstop slang, looking everywhere, taking it all in,

bending down to listen, in command. At a party meeting

following an election rally last year he was all smiles and

jokes, with his usual endless stream of street humor. But when

the meeting began, the major meant business. 80K, now

welre going to have criticism and self-criticismfl he snapped.

D'Aubuisson reviewed the rally, almost word for word,

with pointed comments for everyone. 11Firstfl he began, ad-

dressing the rally,s emcee, 11you began by saying how ARENA

would save this country. We are nationalists. We never say

Strikers pasting up antigouemment posters NU (hey have halls, well so do I,/'

11this country? We always say Tour country.a 11 The lesson

continued.

Twenty minutes later, D'Aubuisson offered another kind of

lesson. He flagged down a VW bus piloted by current

ARENA presidential candidate and 11moderatefl front man

Alfredo 11Freddy" Cristiani, and announced that he had a

present for the journalist accompanying Cristiani. Another

vanload of peasants from a nearby town, summoned to make

an audience, watched giggling as the major presented the

journalist with two day pistols, the barrels of which were

larger-than-life-size, full-color, grotesquely detailed erect

penises.

The giggling turned to laughter. Cristiani stared at the

ground. 11Majorjl the journalist asked, 11have you killed many

subversiuos with these?" (Continued on page 46)

WW

Salvador flowed at an ever-increasing rate.

Death Squads Redux. Since October of 1987, according to

a new General Accounting Office report, there has been a Who-

ticeable rise, in paramilitary political killings in El Salvador.

The rise began just after President Jose Napoleon Duarte de-

clared an amnesty for those involved in past army massacres

and paramilitary murder. At the time, Amnesty International

warned that Duartels act might spur more killings. In fact, ac-

cording to human rights monitors, death squad killings in-

creased over 225 percent in 1988. Still, not a single Salvadoran

military official or soldier has been brought to trial for death

squad operations. 81f there is any area where this country has

made zero progress, thatls the area of judicial reform and the

administration of justicefl US. ambassador William Walker

admitted in January. 11There ainlt no justice here?

One reason has to do with the United States own priorities:

Out of \$3 billion in US. aid, only \$9.2 million have been appropriated for reforming the judicial system and establishing a Commission on Investigation with special investigative and forensic units. Even that money has bought nothing. All five investigations started after Bush's visit are today moribund. Quayle's New Job. There may never have been a better time to be a death squad in El Salvador than now. Dtiartes amnesty is still in effect. Already at least five of the exiled military officers on Bush's death squad list have returned. At least two, Lieutenant Colonel Jorge Adalberto Cruz and Major Jose Ricardo Pozo, once chief of intelligence of the feared Treasury Police, have reassumed positions in the Salvadoran military. And this past December, the ARENA party, still dominated by reputed death squad leader Roberto D'Aubuisson, engineered a coup in the ministry of justice, replacing the Christian Democratic attorney general with an ARENA sympathizer. Whether President Bush will ever make good on his death squad ultimatums remains to be seen. At the time of this writing, Bush's only concrete policy initiative has been February's Vice-presidential trip to San Salvador. This time, Dan Quayle talked macho to the generals. ePeter Kornbluh is the author of Nicaragua: The Price of Intervention (Institute for Policy Studies).

MOTler jOlek 27



ROM WHERE I STAND,  
Margaret Atwood seems  
to be floating above the  
sidewalk. She is late. I have  
circled her Toronto home  
. twice, knocking on doors  
\_ and peering into windows,  
when I catch sight of her rounding  
the corner, waving her arms and  
yelling, ttHere I am, here I am? She  
is in black from head to toe, her  
coat flying open, her face almost  
swallowed under a broad-brimmed  
ByCamiHePeri

Q  
fedora as she bustles ahead, scate  
MAR GARET tering the late-autumn leaves in  
her path.  
ATWOOD For just a moment, the vision  
\_ makes me blink. Atwoodis 17th-  
Says that, ll k6 any century ancestors were American  
Puritans. Cambridge, Massachusetts,  
OM t5 p 0 ken WOMan was the setting of her last novel, The  
. Handmaidis Tale, an eerie vision of  
um ter, 5 be has been the United States under a totalitarian  
theocracy, in which women are re-  
put 0" trial f0 T duced to sexual breeders or good  
Witch Cr  
Christian wives, prohibited from  
earning wages, owning property,  
Her latest book may  
reading and writing. Atwood  
have some women  
begging to join  
the prosecution  
dedicated the novel in part to her  
favorite ancestor, Mary Webster,  
who was hanged for being a witch.  
tilt was before they invented the  
drop, and therefore her neck was not  
brokenf' she recounts when we are  
settled in her kitchen. hThey just

.  
Photograph by Patrick Harbron



hauled her up and let her dangle around. And when they went to cut her down the next day, she was still alive? Under the law of double jeopardy, Webster could not be rehanged, so she lived another 14 years. And probably people gave her a wide berth? Atwood laughs. But I always felt she was a good kind of ancestor to have. Tough neck?

A tough neck is something Atwood can appreciate. A vocal critic of censorship, U.S. domination of Canada, environmental destruction, male tyranny, feminist intolerance, and any other abuse of power that catches her eye, Atwood has often come under attack for, as she puts it, sticking her neck out. And the incisive style of her prose and poetry is part of what gets her into trouble. I'll have been called a Medusa? she once said. The attack being: here is a woman who doesn't use words in a soft, compliant way; therefore, she is a witch." Nevertheless, Atwood has managed to make a handsome living by telling people the things they don't want to hear. Americans made her wealthy for her horrific vision of their nation's future: *The Handmaid's Tale* was on the New York Times best-seller list for six months, and the film version will combine the talents of screenwriter Harold Pinter, director Volker (Tin Drum) Schlöndorff, and actors Natasha Richardson and Robert Duvall. In February, just as her feminist future shock began production in South Carolina, Doubleday released *Cat's Eye*, a runaway best-seller in Canada that is bound to unsettle some of Atwood's feminist readers for its portrayal of womanhood as complex and prickly.

Atwood is a contrary woman: a nationalist who rankles nationalists, a feminist who rankles feminists. She is a master at exposing hypocrisy among the powerful, but can be curiously evasive when the subject is herself.

As she fixes tea in the cozy kitchen of the large Edwardian home that she shares with Canadian novelist Graeme Gibson and their daughter, Jess, the short, slight novelist hardly seems a national icon. But in Canada Atwood turns up everywhere: on TV talk shows, at Toronto City Hall fighting one-way streets, in bookstores and college auditoriums giving public readings or raising funds for the Writers Union. It's different here from the way it is in the States? she explains. There writers have the luxury of saying, "My art, it's the expression of my individual soul, I'm not interested in politics." I think that would be wonderful, I long for that. But here, being a small country, we are perforce community minded?

In a nation that loses much of its best and brightest talent to the United States, writers such as Atwood and Robertson Davies rank with hockey players as national heroes—a situation that Atwood in part helped to create. In 1960, just as her career was beginning, English-speaking Canada published only *Eve* novels. Atwood is the most successful—and perhaps most visible—member of a generation of writers that put Canadian literature on the map.

To some Canadians, this is a mixed blessing. She is the most famous voice from Canada, sighs one critic, but some might wish it were a different voice? Atwood's brand of nationalism has sometimes horrified her reserved compatriots. During last fall's national election, she irked members of Parliament when she campaigned against the conservative-backed Free Trade Agreement with the United States. Long a critic of the hulking bully and resentful toady relationship between the two countries, she compared the Canadian politicians who favored the agreement to the rodent that

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graces her nation's nickel. I said that in medieval times the beaver was considered an animal that when frightened by pursuers would bite off its own testicles and cast them behind it," she recalls. They were quite insulted by that—in fact they have been unable to avoid quoting it ever since?

Atwood's Canadianism filters into novels such as *Surfacing*, in which the United States is symbolized in the first sentence by a forest disease spreading up from the south? As with most of her work, however, the pervading theme is sexu-

al politics. Atwoods protagonists are generally neurotic, sardonic, and rather aimless women, iiescape artists, who must eventually confront the realities they have carefully constructed for themselves.

Neither women nor men are heroes in Atwood,s fiction: men victimize and women comply in their own victimization. But her female characters usually manage to come through for each other in ways that her men do not-except in Cafs Eye. Men are almost superfluous in this powerful story of an artist, Elaine Risley, whose midlife retrospective turns into a journey back through a girlhood as savage as the boys world in Lord ofthe Flies. Nearly half of the novel focuses on the artists life between the ages of 8 and 12, and the experiences that will scar her relationships with women for the rest of her life: her best friends terrorize her with taunts, humiliations, fascistic games, even a mock burial. iiLittle girls are cute and small only to adults? the adult Risley grimly reflects. iiTo one another they are not cute. They are life-sized?

Warming her hands around her teacup, Atwood explains that unlike the licops and robbersli friendships of boys, those of girls are more likely to be llintricate and baroque and tangled relationships in which you arenlt sure whether you love the person or hate the person. Therels much more likely to be a very Clear hierarchy among boys, emulation of the leader, a pecking order. With little girls it is groupings and regroupings, a lot of exclusion and inclusion tactics, what with whispering, plots, little secret gangings-up-on. You know," Atwood screws up her face and whispers behind her hand. ll iLetls not talk to her todayf They can be very intense and very painful emotions-a lot of tears among girls of that age, coming home feeling rejected, manipulated, confused? Most girls, says Atwood, grow up blocking those years out of their consciousness because of societyis licollective agreement" that they are not important. ilWe got a real dish of Freud, so we were told that early years were very, very important. And then we have a whole cult of romance and sex and those things, so the later period becomes important. The in-between time I think we've forgotten because its been indicated to us that its not important, that how you relate to little girls is not really the concern of a mature person. llln conversing with your boyfriend, he might be interested in how you got on with your parents and he might be interested in your teenage relationships, but is he going to be that interested in your g.girlfriends?v She laughs. uProbably not? Then she shoots me an incisive glance. llAlthough they might have had and might still have a lot more importance to you than you would wish to admit?

Atwood does not want to discuss how important those years were to her. Trying to explore with her the feelings that give rise to her work is like playing a game of cat and mouse; she seems unwilling to reveal any emotional connection to her subjects. And when she feels cornered, she can be as prickly as

one of her characters.

Atwood's 12-year-old daughter, Jess, comes into the kitchen asking for money to rent a video. She is at the slumber-party stage? Atwood reports as Jess leaves the house. I ask if watching Jess navigate her way through girlhood renewed the writer's interest in that stage of life. It gave me another look at the scene? she says guardedly. So did being a camp counselor?

I ask what other events influenced her work. It is very hard to answer a question like that because you don't know what it would have been like without those events?

What emotional terrain has she found particularly troublesome to go over? Moreover, something difficult about every book? she answers, her voice getting edgy. If it gets too difficult you stop writing it?

Can I ask when you hit a nerve with this book? I ask, exasperated.

No, she finally puts her foot down. No,

Obviously I have hit a nerve. Though Atwood weaves elements of her own life through those of her heroines, nearly all of whom have unhappy childhoods—she feels that discussing her work in relation to her life encourages readers to view it as autobiographical. I believe in artistry, she says. I believe that there's a difference between true confessions and writing a novel?

As astute a critic of power as she is, Atwood is not above throwing around a little weight to dictate the terms of an interview. According to Canadian literary critic Robert Fulford, she can be elusive—She throws out an idea, then retrieves it, then denies she ever knew what it meant—and intimidating. She does not like to hear, of course, that she's intimidating. Fulford wrote in his memoirs. A woman who interviewed her for CBC Radio used that word, and Atwood—as is her style—quickly interrupted. May I ask you a question? Are you intimidated now? The interviewer, quite clearly intimidated, of course said she wasn't.

Peter Gzowski, a Toronto talk-show host who has interviewed her several times, agrees. She is smarter than most of those who interview her and she lets them know it? He adds that one can admire her without necessarily liking her.

During our interview, Atwood good-humoredly wriggles out of a few quotes: Did I say that? or, with a glint in her eye, Maybe I did say it—you know journalists? She grabs my notes as I read to her from a New York Times review in which Katha Pollitt charged that Atwood had flown from her truest self, in the writing of *Lady Oracle*, a comedy about a romance novelist who fakes her own suicide when the many identities she has created for herself threaten to come together.

Photograph by Brian Willer  
He is the most famous voice from Canada," says

one critic, "but some might wish it were a different voice." and expose her. Then Atwood

sighs. I have a huge file of old reviews, and if I had to answer every one of them, I'd go bananas because they contradict one another.

other in the most astounding ways. I write the books, other people can do the criticism and argue with one another over whether they're right or not. Yet, in spite of her dismissal of reviewers, Margaret Atwood does not suffer criticism lightly. Though widely praised as a master storyteller, she is probably most often criticized for portraying men as unsympathetic. Even an obvious fan like Anne Tyler noted in an otherwise glowing New York Times review of the short-story collection *Dancing Girls* that the less successful stories were those that exhibit a narrow-eyed bitterness about the relations between men and women. In these, men are generally infantile, demanding, self-centered; women are either purely wronged or they have retaliated with their own kind of meanness?

Atwood—who once dryly noted that the minimum qualification for a critic should be the ability to read and write—says those who find her men stereotypical don't understand storytelling. What people usually mean is that they are not at the center of the narrative? she explains. If you're telling a story from the woman's point of view, the men by necessity don't get to tell their story because they are being told about. But all the really bad, evil male characters have been written by men, she adds. My male characters have all been rather soft compared to Macbeth and Othello and those guys. If I wrote a book about a man strangling his wife because he suspected her of infidelity and another man tempting him to do it by lying, everyone would say, *paranoia!* Imagine a woman writing Macbeth. Rampant stereotyping.

SURPRISINGLY, IN *CAT'S EYE* ITS THE FEMALE CHARACTERS who are most unlikable. When her protagonist, Risley, reflects on lesbianism, which some in her 1605 women's group insist is the only genuine equal relationship? she delves into the darkness in her own heart: The truth is that I would be terrified to get into bed with a woman. Women collect grievances, hold grudges, and change shape. They pass hard, legitimate judgments, unlike the purblind guesses of men, fogged with romanticism and ignorance and bias and wish. Women know too much, they can neither be deceived nor trusted. I can understand why men are afraid of them, as they are frequently accused of being?

Trust does not come easy to women whose worst experiences have been with women, not men, says Atwood. This is hardly a romanticized view of the fairer sex? and she admits it has taken some male readers by (Continued on page 44)

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The Discreet Smarm  
Of the Bushwazee  
Text by Molly luins  
HERE USED TO BE A FEL-  
low in the Texas Senate  
named Carlos Ashley,  
who retired after some  
unpleasantness about a  
retainer from the insurance industry.  
Ashley wrote cowboy poetry\_he was  
known as the states tipoet lariat-  
and i still remember the conclusion  
of one of his more thoughtful works:  
ti . . . When the final scale is balanced in  
the field of loss and gain / Not one  
inaugurations worth a good, slow,  
two-inch rain? Having been in Wash-  
ington, DC, for the Bush Inaugura-  
tion, I find deeper meaning in this  
rhyme today.  
First rat out of the trap we got a fully  
inflatable, kinder, gentler George  
Bush. Why donit we cut the mid-  
dleman and just install Peggy Noonan,  
the author of his Inaugural Address?  
The Noonan version is, after all, quite  
a bit clearer than unscripted Bush, as  
we all found out later in the week at the  
new presidents first press conference.  
"We've got to have a little time,"  
liiusihlilon by P 11:11:!) Burke Bush told reporters, in answering a  
question about relations with the Sovi-  
et Union. "We're not about to let this  
Soviet thing put-put us in the mood  
of, of foot\_mode of foot-dmgers.  
ID I I I Weire going to be out front." That cer-  
tainly cleared things up.  
w On Inaugural Day, Bush had rather  
remarkably made only one stupid  
to move-despite the unfortunate Bush-  
Noonan lapse into cliché at the end of  
an otherwise fine speech (the unew  
breeze" turning the page of the chapter  
Some of the nationk sharpest pens render m the unfoldingstory: lwasafraid for  
their first impressions of the Bush/Quayle era. a mum there the wnds Of Change  
#Kinder, Gentler Bush  
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Illustration by Everett Peck

6000 GRHEE I195 LIFelN HELL

\$889 39 WW GROENWG

(wH-H Steve Vance)

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boo BOOM 6

lePPEJZSMWEES.

FTOV

il

Don'TTHego Q&Auze HOOU

DIQETHP, S lTUATIOvJ 2mm 13?

would start blowing the sands of time).

The blunder was a promise to wipe out the ilscourge of drugsll during his administration. Almost as certain as death and taxes is the prospect that there will continue to be a serious drug problem in this country in 1992.

Among Washington Insiders, there was little sense of a ilnew chapter? The whole megillab was treated by them for what it was: say, much like a long-expected promotion with- in a large corporation. One of the surprises about the whole affair for me was how little the Republicans seemed to mourn the departure of Ronald Reagan. But perhaps thatls because what stayed the same is more noticeable than what changed. The Washington press corps, for example, remains thor- oughly Reaganized, reporting on the First Family with the zeal of courtiers in the time of Louis XIV; the dramatic, earthshaking change from Reagan red to Bush blue is dis- cussed among them with all the seriousness due Cabinet ap- pointments. The press corps seemed so ecstatic to have a president who stays awake, in fact, that theylve all declared him the greatest ruler since Augustus. He appears sincere in his desire to be the education president, to eradicate home- lessness, and all the rest, but this means, of course, that he will be one of the Victims of the expectations he is raising. The fact is, the nations underlying economic problems are so critical that you might wonder whether Bush can fulfill any of his many promises.

His promised emphasis, for example, on ethics in govern- ment took a brutal hit as Bush tried to get one up on the Gipper by bravely dragging a scandal right into the Cabinet rather than leaving top aides time to develop major problems in office over time, as Reagan kindly did. I quite agree with Bushls impulse: why wait? John Tower, after all, revealed he was a man of llsome discipline? Many of us wanted to know how much and which kind?

TWO DAYS BEFORE THE \$25 MILLION INAUGURATION, A crowd of several hundred homeless people stood across the street chanting, llShame! ShameV as a thousand rich Re- publicans in limousine after limousine swept up the front entrance of the newly restored Union Station for a \$1,500-a- plate dinner.

The Republicans stepped forth, resplendent in \$1,200 red, white, and blue Spangled shoes, and gowns by Galanos and Yves Saint Laurent. The homeless favored a layered look, topped by street-chic wool caps and accessorized by gloves or mittens with the fingers worn out.

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Official Republicans were properly sorry about the state of the homeless. George Bush the Younger said, I'll know this is something my father feels strongly about. Unofficial Republicans, such as a handsome, white-haired man from San Francisco, were more blunt: I'll just think it's become a cliché, it's been done, it's not new, you know?

One thing the Reagan years have accomplished is to take away the sting and shock of seeing homeless people in a land of plenty. The juxtaposition of extreme poverty and extreme wealth no longer seems obscene because it's so familiar. It's been done, you know?

There were so many additional bizarre moments during Inaugural Week, it will take some future anthropologist to work them all out. Precisely 225 Bush relatives descended on Washington for the inauguration, of varying degrees of consanguinity and affinity; this occasionally led to surreal moments in which you suddenly noticed that every other person in a room with you looked eerily like George Bush.

You were constantly rubbing shoulders with the unbelievably powerful; at one shindig I was introduced without warning to William Webster—formerly FBI, now CIA—and all I could think of to say was, Hi, you have a hie on me?

And then there was a letter from George to George (Washington) by Drew Friedman

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ington to Bush)" children's program, which seemed to be a lovely idea in conception but produced a few puzzling results. There was, for example, a five-story chair sitting on the Washington Mall that turns out to have been a giant replica made by U.S. Buddhist children of the chair George Washington used when he was president. You may well ask what was the point of a five-story chair made by Buddhist Children. The only thought that occurred to me as I marveled over the sight was that it would take one hell of a large butt to fill it. Homeless people were on the Mall as well, of course; they're everywhere, sleeping in the parks and esplanades. The latest studies show that 25 percent of them have full-time jobs, but they make only minimum wage and cannot afford a place to live.

On Inaugural Day, Senator Bob Dole, who voted a few months ago against increasing the minimum wage, addressed members of Team 100—the richest Republicans—who had given more than \$100,000 to the party. With his endearing frankness, Dole explained the sly maneuvering leading up to a 50-percent wage increase for the distinguished members of Congress. To stop the increase, opponents had to get both houses of Congress to vote No.

We in the Senate will all righteously vote No, which will have no effect, and then will watch anxiously to make sure that our colleagues in the House don't vote at all, and that will ensure passage of the raise. Of course, my wife has a new job, so it's no big deal to me? Really, you'll have to trust me, it was just so cute the way he said it. That was the strategy, but it didn't work. Don't cry yet. Dole and his colleagues last got a salary increase in 1987 and, at \$89,500, they make an average of \$43 an hour.

The minimum wage is \$3.35 an hour and was last raised more than eight years ago. A woman trying to support two children by working full-time for minimum wage is almost \$2,000 below the poverty level.

So, how long will it take for

kinder, gentler to kick in?  
Molly Ivins is a contributor to  
Motherjonesandacolumnistfor  
the Dallas Times Herald.

Illustration by Nicole Hollander  
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MOTHER jONIiS 37

'orrupt is a dangerous word to use," says David Brenner of his predecessors in the union movement. "Perhaps morally bankrupt. " Meet labors nextgenemtion. IT,S OCTOBER OF 1986, and David Brenner, president of Boston Local 66 of the Laundry and Dry Cleaning International, is chatting on the phone with Domenic Bozzotto, his counterpart at the cityls hotel workers, union. Another call comes in, and Brenner puts Bozzotto on hold. When he returns to the line his voice is an octave higher. llGotta go, Domf he says. Brenner.- 'A hit of R&B."

lll think we,re on strike in Chelseafll The call had come from a mattress-factory worker who wanted to talk about forming a union. TlWell, get ten guys together and well have an informational meeting? Brenner told him.

TTYou donlt understandf, the worker replied. TlWelve just walked out. The meeting is now, and it's in the street.n Brenner speeds over and gives the workers-mostly Hispanic immigrants-authorization cards to sign. lTPretty soon the owner comes out in the street? he recounts later, hand I say, Tdlike to talk to you. Your workers are part of my union now.m The owner disagrees, and the workers stay on the pavement, striking for recognition. Bozzotto and union ochials from around Massachusetts help raise five thousand dollars for strike benehts. From Harvard University, five miles and five light-years away, a group of clerical and technical workers who have been trying for nearly a decade to organize a union of their own arrive with a van full of franks and beans. And after five weeks the company gives in-the workers have won.

Those three Boston-area unionswthe laundry workers (who also organize in several other industries), the hotel workers, and the Harvard Union of Clerical and Technical Workers (HUCTW), which last spring triumphed in its fight to unionize Harvardls three thousand technicians, librarians, and clerical workers-are at the forefront of a revived Boston trade union movement. They have proven it quite possible to organize women and immigrants. And they are showing the rest of the country how to organize the humor-ganizable service economy.

llWelve always been the stepchildren of labor, the make-believe jobs? says Bozzotto. TlBut there is no industrial America anymore. Labor is going to have to be service America."

Doubtless they are aided by MassachusettsT strong economy, and its generally liberal government and press. But they have to contend with the same forces that have damaged other unions in the Reagan/Bush years, including the resurgent union busting countenanced by the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB). Much of the rest of organized trade unionism, its numbers and influence dwindling, has tried to wait out the Republicans. And there have been a few brave but ultimately doomed acts of dehance, like the Minnesota meat packersT strike, or the paper workers, in Maine.

B BillMcKibben

The Boston unions, too, have waged some quixotic battles. The difference

Photographs by Lionel J-M Delevingne

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I'll  
Kris Rondeau began with the unorthodox premise that Harbors workers actually liked their  
jobs  
is they've generally won. And their leaders remain true  
believers.  
Permanent Press. My father is a classic example of  
what's been happening, says David Brenner. Twenty  
years ago, he was working as a skilled machinist making  
machine parts, a union man with a good pension, high  
wages. Then his division of Pratt and Whitney closed. Now  
he's a machine operator, just waiting to retire, with an un-  
certain pension? That experience was in the back of Bren-  
ner's mind when he went to the University of Massachusetts  
in the early 1980s. "There were a lot of Lefties teaching  
economics there, and it altogether opened my eyes to how  
things work, that people are not failures, but that we have a  
system that disempowers people?  
Still, when he first got a call about an opening at the laun-  
dry workers, local, he was hesitant. My idea was, there's  
got to be corruption because they're small and I'd never heard  
of them? But when Brenner got there, the trouble was of  
MOTHER JONES 39

Brewers laundry workers tooled out of commission in red IUOH members a different sort. The industry was just devastated by permanent press, says Brenner. Everything you're wearing now would, in an earlier day, have been sent out for cleaning? The local had shrunk to less than five hundred members spread from Maine to Rhode Island. Brenner's predecessor had taken over the local when he was in his 60s, and had barely held it together. The first thing he asked me was, "Kid, can you make a leaflet?" I said I could, and he said, "Good. Cause you're either going to organize or you're going to die.", Brenner had one early success, a Pawtucket laundry where the manager was such an asshole he organized it for us, and then a string of setbacks. But we were learning lessons the whole time, says Brenner, and when the Chelsea mattress workers called, they were, if not ready, at least willing. When we won that one, the word got around that the laundry workers were really kicking ass, says Brenner. "We did do a good job, but the truth of the matter was, we had the former president of the Honduran dockworkers union working in that factory. These were people who knew what unions were." The Chelsea win and then a victory at a chemical factory (where the owner caved in after the union threatened to picket his suburban house and let his neighbors know that plant workers had to ask at his office each time they needed toilet paper) were real watersheds. They showed that workers, even if they were newly arrived and spoke no English, could stand together, says Gene Bruskin, the locals chief organizer. But they were simple compared to the unions next target, a large laundry next to Fenway Park that supplied most of Boston's teaching hospitals.

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On the one hand, working conditions were so bad that a union seemed attractive. There were no windows to speak of, says Brenner. Trucks would be backing in right next to the ironers, belching diesel smoke. In the winter that truck bay is a 50-foot opening maybe there are zero-degree winds blowing on your left side, and 125-degree heat from the iron on your right? Employees were earning as little as \$3.70 an hour, and were being cheated out of overtime.

But the workers were mostly immigrants from the rural, formerly Portuguese islands of Cape Verde. They were literally off the boat, says Bruskin. I had go into people's houses to talk about unions, and they'd stare at me. I'd be talking to a 55-year-old woman, and her 5-year-old granddaughter would be translating. One thing we did discover, though, was their absolute terror of defying the company. So much so that no one wanted to even tell his friends he'd talked to us. Which helped us, in a way. We were able to talk to almost every person in the plant without the company finding out.

Enlisting about a hundred volunteer drivers and translators, including a popular priest who had migrated from Cape Verde with his flock, the union eventually got a majority of the workers to sign union cards. At that point they went public, demanding that the company schedule a union election. "We had our first rally outside the plant, and about 50 people stood up under our banner.

It was quiet. But nothing happened to them, and that really started to break it open, says Bruskin. The company hired a union-busting firm and tried to intimidate the workers. It didn't succeed. Recalls Brenner, "One guy in the washroom turned on his supervisor and said, 'Are you trying to scare me?' I was a conscript in the Portuguese army. I spent five years sleeping in the jungles of Angola. You are not going to scare me." The union won the election by a 3-2 margin, and negotiated a contract raising starting pay a



dollar an hour, not a huge figure perhaps. but a 25 percent jump in your standard of living it you're making \$4. Brenner and Bruskin lost their most recent fight, an attempt to organize a pair of private laundries in Lowell and Lynn. The fight was so dirty, though, that they have asked the NLRB to order the employer to recognize the local. "The company tired people for union organizing. When people showed up wearing their buttons they had them ripped off their clothes," says Brenner. He'll keep trying to organize the two sites because, among other things, their live dollar wage with no benefits undercuts his union shops. "The union shops are reluctant to be reasonable about pay raises because of the nonunion shops," says Brenner. "We want to reach the point where we can say, look, eight dollars an hour, everyone pays. People are just going to have to realize that if a service is worth having, it's worth paying a living wage for. That might make an apt rallying cry for a new wave of labor leaders. Brenner says that he and Bruskin and others like them fully expect to be at the heart of the labor movement within the next decade; there will be a radical metamorphosis as the older generation of labor leaders retires or dies,

Though he credits them for their organizing efforts in the 405 and 505, Brenner won't spend much time mourning their passing. 0 lCorrupt, is a dangerous word to use? he says, describing his predecessors. 1lPerhaps lmorally bankruptm In recent years, the image of labor has been that of the white, male industrial worker, he says. 1lBut the international economic scene has changed, and labor has not responded. When we go to the AFL meetings now, they're talking about special Visa cards for union members? Brenner says different bonds unite his union members-for one thing, few earn enough to even qualify for the American Federation of Labor credit card. 0l applied and got turned down, to say nothing of my members?

If you want to understand his union, Brenner says, 1lWhat were talking about is the rainbow. When we had a fund-raising party in Dorchester, we found a Haitian deejay with a good salsa collection and a hit of R&B. And we had a blast? Office Politics. In the upstairs room at the new Tip O'Neill Federal Building next to Boston Garden, 3 National Labor Relations Board judge listens to a stream of witnesses called by Harvard University. For 15 years Harvard fought to keep its Clerical work force from unionizing, going to court to demand, among other things, that any union must win the support of workers across Harvard's far-flung campus and not just in a single department or graduate school. That, they figured, would make organizing impossible.

And then, last spring, in a dramatic and hard-fought election, an upstart union triumphed, winning by 44 0f the nearly 3,000 votes cast against a stiff antiunion campaign. (It featured a particularly manipulative letter from Harvard president Derek Bok, who implied that a union might lower wages. As a law professor, Bok championed unions in a thick book; now his name is invoked by the right-wing National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation.) Refusing to recognize the victory, the university hired outside lawyers to contest the election before the NLRB, contending the union had l'intimidatedi, workers into voting its way. On the stand this morning was Yvette Rheault, a young organizer with a bow in her hair. Harvard's lawyers grilled her: Had she kept records of which way employees were likely to vote? Had she talked with activists among the employees about encouraging people to vote? Finally, nervously, she said, 1lWe always work with employees. The union is the employees?

Rheault's boss, Kris Rondeau, has spent most of her adult life trying to organize Harvard, Erst as a medical technician and now as director of the HUACW, a union affiliated with the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees (AFSCME). En route to her victory, one of the largest private-sector clerical triumphs, she learned, as she puts it, to 1lthrow out the theory of the most-oppressed workerl She says, 1llt's true that if you're oppressed you have to represent yourself. But also if you're relatively content. Any self-respecting adult has to represent himself. Abdicate that right and eventually you're going to get hurt?

Most of Harvard's work force rather like their jobs, says Bill Jaeger, another of Rondeau's organizers. 1lWe discarded a chief tenet of traditional organizing: creating animosity toward the employers? In fact, union activists plastered the campus with balloons and stickers saying his NOT ANTI-HARVARD TO BE PRO-UNION, and organizers, instead of passing out literature, spent hours talking one-on-one with workers, more than three-quarters of them women.

The heavily female work force made certain issues crucial. 1ll think child care and pay equity are the issues of social justice in our day, as pensions and the eight-hour day were in another time? says Rondeau. It also led to a distinctive organizing style. lOrganizing women l,ve learned a lot about self-doubt and lack of self-confidencef says Rondeau. 1lDown deep we don't believe we can represent ourselves. A union sets the preconditions for empowerment\_dealing with the employer, creating a sense of community. But what were really

doing is setting up a way for people to see that they're smarter and more capable than they think they are?

Rondeauls organizing style didn't always sit well with the rest of organized labor. Her campaign used to be affiliated with the United Auto Workers (UAW), which tried to assign her to a different campus and organize Harvard its own way. Their way was to play right into that powerlessness, to say, We'll take care of you; 0 Rondeau recalls. So she organized an independent union, paid her devoted staff their rent money and nothing else for 18 months, drove the UAW out of Cambridge, won the AFSCME affiliation, and beat Harvard in the election. And then, late last fall, her union beat Harvard again, before the NLRB, where a judge blasted the university for making frivolous complaints and held that Rheault and the other organizers had acted with complete propriety.

Do Not Disturb. The same August afternoon that the NLRB is listening to Harvard's complaints, the hotel workers are gathering in their union hall in downtown Boston, not far from the Ritz or the Sheraton or the other big hotels where they serve drinks, make beds, shampoo rugs. The union contract expires at the end of November, and the workers are gearing up, with (Continued on page 52)

wo-job

families?

Those were

the good old

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Domenic Bozzotto

MOTHER JONES 41

OUT OF POCKET

By Clark Norton

Taxation Hes itation

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A brief primer on

reclaiming Ihe

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N APRIL, FOR SOME THE (IRUELEST MONTH, IT,S

useful to recall the Boston Tea Party. The British tried to tax tea shipments to the colonies; rabble-rousing democratic revolutionaries responded by dumping boatloads of the stuff into Boston Harbor -a tax revolt that helped give birth to a nation. In those charged times, it was the colonial conservatives who turned up their noses, paid their taxes, and happily sipped their tea. Now, it is George Bush% lips that lay claim to the legacy of the tax resisters. After belittling 9Taxaehusettst" and even that tea-stained cradle of the Revolution, Boston Harbor, he got elected.

At some point in the past 215 years or so, the rabbleerousers blew it. We allowed right-wing curmudgeons to seize Americans' favorite gripe-taxes -as their own. Its time to recapture our birthright and shout it from the rooftops: We hate taxes, too. REGARDLESS OF IDIZOLOGICAL BENT, Alll. AMERICANS have the right to feel visceral anger about government waste and misspending. The question is where to focus that divine wrath.

Conventional wisdom has it that contemporary tax revolts are essentially conservative and anti-government in nature. Surveys taken soon after the 1978 passage of California% Proposition 13, the first of a string of property tax rebellions across the country, indicated that while most voters considered their taxes too high, a majority still favored increased spending for such public services as mental health, schools, and transportation. Prop 13 voters apparently were striking out more at what they perceived as unfair taxes and waste than at government spending per se.

The Washington, D.C.\_based Citizens for Tax justice (CTJ) was founded in 1979 out of concern that such tax revolts would simply imperil public services while leaving the basic inequities Of the system intact. The CTJ helped spur passage of some of the most progressive elements ofthe 1986 tax reform package, including a minimum tax on corporations. Its first annual report on llCorpo-rate Freeloadersf published in 1984, named 128 major corporations that had paid no taxes in at least one of the three previous years.

The new tax laws snared most of the culprits, but not all; CTfs most recent report, published last September, still found 16 large corporations that paid no taxes in 1987, including IBM, General Motors, and Hewlett-Packard.

That does it, you say; Im fed up. I want to resist taxes, too-as a matter of principle, of course, rather than greed-but llm not Hewlett-Packard. How can I mount my own minietax revolt, with a conscience? The options range from safe, even socially sanctioned private gestures

to daring clenched-fist proclamations of public defiance, with increasing elements of risk.

#### THE FIRST LEVEL or RESISTANCE

used to be exploiting the legal loophole, a time-honored U.S. tradition made more difficult by tax reform. Previously; you could donate to worthy causes and, after deductions, expect the Feds to pick up as much as half the tab. Now, with tax rates lowered, you might have to give away half again as much to get the same tax benefits.

If you have a chunk of money to invest, however, the tax code does offer a few incentives for reasonably socially responsible investments. You can still take a deduction for investing in new sources of clean-burning natural gas, for example, or gain benefits for low-income housing renovations. You may even turn a profit, though there are risks if you don't have the navigational skills of an accountant. In any event, you'll have the satisfaction of knowing you shortchanged the government, with its blessing.

If that seems an easy way out, you can move to the next rung of resistance: refusing to pay all or part of your taxes. One long-standing method of resisting  
Illustration by Richard Sala

war taxes is to simply not pay the federal excise tax on telephone service\_a tax first imposed just before World War I, restored during the Vietnam War, and then raised in 1983 from two to three percent to help finance Reagan's military buildup. Carolyn Stevens, program coordinator of the Seattle-based National War Tax Resistance Coordinating Committee, estimates that 100,000 Americans refuse to pay the phone tax each month. This isn't legal but, according to veteran resisters, probably won't even get your phone disconnected.

Another five to ten thousand, Stevens

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says, register their objections to military spending by withholding all or part of their federal income taxes anywhere from the 10 percent that the War Resisters League estimates goes toward nuclear weapons to the over 50 percent they say funds the entire military, including the interest on past expenditures. Small deductions may not elicit a peep from the IRS. But if the agency does come after you, expect to pay stiff fines and interest penalties (which, ironically, will ultimately increase federal coffers). If you write some words of protest on your 1040 itself, the IRS may well slap you with a \$500 fine for filing a frivolous return, even if you quote Camus.

If you persist in refusing to pay, the IRS may ultimately garnish your paycheck or seize your property. One piece of good news: Stevens says that only 18 war-tax resisters have gone to jail since World War II, and if you're eventually prepared to pay, you can avoid it?

MANY RESISTERS REDIRECT THE TAX MONEY

they withhold from the government to one of about 80 alternative funds across the United States that help finance peace and human welfare projects. Several, such as the Conscience and Military Tax Campaign in Seattle, have collected and disbursed up to hundreds of thousands of dollars each. (To locate the alternative tax fund nearest you, contact the National War Tax Resistance Coordinating Committee at PO Box 85810, Seattle, Washington 98145, or telephone (206) 522-4377.) Meanwhile, the Washington, D.C.-based National Campaign for a Peace Tax Fund is lobbying for legislation that would allow conscientious objectors to earmark a portion of their taxes for such funds. As of the last congressional session, only 3 senators and 49 representatives favored the bill-so for the foreseeable future resisters are on their own, guided only by the limits of their conscience and their guts.

Clark Norton is a San Francisco journalist  
and screenwriter who is filing once again for  
an extension.

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(Continued from page 31) surprise. ttPar-  
ticularly in view of the kind of stuff they  
hear from certain elements ofthe wometfs  
movement, which is that women are  
egalitarian and they want a world of peace  
and friendliness and everybodyinteraeting  
with one another. Anybody who has been



in not just the women's movement but any kind of movement that involves women knows that there are power plays power struggles. The- what word shall we use here?\_the approach is different but that doesn't mean that those elements are not present. They are present?

While Atwood defines herself as a feminist-lllf by feminist we mean someone who's interested in seeing women included in the human race,,-many Canadian feminists do not. Her fiction is often attacked for what critic Barbara Godard calls a failure to envision a world where women are not downtrodden.w

Responses to Cat's Eye from Canadian feminists echo some of the complaints lodged against her earlier work. uWith Atwood, you never get characters you identify with or sympathize withjl says Kathy Mezei, a professor of English at Simon Fraser University. ttHer females tend to be victims and problematic characters and she doesn't deal with whyf,

But others praise Atwood's refusal to supply simple solutions to complex problems. uHer novels always keep us slightly on edgef says U.S. feminist scholar Catharine Stimpson, dean of graduate studies at Rutgers University. She never lets us slip into the down pillow of conformity, including feminist conformity?

Atwood's discerning eye, in examining the power games of little girls, has also observed the evolution of those games in contemporary feminism. The goals of the feminist movement have not been achieved, according to Atwood, and part of the failure has come from within the movement itself. tlThere has been a lot of opening up in a lot of areasf, Atwood says. ltlts more possible to be a lesbian, it's more possible to be a doctor, it's a lot easier to be a middle-class woman in social situations-you are not automatically shoved to one end of the room, patronized and excluded as you once were. But when you talk about change, you always have to say what kind of people in the society you are talking about and how much things have changed for them.

ttWhy are single mothers the fastest-growing group of people below the poverty line? If things have changed for the better, why are all these women where they are? I think what you're seeing now is

women who felt marginalized by the women's movement-women of color, of different ethnic groups\_organizing their own groups and saying, lOur problems are somewhat different than your problems and some of our problems are yours ll

Atwood also criticizes pragmatic feminist alliances with the religious Right. In The Handmaid's Tale, it is book burnings initiated by radical feminists that lead to the iron-heel censorship of Gilead, the Christian dictatorship. itIn those kinds of alliances, once the objective is achieved, there's always a power struggle in which ttDolores. would you step in here please."

one faction is eliminated, and there isn't a lot of doubt in my mind as to which faction it would be she argues. If you unite to eliminate the opposition, and the opposition, in this case liberal feminists, is eliminated, then there is not going to be anyone around to defend you when you're abandoned?

Two years ago Atwood unleashed her indignation on an anti-pornography bill, supported by some feminist groups, that was so stringent it could have barred kissing and hand-holding. On HLM, required loincloths on male statues, and, ironically, banned *The Handmaid's Tale* in Canada.

Atwood delivered speeches to librarians and campaigned to protect the cherished freedoms that her novel was about.

Not that this 20th-century Puritan descendant likes pornography.

Like V She studies me as if I'm crazy for asking. NO, I do not like pornography! But I do make a distinction between erotica, plain old garden-variety sex in which nobody gets hurt, and movies in which people are barbecued and cut into pieces for sexual gratification. I'm against kiddie porn-what the heck, so are you? Where else does she draw the line? Atwood lets out a deep breath. I'll think we've talked enough about that.

ATWOOD IS GETTING RESTLESS. NEAR THE end of our allotted time, she comes around the counter and hovers near my right elbow. This has never happened to me during an interview, but I am not surprised. Toronto journalist Linda Sandler noted that toward the end of an interview in 1977, during a series of questions about poetry, Atwood began shelving plates, attending to vegetables, and eventually removed one or two storm windows.

In *Café Eye*, Atwood has a reporter try to harness the personality of Risley, her abrasive protagonist, in an article titled *Crotchety Artist Still Has Power to Disturb?* The passage stands as a warning to any journalist who attempts to capture the real Atwood: she defies neat summarization. And it seems that, like the heroine of her novel, Atwood would rather be seen as vehement than be reduced to cute and crotchety. A blistering attack would be preferable, some flying fur, a little fire and brimstone. I think Risley as she reads about herself. "That way I would know I'm still alive."

Camille Perils profile of former Argentinian general Carlos Guillermo Suarez Mason, *Getting to Know the Lord of Life and Death*, appeared in the September 1988 *Mother Jones*.

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11011111 111111 exploded there the night before.  
Since the whorehouse belongs to 11 military  
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licemen, the ilgirls" are convinced the guer-  
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Sure, were really scared," sheets one  
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other hopefully. 11The bombing was on  
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mous brothel in San Salvadon and everyone  
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1111 customers. the application of more and  
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really is. This small, pale ball noating  
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complaint that the bombing has created family problems for some: until the TV news, a few of the girls mothers thought their daughters worked as masseuses in health spas.

A large woman in a purple blouse and purple makeup stands up. itMany clients come uniformed and all? she says. IIYou never know whois a soldier, whols a cop, whols a guerrilla. So better if they would come as Civilians. Uniforms just attract trouble?

ttrHIs IS REALLY A MATRIARCHYJ, SAYS THE US official, dressed in a neat blue button-down shirt he probably has not ironed himself. ttWomen really have all the power herefl he continues, leaning back in his armchair, and rolling over an office Hoor he definitely has not scrubbed.

YOU CAN TELL WHO,S WHO AT THE EXHUMA-tion by what theylre wearing to shield themselves from the unbelievably horrible smell. At the bottom of the totem pole are the actual grave diggers: small, skinny, barefoot men wearing nothing but looks of pure misery on their faces. Theylve been fed a good deal of firewater by an official from the local judgeis office, who stands back from the mass grave in the cornfield, calling encouragement to the drunks from behind a surgical mask. Fancier masks, with black rubber and screens, are used by the representatives of the attorney general, the government human rights commission, and some unidentified men carrying large multicolored AID binders.

Most of the rest of the bystanders-journalists, independent human rights observers, and drivers-have pulled bandannas over their noses. Salvadoran television crews film it all, as one by one the rotting corpses are pulled up. IIYou look like a guerrillaf they tell each other. lll-Iey, look at Fito in that bandanna, he looks like a guerrillafl Ten people were killed here. About 40 villagers watched the victims, seven men and three women, as they were selected by soldiers of the jiboa Battalon and taken away blindfolded. Explosions were heard, followed by gunfire. The villagers found the bodies in a single spot on the road; they say the soldiers tied them up, threw a grenade, and then shot the victims through the head. The army Claimed that the peasants were victims of a DfT ambush: killed by D/T mines, DfT bombs, or D/T rifle fire, according to various army press releases. The murder was so flagrant that the usually terrified judiciary ordered the exhumation of the bodies to verify the cause of death. At the scene of the crime, a short walk away, a sweet-faced boy of 22 is pointed out as the son of one victim. He describes uniformed soldiers taking his father from his home on the morning of the massacre. llThey said they were going to give him an educational talkf he says. On what, hels asked. The boy looks straight ahead. Ill dont know. Death, maybe? Back at the grave site, the corpses lie askew; one by one villagers are taken over to

identify their relatives. One woman, sitting on a rock being interviewed by two reporters and a government representative, answers all questions in a polite, almost inaudible monotone. She leans away from her questioners suddenly and vomits, then clears her throat and turns her blank, dry-eyed face back to them.

The smell is overwhelming. A doctor, gas mask dangling from his neck, stands in front of reporters, announcing that seven of the nine bodies exhumed have been shot through the head at a range of 10 to 15 centimeters.

The soldiers of the Jiboa Battalion are present, thoughtfully providing security for the event. Noticeably absent is the new Salvadoran high-tech criminal forensic unit the Americans had set up to investigate political crimes. There is, however, a human rights officer from the US. embassy. After a thorough investigation of the site, he announces, for the record, that the ambassador is livery  
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interested" in the case, but that judicial

proof of army wrongdoing would be almost

impossible to obtain. uTheres lots of evi-

dence,n he says, smiling patiently, llbut evi-

dence ain't proof?

THERffs NOT A LOT OF PROOF ABOUT HOW

the FMLN gets its supplies. What the Amer-

icans claim in their press releases-support

from international communism, arms from

Nicaragua and Cuba, money from Libya-

may be true or false, in whole or in part, but

is almost irrelevant. In a country this small,

any part of which can be easily reached in a

morningls drive, and where most of the peo-

ple know or are related to each other, the

mystery of logistics is more subtle.

lTll tell you a storyf a man says with a

laugh. llNo namesf, It was in a poor barrio,

he says, crowded with people scrambling to

get by. And they received a message that

eight hundred pairs of shoes were coming

through, eight hundred desperately needed

pairs of shoes for the front. At dawn the

shoes arrived, and by the afternoon needed

to be delivered to the next stop on the long

route to the mountains.

The problem, he explains, is that the dis-

tance to the drop-off point, while not far,

involved crossing a highway, directly in

front of a local army post. How to carry

eight hundred pairs of shoes, when the entire

population is carefully watched for signs of

subversion? llThey decided to wear themf

he says, uand so all morning there were men,

women, kids, walking back and forth, look-

ing like just another busy day? But worried

that the shiny new shoes would tip off the

army, each person walked through a puddle

of mud before crossing the road.

Everything arrived without incident. And

all afternoon a group of volunteers huddled at the drop-off point to receive the shoes, pair by pair, carefully wiping off the mud with a rag. 11Eight hundred pairs of shoes? the man says, band people wanted to make sure theyld look nice when they got to the mountains?

THE NIGHT IS LATE AND THE WHISKEY IS AL-  
most gone when Ruben Zamora describes the war: 11The battle is really between hope and fear. When you speak with some people you see how much fear predominates. But as they gain consciousness hope becomes stronger, until in some cases it becomes certainty. But for the majority, the battle is still on? VISUALIZE HOPE. Zamora is asked what would be the most positive outcome of the next few months, whats the most optimistic scenario. He lets go a sad laugh. 1That is the hardest question youlve asked all night?

Zamora rubs his eyes. 11Our struggle at this time is against fear. Because given the objective conditions of the country, we can,t propose great social transformations. Now is not the moment for great transformations. Later, yes. Our task now is much more primordialfl

WHAT HAPPENED HERE? UP A HOT, ROUGH road, a dirt path, to the spread-out grouping of six or ten shacks with a name: the uvil-lagell of Three Trees, Saint Francis, or, maybe, Sweet Name of Mary. Beautiful green vistas, scraggly cornfields, skinny horses, dirty river. Very quiet, very still, very hot; some turkey buzzards overhead in the blue sky. A long walk in.

What happened here? 11Algo muy feo-11 something very ugly, mumbles the man you hail on the path, looking down, not wanting to talk. You arrive. There will be bodies: laid out stiff on the ground, or in coffins lit by flickering candles in dark, mud-walled huts, or buried already, just heaps of dirt where someone cut down the brush with a machete and made a small clearing.

There will be relatives. One or two, maybe, will have the story clear, and will tell it over and over. The sister or wife of another victim, young, very pretty, will be nursing her youngest child, sitting on a rock. She will be vague, polite, openmouthed, and not altogether there. Her name will be Magdalene, or Glory, or Miracles. Shelll be asked about her husband, her brother, his age, where he lived, and shell answer it all in the present tense. He lives over there, shelll say, gesturing away from the bodies laid out in the sun, away from the coffins inside, away from the small pile of dirt in the clearing. Over there, away.

What happened here?

These dusty lives go on, in all the little villages, day and night and day, and then without warning something big and sudden and ugly happens. And therels all of this commotion, completely out of the ordinary: you can see it in the little kids running around hyper and overexcited. Visitors! Television! People from outside with trucks and pens asking us questions! And then after

awhile the outsiders leave, and the commotion subsides, and there are just the dusty lives left, the chickens, not enough firewood, the long, still afternoons. And Miracles with nobody left to talk to at night, all of her family shoveled so quickly underneath the heap of dirt with no trace left and shes not ready, it was so ugly and suddenly over. Sara Miles writes frequently on military affairs and social change in the Third World. Bob Ostertag is an associate editor for Pacific News Service and has been covering El Salvador for six years.

The twisted volcanic  
rock of Bandelier  
overlooks an ancient  
ceremonial courtyard  
of Anasazi  
Indians (above);  
a 700-year-old  
petroglyph from an  
Anasazi cave (below).  
Six hundred years  
before Georgia  
O'Keeffe painted it  
trendy, the Anasazis  
perfected the art  
of desert living.  
A walk in their  
Rock Steady

EVEN MILES FROM THE NEAREST ROAD, FOLLOWING a five-hundred-year-old trail worn into the volcanic rock, we came upon the Shrine of the Stone Lions. Within its oblong ring of boulders, recent pilgrims had strewn their offerings in the dirt: bird feathers, broken bits of pottery, seashells, bound bundles of local grasses, ribbons and necklaces, animal skulls. At the center stood the ancient sculptures: a pair of weathered mountain lions carved out of the bedrock, crouched and ready, as they had been for centuries, to pounce southeast into the morning sun.

My friend Marie and I were hiking in the Bandelier National Monument, a 32,000-acre park in the juniper-covered hills 20 miles west of Santa Fe, New Mexico. I had first visited Bandelier more than 30 years before, as a kid on a family outing—at 12, I had played cowboys and Indians there. For Marie, who is French, the Southwest was a discovery of recent years; like many other Europeans, she has developed a keen appreciation for the open spaces of American wilderness.

In trendy Santa Fe, we had grown tired of mesquite-grilled chicken, galleries full of "Navajo" kitsch, and New Yorkers communing with Georgia O'Keeffe. On a cloudless, Indian-summer day in November, we set out for Bandelier.

The bulk of Monument land is backcountry, accessible through a network of well-maintained trails; during any season except the scorching months of July and August, Bandelier offers splendid backpacking. Fortunately, for those who like to hike in

Photographs by Philip Hyde (top) and Christopher McLeod

#### TRIPS

By David Roberts

groups of two rather than two hundred, most of the Visitors seem to venture little farther than the paved paths leading from the parking lot at Frijoles Canyon to Ceremonial Cave, a mile upstream.

Standard tourist stop or not, Frijoles Canyon is not to be missed. A perennial stream winds through the cottonwoods, while the high cliffs to the north trap the sun and block the boreal winds. In a broad clearing stands the Anasazi ruin onyonyi. A graceful semicircle of stone and mud dwellings surrounds a broad central courtyard and three stone kivas, excavated

vated subterranean chambers  
thought to have been used for  
religious rites. We know from ancient pictographs  
that the Anasazis worshiped water, their most critical  
resource, and everything associated with it: the snow,  
the Clouds, and the green boughs from the mountain  
trees, images that conjured rain and life.  
The first Anglo to discover the site was an am-  
bitious Swiss-American explorer named Adolph  
Bandelier, who came upon it in 1880 during an expe-  
dition through the native lands of the Southwest.  
Twenty-eight years later, the archaeologist Edgar L.  
Hewett excavated Tyuonyi. Yet we know very little  
about the ancient village-not even when it was built  
\_because Hewett's archaeological techniques ran  
roughshod over the sensitive terrain.  
Monument trails lead to an astonishing variety of  
snug homes and tightly packed granaries. The base  
of the vertical brown wall north of Tyuonyi is hon-  
eycombed for a mile and a half with doors, win-  
dows, and roofing-timber holes gouged in the rock.  
The ceiling of each cave dwelling is black from cen-  
turies of cooking fires, the walls still plastered with  
mud on which the faint traces of paintings show here  
and there. Alas, these plastered walls have proven  
irresistible to vandals: 80 years worth of carved ini-  
tials show that the braggart graffiti imp is alive and  
well among Bandelier tourists. Above the windows  
on the outside walls, too high to deface, a myriad of  
pictographs taunts the eye with gnostic parables of  
birds, men, and coyotes.  
Upstream, where Frijoles narrows and begins to  
feel claustrophobic, is Ceremonial Cave-a west-  
facing natural shelter that was once both a dwelling  
and a religious shrine. In ancient times, the shallow  
foot- and handholds carved into the rock made for a  
scary climb to the shelter. Today, hikers use a series  
of sturdy wooden ladders; even so, the ascent is diz-  
zying and exhilarating.  
We followed a sloping trail out of Frijoles Canyon  
and headed south across the mesa, leaving the tour-  
ists behind; during the rest of our day, we ran into  
only one other couple. The mesa is a different world

from the canyon, with a panoramic loneliness in contrast to the sheltered sanctity of Tyuonyi.

FOR TWO THOUSAND YEARS, THE ANASAZIS flourished in the Southwest. Living in one of the more difficult environments on earth-hot and dry for most of the year and freezing during the winter-the Anasazis nurtured com out of the rugged landscape and established a mini-civilization that extended over what is today northern New Mexico and Arizona and southern Utah and Colorado.

Yet by the 14th century their masterly cliff dwellings, a stunning efflorescence of sandstone, were abandoned for reasons we still cannot decipher. Many of the sites are still sacred to the surviving Indian tribes in New Mexico and Arizona.

What we do know is that large numbers of Anasazis migrated east to the northern Rio Grande valley, where today their few descendants live in pueblo towns like Santa Clara, San Ildefonso, Tesuque, Jemez, and Cochiti. Across the Pajarito Plateau in the lee of the Jemez Mountains, they built those that look utterly unlike anything else in the Western Hemisphere. The plateau's raw material was not sandstone, but tuff, a great pool of porous volcanic rock formed over a million years ago by massive eruptions. At the first homesteaders: labyrinthine dwellings of the Anasazis amid the cliffs of Betatakin in Canyon.

Mesa Verde and Betankin Canyon, the Anasazis used stones and mortar to send their tower-story towers arching over the precipice. Here on the Pajarito-Anasazi top pueblos like Puye and Tsankawi. and in Frijoles Canyon-they used stone knives to carve cave homes out of the tuff itself. These eerie holes in the rock face southward toward the Rio Grande and the sun. The fortresses exude power and security; yet the Anasazis abandoned them as well. When the explorer Coronado led his expeditionary troops there from Mexico in 1541, he found the Indians ensconced in drab flatland pueblos near the great river.

AFTER TRAVERSING A MILE OF MESA, WE dipped in and out of waterless Lummi Canyon and sped on to the north rim of Alamo Canyon. A sudden gash in the tuff, Alamo is announcing the end of the silent check.

Atlene Atwood

Frenck Atwnort

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Photograph by Christopher McLeod

one of the grand sights on the Pajarito. It's weird, free-standing cones of unscalable tuff, sprout from the valley floor six hundred feet below.

We climbed out on the south side of Alamo and hurried on to Yapashi, one of the great Anasazi towns. To the hiker accustomed to excavated ruins, Yapashi may seem a disappointment. Since archaeologists have barely explored the place, the only sign of its ancient inhabitants is a long, lumpy mound of earth covered by young cacti.

Here and there, a piece of Anasazi wall lies bare. But the only obvious evidence of the faded dynasty is the dazzling array of pottery shards, painted in many styles, that covers the earth around the town. Marie was content to scuttle along, picking up, fondling, sorting, and then discarding these talismans of prehistoric glory. I strode across the buried ruins where 15th-century mothers nursed their babies and hunters feathered their arrows, trying to divine the outlines of the hidden pueblo. I found nothing but a pile of stones arranged in an inexplicable pattern, now thick with weeds.

It was a 15-minute walk west to the Shrine of the Stone Lions. Along with another pair of lions on the nearby Potrero de los Idolos, they may be the only examples of life-size statues carved in rock in the whole Southwest. In Bandelier's time, Cochiti men hiked miles to the Lions, where they anointed the stone heads with ocher to ensure success in the hunt.

From the Stone Lions, we chose to climb a nine-mile loop into the foothills of the Jemez Mountains. As we passed the seven-thousand-foot line, we entered one of the Anasazi's prime hunting grounds, where the junipers give way to stately ponderosa pines. The view from the trail now swept to the northeast, where the isolated town of Puye lies. While today's pueblo Indians live in poverty-stricken settlements all around it, Puye is uninhabited, still considered sacred by the Anasazi's descendants. The Santa Clara Indians administer this land of their forebears in a less obtrusive fashion than the government officials who run Bandelier. Instead of handrails and warning signs, a laconic disclaimer in the brochure lets you know that if you get hurt while clambering about the cliff dwellings, it's your own fault. The site is magnificent, with a godly view of the Pajarito Plateau stretching south. Because you can wander at will, and because so few visitors come to Puye, the place feels as if it had been abandoned just yesterday.

WE PASSED THROUGH FIELDS OF WHEAT-grass and mullein. Though it was late in the season, a few red shooting stars and Indian paintbrush were still in bloom. Woodpeckers hammered away in the ghost trees, and rabbits fled from our steps. The mesa was rife with deer: in threes and fours, they turned their narrow heads to peer at us from adjacent hillsides, then sprang away effortlessly, vanishing among the pines. The sun was falling behind us, and though we were tired, it seemed a pity that our circle



had to close. Our 16-mile jaunt had turned out to be one of the best single-day hikes either of us had ever experienced. Because I grew up in Colorado, I have often taken such wilderness for granted. But for Marie, who would soon return to France after three years in the States, the late-afternoon hours were heavy with thoughts of her impending exile from a landscape that has no equivalent in Europe. As we headed back toward Frijoles Canyon, other Anasazi ruins with magical names-I-Ialatse, Painted Cave, Otowi, Tsirege, Tsipiwii-beckoned in the distance.

David Roberts is a free-lance writer based in Cambridge. His articles have appeared in Outside, Smithsonian, and the New York Times Magazine. His book, Jean Stafford: A Biography, was recently published by Little, Brown, and Company.

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MOTHER JONES SI



crew in the central kitchen has to know how to wash, dry, furnish like an orchestra. The hotel management may have missed the message. just last year Alan Tremaine, executive director of the Copley Plaza, ordered maids to turn in their mops and scrub bathroom floors on their knees. "A maid is a maid," he said, until the union forced him to back down. But workers caught on. In 1982, the first year Bozzotto negotiated a contract, they were ready for a strike; at the last moment the hotels gave them 101 percent hospitalization coverage, 80 percent compensation for their doctor bills, and generous dental benefits. In 1985, for contract number two Bozzotto instituted a widespread civil disobedience training program. At the last moment the hotels granted a pre-paid legal-services program to the workers -immigrants and poor people often in need of lawyers. It was the first such benefit negotiated anywhere in Massachusetts. At the 1985 negotiation the union committee had 125 members, and each proposal was translated into nine languages. WV'e didn't win because I'm such a great orator," says Bozzotto. "The owners have to look over my shoulder and decide if they want to roll the dice on a strike. I tell them to go ahead and check the temperature of the workers. If it comes to late fall and the supervisors report the workers are talking about the Red Sox, then the owners will know they have nothing to fear. But if they're talking about the Food Bank for a strike, that is something else again." This year, along with the usual wage increases, Bozzotto's workers demanded that the employers set up a housing trust fund to help them get homes in the Boston area. That's a demand worth striking over," says Bozzotto. That's a demand worth putting the city on its head over. The average apartment in this city is something like seven hundred dollars a month. We got workers spending 75 percent of their take-home on rent. You remember two-job families? Those were the good old days. We've got four-job families? Nevertheless, a lot of Bozzotto's friends were advising him to cool it, arguing that the hotels would never agree to the trust fund, that it wasn't even a technically legal bargaining demand under the Taft-Hartley Act. "I wasn't sure it was responsible to get his members' hopes up like that," said one local organizer. The hotels played rougher than they had in the past. All workers were told to turn in their uniforms, keys, and IDs, and at one hotel replacement workers were reportedly paraded down the halls. For its part, the union let the hotel owners know that their homes and churches would be picketed. "There is no reason management should have a nine-to-five strike if the workers have to live with it 24 hours a day," goes Bozzotto's reasoning. He also prepared his membership for a massive campaign of civil disobedience. The National League of Cities was scheduled to meet in Boston two days after the negotia-

tions ended, and municipal officials from around the country were calling in to say they didn't want to cross a picket line. lTWe told them, Hell, no. Cross that line and then invite us to dinner, to your room, so we can handeuff ourselves to the tables, so we can have sit-ins by the elevatorsf "

Union workers also loaded the lists of replacement workers with friends and relatives. "By the time we were done, management didn't know who they could count 0lL" says Bozzotto. "So in the end they decided to make a wise business decision."

Not only did they grant the housing trust fund, they also increased wages 16 percent over three years and upped benefit payments from 58 to 93 cents an hour.

llW3re looking ahead to 1991 now, and its quite clear that day care has got to be the issuetw Bozzotto says. "We will win. People talk about how much courage it takes to strike. Hell,ltell my people, lIfyouulve raised three kids to teenagers on no money, taking on management is nothing. Ifyouulve got the courage to leave your country, leave your family, come to a new place where you dont know the language, then a strike is a walk in the park ll

Bill McKibben prrniled Michael Harrington m tlae july/Augztst 1988 issue of Mother jones.

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The Temple of My Familiar

ast night I dreamed I was showing you my temple? said Miss Lissie. uI dmft know where it was, but it was a simple square ()ne-room structure, very adobe 0r Southwestern-looking, with poles jutting out at the ceiling line and the windows set in deep. It was painted a rich dust coral and there were lots of designs\_many, turquoise and deep blue, like Native American symbols for rain and storm\_painted around the top. It was beautiful, though small, and I remembered going there for the ceremonies dressed in a long white cotton robe. l was tall then, and stately, with thick black hair that I wore in a bun. The other thing my temple made me think of was the pyramids in Mexicot though Iim satisfied it Illustrazimz byr/tzmie Bennett wasnit made of stone but of painted mud. shAnyway, my familiar-what you might these days, unfortunately, call a hpeti-was a small, incredibly beautiful creature that was part bird, for it was feathered, part fish, for it could swim and had a somewhat fish/bird shape, and part reptile, for it scooted about like geckoes do, and it was all over the place while I talked to you. Its movements were graceful and clever, its expression mischievous and full of humor. It was alive! You, by the way, Suwelo, were a white mane apparently, in that life, very polite, very welletto-do, and seemingly very interested in our ways.

hMy little familiar, no bigger than my hand, slithered and skidded here and there in the place

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Excerpted

from the novel

77:? Dmp/e of

4ly Familiar,

to be published

next month by

Harcourt Brace

Jovanovich.

By Alice Walker

## Previews

outside the temple where we sat. Its pre-dominant color was blue, but there was red and green, and flecks of gold and eerise. And purple. Yes. Its head was that of a bird. Did I say that already?

llSkittering about the way it did was so distracting while we talked that I took it up into my hands and carried it some distance from us and placed it on the ground with a clear-glass bowl over it. As soon as Ild come back and sat down, however, I heard a noise like a muffled shot. I went over to the bowl, and, sure enough, the familiar had broken

## The Oyster

Band brings  
rebellion back  
to traditional  
M U S I C music.

—  
Thats AII, Folk

he Oyster Band plays British traditional folk rock without the cob-webs. Theylve axed the music's musty conservatism. forging a sharp edge of progressive politics and rollicking rhythms. "A lot of Brit-ainis folk activities have become part of a heritage industry,v explains Oyster lead singerjohn Alones regretfully. IIThe real essence of what the music said and the context it was originally said in has been totally misrepresented."

In order to correct that, the Oyster Band (which is currently touring the United States) rejected the British tolk-roek groups that initially inspired them-Fairport Convention and Steeleye Span-turning, instead to punk bands ( )I' outfits like the Pogues whose raucous accessibility rekindled the rebellious spirit of traditional Irish music. The Oyster Bands lirst U.S. album. a collection of tradition-tinged originals and historic covers called Wide Blue Yonder, was recently re-leased on PolyGram. jones says the band was uncommonly careful in picking the traditional pieces. llltIs very difficult to find lyrics of old songs that arenlt overtly sexist or racist," he says.

The group likewise battles sexist stereotypes in their original material. One of the Llys standout tracks, IIThe Oxford Girlf is a theatrically constructed tale of a woman unfairly punished for her open sexuality. In addition, the album features several complex antiwar pieces, and a take on Billy Braggl's elass-eonseious IIBetween the Wars.v Still, jones asserts, the bands most subversive politics arise from their historical allusions. IlMy interest in traditional music is totally politiealfa he says. "Its about finding an expression of something in a song that isnt covered in the history books, but that was a part of everyday life? \_jim Farber

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through. There was a small hole in the top. I looked about and found another bowl, :1 heavy white one, very slick and with very thick sides. My familiar was lying looking up at me curiously, resting up from its labor. It did not try to run as I put this white bowl on top of it. Almost before I sat down I heard another noise. When I went back, my familiar was rushing furiously about in the snow. Everything was suddenly now very cold. It was as beautiful as ever though, my familiar. How or even why Iwould do what I did next is beyond me, but I think it was a stupid reflex of human pride. For I understood quite well by now that all of this activity on the familiarls part was about freedom, and that by my actions I was destroying our relationship. In any event, not to be outdone-and suddenly there were dozens of your people, white people, standing about watching this contest-I next imprisoned my beautiful little familiar under a metal washtub. I paid little attention to the coldness or the snow

and did not even think how cruel and torturous for it this would be. Surely it would not now be able to escape. I went back to where we were seated, you and I, and attempted to carry on with our conversation, which was about temples, and about my temple in particular. The sun was just setting, and it bathed the small, shiny coral structure in gold. It was a splendid sight. I felt such happiness that it was mine and I thought of the peace that came over me, deep, like sleep, when I entered its doors.

Next we heard a rumbling, as if from a volcano, under our seats. As if power was being sucked along in streams from everywhere and converging at one spot under the snow. All of us, you, me, the white people dressed so strangely in high heels and fur coats, were drawn to the quaking washtub, which seemed now to be on the bottom steps of an enormous white stone building in a different city and a different century. We could not believe that a small creature, no larger than a hand, could break through metal with its fragile birdlike head. We gazed in amazement as, with a mighty whoosh. and as if from the very depths of the sea, the little familiar broke through the bottom of the tub and out into the open air. It looked at me with pity as it passed. Then, using wings it had never used before, it flew away. And I was left with only you and the rest of your people on the steps of a cold stone building, the color of cheap false teeth, in a different world from my own, in a century that I would never understand. Except by remembering the beautiful little familiar, who was so cheerful and loyal to me, and whom I so thoughtlessly, out of pride and distraction, betrayed?

1989 by Alice Walker



q Chlis Hardman,  
the techno - P. T. Barnum.  
ART

Showtime at Circus Minimus  
elcome to a ride called Poverty Land. First you lie  
down in a morgue drawer to lldiefl Then you're ure-  
bornll into a poor family and shunted through a maze  
of cramped, dimly lit spaces. As you wend your way  
from tenement room to reform-school cot to boxing  
ring to jail cell, angry mask-like faces glare at you from  
the walls. A television set taunts you with incessant  
images of the rich and famous. Voices in your ears  
encourage you to scam, deal dope, sell your body. pau-  
handle. The welfare office traps you in a thicket of  
revolving doors. Your final destination? A bleak park  
bench, with an empty bottle of Night Train by your side.  
This roller coaster through the underclass cant be found  
at Disney World or Knott's Berry Farm, but it may come  
soon to a museum near you. The actual title of the exhibit is  
Etiquette oft/Je Undercaste, and its a new kind of interac-  
tive performance event from the turbo-brain of Chris  
Hardman, a 38-year-old maverick who may be the techno-  
avant-gardek answer to P. T. Barnum.

Photograph by Ed Kaslyi

Step right down  
into the world  
of the Unaercadte.

Hardman, director of the Sausalito,  
California-based Antenna Theatre,  
turns audiences into actors and per-  
formances into carnivals. At Hardman  
extravaganzas, which have run in  
New York, Seattle, Charleston, and  
cities throughout Europe and Mexico,  
visitors strap on a Sony Walkman  
headset and tune into a sound track  
that instructs them to play a character,  
appear on a Video monitor, shoot a  
prop gun, or just react to the real-  
people voices in their ears. In earlier  
Hardman shows, like Adjusting the  
Idle (about Americans love affair with  
cars) and Radio Interference (the his-  
tory of mass media from telegraph to  
Videodisc). audiences wandered freely  
through a playground of participatory  
exhibits. But in Etiquette oft/ae Under-  
caste, Hardman wants people to llliye  
through the textures of poverty,"  
guided by the recorded comments of  
actual prostitutes, homeless people  
caseworkers, and drunks. He consid-  
ers the event a llsocial stimulator.u  
.tWe're inundated with stories  
about how advancement is based on  
initiative? he remarks. uI want to  
show that this image of ourselves as  
free agents in an open-ended society is  
bunk. Most poor people are trappedfl  
Hardman hopes to tour Undercaste  
nationally this spring, but in the mean-  
time his audio tours are available at  
museums and historical sites around the country. The evoc-  
ative llwalk-through" tapes combine historical facts with  
you-are-there immediacy. An audio tour of the German  
U-SOS submarine at the Chicago Museum of Science and  
Industry, debuting next month, provides a vivid, multitrack  
Dds Boot experience. A popular Alcatraz prison tour fea-  
tures narration by ex-cons and prison guards who did time  
on "The Rock." On a recent taped guide to the Sixth Floor  
exhibition at the Dallas County Historical Foundation,

participants and observers describe the events surrounding the Kennedy and Oswald assassinations.

Chris Hardman believes that in the future, interactive art will become even more enveloping, employing such space-age effects as three-dimensional projections, holographic images and infrared sound. 11The possibilities are amazingf says Hardmau, "but right now the technology is still in a fledgling state. I see Antennas position in history as sort of like the Wright Brothers: were flying a kite and calling it a plane." -Mz's/)a Berson

MOTHLR jONES 55

Palestinian Like Me

In search of Israel's fact and feeling  
STILL SMALL VOICES. b)'\_lo/771 and janet  
lellacb, Harcourt Brace .Iotunoz'icb, 286  
pages. \$16.95.

MY ENEMY. MY SELF, by Yoram Binur,  
Doubleday, 215 pages, \$18.95.

BY WALTER RUBY

he longer the Palestinian uprising in  
the Israeli-occupied West Bank and  
Gaza Strip continues, the more trivial  
and unsatisfying the media coverage  
of the event seems to become.

The inti/detl\_as the uprising has  
universally come to be known-hns  
lost its novelty value. The networks and ma-  
jor newspapers have settled into a routine of  
churning out faceless statistics (the 351st  
Palestinian killed since the beginning of the  
inti/dealt and brief dispatches that reduce  
the participants to caricatures (gasoline-  
homhrthrowing-terrorists and fanatical-  
elewish-settlers).

(liven this numbing state of affairs, one  
can only applaud the publication of two  
books: Still Small Voices by john and janet  
Wallaeh and My Innemy, My Self hy Yornm  
Binur, which seek to cut through the torrent  
of political inveetive to give an accurate pic-  
ture of life on both sides of the barricades.

The two books are written from sharply  
different perspectives. The Wallachs, who  
are veteran U.S. journalists, have sought to  
personalize the conflict by writing a linely  
crafted series of profiles of people on both  
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sides of the struggle. The authors adopt a  
noniudgmental voice in a laudable and  
largely successful effort to better illuminate  
the beliefs and motivations of the indi-  
viduals involved.

Binur has attempted

A Palestinian baker: Binur spent six months  
incognito among Israel's Arab workers.  
bothered to name. . . . lTlthe squalor Of the  
overcrowded barracks appalls the mind,  
and the stench of sewage overwhelms the  
senses. Here and there a child bikes by, and  
one boy wears a yellow T-shirt that pro-  
claims lltls Better in the Bahamas., , ,  
Or consider this image of Miriam  
Levinger defiantly shopping in the souk of  
Hebron, where she is despised by the Arab  
residents. ltOn this torrid june day, dressed  
simply in a short-sleeve blue-and-white  
plaid blouse and brown pleated skirt, with  
thick support stockings on her legs, and  
practical black rubber-soled shoes on her  
feett she walks alone, dating the Arabs to  
disturb her from her daily chores. . . .  
Miriam Levinger is a model of the Jewish  
matriarch."

Not all of the profiles are so incisive. And  
the sense of objectivity that shines through  
most of Still Small Voices is marred by a self-  
serving foreword byjerusalem mayor Teddy  
Kollek, who blithely extols the city as .la  
microcosm of the possibilities that exist for  
Jew and Arab to live together? Overall,  
however, the Wallachs remain true to the

charge they set for themselves in their preface: to write a book about human beings who all believe deeply in the righteousness of their cause. And if by the end of the book the reader feels some sympathy for each of something far more audacious. Drawing upon his fluent Arabic and his knowledge of Palestinian life garnered from years of governing the West Bank for Jerusalem weekly the 33-year-old Jewish Author donned Arab dress and posed for six months as a Palestinian laborer. A committed Zionist. Binur has made a fervent effort to awaken the conscience of his people to what has become almost casual brutality.

The Wallachs do a first-rate job of bringing their subjects to life. For example, the portrait of Radwan Abu Ayasht a prominent Palestinian journalist triumphantly returning to the West Bank refugee camp where he was born. Abu Aynon drives his sleek white Opel along the crumbling streets no one has Photographs by Sue Bennett  
' Sculptor Mona Saudi:  
1 The Wallachs and Binur  
i try to personalize  
: Palestinian culture.

them-Arab and Jew-perhaps it will be easier to understand why the conflict is so complex and heart-wrenching?

My Enemy, My Self is an even more heart-wrenching book for lovers of Israel: it strips away any remaining self-delusions about the occupation. Binur convincingly shows that Israel has become a nation where Palestinian workers are treated as hardly more than convenient beasts of burden available at little cost to do the dirty jobs that Israelis are no longer willing to touch. Posing as a humble Palestinian laborer named Fatlhi Awad, Binur observes Tel Aviv and Jerusalem from the bottom of the barrel -and its a stark contrast to the golden cities he has known all his life. He is beaten by Israeli policemen when draped in his keffiyeh, he dares to attend a political rally of Jewish settlers. He has to flee for his life from pro-Kahane ruffians in a blue-collar Sephardic town. Nor does he find much succor on the Israeli Left. Volunteering to work on a kibbutz, supposedly the last citadel of the old socialist-humanitarian Zionist spirit, he finds that most of the kibbutz members avoid all contact with him. Although Binur has an annoying tendency toward smugness (he seems perennially amazed by how clever he has been to pull off his stunts), his book is an effective reminder to Israelis of the privation and humiliation endured by the strangers in their midst. As he notes in the book's postscript, his experience did not teach him new facts about Israel's treatment of Palestinians; rather it taught him what it meant to feel the facts? Behind the political and territorial claims and counterclaims that animate the Israeli-Palestinian conflict is the essential truth that, despite their daily proximity, Israelis and Palestinians experience each other almost entirely as menacing abstractions. In these books Binur and the Wallachs are taking the initial steps toward realizing that if there is ever to be coexistence and mutual acceptance, Israelis and Palestinians must be taught to feel the facts about each other. Walter Ruby is the New York correspondent for the Jerusalem Post.

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YOU CAN UNDERSTAND HOW MY FRIEND DEBBIE

Bartlett would invent sneaking out if you met her mom. Mrs. Bartlett worked at the college department of English and she had a tight tight face like something eternal was pinching her all over her brain. The first minute I was alone with her she looked at me over the top of her half-glasses and asked me if Debbie was a virgin.

She ran everything by points. Doing points was the idea of their Coping with Family Problems psychiatrist, Dr. James. The idea of it is you are an adult and you should have responsibility so you get points by doing the categories of Grades, Chores, and Intelligent Decisions. You can also get minus points. When Debbie got up to minus a hundred she was grounded which is why she had to stay at home every night until she discovered sneaking out the sliding glass door and taking off to Crofton Park which is where she eventually did end up losing her virginity.

Sneaking Out. She showed me about sneaking out the first night I stayed over. It was a plan. Meet her friends from St. Georges on I-IumpersI Hill at one A.M. and do stuff. Her mom went to sleep at ten and we started putting on

makeup at eleven. At 12:30 we cut through the yard and stayed by the bushes all the way to Raymond Road. If the cops see you you are dead so

when there is any car, lay down flat in the grass. We got up to the power lines on the hill and there was no one. Debbie lit a cigarette and said IIShit, fuck,

pissil over and over until a tennis ball landed by us and we screamed and three guys started laughing: Vincent, Henry, and Rafael. The cutest one, Vincent, pulled Debbie by her Windbreaker into the bushes, her laughing and waving goodbye. Then Henry said he was going so then it was me and Rafael over by this big rock and he started trenching me really hard. He was killing my mouth with his braces. I couldn't tell if I was in love with him or not. He lifted my shirt up and tried staring at my bra but it was too dark. Then he put his hand between my legs and took my hand and put it on his pants then someone yelled IPIGS! PIGS! PIGS!" and we saw flashlights coming and we tore out running. I was freaking out and Rafael was freaking out so then he took off and I had to go back to Debbie by myself. I waited in the bushes by the back gate thinking about Rafael and missing him. Finally Debbie came home and before we fell asleep she told me she had felt Vincent's actual balls and we cracked up laughing and that's where our saying hFelt me some ballsll came from.

The End. I got banned by her mom from ever seeing Debbie Bartlett again on June 21 the summer before ninth grade, when we got caught shoplifting facial hair bleach and three 45s at the Pay N Save on Dunbar.

When the Pay N Save called, my mom wasn't home but Mrs. Bartlett was and she made me sit in the front seat all the way to my house so she could tell me what a bad influence I was on Debbie. Debbie sat in the backseat not saying anything which I thought was sort of cruddy.

You should have seen Mrs.

Bartlett when she got to my street. Thafs when I could tell she didnlt know places like East Crowley because when she saw my house she looked at it like it was a Life magazine picture of the ten good reasons why you should join the Peace Corps.

Even though I made a million plans on how me and Debbie could sneak back together it turned out I never saw her again until after September and she was in private school at Holy Names Academy and by then everything was different.

But that night, the night we got busted, I was laying in my bed thinking about what a total bitch Mrs. Bartlett was and how in a couple of days Debbie would figure out to

write me a letter or call me from the pay phone at Crofton Park and I would take the bus down there and we could get together again and I looked at the radio clock and saw it was almost one in the morning, and I knew right then that Debbie was sneaking out. She was downstairs in her house pushing the sliding glass door open and cutting across the yard, and heading up to Humpersi where she was going to meet everyone and leouldnk stand it, her having a blast while I was stuck laying in my million-degree bedroom watching my 11-year-old sister hunched over on the bed with her foot on a Readefs Digest putting on her seven thousandth coat of nail polish of the night, so I got up and went over to our window and started climbing out.

By Lynda Barry  
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