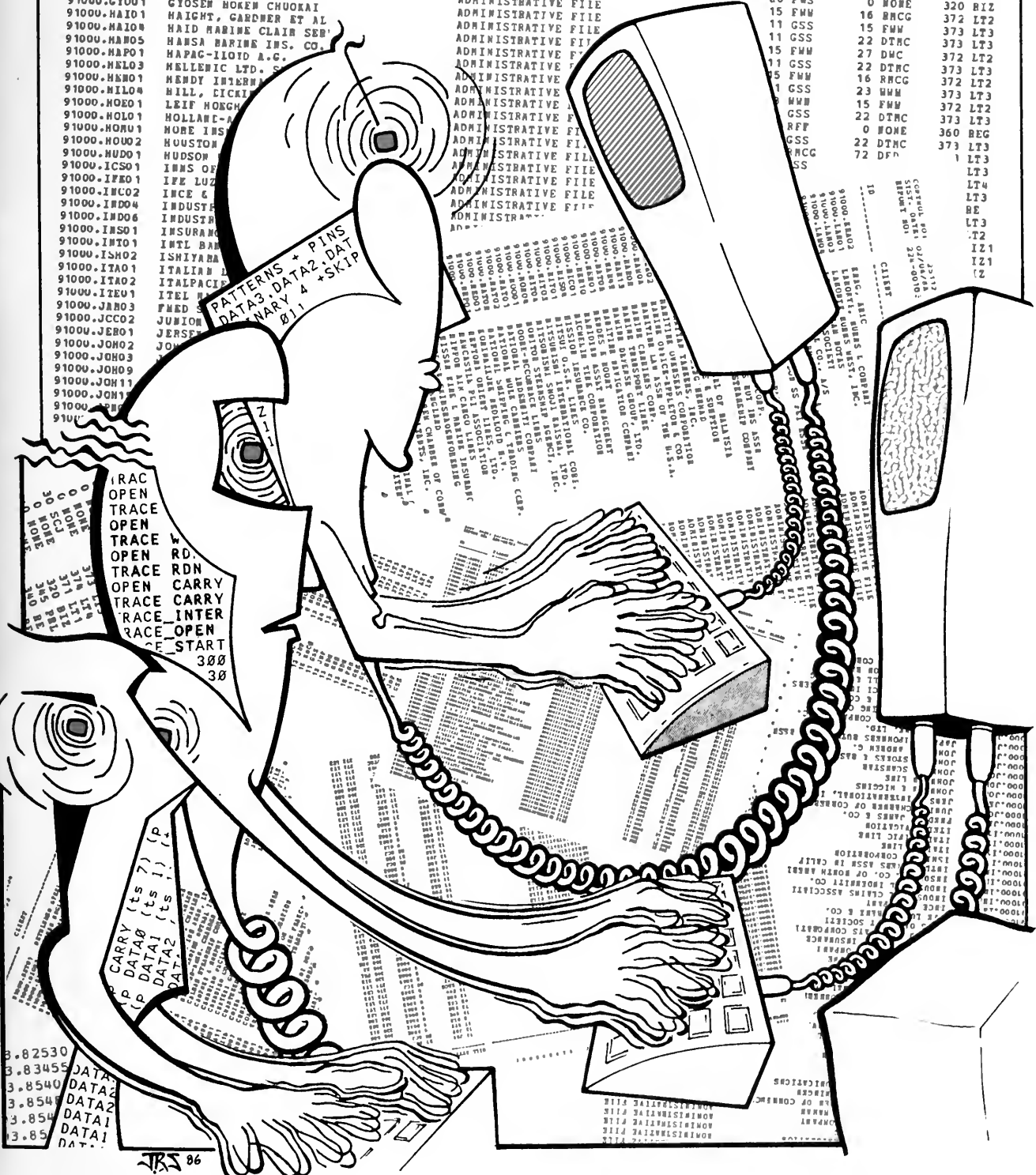


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PROCESSED WORLD

MENU

"The Magazine With A Bad Attitude"

ISSUE
16

Cover Graphic by: J.R. Swanson



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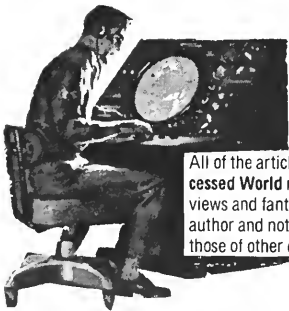
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CREDITS: Pauline Paranoia, Zoe Noe, Louis Michaelson, Tom Tomorrow, Lucius Cabins, PM Delinquance, Maxine Holz, Ana Logue, Emily, Dennis Hayes, Primitivo Morales, D.S. Black, Med-o, Paxa Lourde, Laura S., Chris Winks, Michelle L.P., Rupert Burley, Doug, Frog, the Armenian, Friends of the Toad, Linda Thomas, Tony Lamanha, Clayton Sheridan, and many others...



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TALKING HEADS

Welcome to **Processed World** Number Sixteen. This is our 5th Anniversary!—we've been hitting the streets with a new issue three times a year since 1981. Two distinct themes emerged in this issue: Animals (human and non-human) and a new Spring Fascism Preview!



by Matthew Finch

Several articles attack the authority of scientists and technocrats, and their self-justifying ideologies. Tom Athanasiou's "Encryption & The Dossier Society," our collective editorial "The Junk Still Works," and Tony Lamanha's "When Should Curiosity Kill?" agree: the problem lies not in the "abuse" of neutral technologies, but rather in the social webs which shape technologies for their specific purposes.

"Encryption..." offers an intriguing technical insight into the problem of privacy in the computer age. As the article points out, there are no merely **technical** solutions to the privacy problem in society; even without the technologies now available, States have managed during this century (in Nazi Germany or Stalinist USSR, for instance) to virtually abolish privacy in a glare of universal surveillance. Curtailing the surveillance powers of government and corporate bureaucracies is thus an immediate and urgent task.

We found ourselves divided on the question of space exploration, so on the facing page begins another collective editorial, provoked by the Challenger explosion. Some of us feel that the saturation point media blitz of patriotism and "mourning" itself constitutes an ominous and totalitarian trend.

"When Should Curiosity Kill?" avoids animal rights moralizing as well as the "species-ism" of those who insist we should view animals as mere resources for our exploitation. The author discusses the realities of animal experimentation and dissects the self-serving rhetoric of those whose power and income depend on the unrestrained exploitation of animals. He also presents his own views of the moral issues involved and concludes with practical proposals for immediate improvements.

Our fiction and poetry selection adds to the Spring Fascism Preview (and Animals theme) with a look at the brutality and deep-rooted racism of many Americans. Charles Alan Irwin's "Waiting For Josie" is told through the eyes of a prototypical redneck, a racist, wife-beating brute reflecting on his life as he waits for his wife to bail him out of jail. That racist, patriarchal views are by no means limited to rednecks is demonstrated in Christopher Winks's "The Accomplish," a story about a corporate executive and the almost-guilty conscience he spills to an old journalist friend during a high octane luncheon monologue. Tom Clark's narrative poem, "Pressures of the Assembly Line," tells the true story of bottle factory worker Sonny Hamlett, pushed over the edge by a boss one day. The simple but horrific story of Sonny running amok, shows the rebellious worker without a rebellious social movement imploding in isolation... D S Black's "Death In The Works" also deals with isolation and suicide, this time in the stuffy complacency of a library. Ana Logue's "The Bastard" captures the temp's predicament in shorthand, and Jeffrey Lener's "Silicon Valley Girl" provides a bit of wordy wit to lighten up a heavy issue.

These work-related themes lead us to our rich "Hot Under The Collar" section which in this issue features, among other things, excerpts from a "VDT Speakout" recently held in SF, more on the failure of AFL-CIO unions in Silicon Valley, and an update on the Watsonville cannery strike featured in PW #15. Lastly, "South Africa: Laboratory of Repression," by Med-O, provides a synopsis of the current balance of forces in South Africa, along with a closer look at how computers and other high tech items (many of them US-made) are used by the white minority. Governments throughout the world watch closely as the S.A. police state wages war against an impoverished and hostile majority. Like the Falklands/Malvinas war of '82 (and as the Spanish Civil War was for Hitler in 1937-39) could S.A. be a proving (killing) ground for "security management techniques" for all entrenched minorities?

Special note to current and prospective contributors: We LOVE to receive articles, stories, poetry, graphics, photographs, collages, cartoons, and especially **LETTERS** to the editor! For manuscripts, please send 3 copies, double-spaced and typed; for graphics, send copies (stats or positive half-tones are best but photocopies are OK too). **Processed World** remains an entirely volunteer project; we pay contributors with 2-issue subscriptions if we don't use your stuff, and 4-issue subs if we do. Send to **Processed World, 55 Sutter St. #829, San Francisco, CA 94104, USA.**

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It was much prettier than a car crash—the sci-fi book-cover scene of the rocket climbing into space; the bustle of the press, scientists, the military; and then suddenly, while the sense of wonder and awe was still swollen in the mouth—poof!—kabloonee!—it's raining astronauts! If you're into all that stuff, the hard-punching drama must have been almost too much. Sort of a Rocky movie that even nice, anti-

war clergyman, techno-leftists, and concerned social science teachers could get into—death is a drug and we need to score. ¶ True to form, the folks who put out PW, misfits that we are, had different responses to the fireworks spectacle. If we were by ourselves or with like-minded friends, reactions ranged from blase to smug to pleased. Others, who were with people who swallowed the emotional/ideological bait, had a common experience of putting up a social front of being saddened by the event, their real thoughts and feelings held in suspense (Did you hear what happened? Isn't it terrible?!) With the news of the hurry-up-and-safety-be-damned attitude of NASA, we wondered if OSHA and NASA hadn't in fact merged. So here are our varied views on the hoopla...

a PW collective editorial

the junk still works.

IN SCIENCE WE TRUST

The astronauts died so close to the ground; it might almost have been an airplane crash. How my imagination would have soared had they perished in deepest space.

The Russians photographing the dark side of the moon, the Americans landing on the moon, the Voyager and other craft reporting on new moons and rings, these are accomplishments as wonderful to behold as great pyramids and cathedrals. Like these monuments of other civilizations, the space program does not testify to the attainment of social justice but rather to the allocation of scarce resources towards spiritual ends. Do we not worship the scientific spirit? Do we not place our

faith in technology?

The faith that inspired the grand and elegant constructions in Palenque, Tihuanaco, Athens, Luxor, Reims, etc. is the faith we have invested in our scientists and engineers and the bureaucracies that shelter them. Eventually, they too shall fall from our collective imaginations and go the way of all illusion.

The pursuit of truth and beauty is every person's life. Science in the service of the state serves the state as religions always have. We are exalted in our space explorations and we are brought down by them as they lead to more sophisticated engines of destruction. Our quest for transcendence is honorable and deep in our human roots. Our willingness to suspend disbelief and blindly follow priests and kings is also part of our heritage.

—by Ana Logue

DAGWOOD & BLONDIE IN SPACE

The Challenger space shuttle explosion threatened to re-open a national debate on the merits of the space program. Not only was it NASA's first public disaster since the late '60s, but it was a potential PR catastrophe for Reagan, since this flight was hyped to children all over the U.S. for months. This particular flight was designed to win over the hearts of tomorrow's electorate to the glossy allure of space travel, before they had a chance to think about it. After all, today's children are the ones who will have to pay for Reagan's agenda of militarizing and conquering space. And what better way to appeal to children's fantasies than having a Teacher/Mommy up there, paving the way to the universe?

Before the initial confusion and shock

could settle, Reagan rushed on TV to reassure all the kids whose lesson plan had just been blown to bits. In a masterful interpretation of the event to viewers whose faith in Our Mission in Space may have been shattered, a pontifical Reagan officially announced the Apotheosis of the Seven Martyrs. Reagan assured us that we could truly honor the sacrificial lamb/astro-nauts not by cautiously reconsidering the merits of peopled space flights, not by learning from this tragedy how to prevent another one, but only by getting back on the horse and continuing where they so unwittingly fell off. Having established the inevitability of disaster and the intangibility of any immediate guidelines for success, the administration can now pass off the gross negligence that apparently led to the blowup as mere overzealousness on the part of History Makers. This left some of us shaking our heads at the stupidity of it all, but after a few days of intense public relations work and TV-based National Mourning, people seemed to accept and even endorse this. One week later, Reagan proposed the dramatic enlargement of the space budget!!

By the time the truth began to surface

and heads started rolling, the continuation of the space program and the shuttle story were old news. If many people changed their minds when they discovered that the "accident" was more like criminal negligence or manslaughter, we'll never hear about it on TV.

.....

Since the Russians sent up Sputnik in 1957, the U.S. quest in space has always been primarily a military one. "National security" and the attempt to gain first-strike capability have underlain most satellite developments, and are at the root of the shuttle/space/SDI plans.

The US space shuttle program is portrayed not as humanity's progress or accomplishment, but that of the Best Country in The World, the United States. As such it becomes a major prop in the spectacle of patriotism and also fits into the historical pattern of US reliance on the rhetoric of expansion across new frontiers.

But the appeal of the space program goes deeper than militarism and nationalism. The exploration of space holds a powerful fascination. Decades of science fiction literature, film and art, combined

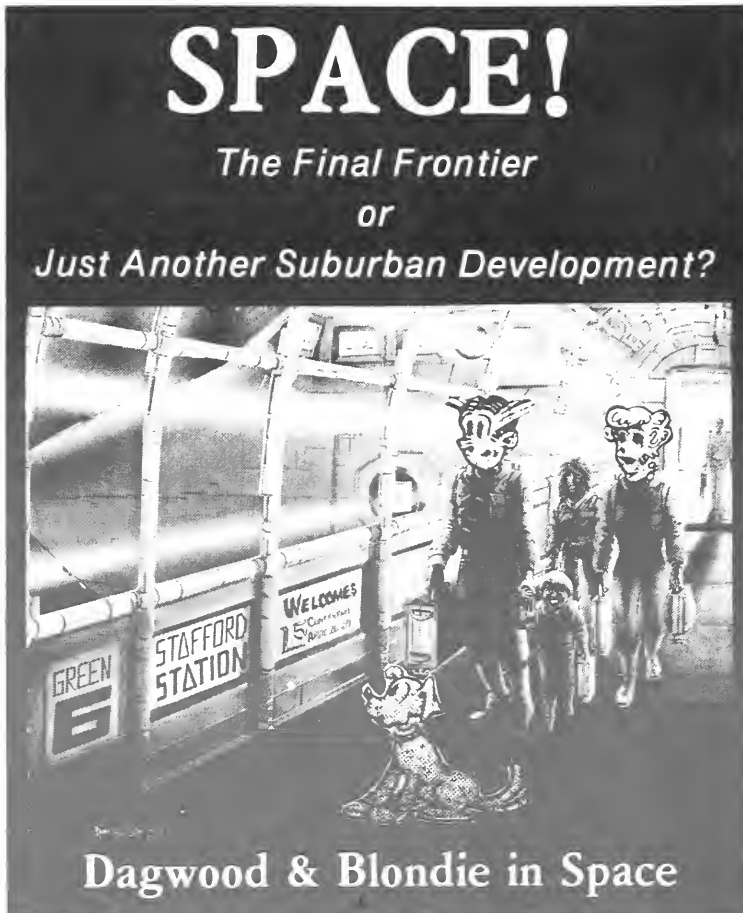
with 25 years of space shots, have fired the popular imagination. As space proponents convincingly argue, curiosity and striving to understand the universe are essential to our humanity and creativity. The problem arises when fantasies and the desire for knowledge serve to justify or obscure the contemporary reality of space exploration. Many who support the space program close their eyes to its militarist function, proclaiming the main purpose of NASA to be the pursuit of pure knowledge—despite the by now well-known fact that funding for the shuttle was only attained by NASA's compromises with the Pentagon, compromises not likely to be undone as long as the government remains intact. With the installation of the Navy's head of space operations at the helm of NASA, and joint appeals from NASA and the Air Force for a replacement shuttle, the real purpose is clear.

Like the H-bomb designers of the '40s, the scientists and technicians who create the necessary technology are either unaware of, or psychologically detached from the results of their labor. While erecting the essential building blocks of global annihilation, technicians enjoy the thrill of making their toys work and comfort themselves with fantasies of utopian space colonies where the conflicts and problems of life on Earth will be left behind.

The transcendence of social problems through "escape" into space hooks remarkable numbers of people on space exploration. Establishing space colonies or homesteading on some heretofore unknown hospitable planet, would require giant leaps in scientific understanding. And yet space enthusiasts advocate moving into space as a panacea for Earth's problems of overpopulation and pollution—a solution requiring far more sophistication than would have been needed to avoid the problems in the first place. Let the Earth and most of its inhabitants rot, and let us smart, future-looking (probably white) people move on to clean living in space! In the model colonies problems that abound on Earth miraculously disappear; families live happily with problems no more serious than the daily squabbles of Dagwood and Blondie.

Less grandiose but equally fantastic proposals include flushing our toxic and radioactive wastes into space. One hopes that the shuttle explosion has shaken our faith in such technical fixes, but it probably hasn't. Under the guise of ecoconsciousness, these suggestions actually represent a "logical" extension of the late-capitalist use-it-up-and-throw-it-away mentality, in this case applied to the whole planet. We may have turned the Earth into a dangerous garbage dump, but there's plenty of room out there, so let's just move on.

The problem is not that space explora-



collage by Lucius Cabins

Dagwood & Blondie in Space

tion inspires flights of fantasy or awakens the desire for knowledge, nor even that it is a waste of resources. If fewer resources were spent on devising new means of destruction, and on making wasteful, redundant commodities and packaging, there would be plenty of wealth and time available for space exploration. But not a space exploration which is a patriotic smoke-screen for a military campaign. Un-peopled space probes have already provided us with much of what we've learned about the universe—the Voyager mission through the solar system and the probes of Venus and Mars. Many astronomers claim that manned expeditions are a terrible waste at this point, since perhaps ten robot space shots could be financed by the cost of one peopled shot.

The gnarly problems of living with humans and nature will never be solved by sending a few hundreds or thousands off in metal containers floating in the vacuum of space. In the meantime, understanding how people come so readily to see this techno-fantasy as a solution to these problems may help us to penetrate the logic of the social system that got us into this mess!

—by Lucius Cabins/Maxine Holz



SPACE & THE ETERNAL RETURN

Space is a dream away from home, but since in the last 30 years it has come within our extended sphere of influence, the reality we find is not always what we imagined. It has become a frontier for a technological elite that is intensely dualistic in its approach, wavering between a voracious Scylla of military/nationalistic ambitions, and the Charybdis of pure research, which can just as easily drain the coffers on obscure and quixotic missions.

The Challenger disaster, the Uranus flyby, and the Halley's Comet rendezvous have made this a year of the jackpot in terms of public awareness and debate. Incoming astronomical data outstrip our ability to interpret and digest in real time; the Challenger post mortem brings home the high cost of managerial myopia and technological hubris. Accidents will happen, but this setback has renewed skepticism about the whole program to put people in space—it's one more either/or decision people feel obliged to make. There's even a sense that any space effort is at the expense of our more pressing mundane concerns; in a nutshell, it's Space and the Price of Grain.

I think it is important to stress that regardless of the shortsighted, often wrongheaded goals of governmental decision-making that presently hold sway in space research and development, we do have a future in space, whether we like it or

TO NASA WITH LOVE

On with the space program,
Shuttles shall not cease!
And since you're taking citizens,
take my boss — please!

by Linda Thomas

not, that is worth considering. The National Commission on Space is preparing recommendations for the president which could well determine priorities through the end of the century with reference to the first colony in space, a Mars mission, etc.

Rather than list the potential economic rewards and strategic errors to be realized in space, or the perils of political naivete of the scientists who pave the way outward, I would like instead to touch on this urge that implies Earth is not room enough.

Is it part of human destiny, an ascent to heaven that will make us as gods, or at least take us one more rung up the evolutionary ladder? Clearly these are far-fetched, outlandish ruminations, but they do hint at the visionary reveries and aspirations of the dreamers who are among those propelling the drive into the ocean of night. They've been with us from the word go—it's their need to fly that is as basic as any terrestrial exploration. In the eighteenth century, they took the sky with balloons; it may at first have seemed a lark, a peccadillo indulged by eccentrics, but it soon gave rise to more practical applications.

Of course all analogies need qualification. The point is: history abounds with parallels to this frontier situation. We've had centuries of artistic and poetic anticipation. For the last 50 years, the written and visual media have been full of it. Space is on the brain; there is no denying it. After generations of farflung speculation and prophecy, the future has finally caught up with us.

Now is the time to answer the question posed at the end of the 1930s movie, *Things To Come*: What shall it be?

—by D.S. Black

Q: What does NASA stand for? A: Need Another Seven Astronauts!

GIMME SOME SPACE, MAN!

Before the shuttle disaster, I felt as much a part of the space program as I do the superbowl. So I don't have any firm opinions about NASA, only soft insinuations. Like the rally behind Hitler and the violence of some sports, this incident answers different questions for many people. Personally, I used to wonder if the space program could be used for shooting

the nuclear arsenal into space; now I no longer have any doubts. The only space program that I could support would be called something like the People's Space Program—the space right here on Earth. This program would study and develop ways to give everyone, not just the monied folks, more personal space, that is, all the things that fuzzy new age term implies—freedom, options in how we lead our lives, living conditions that foster spirited community while permitting "space" for refreshing solitude.

—by PM Deliquance

Q: What company tried to buy out NASA? A: Ocean Spray.

HOLY EXPLODING SPACE SHUTTLES, BARTMAN!!

Debate over the space shuttle has largely focused on its inefficiencies as a scientific instrument and on its military applications. What have largely been ignored are the psychological functions shuttle missions serve.

The use of the shuttle as a satellite launching vehicle, although costly and wasteful, is useful to those in power in molding public consciousness. For this, it's essential that the shuttle be *manned*—it's difficult to identify with an unmanned machine, no matter how scientifically useful. And from the frightening, highly charged orgy of public emotion following the shuttle explosion, it's obvious that a great many people DO identify with the shuttle missions.

The human tragedy of the seven individuals aboard the shuttle cannot in itself explain the public reaction to the explosion. Approximately 40,000 people die on the nation's highways every year (over 100 per day on average), yet most people



accept this with a type of primitive fatalism. Even though the news media reinforce this acceptance by routinely reporting traffic fatalities as if they were acts of god (having nothing to do with transportation policies which deliberately foster dependence on the private automobile), one would still expect much more public concern about them—IF concern about the seven victims was the motivating factor behind the outburst of public emotion following the shuttle accident.

Similarly, one would expect much greater public reaction to the 14,000 annual deaths from U.S. industrial accidents and the approximately 100,000 annual deaths from industrial-related diseases. Yet these deaths are received with almost no public concern or even notice—perhaps, if anything, a paragraph on page 7E of the daily paper. Even in the case of true disasters such as Bhopal (2000 dead) and the Mexican LNG explosion (over 400 dead) in November 1984, where the suffering was far worse than that caused by the shuttle mishap, there was no similar outpouring of public emotion.

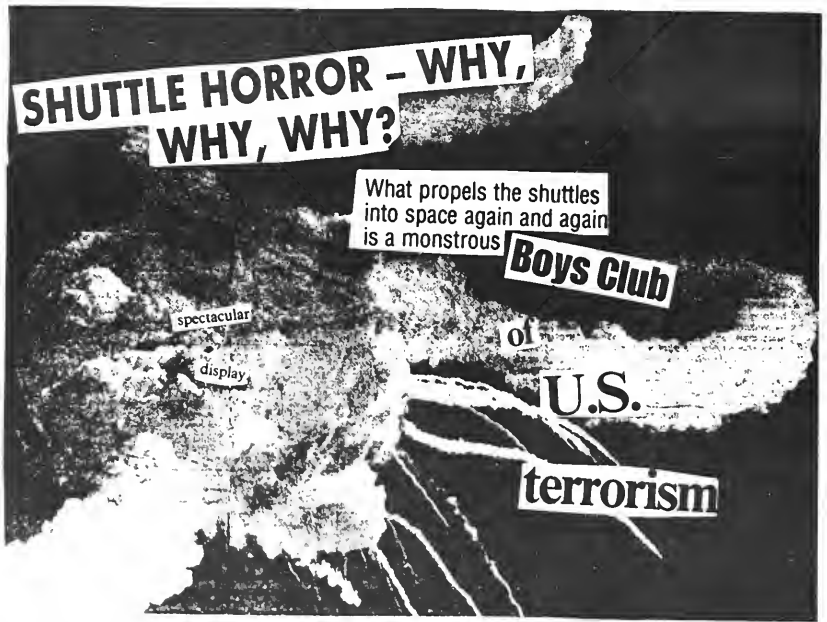
We're left with the question of WHY people reacted so sharply to the shuttle accident, why so many people are so emotionally tied to the manned space program.

The answers can be found in our daily lives. We feel lonely, powerless, isolated, bored. Look at the widespread abuse of addictive, destructive drugs like alcohol, tobacco, heroin and caffeine; columns upon columns of relationships ads in newspapers; the popularity of pornography (a depersonalized sex/intimacy substitute); the huge market for books which assure us that we're "OK," or, far worse, instruct us in how to "win" through fucking over other people (intimidating them, etc.); and the incredible number of people who have bought into organized religion as a way out of this "vale of tears."

The media spectacle of the shuttle "disaster" certainly provided at least temporary relief from the despair of daily life. But media spectacles (often involving real people and events) abound, and none since the 1980 hostage "crisis" has provoked anything like the public reaction to the shuttle explosion. Why?

The sheer power, the sheer size of the shuttle and its booster rockets very probably have a deep appeal to those who feel powerless and seek direction from more powerful others. And quite possibly, the shuttle appeals to people's repressed sexuality (which in the minds of many seems to be equated with power). It might be significant that the cheer for the first female astronaut aboard this giant metallic dick was "Ride, Sally Ride!"

More importantly, the shuttle and other manned missions provide an ersatz sense of community, relief from loneliness and isolation. Media coverage of the shuttle



by T.H.R.U.S.H., 151 1st Ave. #62, NYC 10003

explosion continually used terms like "us," "we," and "our." This was mystification of the most basic kind. In reality the vast majority of the members of this "community" (including, especially, those most responsible for the shuttle program and those using mystifying "we" rhetoric) are locked in a constant battle to dominate and rip each other off.

This mystification is inextricably tied to political chauvinism. The mystified "we" (often called "America") is presented in the media and in political rhetoric as a community with common goals and values—and as being in competition with a malevolent "they," an "evil empire." The competitive dog-eat-dog nature of "our community" is not only masked, but our competitiveness and distrust are exploited by political manipulators.

Many people unthinkingly accept this mystification and chauvinism and use "we" terminology in everyday conversation. They consider the shuttle explosion "our" ("America's") "disaster" and feel it as a personal tragedy—despite the fact that the vast majority had no part in the decision to build the shuttle, had no part in designing or constructing it, and have absolutely no control over when, how, or for what it's used. The only role of the overwhelming majority of people in the shuttle program is as passive spectators (and, perhaps, victims of tax theft). That's some "we."

—by Rubert Burley

Q: Where did Christa McAuliffe take her last vacation? A: All over Florida!

BRACING STAR WARS, OR A NEW STANDARD OF PATRIOTISM?

If the fireball that consumed Space Shuttle Challenger slows down the development of Star Wars, the seven people that perished in it will not have died in vain.

To millions of space enthusiasts, the Shuttle and the space program are tributes to curiosity, imagination, courage, and the quest for knowledge and adventure. These are among the worthy impulses of the human species. But what most space boosters don't see through the glitter of the stars (leaving aside the problem of how to divide the purse between cross-town buses and interplanetary travel) is how these impulses are being used and perverted.

Whatever its origins, there can be no doubt about what master the Shuttle now serves. Starting in 1987, the Pentagon had planned to use half of the spacecraft's cargo bay at least twice a year for Star Wars experiments alone. It had claimed a third of the available shuttle launches over the next ten years. Under the National Space Policy adopted by Reagan, the Pentagon is not only NASA's largest customer, but also its preferred customer, and as such is entitled to bump civilian, commercial, and scientific payloads off Shuttle flights.

For a short time, the suspension of Shuttle missions and the loss of one of the four orbiters will slow the military's invasion of space. But before long, the space arms race will be back in harmony with the spheres. The scientific and commercial aspects of the space program will probably come out the losers, with

NASA dancing to the Pentagon's tune even more slavishly than before.

A month after the explosion, some of the astronauts voiced dissatisfactions with NASA safety procedures and secrecy. It's too soon to tell whether their criticisms will crack the unnerving unanimity of popular support for more space spectaculars.

Remarkably, instead of planting doubts about the reliability of complex technologies and the push into space, the destruction of the Challenger seems to have convinced most Americans that no sacrifice is too great for the technology that will conquer the stars. NASA reports it received 90,000 letters in the two weeks following the explosion, 99% of them supporting the space program. "Something like this brings the nation together," said Daniel Boorstin in the *New York Times*. "The space program in general has done that; people understand the grandeur even if not the technology, and to share that grandeur is what makes a great nation." Boorstin is right: the majestic lift-off of a rocket with human beings perched atop it raises modern Americans out of their everyday lives into an epiphany of technological awe intertwined with chauvinistic pride.

The Shuttle catastrophe has constructed a new standard of patriotism: giving your life for your country's technology. Instead of making it acceptable to question the military takeover of space, the Shuttle disaster may make the space program more sacred than ever. If the explosion of the Challenger and the seven dead astronauts have transformed protest against Star Wars into heresy, it was more of a tragedy than we've yet realized.

—Marcy Dornousky



I HAVE SLIPPED THE SURLY BONDS OF EARTH [or at least good taste]

NASA? National Association of Sacrificed Astronauts.

Almost as long as I can remember there has been space flight. We got our first TV about the time of Glenn's trip, and I've grooved on the idea since then. I was (and perhaps still am) pro-space in the sense that I felt that we can learn a lot about the universe and our planet, and perhaps even about ourselves.

The US space program grew up hand in hand with modern war technology. From the need for microelectronics (because the Soviet Union captured more German V2 equipment and scientists, and so was at first able to launch greater loads), to the fear of the Sputnik and what it represented, the space program has been a political



and military creature. Under Pres. John F. Kennedy the race to put a man on the moon was proposed as an addition to a military race. We would still compete with the Soviets, but for prestige—and perhaps a few spinoffs. There are weather and tracking satellites which give warning of hurricanes and floods, and which can guide rescuers to shipwreck victims. There are terrestrial mapping satellites which let us better understand land use, our history (by helping archaeologists) and the oceans. There are other probes which bring us knowledge of the solar system, and pictures of the dim heat of galaxies. And with each and every one of these the military picked up a lot of hardware as well as valuable knowledge (e.g., physics and chemistry, metallurgy, radar and optical tracking, etc.). They also get good photographs and SIGINT data, as well as knowing storm patterns. They track submarines (and surface ships) and the infrared photos let them see—and follow—machines in the dark. With the advances in geology and knowledge of crop patterns, business as well as governments, get a great communications system and better field maps for prospecting, and so on. The recon satellites can track "Soviet crates," as in Nicaragua last year, or help Exxon plan another rip-off. The early warning satellites that help maintain a certain calm by reassuring our respective masters that the enemy has not yet launched its missiles have counterparts that make a major war not only thinkable, but possible.

Of course, you can do all of this without ever sending a human into space; it can be done by machine quite well. But there is one thing that a machine cannot do for you—and that is give the country's populace someone to identify with. Call it by any other name; we are still talking about public relations: advertising.

Now let's look at the 72-odd seconds of the last flight of the late space shuttle

Challenger. Most of the bugs are worked out... Of course the Air Force still needs the shuttle (although they currently have money to buy the older type rockets). The star wars (SDI) types take a few pictures along the way, and they may build a laboratory out there. Chemistry and biological experiments, perhaps allowing Gene Splicing Mad Scientists Inc. to develop a frostless lifeform, or the Pentagon to devise a lifeless form of frosted Earth with its bio-war experiments. And we may get some cheap computer parts out of it. And won't *that* really liven up your life!?

Oh yes, and they will shoot some other hapless civilian (female and reasonably pretty, of correct Republican character of course) into space. These too may get NASA's version of burial at sea, or the old PR act may come off better this time. This, the need to sell youngsters—and voters—on space (not just on space, mind you, but on the Pentagon's version, since that is all there is to choose from) was the Challenger's mission. It is to reassure the people about the supremacy of our technology, our standing in the world, and our way of life.

And that may be the ultimate damage to the space program—they intended to demonstrate how totally reliable/under control/planned the whole affair of computers and explosive fuels had become. No mishaps, no embarrassments, except perhaps a missed launch date (like missing a lunch date but more costly)—everything is clean and sanitary. Ms. McAuliffe, in video ghost, saying that it is completely safe. Gosh lady, did you really believe that? They sold you on it that well? No... you couldn't have been that naive, could you? I'll never know.

And if we keep our childish faith in the goodness and trustworthiness of technology, and how safe and wonderful the future will be because of it, and in our leaders—who are almost never wrong—we will see a giant and final enactment of our national anthem:

*The rocket's red glare,
The bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night
That our faith was still there.*

The rockets, or missiles, correctly speaking, will burst—rather than just the shuttle—and we will go with the rapidly expanding clouds of incandescent gas. Similar to the crew of the Challenger, except that we aren't volunteers of soldiers, and we don't get this great body rush first.

Ah, hell. They're Americans. Put an advertising budget on it and they'll believe in anything. Maybe there will some neat color footage at 11:00.

—by Primitivo Morales

Q: What color were Christa McAuliffe's eyes? **A:** Blue—one 'blue' this way, one 'blue' that way!

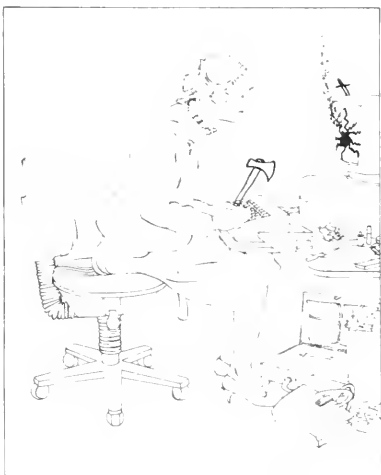


Dear P.W.,

Recently at work I had the unfortunate experience of having to attend an 'ergonomics' seminar. 'Data health' was the appropriate name for this bucksterism that only a manager could love. Unbelievable as it may sound, sitting through four hours of this indignity even made the routine drudgery of work attractive. Not even the sight of all the Dept. heads going through their paces was worth it. I'll spare you a critique uncovering the real meaning of this kind of *very* expensive ritual. It is absolutely too obvious to anyone whose IQ is high enough to make them ineligible for top management or success in the business world; i.e. somewhere between a stone and a blade of grass. Instead I'm sending the connections I made in the handbook that was distributed in the seminar. Coloring in the lines was the only thing that kept many of us in the back rows from literally toppling out of our chairs, or losing our jobs by strangling the commissars of good cheer directing the whole show, while that damn tyrant, the clock, made its interminable rounds.

Yours,

another abstract quantity of the labor force



AN ERGONOMIC WORK STATION X PROPERLY USED

With our last mailing we also sent out a questionnaire which over 50 people took the time to fill out and send back. Here are some of the more interesting answers...

On the larger format: 35 liked it better, 4 thought it worse, 7 were indifferent...

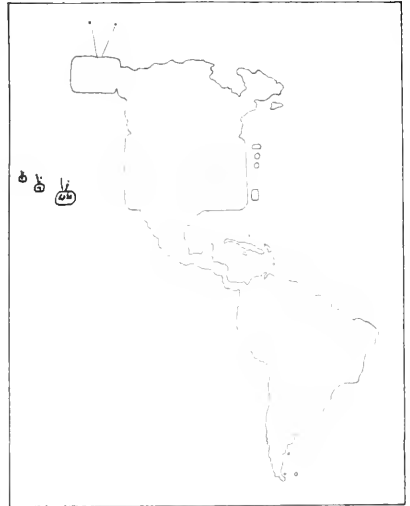
What Do You Like Best in PW? 27 circled "Analysis & Essays", 22 circled "Tales of Toil", 22 "Graphics", 5 "Fiction" and 1 "Poetry"... **Other:** The spirit, the life-blood, the bad attitude; more letters from readers, please; all; fiction last, probably; any chance Bad Girl could make a return appearance?; the mix of all; you have a great spirit of creativity and rebellion; letters and exchanges are good; cartoons are good, too; descriptions of work life; dedication; everything (except bitchy, useless letters)...

What do you think we should get rid of or at least de-emphasize?... Nix; Marxist bullshit; 4 said Poetry; some articles seem whiney and gripey, would like to see more coherence; whiney articles about how boring and alienating it all is; overly wordy, analytical articles that give me a headache; purple ink; the BAD colors; Long-winded letters to the editor; nothing—do not go into de-acquisitions; 7 others said "nothing"; non-info/computer stuff like bike messengers or laundry workers; de-emphasize new wave/trendy art forms, de-emphasize colored text; the weird color changes in the text (picky, picky!); I find it hard to read multi-colored pages...

HAVE YOU WORKED IN AN OFFICE, AND IF SO, HOW LONG? DO YOU HANDLE INFORMATION FOR MONEY?

Nope, I'm phunctionally illiterate; Yes, for 3 years; Retail sales (which believe me is just as bad); Yes, off and on for 12 years; School janitor for nearly 9 years. My wife does office, though not right now; As a secretary, as a dean, now as a faculty member; I am an "information specialist" or librarian, so yes; Have worked in office, no low flush and compost toilets; Never—I am a machinist who worked in a factory where the radios were recently banned for being too noisy; Yes, five years; 6 said "No"; Yes, too long! (Temp, off and on) NOT ANY MORE!!; I teach future cyborgs; Yes, I'm a reporter on Chicago Sun-Times; Years, yes, though I prefer to handle money for information; Done the temp scene off and on for years; Years ago, for a few years; six years in offices; three years office work. My job title: Management Information Systems Tech; Am college professor, geography, age 63; used to; who doesn't?; yes, but many years ago, for 5 months, then was fired by my psychopathic boss; 17 years, yes; No, sporadic farmwork and the like; never worked in an office, but

handled info in a copy shop for about 5 years. Now I work in a food coop; about 5 years, I handle money for money; Yes, one year, I word process at the whim of a manager; yes... scientific programmer, medical electronics patient data; yes yes—work at home now handling information for money; 15 years clerical worker; I work at home as a computer programmer; No way; Off and on for ten years. Yes'm...



by Matthew Finch

Dear PW,

I just finished reading issues 12-15. I wish I had known about PW a long time ago, for example, when I started working after high school as a Reservation Sales Agent for Howard Johnson's National Center here in the thriving metropolis of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. I learned about the horrors of CRT work, and coming back the summer after I read Marx, wanted to organize my fellow workers, unaware that other people with similar shitty jobs were thinking along the same lines. It's such a scam—people call in a lot of motel reservations for their summer vacations, so there's plenty of jobs in the summer, for college students who can't get a regular job. For the few people stuck there year-round, dreams of a Disneyworld get-away make it all somehow bearable. Incidentally, I still find this need for escape prevalent in my new job in social work, which would seem to be something people would do because they want to.

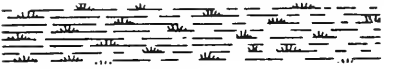
Of course, there is nothing as nightmarish as doing high-speed data entry. I did it for nine months for Time, Inc. in Chicago, and thank God, at least they paid for my membership to a HMO, where I was able to see a shrink free. I remember walking into the room at 7:59 every morning (the three times I was late almost got me fired), staring at the tubes with

drear, fluorescent glare on the white plastic units lined up like vertebrae in the computer/brain's spine, the wires waiting for input into the spinal cord. I think reading Zippy comics helped me as much as the shrink.

Now the irony of the situation makes me laugh. I sit here at the MacIntosh, unable to live with or without technology. At any rate, keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

K.R. — Oklahoma City, OK



Dear Processed World:

Lookit — you guys pretend to have special knowledge about...things. and that leads to...action, no? well, godammit, OK then — let's fuckin' adopt the ideology of SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE AS PROPELLANT.

PW is either a handbook for the formation of small elitist cabals who publish an anti-authoritarian line, i.e., self replication, or it operates as a front for a hidden agenda program, implies something larger than it actually IS. WHAT IS YOUR PROGRAM?

In absence of any stated agenda, the analytical reader is forced to provide same in the form of speculation, and I ain't talkin grain cartels, or media cartels, or health cartels or publishing cartels. The analytic reader if he be a RADICAL CENTRIST!!!! Might conclude the following:

a) PW is anti-technology irrespective of the racist/genocidalist implications of science-based large scale agriculture and 3rd world starvation resulting from its absence, for example...

b) PW is pro-Soviet — *in the absence of* similar agitation by similar circles inside the Soviet Union, your agenda clearly, obviously and unmistakably serves Soviet strategic considerations. You think Soviet socialism is less malevolent than industrial capitalism? [ed. — *certainly not!*] POL POT! kapooie!

c) PW is a psychological warfare operation corrupted by the necessity to create a constituency from a particular class of workers whose misery and exploitation amounts to little more than BOREDOM, or at worst, ALIENATION. My great grandfather, a 9-fingered bolshevik who passed political education & position papers out to Irkutsk coal miners in '30°

weather finds this...amusing.

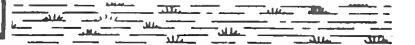
d) PW essentially is petit bourgeois in nature. Your sectarianism borderlines ritual. You seek converts. You are fundamentalists.

Why pretend to inform when you can UNMASK!! It's no fuckin secret that the public mind is manipulated beyond belief, big deal, you don't think Chief Joseph's shaman didn't lie to the Nez Perce? Oh, grow up. Me, I wanna kill nazis, and really only the ones who MAKE POLICY, the ones above suspicion, but I wanna be sure I don't kill anyone BUT the ones that really EXEMPLIFY BEASTLINESS, so I'm gonna study real hard about D*E*C*E*P*. T*I*O*N. Six million jews were either deceived or STUPID and I'd rather think the first one. So I hate STUPIDITY. So first of all I don't want to shoot my foot off. Second of all I don't want to shoot my boss merely because he is a member of the class: BOSSES, as the nazis did to the class: JEWS, as the Turks did to the class: ARMENIANS, the British to the class: IRISH, the Nominalists did to the class: ANALYSTS. Class warfare my ass.

Lookit, just read this info, vomit & decide what is to be done.

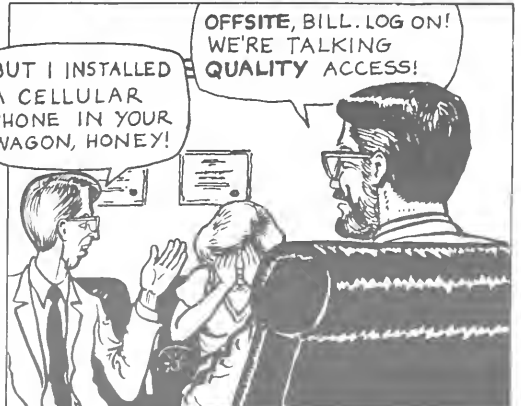
I hate the work and I ain't fuckin doin it.

Yer pal,
Walter A. — SF



L I V E W A R E B Y M₂

COMMUNICATION BREAKDOWN



pretty much covered it all!
More Matt Groening!

E.W. — NYC

Dear A.L. & E.W.,

Thanks for writing. I like when people have the guts to say "THIS SUCKS!" I can sympathize as to how it feels when a publication you respect suddenly does something which defies your own sense of appropriateness. It hurts.

I'm the layout artist who did the "Road Warriors" spread, and chose the graphics for it. Faced with a shortage of potential illustrations for that article, I solicited graphics from bike messengers here in San Francisco. While I can see the charges of sexism; that this particular image plays into certain idealized fantasies of women's body images that appeal to men (i.e., most women don't have that kind of figure without trying to starve themselves or using silicone treatments, etc.), I chose the image because it conveys an impression of raw vigor and strength, and I wanted to give that impression to the article at first glance; that women as well as men are real life urban "road warriors"—which is true. So I don't apologize for my choice of graphics. I agree with you that the sexist element in this graphic is all too typical, but I don't in this case think it justifies purging an otherwise very compelling image. I don't see feminism as monolithic in its definition of the world, and I disagree with you over the issue of "appropriateness." The monster social structure that stifles us is built on accepted notions of "appropriate behavior," and I believe in being "inappropriate" whenever possible. (By the way, how "appropriate" is your use of the word "RETARDO"? I have worked with retarded people, and they are not that easily categorized. I find your usage of the word insulting.)

Your point about the absence of male nudity in P.W. is well taken. I think one reason why female nudity pushes buttons is because the general scope of acceptable body images in media is appallingly narrow. I believe it's crucial to open up the field of what's acceptable, instead of simply closeting all questionable imagery. "It's not what you do, but how you do it." So not only do I find Lucius Cabins' collages using naked figures tasteful, but I wouldn't mind seeing an occasional penis in these pages either.

—Zoe Noe

P.S. Not all feminists have a problem with sexual imagery... One example is the Feminist Anti-Censorship Taskforce.

FACT, PO Box 4361, SF, CA 94110.



Why do I have to see this RETARDO BULLSHIT SEXISM in this magazine? Apologize in print or my cancel subscription.

Also, pgs. 42 + 43: There are no prizes in PW — nor do I want there to be. Female nudity is not appropriate either — and spare me the rhetoric about "natural" nakedness, etc. You are oppressing.

PROCESSED WORLD #15

—A.L.—NYC

Dear Processed World,

I just finished reading #15, and as usual, an excellent job of conveying the Catch-22 mind-frame into which Corporate (and sometimes just plain Working) America puts so many of us. Specifically, I appreciated the "Skeleton" ballad by Harvey Stein, "Montgomery Street Morning" by Steve Koppman, and "Road Warriors/Warriors" by Brooklyn's own Bob McGlynn (yay Bob!).

I do, however, believe not enough praise is ever given for your graphics and illustrations, and these artists are to be commended for the most part. The only art that seemed a little out-of-place, considering it had nothing to do (on the surface, or at least to me) with the subject matter, was Lucius Cabins' collage work on "Remembrance of Temp Past." but then, I have a tendency to take a negative stand on most nude art I see as gratuitous. What bothered me more than that work was Lance Mitchell's totally uncalled-for "bike messenger mama," or whatever you want

to call the comic-book-boobed bimbo on page 34. Especially after Bob McGlynn, in the article, mentioned that the world of the bike messenger is "almost exclusively male." Doubly bad taste, in my book (and yes, I'm aware my book is not everyone's kind of reading, but I do think in this case a picture like that does about as much for the credibility of PW or the article it accompanies as the swimsuit issue does for *Sports Illustrated*).

My absolute favorite thing in your entire issue was Kathleen Hulser's truly outstanding semi-poetic work "925 Crawl." This is the first piece I've read in PW that, for me, captures the whole emotional atmosphere of what so many robots-in-training have to endure daily. (And I suppose it didn't hurt that her piece was centered in New York, the work milieu with which I'm most familiar.)

While I'm looking forward to hearing what other people have to say about your discussion on AIDS, it looks like you've

Dear Processed World,

I am writing in response to the back cover of PW #15 about Virginia Stings. Yes Virginia, there is a sting. I once met somebody who had a sting operation!—but you know about the birds and the bees!

Our subject today is smoking. Isn't that what all the stink's about? What is smoking, really? Maybe we should ask Smoky Robinson. Let's put on our Smoking Jackets and think about it.

Tobacco was discovered long ago, as a byproduct of fire. Industrious cave people recognized there was a market for the stuff, and out of that came smoke signals (forerunner to the telephone) and also musical inspiration; "Smoke gets in your eyes." Smoke was there when Nero fiddled, and we use it today in BBQ sauce and many other delicious foods.

But really, smoking cigarettes is a serious subject, and a serious object too, of concern to many people. Drug use will not cease until we have ceased using drugs. Looking for alternative methods is probably our best hope. "Better Smoking for Better Living!"

At work, be the Politest Person on the Planet by volunteering to leave your desk to smoke. Smoke often and smoke well—it's your habit! Let's get smoking back in the home where it belongs. Suck on that baby! Teach 'em while they're young, so they'll smoke right—you wouldn't want your kids to pick that up on the streets!

Remember the words of the Wise Man Tobaccus on his solitary journey to consciousness: "Once I felt sorry for myself because I had no cigarettes. Then I met a man who smoked salmon!"

Love,
Linda

THIS MODERN WORLD

WORRIED ABOUT YOUR SMOKING HABITS? WELL, DON'T BE SILLY! LIGHT UP ANOTHER CIGARETTE AND RELAX! WE NO LONGER LIVE IN THE DARK AGES, HUDDLED AROUND A METAPHORICAL CAMPFIRE IN FEAR OF LUNG CANCER OR EMPHYSEMA! WE'VE GOT MODERN MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY ON OUR SIDE! OUR SOPHISTICATED EQUIPMENT CAN SUSTAIN EVEN THE MOST RAVAGED, DISEASED CARCASS--INDEFINITELY! SO-- NOT TO WORRY! ENJOY LIFE! SMOKE MORE CIGARETTES!



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JUST LISTEN TO WHAT THESE FAMOUS PEOPLE SAY!



Dear Processed World,

DEEPEST THANKS for that great issue, the first I've ever really had a chance to read. As per your questionnaire: I saw my

BACKWORDS LOGIC by Ace Backwords



first copy in New York City, some time ago. I was in a hurry and didn't buy it. Plus the fact that at the time I had never worked in an electronic office, as I have since, and realized that whatever y'll were doing was brilliant and valuable, but touched on a lot of things outside my personal experience.

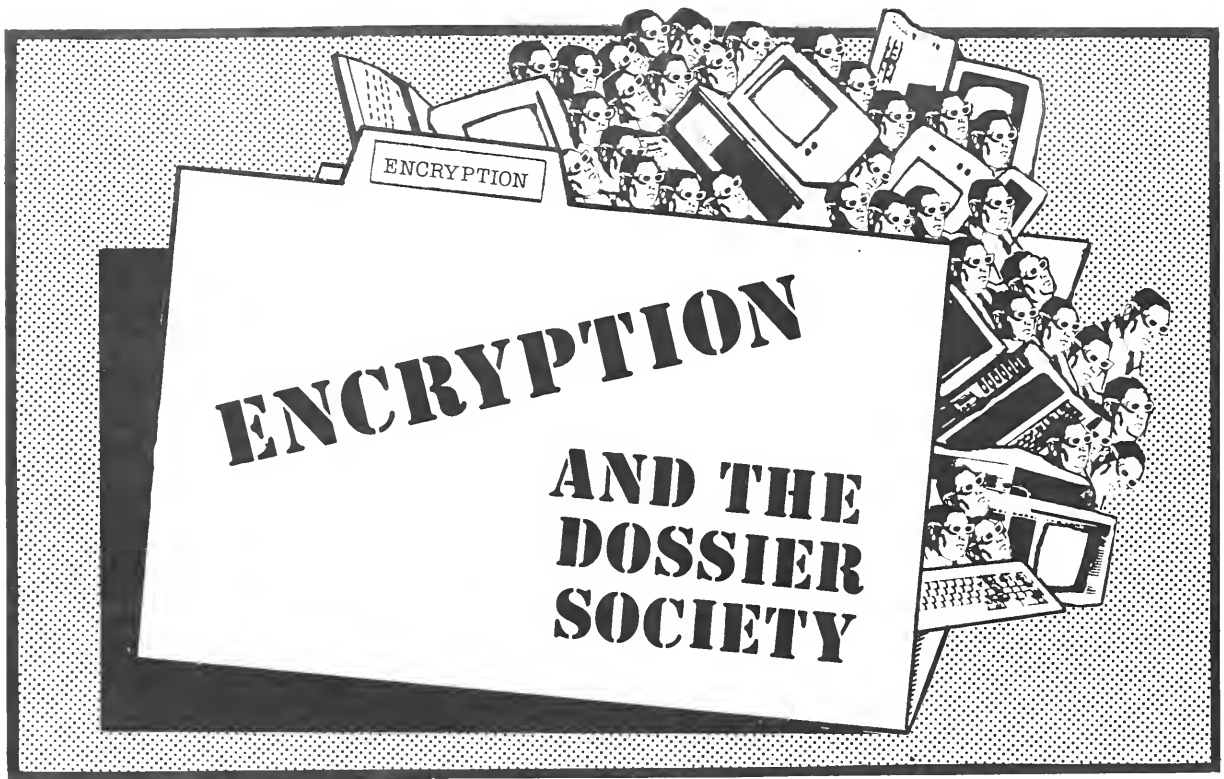
On the strength of one issue, I can hardly comment on changes in format, or your strengths and weaknesses (even for one person's point of view), but I will certainly circulate this issue as widely as possible and try to scrape up money for a subscription. I just lost my job (political/personal differences) in the newsroom of a local newspaper, where I had gone to scrape together enough money to be able to finish a dissertation and pursue a little of my own work. (I'm your standard blue-collar-origins, 60s scholarship education, unrepentant radical type.) *Processed World* obviously has the number of what I was doing there—scut keyboard labor—although the newsroom "middle strata"

types weren't exactly open to the idea that their job had been proletarianized. They saw a big difference between themselves and the bluer collar crews in the composing and press rooms, to the point of being unwilling to be in the same union with the latter. And here I'm talking about people who were willing to consider the idea of an organized newsroom at all. For someone like me, it was pretty bizarre—a clinging to an imaginary gentility, to being a "professional" to the last ditch rather than have anyone mistake you for a worker. But then, with Reagan riding so high, it's me who's the fool, obviously.

Besides this office, I've also done straight data-entry for various places around DC, and also worked in other pre-electronic offices in years past.

This is my hometown, and there are still a ragged platoon's worth of people here in conscious opposition.

SOLIDARITY!!!!
S.B. — Hagerstown, MD



It is impossible for ordinary people today to control, or even to find out, what is known about them. Not only do dozens of government agencies maintain files on us, but each time we buy a book, pay a tax, or phone a friend, records of our transaction are created and filed. Most people consider such records, if they consider them at all, as simply the price of modern convenience. Yet when the size, sophistication and number of today's databases are taken into account, together with their increasing interconnection and use, it may not be entirely paranoid to wonder if something other than convenience has come to be at stake.

Private credit agencies like TRW and Equifax aggregate individual transaction records into more than 150 million dossiers, each of which typically contains a full name, social security number, address, telephone #, name of spouse, workplace, salary, other income, credit grantors, payment history, arrest and conviction records, bankruptcies, tax liens and lawsuits. The data in these dossiers is often inaccurate. It is commonly collected by low-wage investigators expected by their supervisors to find dirt and find it fast. But once collected, it is bought and sold millions of times each day, linked with other data by the techniques of "computer matching," and even—like any other property—disposed of in bankruptcy proceedings. The Washington-based *Privacy Journal* (PO Box 15300, Wash. DC 20003) recently quoted Richard D.C. Whilden, the head of TRW's huge Information Services Division, as saying that TRW is actively looking for "new ways to package and sell the information" in its gigantic databases.

We are still in the early years of the computer age. The computerization of the home—via cable TV, microcomputers

and other two-way interactive systems—will make possible the construction of "master profiles" so detailed as to make the data-scavenging of today's credit bureaus seem like nursery school games.

Yet the government, concerned primarily with its own vulnerability to electronic eavesdropping, does little to protect the individual. The Reagan administration, in fact, has worked hard to expand the government's power to use techniques such as computer matching between formerly disjoint databases. The administration's justification is that with such techniques, the government can eliminate welfare cheaters and other hate objects of overtaxed society. There's a dispute about the efficacy of such techniques, with some experts claiming that they cost a good deal more to administer than they can save. But one thing is relatively clear: computer matching clears the way, culturally and legally, for the consolidation of what is called by some the "dossier society." The trend is visible in a recent Australian attempt to institute national identity cards, an attempt that—ominously—originated with tax-reformers who wanted to use the cards to assure compliance with tax laws.

National identity cards are still unusual in the West (although West Germany has recently adopted such cards) but computer-aggregated information, tied together by names, social security numbers, driver's license numbers and other personal identifiers, is fast becoming a functional equivalent. Richard Vasserstrom, a philosophy professor at UC Santa Cruz, has strikingly captured the threat of the dossier society that universal recordkeeping threatens to construct: "Every transaction in which one engages would...take on an additional significance. In such a society one would be both buying a tank of gas and leaving part of a systematic record of where one was at on a particular day... We would go through life encumbered by a wariness and deliberateness that would make it less easy to live what we take to be the life of a free person."

In the face of such developments, it's dangerous to over-emphasize technology. The forces driving the expanding col-

lection, refinement and exchange of dossier information originate directly in the culture and economy of bureaucratic capitalism. Nevertheless, the computer has undeniably multiplied the power of the information collectors. In the past, even the most eager of them was constrained by the clumsiness and inflexibility of paper recordkeeping. Today, with computerized files, that clumsiness is disappearing.

LAW? WHAT LAW?!

Most privacy advocates look only to the law for protection, and are quick to dismiss hope for technological safeguards as dangerous fetishism. But the law is lagging behind the new conditions of life. One recent book, *The High Cost of High Tech*, claims that "technology has rendered the Fourth Amendment [the right to protection from search and seizure] obsolete." Moreover, the power of the law, even when it's kept up to date, is vastly exaggerated. Laws as much as technologies are embodiments of large social purposes, and they can just as easily be pushed aside when those purposes change.

Consider wiretapping, the oldest form of electronic spying. David Burnham, author of *The Rise of the Computer State*, reports that, at the present time, wiretaps are far rarer than most of us imagine. However, he goes on to argue that while this is in part due to legal strictures against taps, the more important deterrent is that they "cost too much money" and consume an enormous amount of time for each meaningful fragment of useful intelligence they yield. In Burnham's mind, "the extremely low cost of labor in countries such as Russia and India is a major reason why the governments of these two countries can afford to eavesdrop on a huge number of telephone lines."

This is a critical assertion, for advanced pattern recognition technologies have made automated wire-tapping potentially routine. As a result, computers can automatically screen calls—and notify human agents only upon encountering words on present search lists. Such technology will soon diffuse throughout society, and when it does, the economics of eavesdropping may change radically.

And that's just wiretapping. According to the FBI's Assistant Director of Technical Services William A. Bayse, the bureau has embarked on ambitious modernization plans that include the use of "artificial intelligence" to search for "patterns" in its massive databases. The artificial intelligence field is thick with hype (See "Mindgames" in PW #13), but tasks like this can probably be

formalized well enough to enable their successful automation. The FBI's system will eventually work, and when it does it's not hard to imagine its future. Why shouldn't FBI software drones be allowed to search commercial databases, or phone company and bank records? A long chain of legal decisions has sharply limited the individual's rights with regard to such records. Automation will make such searches relatively cheap and—from the perspective of law enforcement managers—entirely rational.

While the government has (to put it mildly) little interest in protecting the privacy of its citizens, it has every interest in protecting its own and that of the giant corporations it does business with. Enter the technology of data encryption.

Encryption, despite its forbidding

name and monumental technical complexity, is simple in purpose—a means by which data can be scrambled into incomprehensible patterns, to be unscrambled only for those who can present the proper numerical "key." Encryption seals the envelopes of the electronic age. The National Security Agency, ten times larger than the CIA and ten times more secret, insists that only its official "envelopes" be used.

Last year, partly in response to NSDD-145, a National Security Directive, the NSA began the Commercial Communications Security Endorsement Program. This is an effort to strengthen the anti-eavesdropping protections built into private and corporate communications systems. At the surface this initiative, in which America's most powerful and most secret intelligence agency goes into the private security

Excerpted from "This Modern World," a full-length work available for \$3 through PROCESSED WORLD.

cont'd. next page

business, is only peculiar. Below the surface it becomes actively suspect.

As an aspect of the new program, the NSA is establishing an industrial consortium to produce pre-sealed, tamper-resistant encryption chips. Even more secret than the codes they're slated to replace, NSA's new black-box chips will be extremely classified. Only a small circle of designers will know their inner workings, and engineers incorporating them into new data communications devices will be doing so blindly, without knowing how they work. Strange commodities these, but ones that will nevertheless find a market. The NSA is advisor to the National Bureau of Standards on cryptologic matters, and it plans to see its new chips become the only generally approved means of encoding sensitive civilian and quasi-governmental transactions.

To put these developments in context, it's useful to look back at the origins of the system the NSA now wants to replace with its black box.

In 1973, when the National Bureau of Standards first put out a call for the development of an encryption system good enough to serve as a national standard, IBM won hands down. Its Lucifer system was already in the final stages of development, and was, by all reports, very good. In fact, it was so good that it upset the NSA, which had considered itself comfortably ahead of the rest of the world in the still arcane art of cryptography. The NSA eventually managed to get its own shortened and otherwise altered version of the system adopted as the Data Encryption Standard (DES).

DES, as it was eventually adopted, was essentially identical to Lucifer but with a few crucial differences. Somewhere in the negotiations between the NSA and IBM, the cipher had been seriously weakened by reducing its key size from 128 to 56 bits. (A "bit" is the simplest unit of information in a digital computer: in essence, a switch that is either on or off.) According to David Kahn, author of *The Code Breakers* and a noted historian of cryptography, Lucifer had set off a debate within the NSA. "The codebreaking side wanted to make sure that the cipher was weak enough for the NSA to solve when used by foreign nations and companies," he explained in the fall 1979 issue of *Foreign Affairs*. "The codemaking side," on the other hand, "wanted any cipher it was certifying for use by Americans to be truly good." According to Kahn, the resulting "bureaucratic compromise" included the weakened key.

To appreciate the significance of the 72 dropped bits, consider that there are

essentially three ways to break a cipher. You can make a "brute force" attack in which you try all possible keys in an exhaustive search; you can exploit structures in whatever mathematical functions form the basis of that system; or you can sneak in through a "trapdoor" (or "Trojan Horse") that's been deliberately built for just such a purpose. Assume for a moment that you've neither a trapdoor nor any line of crypto-analytic attack. In that case, the difficulty of breaking a cipher increases exponentially with the key length. Hence the shortened key length of DES weakened it enormously.

The adoption of DES in 1977 provoked a fiercely acrimonious controversy in the pages of journals like *Cryptologia* and *Science*. The dispute was far from merely technical; a number of prominent cryptologists accused the NSA of doctoring DES to make it transparent to the

agency's eavesdroppers. At the height of the DES controversy, a classified Senate committee investigation concluded—in a one page declassified summary—that DES was "adequately secure for the purpose for which it was intended." However, note that it is a crime equivalent to espionage to use only DES hardware (as opposed to the more cumbersome, but more secure, systems used to protect top-secret governmental communications) for the "cryptographic protection of computer data that is classified according to the National Security Act of 1947, or the Atomic Energy Act of 1954." (*Federal Register*, Vol. 40, #149.)

During the 1977 debate, NSA's critics argued that by keeping crucial parts of DES's design secret, the NSA may be concealing a trapdoor by which it could instantly decrypt any DES-protected data. Despite persistent rumors, such a



trapdoor has never been reported.

But trapdoors can be impossible to find without doing computations at least as exhaustive as those necessary to mount a successful brute force attack. Since such computations are typically unfeasible with today's computers, even with ciphers like DES, eight years of failure prove nothing. DES is still under investigation at Bell Labs, The Catholic University in Leuven, Belgium, and at the Center for Mathematics and Computer Science in Amsterdam; trust comes hard in this business. Eventually, however, the controversy subsided.

**YOU MUST TRUST US,
WE ARE ALL GOOD BOY SCOUTS**
(an IBM spokesman in the
1977 DES debate)

It was late in 1985 that the NSA suddenly and gracelessly abandoned DES. In an assertion which directly

contradicts years of reassurances, Walter Dealey, then NSA's Deputy Director for Communications Security, told *Science* magazine that he "wouldn't bet a plugged nickel on the Soviet Union not breaking [DES]." According to Barton O'Brien, Sales Manager for the Silicon Valley-based firm RSA Data Security, "people in the industry feel betrayed, and wonder why [sic] the NSA won't do it again."

To add insult to injury, DES will be superseded not by a secure yet publicly-documented system open to independent evaluation—a good definition of a "modern" Cryptosystem—but by a classified black box. The NSA's actions have thus gone beyond being suspicious to being "ridiculous, absolutely embarrassing," to quote one computer scientist.

The NSA, Britain's GCHQ (Government Communications Headquarters),

and the Soviet KGB all have plenty of motivation for hawking flawed ciphers. Quite simply, if you know the way in, you can read all the buyer's coded communications at will. Britain did this after World War II by remarketing to other nations a captured German coding machine, the ENIGMA, which it had cracked during the war. The NSA is known to have tried to spy on NATO allies in this way in the 1950's, via contacts with the Swiss coding-machine company that sold to these countries.

There seem to be three possible explanations for NSA's abandonment of DES for its new ciphers. The first is simple enough. The NSA has long been lying; there is a trapdoor in DES and the Russians have found it. In the second we presume just the opposite, that the NSA has been telling the truth, and DES contains no trapdoor; but then we imagine that the NSA has come to regret its restraint. In this scenario, the NSA is replacing DES with a new coding system precisely because, unlike DES, it *really* is booby-trapped. In the third, we postulate that somehow perhaps through advances in computers or math theory, the Russians (or whoever) have broken DES. In that case, there seems to be no reason not to strengthen the system, perhaps by going back to IBM's original design, unless there are legitimate (classified) flaws in its basic structure. This does not explain, however, why the NSA would then want a new system that is not documented. Suspicion is appropriate, since the pre-sealed, tamper-resistant form of the new codes is made to order for hiding trapdoors. Herb Bright, an officer of the private data-security firm Computation Planning Associates and a member of the American National Standards Institute/American Bankers Association committee that is evaluating the NSA's new codes, put it this way: "With a hardware black box you can describe several schemes that would be almost impossible to test for from the outside that could, in effect, constitute a hardware Trojan Horse capability that I find a little disturbing... if you don't know what's in the black box, in detail, I think it's physically and mathematically impossible to prove [that a trapdoor isn't there] from the outside."

MODERN CRYPTOGRAPHY

Eight years ago the NSA, pursuing its goals with the single-mindedness typical of a massive bureaucracy, tried to classify all cryptologic research in the US. It failed for an interesting reason—namely, that a great deal of abstract mathematical research can be viewed as research in cryptography. Mathematicians working with no thought as to



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coding systems can, and do, find themselves in areas that have significant cryptologic implications.

Cryptology, then, has inevitably gone public; its technologies and techniques are widely available, and as a consequence, virtually all nations have secured their high-level dispatches behind ciphers breakable only with the greatest effort—or good luck. Intelligence agencies have been reduced to traffic analysis (studying the movement of data as a whole) and to eavesdropping on unclassified communications in an effort to find significant nuggets of information. In short, communications intelligence just isn't as cost-effective as it used to be. Moreover, intelligence agencies that are addicted to technology can be foiled when their adversaries simply go low tech: Iran sidesteps American electronic espionage by sending sensitive military communications by hand, while in El Salvador, guerrillas no longer transmit much useful information by phone.)

The cryptographic cat is already out of the bag. It has thus become increasingly difficult to justify classifying cryptographic protections like those now used by most governments. Such protections are already available to individuals with the money and the inclination, but privileged individual access is of little consequence at the social level. To make a real difference, encryption systems would have to be as routine and invisible as those that manage the billing of phone calls. They would have to be built into the systems—from telephone networks to police databases—of concern in everyday life. In this way, people could regain control of what is known about them, and by whom.

New cryptosystems, very different from the NSA's secret ciphers, may have exactly the needed properties. Sometimes distinguished as "modern," these systems might be able to short-circuit dossier-building by casting routine credit, billing and credential transactions into forms useless to the computer matchers.

Modern cryptography began in 1976, with the publication by Stanford scientists Whitfield Diffie and Martin Hellman of a paper introducing the concept of public-key cryptography. This was an independent rediscovery of principles originated and then classified by the NSA in the early 'seventies. Hellman explains the idea by analogy: "A conventional encryption system is like a combination lock that requires the combination for both locking and unlocking." If you put the lock on a mailbox, everyone that uses it must have the combination. "Public-key systems are similar except that you need two different

combinations" which form a uniquely matched pair—one encrypts (codes) and the other decrypts (decodes). "If you make the locking combination (i.e. the encryption key) public, that's privacy," says Hellman, because anyone can open the mailbox and put in a message for you—but only you, with your private key, can take out and read the messages.

Public-key systems require no central authority like the NSA to provide keys; custom microcomputers would do a better job by allowing users to generate their own. Finally, only the private half of a two-part key must be kept secret; public-key systems are at their best when the non-secret keys are published in electronic directories rather like phone books.

As an added benefit, public-key systems can be run in reverse to generate "digital signatures." Such signatures allow documents to be electroni-

cally signed by encrypting them with a private key—only when unlocked with the matching public key will decryption yield a meaningful text. In Hellman's words: digital signatures are "like written signatures in that they're easily produced by the legitimate signer, easily recognized by any recipient, and yet impossible, from a practical point of view, to forge." This can be seen by the analogy with handwritten signatures: in checking a signature against a sample to validate it, one doesn't learn how to produce the genuine article.

This notion of anonymity within electronic networks is more fully articulated by cryptologist David Chaum, writing in the October 1985 issue of the *Communications of the Association of Computing Machinery*. Taking public-key cryptography as his inspiration, Chaum has developed techniques for eliminating the personal identifiers that



make computer matching possible. He's done this by introducing a new concept, the digital pseudonym, and marrying it to public-key cryptography. His goal is simple and well-chosen—to unlink transactions from each other, so that people can (say) prove creditworthiness without revealing their entire political and psychological history, can demonstrate possession of a credential (like a degree) or the absence of a negative credential (like a felony record) without handing over the keys to the entire dossier.

Every "check" written in Chaum's pseudonym economy would be like those in the old TV show "The Millionaire"—you could cash it, but you couldn't find out who wrote it. Likewise phone calls, plane reservations, and the rest of the transactions which today leave indelible trails of information could be authenticated as legitimate transactions, but traced back only to a digital pseudonym.

"I'm saying, here's a way to use public keys where no one can find out which keys belong to which person. People tend to treat authentication and identification as if they're the same, but they're not—and with digital signatures you can have authentication without identification."

LAST WORD

In June of 1985, Donald Latham, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Command, Control, Communications and Intelligence (C3I), told a congressional subcommittee on Computer Security Policy that "there's still a fair amount of invention needed" before the "computer security problem" is solved. Latham, of course, is a Cold Warrior who sees the computer security problem solely in terms of protecting governmental and quasi-governmental data from the enemy. Still, his easy call for

targeted invention is notable: technology is his ally, and he knows it.

Latham has money to spend. Chaum does not. On these grounds alone, we would expect Latham's view of the security problem to receive a good deal more attention than Chaum's in the marketplace of ideas. The matter doesn't end with money, however. Speaking earlier this year before the same subcommittee, the NSA's Deely made his preferences quite clear: "Cryptography, like nuclear weaponry, is government's business first and foremost." In Deeley's view, only government can prevent "the provision of cryptographic information to the other side, either by traitors selling secrets or [by] putting cryptography in the public domain." It's easy to guess what this means for future governmental attitudes towards citizen-oriented, decentralist data security schemes like Chaum's.

Chaum's approach is well within the realm of technical feasibility. That's not the problem. For the pseudonym system to work, all the institutions whose records form the basis for electronic dossier-building—banks, telephone companies, utilities, other large corporations and government agencies—would have to agree to its use. Since such institutions now find it highly convenient to build dossiers or buy them from companies like TRW, they are unlikely to do so. Only a social movement of enormous power could compel the widespread institutional adoption of genuine privacy protection systems for ordinary citizens; and millions of dollars would immediately be invested in finding ways around them.

In fact, the usefulness of proposals like Chaum's is precisely that they raise the question of why they are not adopted. They show us that today's technologies are not the only possibilities, that there is not a single current of "progress" with which we must swim or go under. Like the societies that breed and shape them, technologies are the results of human choices and they can be changed by human action.

So the next time you hear that technology is neutral, remember the story of encryption, and remember who has the resources to manifest his vision. The world of cryptologically protected privacy may be as much a technological possibility as is Deeley's security state. But technology only builds the pipe; it neither pays the piper nor calls the tune.

by Tom Athanasiou & the PW staff



to be continued next issue...



We've rilly interfaced long enough, you know, and the liveware will be home before midnight, so let's get started, okay? You like my architecture, don't you? I know you've probably heard some real grody stuff about me down at the user group, but it's rilly not true. I mean, I am kind of user-friendly, but I'm not a multi-user or time-sharing system like some of those girls down on the beach. I'm just into good healthy integration between compatible systems—and you look like a real prototype. Not like some guys I've met. It's like, they're all either hackers or tweeks or frobnicating fools. I got myself fixed up with a naive user last week, a real soft error. My fault for trying to pick someone up through a bulletin board. And then there was this whiz kid I met last month at the Winter Comdex. He keeps feeding me this cybercud all night, and then this bit twiddler lasts about a nano-second, you know? I mean, with most guys it's just GIGO, totally mung.

But you look like you rilly know protocol. See anything you like on the menu? Ooh, I like a hands-on kind of guy. Mmm, how'd you know I had a touch-sensitive screen? You've rilly got a nice diagnostic routine. Yes, I have been told I've got great components... Now let's get access to that joystick. Ooh. Just a microsecond and I'll make that floppy disk stand up and run

SILICON VALLEY GIRL

some programs. I'm gonna make like Pac-Man with this tool...Mmm...nibble...gulp...your software's turning into hardware...oops, sorry, like, did I byte?...Mmm...wow, you've rilly got a moby dick!

What's that, you want to get interactive? I usually like to be asynchronous, but I'm game...Oh, yes, I do like this configuration with you. You rilly know what to do with my control key. Yes, lick my honeywell. Like, I can't wait anymore. I want you in my disk drive. Now. Wait, I have to put in my removable disk—What would Dr. Ruth say if I didn't? Like, wow, fatal error, you know.

Now the automatic self-test, and my wetware is ready. Come on, lover, fill my expansion slot. Ohhh, wow, we're rilly on-line. Yes, wraparound...ooh, c'mon, upload, download, upload, download—wow, what a power surge! RAM it in me!...Hey, wait, not yet, use your surge suppressor...That's right, oh yes, upload, download, upload, download, come on, scroll, scroll, scroll, scroll, c'mon shoot that ink jet printer in me, oh yes, COM, COM, COM, OEMVARMSDOS-CPUCPDOSASCIIICPM!!!

Wow, that was awesome. You rilly zapped my screen. Like, I saw graphics, you know. I mean, like, I'm still toggling. That was totally elegant. Fer sher.

—Jeffrey Lener

THE BASTARD

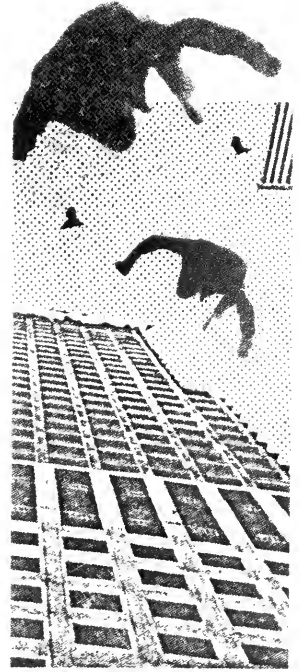
She is in it for herself. The company, the department, is the vehicle of her expression. She is a houseguest, she is a servant, she is an outsider on a temporary pass into a permanent position.

She works for pleasure. Money is no compensation; money is the medium in which she is paid recognition, self esteem, and, really, love. She takes the money and buys things for herself.

She is a temp, a free-lancer, a self-employed contractor. She is a corporate bastard who challenges the legitimacy of the company family. Top executives may wander from company to company, because *their* relationships are sanctified by their salaried commitment, just as serial marriages are sanctified while serial love affairs are not.

This is no world for freelancers or lovers. Once the project ends, once the passion cools, once she has satisfied the other's need; the money, the praise, the attentiveness vanishes. There is no formal send off, no goodbye lunch, not even a handshake. When she empties her desk, comes by for a check, her erstwhile colleagues avert their eyes, like husbands who have returned to their wives. Business goes on as usual without her. Everyone knows she doesn't take shit. Everyone knows the bastard is in it for herself.

—by Ana Logue



A Death in the Works

The Library is a quiet place, where words live in suspense, and people pad softly around them, their own lives in escrow. The Library saves books (which is its business), but devours people by forcing them underground. What it does is pale the lives of we who work away from the sun. Leaves of paper become the real flesh; our pigmentation transluces under the fluorescent glare; we no longer see each other or hear the vital pulse of humanity for the riffling of other lives, comfortably stable and remote, a known quantity in the catalog of lies.

It wasn't so long ago I noticed Joe Warn. I think that was his name; I'm not sure. He worked as a page—a lowly position pulling books off the shelves for patrons, and later reshelving them. We never got to know each other—my work is technical, and includes collection development; he was simply maintaining what was already there, and serving the public. Looking at him, though, as he frowned about the stacks stirred in me a tendrill of curiosity. After long flaccidity, I wondered about a fellow employee.

He somehow didn't look right for what he was doing: in his mid-thirties, he was older than the other pages. Working this menial job, at the low end of the scale, must have struck him as absurd in its obscurity. He had a Ph.D. in English, and was working on a degree in library school. He had a head full of dos Passos, having spent many years writing his thesis, a Marxist analysis of U.S.A. He was recently divorced.

It doesn't really help just to wonder about a person's place in life outside the Library. As it turned out, Joe Warn did not have far to go.

He shot himself one Friday after work. Those who worked with him kept very quiet about it. The pages are a gossipy lot, yet I heard nothing from them. I suspect they were not told about his lonely and violent end, as a prophylactic measure taken by their supervisor. Joe was not a good example.

The library school did circulate a memo that briefly announced he had curtailed his involvement in all functions there. He was, in effect, a plug

pulled from the socket of study.

But it was in the Library itself that I saw the most telling obituary, a classic piece of no-sentiment deflection in the form of a "Report from the Service Desk," buried in the back pages of the weekly newsletter, a few months later.

Joe Warn was a graduate student that has died. He had many books out from Circulation, and they have not been returned yet. If Mr. Warn was a patron of yours, be forewarned: recall notices will receive no response.

There is a hush, a weird sort of aural conservation, that makes us fall silent when the going gets grim. It worries me no end.

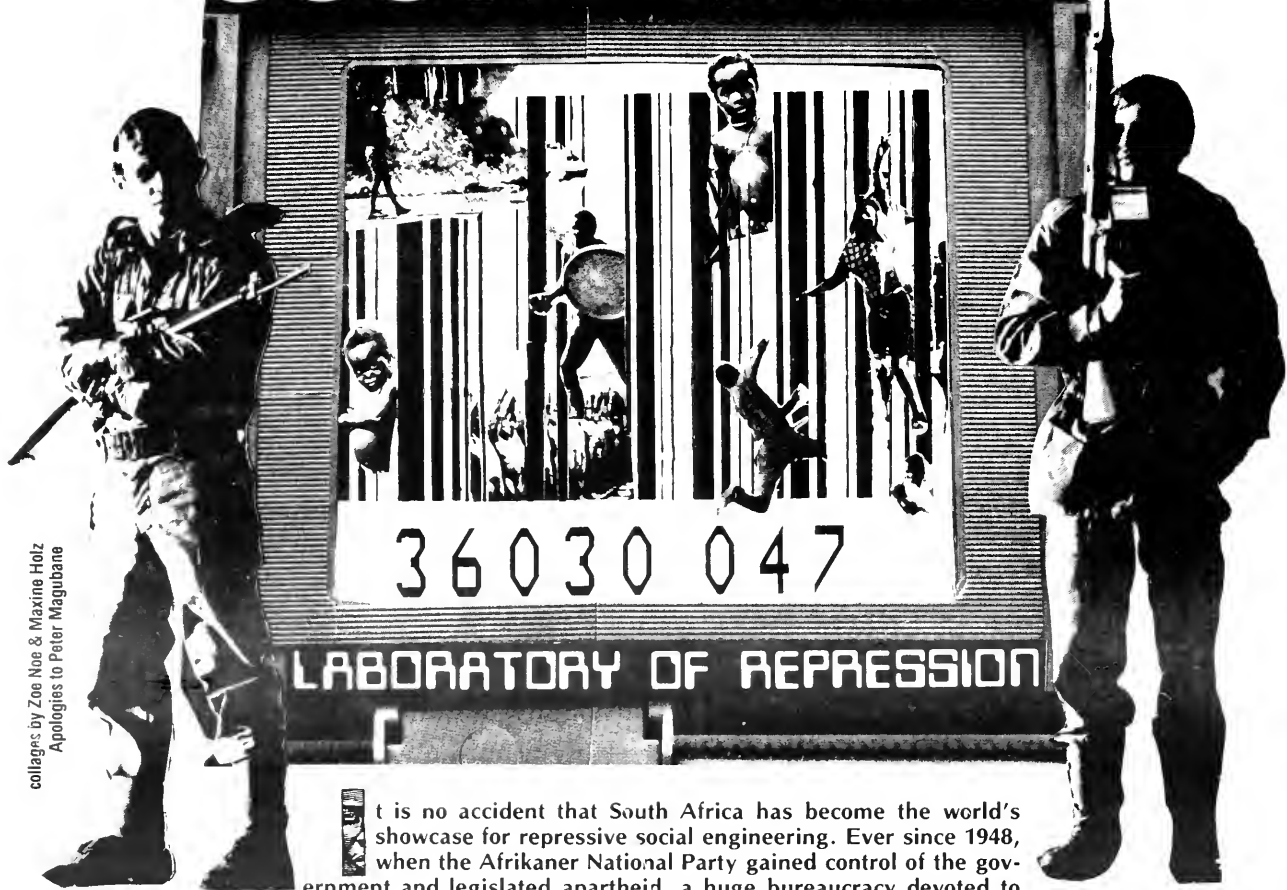
It's not the books that do it—it's like this outside the Library, too, but the books provide an access point to the person who works them, his neck on the line, only to read his own vital signs.

Joe Warn's call number is marked in the Coroner's report, after years in arrears. What more is there to say?

Keep it to yourself.

—D.S. Black

SOUTH AFRICA:



collages by Zoe Noe & Maxine Holz
Apologies to Peter Magubane

It is no accident that South Africa has become the world's showcase for repressive social engineering. Ever since 1948, when the Afrikaner National Party gained control of the government and legislated apartheid, a huge bureaucracy devoted to

controlling the black majority has steadily grown in size and sophistication. Today, it allows South Africa to jail more people per capita every year than any other country in the world. (The US and USSR rank second and third.) But while South Africa may overshadow the superpowers in blatant ruthlessness, it depends upon their lead for the more subtle, 'soft technologies' of social control. ¶ The western press has widely documented the most brutal applications of state repression under apartheid: the mass arrests, torture, murder, and commando raids by the South African Defense Force. What has largely been ignored is the behind-the-scenes use of high technology to maintain apartheid in the wake of black rebellion. ¶ Computers have become essential for administering the labyrinth of apartheid's laws (there have been 18 million arrests of blacks for violating the passbook laws alone) and offsetting the manpower shortage of the mostly white armed forces. As one South African Defense Force specialist put it, "It is impossible to keep up with a lean, mobile force unless you use a computer." There are a number of imported computerized military command systems which directly aid the armed forces. IBM set up a South African-owned affiliate that now services Project Korvor, a system that tracks ammunition and other materiel and supplies for the South African Defense Forces and is a key factor in coordinating the 100,000 troops South Africa has deployed to prevent independence in Namibia.

More insidious is the use of computers by the architects of apartheid within the state bureaucracy. According to *Automating Apartheid* by Thomas Conrad, South Africa's Department of Interior uses IBM computers to store and process the voluminous data known as "The Book of Life." This "book" contains the racial classification, residence, employment, marital status, etc. of the country's white, indian and "mixed race" people. The British firm ICL outbid IBM and won the contract for the memory bank that tracks the country's 25 million blacks. This system stores the vital statistics for all of the country's blacks, each of whom must be fingerprinted at age 16. Nearly 20 million prints are stored and around one million new passbooks are issued to blacks each year. Together the "Book of Life" and the passbook databanks provide Pretoria with surveillance and control capabilities unmatched by any other bureaucracy in the world. To use all this data to its maximum potential for political repression, Pretoria relies on police software like IBM's "Law Enforcement System." ¶ Control Data Corporation contributed its assistance to apartheid by selling the government its "Urban Planning Package" and "Perspective" software. Entire urban environments, including black townships, can be simulated—down to houses, trees, and parked cars—with this system. ¶ Under apartheid such technology has helped design a social infrastructure that superbly accommodates police/military repression. Large expanses,

often miles of treeless, flat land separate black slumtowns from the white urban centers. Such urban "planning" makes any surreptitious movement of blacks toward white areas impossible and exposes the townships to artillery, tank and air attacks. To date, there has been little need to go beyond military intimidation in which armored carriers, tanks, and troops have encircled and cut off townships. But if black unrest was perceived to be out of control, the government has contingency plans for military reprisals that could destroy entire black townships without endangering nearby white areas.

The government does not have a monopoly on computers for social control. The business sector protects its interests with the help of Ontel, a US electronics company, which provides a labor surveillance network that tracks Africans at many large mines and installations. The *Financial Mail*, South Africa's equivalent of the *Wall Street Journal*, says this "labor information system" "provides comprehensive data on every worker, from his ethnic group to his merit rating, and also keeps tabs on where any worker is at any one time."

The African National Congress & South African Youth

The sophistication of surveillance, the web of laws against dissent and free association, and the brutal repression by police/military forces make traditional forms of opposition unworkable in South Africa. Radical groups are banned and their leaders jailed, exiled, or killed yet self-organization among blacks is demonstrated daily in boycotts, strikes, and street rioting. Confrontation has intensified throughout the '80s especially since the birth of the United Democratic Front (UDF) in August 1983. A non-racial, grassroots coalition of 600 community, labor, religious, and political organizations, the UDF coalesced around opposition to the government's constitutional reforms establishing coloured and Indian (but not black) "puppet parliaments." This attempt by the Botha government to exacerbate racial tensions totally backfired. Its greatest impact was to further polarize apartheid's non-white collaborators from the vast majority despising them. An election boycott campaign involving all non-white races reduced voter turnout to less than 20%. It galvanized the now widespread movement among militant blacks to make life impossible, often literally, for black and mixed-race stooges serving as police or government "officials" over the townships.

Violence directed toward black town councillors appointed by the Black Local Authorities Act of 1982 has led over 90% of them to resign. Under the pretense of

giving autonomous powers to black townships, the act was a disingenuous scheme to remove financial support for local services. Of the 38 original black local councils, only two are still functioning.

The western press consistently projects the African National Congress (ANC) as the single organization masterminding resistance in S.A., even though the UDF is much bigger and broader. Casting either as the vanguard obscures the incredibly decentralized character of rebellion, a reality perceived to be extremely dangerous by white S.A. corporate leaders and conservative western governments like the Reagan administration. These forces are falling all over themselves to enlighten the Botha government so it will recognize the ANC as the legitimate opposition with which to negotiate for an orderly end to social unrest. To make such a scenario even remotely possible, they desperately need

a single, identifiable black organization and its leader(s) to broker power with.

Fortunately, the ANC is mostly following, not leading, a mass movement that defies central control. The movers and shakers of revolution in S.A. are the virtually unarmed, often leaderless, black and mixed-race youth who refuse to wait for reforms their parents never saw. They have developed a practice of near-continuous rebellion which, in September 1985, spilled into the previously sacred white areas for the first time in South African history. Direct attacks on "soft targets" (e.g., shopping malls, beaches, and residences) in white areas have continued and they illustrate how ANC strategy often has to catch up with militant youth actions. Until 1985 the ANC's position was that only "hard" military, police, and corporate targets should be attacked. But recently it had to revise this position to stay abreast with the actual events of an escalating urban



by Doug Winkler

KENNECOTT GENERAL MOTORS BURROUGHS IBM FORD
 FIRST BOSTON CHEMICAL BANK MORGAN GUARANTY
 MOBIL OIL UNION CARBIDE CONTROL DATA CALTEX
 GOODYEAR STANDARD OIL TEXACO

warfare. Similarly, in 1984, when the ANC called for blacks to make the townships "ungovernable" (a phenomenon that was already occurring), the severity and popularity of attacks against black collaborators was quite unexpected. The rise of black-against-black violence and increasing chaos in the streets made some in the ANC feel, quite correctly, that events were eluding their control.

Still, it would be equally misleading to deny the ANC's leadership in several key areas. They train thousands of guerrillas-in-exile and are skilled at coordinating sabotage. Their daring attacks on the Koeberg nuclear power plant, SASOL synthetic fuel plant, Air Force headquarters in downtown Johannesburg, and numerous police stations have certainly inspired blacks to strike at the bases of white power. The ANC has also timed clandestine acts of sabotage to coincide with open, non-violent opposition. One of the most striking examples occurred when the commuter train connecting Soweto workers with Johannesburg was blown up the same day blacks staged a massive work "stay-away" protesting rent increases.

As in most modern revolutionary situations, in S.A. it is the young who are pushing the limits of what is possible. They are mostly teenagers, some pre-teenage, and some in their early twenties. It was this age group that kept resistance alive in the early '70s when the ANC was almost crushed by government repression. Spontaneous school boycotts and the emergence of the Black Consciousness movement emphasizing psychological liberation and empowerment enabled students to break the lull in political opposition. Initially the ANC rejected the Black Consciousness movement with some ideologues even denouncing it as a "petty bourgeois deviation." Still, in 1977 when all Black

In the early '80s, it was a slightly younger group, now called "the children," who initiated attacks against black informers and collaborators with the grotesque practice of the "necklace"—placing a gasoline filled rubber tire around a victim's neck and setting them on fire. In the townships, it is "the children" who stage school boycotts; last year an average of 300,000 secondary students participated in political strikes at any given time. It is youth who enforce the consumer boycotts against white-owned shops (a few white owners who actively oppose apartheid are exempted). And now it is the young who are hitting white areas; beginning the process of ripping open the soft underbelly of white domination.

Hit-and-run direct action has emerged as a common strategy of S.A. rebellion. Even in the legal, above-ground trade union movement, "limited" strikes have been more successful in demonstrating black labor power while mitigating state and corporate repression. Few strikes have lasted long, but since 1982 there has been an average of one new strike each day. A trend has developed in which more work days are lost through strike action in each succeeding year.

Radical confrontations, usually viewed as the pinnacle of revolutionary activity, such as a single nationwide general strike or all-out armed struggle, are serious mistakes in South Africa. Apartheid has successfully organized a social infrastructure and climate which allows the wholesale slaughter of blacks who openly mobilize themselves (e.g., the massacres of 1960 and 1976). Instead, a combination of coordinated labor and consumer strikes, strategic sabotage, limited violence, militant funeral marches, school boycotts, and spontaneous rioting—coupled with divestment/sanctions movements abroad—has forged a spectrum of opposition that is perhaps the most advanced in the world, ever.

Unlike the revolutions in Iran and Nicaragua or the civil war in El Salvador, the global character of S.A. rebellion is highly visible and the exposure of multinational corporate involvement is a fundamental part of the opposition. From England to Japan to the U.S., thousands of people are directing concerted protests against their governments' and firms' bolstering of apartheid. The scope of this international anti-apartheid movement is an unprecedented challenge to multinational corporate freedom.

Tactically, economic sanctions and divestment are seriously flawed. The problems are twofold. The harshest consequences will be diverted elsewhere and the measures themselves are easily

circumvented. In lobbying against sanctions, South Africa's Deputy Minister Louis Nel put it bluntly: "Let us be frank, our neighboring states (especially Botswana, Mozambique, Angola, Lesotho and Swaziland) will suffer before we do. These measures will have an impact on the whole of southern Africa and South Africa will be better able to absorb the impact." What Mr. Nel didn't mention was how the superfluity of modern capital has already allowed "intermediaries" like Taiwan, Israel and Paraguay to disguise the west's flow of arms, technology, and investment into South Africa. As early as 1978, S.A. secretly studied how to subvert sanctions. A cable from a U.S. diplomat in Pretoria to the State Department that year summarizes what has happened all along:

"Multinationals, including U.S. subsidiaries, are determined to undercut any sanctions action and have already made plans to camouflage their operations through subterfuges arranged with affiliates in other countries."

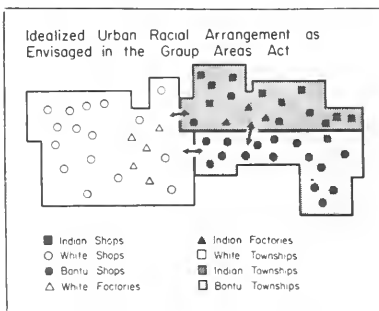
For the most part sanctions are used by reactionary governments in Bonn, London, and D.C. as window dressing to appease anti-apartheid constituencies and to punish Marxist-oriented, majority rule neighbors of South Africa. Yet as a matter of strategy, the sanctions/divestment movement has been quite important. The display of international solidarity against apartheid has been a tremendous boost for the morale of black South Africans. This should not be underestimated. The sheer hopelessness arising from the squalid conditions and internalized oppression under apartheid is significant in keeping down resistance. Black leaders repeatedly point out that when lumpen blacks learn westerners (even whites themselves!) are actively protesting to end apartheid, their sense of that possibility is dramatically enlivened. Conversely, the multi-racial, worldwide condemnation of S.A. is perhaps the strongest force deflating an otherwise confident white racism.

The Corporate Response

"Blacks comprise 70% of the population but account for only 2% of auto sales."

—Apartheid as seen by Ford Motor Co.

Even though the Botha government has stubbornly insulated itself from world opinion, corporate powers in South Africa are paranoid. The government's grandiose talk of economic self-sufficiency pales before the reality that American and British investment



Consciousness organizations were banned, it was exiled student activists that provided the ANC with its first large influx of guerrilla recruits. An estimated 75% of the 10,000 students who fled into exile received training from the ANC despite sometimes sharp political cleavages.

account for 70% of domestic banking. As the value of the Rand plunges and international banks refuse to lend money to any S.A. borrower, the schism between capitalists and the government widens.

It is against this backdrop of sliding foreign confidence that whites with the most privilege are scurrying to establish black civil rights. Sadly, because of their efforts a type of neo-apartheid is emerging that may well restore business as usual minus the most blatant racism.

In September of '85, South African corporate huns did the unthinkable; they illegally held "talks" with exiled ANC leaders in Zambia. More meetings have occurred since then, but, to date, the Botha government refuses to participate in any discussions with the ANC. To further pressure the government, 91 corporate heads, including top executives of General Motors, Eastman Kodak, Mobil, Citibank, and leading mining magnates again did the unprecedented. They placed full-page advertisements in major S.A. and U.S. newspapers calling for an end to apartheid. Under the banner headline "WE BELIEVE THERE IS A BETTER WAY," the ads included the statement:

"We believe the reform process should be accelerated by abolishing statutory race discrimination wherever it exists, negotiating with acknowledged black leaders about power sharing, granting full South African citizenship to all our peoples, restoring and entrenching the rule of law." (emphasis added)

With the growth of spontaneous rioting that neither the government nor the ANC can control, capitalists want to make reforms now before it's too late. Many believe that foreign banks and western countries can be satisfied and racial calm restored without conceding a timetable for black rule. Instead they want to allay blacks' most immediate concerns and engage in negotiations that could drag on forever. While there is no strong consensus, many see abolishing the hated pass laws, allowing blacks to own property, releasing Nelson Mandela from prison, and desegregating schools as going far enough without going too far.

While such fundamental reforms would be welcomed, it is doubtful whether they will quell black desires for full rights and majority rule. If anything, new freedoms will fuel black aspirations for a more total social transformation.

The government's most likely changes, such as gutting the pass laws, will be heralded as far-reaching reforms rather than necessary adjustments within an evolving neo-apartheid policy. The growing number of pass violations has prompted even the state appointed



Photo by Peter Magubane

President's Council to recommend their repeal since "the (widespread) circumvention of the law produces contempt for the relevant act and for the authorities." Corporate interests see dismantling the pass laws as a maneuver to calm an increasingly hostile labor force. For blacks living in isolated, single-sex work camps (a universal condition for male mine workers), repealing these laws would allow them to bring their families to live with them. "That would be a force for stability" is how one "labor expert" put it. "One reason a strike can be so volatile is that these men are lonely and frustrated. They can't go home to their families at night."

The most militant reforms, of course, cannot be accommodated within any adaptation of apartheid. The one non-negotiable demand by blacks—majority rule—also happens to be a non-negotiable exclusion from the Afrikaner government's agenda. The hope for a Zimbabwe style of transition, in which whites voluntarily cede political

power to a black majority, withers before the peculiar Afrikaner history and resolve to preserve their way of life. Playing hardball and snubbing Reagan and Thatcher governments alike, S.A. has repeatedly told international critics to go to hell by orchestrating military incursions and U.N. violations throughout the region. With the largest and best equipped army on the continent, it is unlikely that S.A. could be policed by even the superpowers.

For the rest of the '80s, S.A. may prove to be a test case for the relative strength that repressive technology and military prowess have against a politically conscious citizenry outnumbering whites by 28 million to 4.5 million. With whites armed to the teeth (three registered guns per adult) and non-whites who increasingly find life not worth living under apartheid, it is hard to foresee anything but a Beirut scenario in which the only form of dialogue is violence.

—by Med-O 

Hot Under the Collar



We're Talking, You're Listening, Nothing's Happening!

In February, *Processed World* went to a "VDT Speakout" in San Francisco's financial district. The Berkeley VDT Coalition and the Labor Occupational Health Program (LOHP) sponsored the Friday-after-work event, which brought out nearly 100 workers, most of whom suffered from computer-induced injuries. They testified before a panel of "listeners"—local politicians, a news reporter, and a professional Teamster lobbyist.

Into microphones and before video cameras, secretaries, word processors, and clerks described the symptoms from their computer work: hemorrhaged retinas, irregular menstruations, problem pregnancies, wrenched torsos, pinched wrist nerves, migraine headaches, nervous breakdowns, allergies, rashes—and medical bills. ("Speakout" excerpts appear below.)

The "Speakout" testimony amplified computer workers' concerns over radiation, glare, electromagnetic fields, as well as the speedups computers make possible. Flight reservation clerk Toni Watson described Pacific Southwest Airline's (PSA's) computerized work/potty monitoring system. The system tracks each worker's 8½-hour day in minutes of labor performed. It also records infractions of PSA's 106-second-per-phone-call rule and prints daily performance rates, including "EXCESSIVE UNPLUG TIME" for trips to the bathroom. Threatened with an ultimatum—job loss or "special [potty] training" to reduce unproductive minutes spent urinating—Toni suffered a nervous breakdown from which it took eight months to recover.

With the conviction of an umpire making a bad call, the Speakout's Teamster lobbyist grimly advised injured workers to be patient and to pare demands for safety legislation. (The Teamsters represent Toni and fellow workers at the electronic PSA sweatshop described above.) Others, including *Processed World*, spoke against relying on safety bills, which the computer lobby has successfully diluted or defeated—and on behalf of direct job actions to win shielding from hazards, as well as freedom from Brave-New-Work-monitoring systems. The VDT Coalition (c/o LOHP, 2521 Channing Way, Berkeley, CA 94720) video-taped the event, portions of which also aired on a local radio station.



I'm Toni Watson, I work at PSA's reservation center in San Diego... We have 8½ hr. shifts on constant use of VDTs. We have 2 paid 15-minute breaks and one unpaid 30-minute lunch and out of that 7½ hours we're only allowed to be 12 minutes off the phone for any reason. We're expected to be seated in our positions for all that time. That includes everything: We can't receive or make personal phone calls so if you have a family you have to go outside and use the pay phone. All that time is allotted out—cigarette breaks, rest breaks, talking to your co-worker, anything.

We have to punch in and out of three units. We have our time clock, we have the VDT, and also we sign in our headsets on which phone calls drop in. The VDT and the call-ins track every micro-second of our workday. They make a daily printout we call scans—like electronic scans. They contain the production quotas: like call length time, speed of answer, and sometimes if they want us to work faster they will flash a red light on the wall... PSA emphasizes a lot in their advertising about their

smiles (laughter from the audience) in the restroom we all make jokes—THERE IS NO SMILING HERE (more laughter) there is no TIME to smile (most laughter). You probably don't realize when you call PSA and you think you have a rude or a curt agent that we have 106 seconds—SECONDS to process your call, take the next call, and hold... You might say, well how does the company enforce that? Well, they have a whole staff they call QUALITY ASSURANCE (laughter)... if they don't like the way you handle a call they write you up on a clipboard. It's a clipboard with a worksheet and they check "did this, did that." Two examples of why you would be written up are—(Someone from the audience interjects, "Slow down, slow down." Everyone laughs since Toni has generally speeded up her delivery as she describes the intensity of PSA's workpace, she responds:) "After six years on the job I can't handle it... I can't handle freedom!" (Tremendous laughter & clapping).

(After the audience's uproar subsides) "Well, it's really fun to laugh at but it's terrible to work here. Some people really suffer... for instance I was four years on the job and I was basically told that I was 8 minutes a day over the 12 minute "un-plugged time office standard." I would have to improve or lose my job... My husband was laid off and I had a 16-year-old stepson to support so I got upset. I really needed my job. I tried to improve. It wasn't enough. They still wanted more. I was still 3 minutes over standard. The job stress grew unbearable. I brought the stress home and it grew. My supervisor told me that my personal life and my family were causing my excessive bathroom breaks, but in fact when I received treatment for it—job stress was causing a nervous condition that caused me to urinate more.

... [One day] I just turned and looked at the supervisor and said, "You know, I just can't work anymore." And she said, "What is WRONG WITH YOU? Are you sick? Go lay down in the dispensary but I can only give you ten minutes! (Laughter) and then you have to take your phone calls and finish your shift."

My mind just went click when she said that ten minutes was all I got. I just looked at her and said, "I don't know what's wrong with me but it's going to take longer then ten minutes. Just sign me out—SICK!

I'm a full-time word processor for a law firm. I'm in front of a VDT for about 7½ hours a day. I guess I'm a little slow to catch on—I'd heard rumors that there were things associated with VDTs but I

thought, "Ah, just rumors." I really began to wonder when about a week ago I had to arrange for one of my co-workers to be taken to a hospital emergency room... She couldn't get up, she was so dizzy she couldn't stand up, her vision was blurry, and all she could do was lie on the floor. So we called a doctor and they said to immediately get her into an emergency room. I also called a couple of other people who worked different shifts and they said, "Oh! Stress attack." I said, "Huhh!" They said, "Oh yeah, I had one of those. Last year, so and so had one and had to be carried out... Four people that I know of in our firm have had something called stress attack—which I don't think is the same thing as an anxiety attack. (Much laughter from the audience.)

I'm with *Processed World* magazine and a technical writer in Silicon Valley. I'd like to talk about several things: First of all, about the opposition out there to VDT legislation and two, any movement to even legitimize the idea that VDTs are hazardous. We're talking about an incredible coalition of computer equipment manufacturers that no one here has mentioned anything about. They have several coalitions, one of them is the ATA which is 31 airline companies; IBM, Digital Equipment Corp., etc. They are very well organized and very well-heeled. They have been collectively responsible for defeating and watering down the kind of legislation we have heard a little bit about here tonight. Their motivation is very obvious, they're liable—I mean if they're liable, they're really liable in a very big way when you consider how many computers are out there. If the idea that computers are hazardous to our health gets popularized and becomes legitimate, it will make the Johns-Manville [asbestos] class action look like nothing. So we are not trying to struggle in a vacuum; there is very strong opposition.

I'd like to speak also against the idea of relying upon legislation. I think it is a very weak reed to lean on. And I think the record bears me out. On a federal level NIOSH and OSHA for example, conspired to make X-ray standards negotiable for workers. People who work in hospitals and with X-ray equipment are allowed by OSHA to have twice the yearly exposure rate as the rest of us. This is the kind of negotiations the government goes into on behalf of hospitals and is already showing its willingness to do with the computer manufacturers. Witness the defeat or watering down of all these bills we have heard about.

I really take offense at the idea that we

should try to limit our demands to what is going to be signed by the current governor or any other governor. If we did that we'd be back in the Stone Age. (laughter) I really think the answer is direct, point-of-production action. I don't think there is any substitute for that at all.

I've had severe eye problems for about four years. I've been to five eye doctors, specialists, and none of them know what it is. Sure they have come up with all kinds of crazy theories but it's not fixable with eye glasses. I suppose I have a lot of irritation but I work out every day after work. If I don't work out for a couple of hours after work, I'm really irritated! And I've noticed it in other people at work too and I know that a lot of it has to do with bad lighting, some of the chairs aren't good. (I have a good chair, but I know some of the people have back problems.) What I'm trying to do to alleviate it is I'm BLACKMAILING the owners into putting in a drop ceiling and divider lights because at the moment, they really need my services and if they don't do it, I won't be there in 2 weeks!

I worked for two years on a research project at Stanford where a lot of my work was done in front of a VDT. My first two weeks on the job were very stressful and I came home every day and lay down flat on my back and could do nothing else. I thought, well, this is just adjusting to the job . . . But the entire time I was there I had eyestrain, I felt separation from everyone in the office because everyone was using VDTs and not using phones, and not using human communication. So there was a lot of separation, a lot of stress, but I never really attributed the feelings I was having of really bad burnout and depression to the situation I was in. It never made sense to me that it would be the stuff coming at me through the screen. And I don't think the other people I was working with felt that either. The point I want to make is that it is very easy to attribute subtle symptoms to your own personal life but not really look at what else is going on.

Misperception

Most computer displays emit a variety of radiation, including Extremely Low Frequency (ELF) and Very Low Frequency (VLF). In Silicon Valley, engineers and even company literature often lump ELF and VLF together, probably because the two are so close to one another and on the lowest end of the electromagnetic spectrum. In "Unwanted Guests" (PW 14), both were sloppily called "VLF," a technical error I encountered elsewhere while researching the article. Since then, new research suggests that VLF and ELF may have different biomedical effects, and thus makes the distinction a meaningful one for non-engineering types.

ZAP!!!!

In January, Sweden announced new research linking radiation from Video Display Terminals (VDTs), a.k.a. computers, to severe birth defects, this time in mice. The Swedish findings lent weight to previous European research, dismissed by U.S. medical associations and computer makers. The research also supports the worst fears of North American computer workers, whose miscarriage and birth defect rates are abnormally high.

The Swedish government responded by shelving plans to purchase 8,000 computer terminals. Bidders were asked to supply radiation and safety shielding information.

The Reagan Administration responded to the Swedish research by terminating a National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH) computer hazards study. The study, begun in 1984 and the largest ever of its kind, might have surveyed pregnancy risks among several thousand computer workers. According to the *Wall Street Journal*, the White House budget office objected to alleged "design and scientific flaws" in the study's research plan. More likely, the objections issued from the computer lobby, whose constituents refuse to shield the display units when assembled and thus are liable for damages from computer-induced problem pregnancies. The *Journal* reports that NIOSH is "revising" its research plan, and may ask the White House to "reconsider" its decision. But the NIOSH zapping is only a recent casualty among publicly available computer-radiation research (see "Unwanted Guests," PW 14).

Japanese VDT Study

A survey on the health effects of video display terminals carried out among 12,121 men and women workers by Sohyo, the Japanese General Council of Trade Unions, has found high levels of abnormalities reported by pregnant women. Sixty-seven percent of those surveyed replied to the questionnaires. About 80% of the respondents were in their 20s and 30s and had worked with VDTs for an average of about two and a half years.

Among the 250 women who had been pregnant while working with VDTs, 36% claimed they felt or experienced "abnormalities" of one kind or another. About 27% of the pregnant women experienced complications during pregnancy and 20% had miscarriages, premature deliveries or other forms of abnormal deliveries, the survey found.

Over one third of the pregnant women experienced difficulties during both pregnancy and delivery. The frequency of abnormalities increased in proportion to the amount of time spent facing VDTs. Problems affected 25% of those using the machines for less than one hour a day, while 64% of those facing the screens for more than six hours a day reported problems... Sohyo advises against pregnant women using VDTs...

from WORK HAZARDS [c/o Workers Health Centre, 27 John St., Lidcombe, NSW 2141, Australia]



Unions?? In Silicon Valley??!

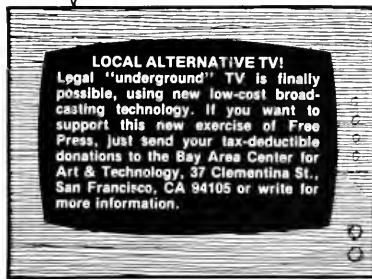
Late in 1985, the Communications Workers of America (CWA) announced it was launching the first "serious" organizing drive at nonunion IBM. Ken Major, a CWA Northern California spokesperson confirmed the rumor, and also told the media he was answering calls from several production workers at nonunion firms in Silicon Valley. The announcements surprised IBM workers in Silicon Valley and in Endicott, New York (home of IBM Workers United, P.O. Box 634, Johnson City, NY 13790), who have been organizing themselves informally—and independently.

"Sounded to me like it was off the wall," according to M, an IBM-San Jose clean room worker who helps publish *Workers Voice* and who is bitter about the CWA and mainstream American unions. (*Workers Voice* is published by dissident Silicon Valley IBM production workers. It chronicles and protests IBM's sometimes sophisticated, sometimes crude intrusions into worklife. Write *Workers Voice*, 453 W. San Carlos, San Jose, CA 95110.)

Shortly after the CWA's proclamations, M recounted the following:

"I've called the local head of the CWA; she doesn't even return my calls... We have put out requests to the (Santa Clara) Central Labor Council to do just very low-level funding and provide a phone and so on, which they have not done. Then I was referred to someone in San Francisco named Ken Major with CWA and told he could answer my questions, and he hasn't called back. So they're obviously not serious. It's really arrogant I think."

One needn't support the Valley's corporate anti-union agenda to see why the CWA and other AFL-CIO affiliates are unlikely friends of high-tech labor. Amid the worst-ever slump in Silicon Valley, job security has emerged as a major issue. At the moment, AT&T is laying off thousands of CWA rank and file nationwide, with no effective resistance from that union (See *PW #9* for an analysis of the '83 phone strike and a prediction of this scenario).



Another potential source of bad feeling is often overlooked. Many Silicon Valley electronics workers are recent Asian and Central American immigrants. The AFL-CIO's missionary work in their homelands is unlikely to inspire faith in AFL-CIO Silicon-Valley organizing efforts.

AFL-CIO dues, plus once-removed congressional and federal agency monies, fund the quasi-secret activities of AIFLD and AAFLI (Latin and Asian American Free Labor Institutes). These august bodies actively support U.S. State Department policies and prodicatorship "unions" in the Philippines, South Korea, El Salvador and elsewhere. In a characteristic act of solidarity with Filipino workers, for example, AAFLI channeled money into a government-organized union that defended the mass arrest of workers by the now-deposed Marcos regime (See "Which Side Are You On, AAFLI?" *The Nation*, February 15, 1986). This is not the kind of thing union organizers like to boast about, particularly among Silicon Valley Filipino workers, most of whom probably are unaware of the AFL-CIO's foreign missions.

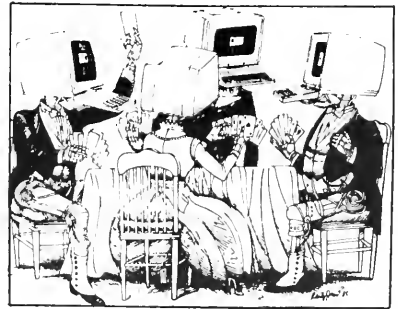
The CWA isn't the only AFL-CIO union actively not organizing in Silicon Valley. Years ago, the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers (IAM) contracted with the two biggest employers—missile-maker Lockheed and tank-maker FMC. These, plus nuclear weapons makers Westinghouse and General Electric Nuclear—both also IAM-organized—comprise the only industrial union shops of consequence in the Valley. The IAM Lockheed Local chief told me that his union's executive board has imposed a moratorium on organizing in Silicon Valley (the IAM executive board in Washington, D.C., could not be reached for comment by phone; apparently, it doesn't return calls either.) With the aplomb of a George Schultz, he also defended IAM members' contributions to Star Wars and conventional military hardware, issues around which independent organizing is now stirring.

—by Dennis Hayes

Computer Nerds Against Nihilism

Bucking the let's-build-neat-computer-for-war-trend, Silicon Valley area computer workers—mainly programmers and computer-manual writers—met recently in Berkeley to discuss opposition to Star Wars and other military uses of their work. The discussion focused on what tactics computer workers might adopt to tap and galvanize latent opposition to the computerized war technology they (often unwittingly) build. The group is actively considering a variety of tactics—urging pledges of noncooperation on Star Wars contracts, staging educational forums, and building an employer data base to apprise workers of Pentagon connections and facilitate job transfers out of military production. [*The group is open to suggestions. Interested? For more information, and meeting times, write c/o Processed World.*]

—by Dennis Hayes



Sound of Silence

Using a form of strike that was successful earlier this year, women at Zyrardow Stella textile factory in Poland refused to turn on their machines after the breakfast break, in an action that commemorated the historic strike in the Gdansk shipyards on August 27th.

The silence of the machines soon spread, and the strikers refused to talk with the factory director and reportedly laughed out of the hall the prosecutor who threatened them with jail for an "illegal" strike.

Refusing to send representatives to negotiate with the Ministry of Labour and Wages, all the women took turns to speak for everybody. They won a wage rise in two days and the management agreed to reinstitute free Saturdays as soon as the demand was made.

from *COUNTER INFORMATION #8*, [Box 81, c/o 43 Candlemaker Row, Edinburgh, Scotland, UK]



by Rachel Johnson

Watsonville Strike Falters, and Goes On

In Processed World #15, we gave an account of the Watsonville strike, begun by 1900 workers at the two major canning factories when management tried to cut wages by 40%. We described the strong community support for the largely Mexican, female workforce, and these workers' efforts to organize themselves in the face of stalling by their union, Teamsters Local 912. An ad hoc Strike Committee was formed, which presided over a mass meeting where delegates were elected, organizational goals set, tasks allocated.

At the time PW #15 went to press (Nov. 1985), strikers were enthusiastic and hopeful that the Strike Committee would help galvanize and coordinate what was clearly going to be a long, difficult fight. For a while, roving pickets and surprise attacks on scab vans kept the plants operating well below capacity.

By December, however, the situation was deteriorating. After several months without pay and with no clear progress in negotiations, the strikers' morale began to erode. Attendance on the picket lines was low, and rank-and-file organizers were hard put to mobilize others for militant actions. The company was successfully bussing in enough scabs to cover their diminished production quotas during the December lull.

According to several workers and supporters we interviewed, the union election was the single most damaging factor in the strike during this time. Carlos, a young worker who has been very active throughout the strike, described how the strikers' energies were redirected into backbiting and divisive jockeying for position in the union. As a result of this, the Strike Committee never called another general assembly and eventually disintegrated. We were surprised that, despite his critical stance toward the union, Carlos himself supported the slate of Sergio Lopez, the local's business agent. Other key militants, again divided amongst the various slates, became heavily involved in running for positions on the union Board of Trustees.

Most of the platforms for union elections called for a favorable end to the strike; but as Carlos pointed out, none of them presented any practical ideas for accomplishing this. The Lopez slate eventually emerged victorious, though some reputedly militant workers (including one TDU'er) were elected to the Governing Board.

In February, activists who had squared off against each other in the union election once again joined forces. The motive was frustration with the

and its timidity about stopping the scabs. A tentative new group coalesced under the name of Teamsters United, formed by TDU associates, other left groups, and independent rank-and-filers like Carlos.

The new group advocated bold, aggressive tactics to put the pressure on the canneries—campaigning among fieldworkers and fellow-Teamster truck drivers for a boycott on producing or delivering vegetables for the struck canneries, organizing large-scale street demonstrations, seeking active support from other canneries and Labor Councils, and above all, moving to block the scabs by any means necessary.



Scarcely had these actions been planned, however, when another major setback occurred. On February 14, a meeting of about half the Richard Shaw workers, under heavy pressure from the Local 912 officials, voted 275 to 136 to accept a new base rate of \$5.85 per hour, 81 cents less than the company's original offer. The officials themselves had been pressured into accepting this atrocious deal by the International, which (it is rumored) had been threatening to transfer funds out of the local and even force it to pay back all legal costs incurred during the strike. The workers were demoralized by their failure to stop the scabs and by economic hardship (by early February, 71 strikers' families had been evicted for non-payment of rent).

The new local leadership, along with the worker delegates to the negotiating committee, have been widely accused of manipulation and dishonesty in getting the contract ratified. Carlos claims that crucial details were "blacked out" until the meeting began, that committee members claimed to have "won" provisions that were already in the old contract, and that little or no time was provided for discussion. Strikers were also won over to the contract by a company promise of profit-sharing if revenues improved enough. However, no criterion of sufficient profits was ever established, and many workers (including at least one newly-elected delegate to the local's Board of Trustees), remain skeptical. The Shaw contract also included a "de-escalator" clause that would allow the employer 90 days to seek a new, lower contract in the event that wages at other canneries sink still further.

To make matters worse, workers at other smaller local canneries, including Green Giant and Del Mar, quickly settled for contracts similar to the Richard Shaw agreement.

Strikers from Watsonville Canning (and many at Shaw who did not vote or had voted against the contract) were outraged by these developments. "The people at Shaw had an obligation to us and they broke it," says Margarita bitterly.

A fresh wave of militancy swept through the strikers and gave Teamsters United renewed momentum. There were repeated violent confrontations with police and scabs. Frank Bardacke, a founder of the TDU branch in Watsonville, says that the rioting in late February was the most extreme he's seen "since Berkeley in the early seventies"—over 200 people overturning and burning police cars, smashing store windows, pelting police with rocks and bottles, lobbing back teargas canisters, and preventing police from arresting strikers. Scab vehicles were surrounded and in some cases forced back, or their occupants dragged out and beaten. At least one striker seized by police was rescued by a concerted charge from the strikers' side.

This level of confrontation could not be sustained for long, and has subsided, at least for the time being. Carlos, Frank Bardacke and other activists are cautious about the strike's future. The best hope, Bardacke feels, lies with the thousand-strong workforce at two other large plants, Smuckers and J.J. Crosetti. These workers may well walk out June 30 when their contract expires. The problem, obviously, is whether the beleaguered Watsonville Canning strikers can hold out that long. The new, "reformist" local leadership is sticking to a conservative and legalistic line—no

violence, no secondary boycotts, no serious attempt to mobilize fieldworkers or other potential worker allies. Yet without such actions, the strikers' already low morale may collapse altogether, leaving the Smuckers and Crosetti workers isolated in their turn.

There is still a chance. The spinach season has begun, requiring the company to increase its workforce substantially. Carlos thinks that a well-planned campaign combining direct action and effective publicity to build solidarity may be able to hurt the company enough to force significant concessions. Meanwhile, he and other activists are trying to sort out the events of the past few months, especially their failure to move the Local 912 apparatus in a more combative direction via the elections. In fact, as Frank Bardacke points out, the new leadership was able to sell the Richard Shaw workers a contract that the old one could never have put over. Why did people outspokenly critical of the union and its conservatism suddenly break faith with fellow-militants once they were elected, even to unpaid positions on the Board of Trustees or the negotiating committee? Part of the answer, of course, is the pressure from the International Carlos adds: "They start to feel like they're part of the club, they get a Teamster jacket, they're treated like somebody special, different from ordinary people;" Frank Bardacke puts it, "they get fed lots of economic gobbledegook," so that they start seeing things from the bureaucrats' standpoint. At least one worker regretted participating in the union elections. "I used to be friendly with all the workers. But since I became a representative of the union, people have turned against me."

Why do people continue to rely on institutions that have already disappointed and deceived them? Why don't they trust their own perceptions and feelings? Partly because they feel powerless without an organization. Partly because they are unsure about their abilities to create their own, especially in a situation where they are already facing the wrath of the police and management, and where the outcome of their fight is anything but certain. Answers like "authoritarian conditioning" spring to mind, but behind such phrases is an immensely complex web of social, cultural and psychological forces — upbringing, schooling, religion, isolation, the influence of the mass media and the sheer wearing down of the spirit by routine, largely mindless supervised labor. To unravel this web in theory so as to hack it apart in practice is the task facing anyone fighting for a genuinely radical workers' movement.



by Catlin Manning & Louis Michaelson

THE BUSINESS PAGE

THIS MONTH'S LESSON: HOW TO BE A FOUR MINUTE, 59 SECOND MANAGER!

In order to be a success as a business manager, it is of the utmost importance to learn some useful tools to apply to this discipline.

TOOL #1. TELL 'EM ANYTHING TO GET THE JOB DONE. Recent studies have shown that the average attention span of most American workers is shorter than the average attention span of most over-priced American pet store gerbils. Tell 'em anything to get them off your back, they forget quick.

TOOL #2. PROMINENTLY DISPLAY YOUR MBA DEGREE. Academic credentials clearly absolve you from a multitude of sins. Gee whiz, what employee isn't fooled by pop psychology, matrix organization jibberish or the sympathetic pictures of wife, kids, dog, I'm a working Joe too?

TOOL #3. BEFRIEND YOUR EMPLOYEES. Hey, what's wrong with a few drinks after work, maybe a nightcap at his/her apartment and a little foreplay? It's all part of a day's search for excellence.

TOOL #4. THE COST OF LIVING RAISE. Never give an employee a raise which in fact raises his/her standard of living. Why? Because it is common business knowledge that hungry employees will work harder. Give them a song and dance about how tough things are, foreign competition, Buy American, robots, etc.

TOOL #5. TRANSFER GUILT. American workers are daily being conditioned to believe that their jobs are in jeopardy, that their salaries and benefits are the cause of business ills, and that it is up to them to shape up. (The poor beleaguered management are the ones who really suffer.) Take advantage of this conditioning.

TOOL #6. NEVER TRY ANYTHING NEW. In fact, an employee who suggests changes should be labeled through innuendo as disgruntled, anti-business or a trouble-maker.

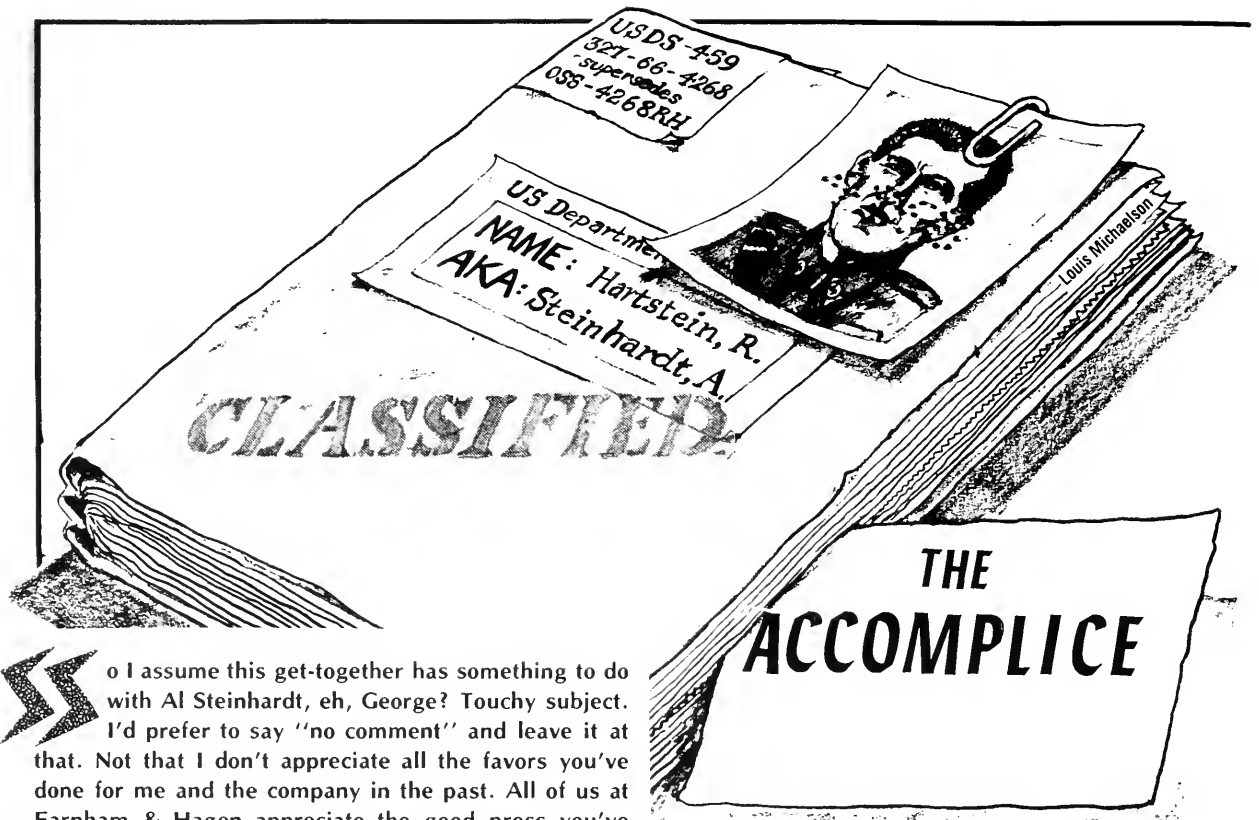
TOOL #7. WIMP IS IN. Never disagree or agree with any decision too strongly. Say yes and maybe and smile a lot. Rub your chin for thoughtful emphasis. It doesn't matter to anyone, so cover your ass.

TOOL #8. NEVER HIRE ANYONE WHO ISN'T A DRONE. The prospective employee who is qualified is unqualified. Find the person who you can lecture or berate. This always makes you look better and gathers sympathy for you. The qualified candidate should be turned down with phrases like: "I don't know if you'll find this work challenging enough" or "You probably won't stay here long and I can't take a chance." Better yet, turn the resume over to the personnel department whose job it is to lose resumes or unduly delay the hiring process.

TOOL #9. READ LOTS OF BUSINESS MAGAZINES. American business is paranoid and the last month's sensationalist article about "employees to watch out for" or "backstabbing your boss" may be just your ticket to a brighter corporate career.

TOOL #10. BECOME A MOVIE CRITIC. Just because you've got an MBA shouldn't prevent you from affecting the box-office receipts of a Hollywood director's latest release. Who cares about art? Remind everyone how much it cost to make! You can be in the vanguard of the Dump-on-a-director-of-the-month-club.

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THE ACCOMPLICE

So I assume this get-together has something to do with Al Steinhardt, eh, George? Touchy subject. I'd prefer to say "no comment" and leave it at that. Not that I don't appreciate all the favors you've done for me and the company in the past. All of us at Farnham & Hagen appreciate the good press you've given us, especially after that accident on the Indonesia project.

I understand, you're under a lot of pressure from the rumor mill. Well, since I'm basically a straight-shooting kind of guy, and you're an old friend, I'm willing to answer anything you might ask about Al Steinhardt. Just remember to call me a highly-placed source in Farnham & Hagen. And make sure you messenger me a copy of what you write before it goes to press, you know, so nobody's feelings get hurt. How about another one? I'll buy the drinks seeing as how you're buying the lunch.

I have to say, there were a lot of things I liked about Steinhardt. I never heard him complain about anything. He just did what he was asked. If the job was particularly difficult, he'd figure out a way to do it all on his lonesome without taking up anybody else's time. Okay, he had problems with some of the people who worked for him, but you know, nine times out of ten, I was on his side. See, Al didn't tolerate failure, wanted everything right the first time, no fuss, no muss, just good solid results.

This man consistently put the organization's needs above his own. He wasn't happy unless he was working. I remember once on my way out to lunch I ran into him in the lobby. He was looking at the map of our worldwide project sites with a faraway look in his eyes, and he told me, you know, Mr. Meyers, I hope you won't think I'm foolish for saying so, but every time I look at that map, I feel I'm part of something great.

Looks like our table's ready. I want to make one thing clear, though, Al Steinhardt wasn't what you'd call a friend of mine. He was the kind of person you forgot about once you left work. Funny thing, his office was pretty sparse, just the bare minimum he needed to do his job. And he had what you'd call a quirk, he wore rubber gloves every time he handled anything with ink on it. Every week, he'd send his secretary out to get him a new pair. Poor old Marge, every day she had to come in half an hour before he did and clean every square inch of that office of his—the walls, the phone, everything—with a special kind of bottled soap he kept in his desk, apparently a drop or two was all it took to get things nice and clean, sure wish my wife had something like that, but when I asked him where I could get it he said they didn't make it anymore.

Good afternoon, waiter. I'll have my usual—the petrale. Oh, and two more drinks, one gin and tonic, one vodka tonic. Relax, George, and thank your lucky stars you got me in a talkative mood.

The whole thing started with that demonstration last week in front of our building. Al and a few of us had gone outside to have a look, and this skinny kid started shouting at us, something dumb like get out of South Africa, you criminals. Now you and I both know that

we're in SA because they've got a good business climate, not because we agree with everything they do there.

So anyway, when he heard what that kid was saying, Al turned all red and started breathing hard, and the rest of us were thinking what's gotten into quiet old Al Steinhardt. Then damned if he didn't go completely off the beam and yell, I've lived in South Africa and the people in power there are smart enough to know that civilization would collapse if it didn't know how to deal with its scum, all these years of hard work have earned me the right to be left in peace by swine like you.

I give the kid credit, he was pretty scared but he didn't budge. Then I noticed TV cameras nearby and thought, great, now Farnham & Hagen will look bad on the evening news just because for once in his life Al Steinhardt lost his cool. So I stepped in between Al and the kid, looked Al straight in the eye, and said, let's go back to work, Al. He didn't seem to recognize me at first, but eventually he straightened his tie and said very well, Mr. Meyers, whatever you say. I wanted to show the kid how well I took charge, so I added, pull yourself together, Al, and see me in my office as soon as you can. I want to talk to you.

Then I told the kid I was sorry for what happened, but my associate had been feeling the strain of too much hard work lately, and when the kid grew up and got a job he would understand what it all meant. I tried to shake his hand, but he just turned his back on me and walked away. So I said okay, fine, that's the end of that, and we went back inside.

Ah, here comes our food. Two more drinks, waiter. Goddamn, George, the only time I talk this much is when I'm drunk. I guess I'm drunk. Did you plan it that way? Get your old pal drunk so he can spill the beans? Hey now, don't take it personally, I was only kidding.

Well sir, when Al showed up in my office, I was relieved to see him looking like his old self, calm, not a hair out of place. By that time, I had decided he should take a short vacation. I thought that he was under some stress, his job wasn't all that easy, and of course he wasn't a spring chicken, almost old enough to retire. Besides, it's hard for anyone, especially someone as dedicated as Al, to put in a solid day's work and then hear some fuzz-brain putting it down like it was nothing. I approached the matter cautiously, because I knew Al was sensitive to anything that called his effectiveness into question.

He was very professional about everything, apologized if his behavior had reflected badly on the company, and he assured me that nothing of the kind



by TJ Diji

would happen again. He brushed the vacation idea aside, though, because he had his hands full with the Indian Valley nuclear power plant, which was already ten months behind schedule and well over budget, and he couldn't possibly let someone else take it over. I tried hard to change his mind, but Al was stubborn as a mule, so I gave up and said if he had any problems to come and see me again, my door was always open. Then he asked if I was accusing him of weakness. That took me off guard a little, and I told him of course not, I was just concerned that he might be working too hard, and he answered, please don't doubt my abilities, Mr. Meyers, my whole life has been dedicated to the good of my employers.

When he left, I needed to clear my head, so I did what I usually do in situations like that, I took a walk. I came back and this message was on my desk, a Mr. Layton from the U.S. Government had telephoned, it was urgent.

How's your meal coming, George? I ought to stop talking and start stuffing, pardon me for a minute. The chefs here are real masters. You must be getting old, you aren't drinking the way you used to. Waiter, another gin and tonic.

I was feeling kind of jittery when I called Layton back, and it didn't help that he acted all mysterious and wouldn't answer any of my questions. We arranged to meet after work right here at Simpson's Bar & Grill, and just before he hung up, he said Mr. Meyers, you'll need a strong shot of something

after you hear what I'm going to tell you, it's about Albert Steinhardt. That shook me up even more, and I thought what if Al was embezzling company funds, or selling blueprints to the Russians, it didn't square with what I knew of him, and then I realized I didn't know much about him at all, just that he had worked for F&H for twenty-some years, ten of them in South Africa as construction supervisor on our mining project.

When he came over here in '79 and started working for me, I got word that the company had investigated a few incidents on the site involving Al and some of the Africans who worked for him, apparently a couple of them got killed in some accident or other and there was trouble. But I didn't give it a second thought, because in the end, Al was cleared. And like I said, I never had any reason to doubt his competence.

Layton was a bald, fat guy whose suit didn't fit him right. A pretty nervous customer, too, always mopping his brow and looking around like he suspected everyone in the place. He didn't calm down until I took him upstairs to a private booth. He started out with a lot of vague hints about how certain people had been looking for Al Steinhardt for a long time and they had almost caught up with him, and I should privately persuade him to take early retirement, it could be arranged for him to leave the country and avoid any embarrassing situation. Now hold it, I said to him, I'm missing something here, Al Steinhardt is a highly respected employee in good

Office Guilt

THE MAGAZINE OF INTERNALIZED AUTHORITY

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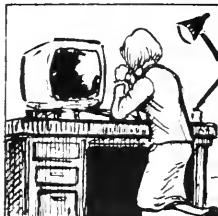
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by Louis Michaelson

seems that every morning, Al would give the inmates what he called an anatomy lesson. At roll-call, he'd pick somebody out and slowly, right in front of everybody, break every bone in the poor guy's body. While he did that he'd give a speech about the purpose of each bone, and when he was finished he'd drag his victim, dead or alive, off to the furnaces to be turned into soap.

I couldn't shake Layton loose, he was drunk and going on about how both of us were in this together and I'd better play ball because otherwise he could make it tough for me. Finally, I promised him I'd do what I could to move things along and I'd get back to him when it was all over. Then I went to the garage, got my car, and drove home stone cold sober.

I don't know if I ever told you about my Uncle Phil. He used to come over every Sunday when I was a kid and play baseball, football, what have you, and tell me stories, an all-around great guy. When my dad told me he'd been killed in France, it was like the whole world had collapsed. Well, that night, I dreamt about him. I was ten years old again, and he was his old self, telling jokes, playing catch. We were having a great time, when all of a sudden he turned into a skeleton, his uniform was hanging from his bones, and he was grinning at me. We weren't in my family's back yard anymore, but in some forest with dead bodies all over the place, and it was raining hard. I tried to run away, but I slipped and fell headfirst in the mud. I was choking on blood and dirt, and before I suffocated I could hear him cackling, "Who won the war, Hank?"

Now look at me, I'm so far gone I'm telling you my dreams. That calls for another drink. Another one, waiter. Anyhow, you can bet I didn't sleep that night. I went to work wishing that everything would just disappear, that Al would get a heart attack driving down the freeway or something and save me the trouble of talking to him. But in the end I didn't need to worry about hurting his feelings. Al had been tipped off the night before, probably by Layton, who I guess didn't trust me, so when he came into my office he was completely at ease and I was the one who was nervous.

He said that although he deplored a great company like F&H bowing to outside pressure, he was prepared to retire and leave the country if need be. However, as a small token for all his years of service, since he felt he had at least five more years of work in him, he would appreciate me writing him a good recommendation to a company in South Africa that had once expressed interest in bringing him on board. He put his fingertips together and smiled, by the way, Mr. Meyers, it certainly wouldn't look good if I disappeared from the firm

standing, he's not the type to run away just because a few people want to talk to him.

Then Layton dropped the bomb, Albert Steinhardt's real name is Rudolf Hartstein, he worked in a concentration camp for two years, we have a whole file on what he did there, you can see for yourself if you don't believe me. He threw this big folder on the table. I downed my drink like so and asked him, are you sure you haven't confused him with somebody else, after all, that was a long time ago. When Layton heard that, he leaned closer and whispered, there

can't be any mistake, Steinhardt worked for us after the war. Imagine this, George, our government cut a deal with him, in exchange for some information. They gave him a new identity, flew him to the U.S. at public expense, found him a job in the Justice Department, and when he got tired of that they talked to F&H and got him an entry-level engineering position.

While Layton babbled about how much of an asset Al was in the battle against Communism, I looked through that file, and I couldn't believe it was Al they were talking about. For instance, it

overnight without even a testimonial luncheon, let's say at Cinq Etoiles, that's the least I deserve after twenty years.

I don't mind telling you, George, I felt like grabbing him by the throat and yelling: what will you do if I refuse, give me one of your anatomy lessons? But I saw his point. For twenty years, this man had helped F&H maintain its competitive edge, and for twenty years before that, he'd helped our government preserve an environment that enabled the company to thrive. It was too late to punish him for two years of his life. I had to be realistic.

When Al left my office, I thought about my uncle, the poor guy never had much of a chance, while here this ex-Nazi was retiring with a nice fat pension and a fancy lunch at one of the best restaurants in town, and all of it

with my help. I was afraid my ulcers were going to start acting up again if I didn't calm down, so I told myself that the sooner Al was out of my life the better I'd be able to do my job, and before I knew it I'd written his recommendation and a memo to all division managers requesting their presence at a company-sponsored lunch to honor Al Steinhart's retirement after twenty years of devoted service.

And would you believe it, every single manager showed up at Cinq Etoiles the next day. Even old man Hagen came and made a speech that damn near put everybody to sleep. Then somebody who'd had too much to drink shouted hey Al, I hope you're not retiring because of that problem with the demonstrator the other day, it was great that you read him the riot act, we shouldn't have to

apologize to anyone for the work we do. Another guy got up and said I understand you're moving to South Africa, well, good luck, Mr. Steinhart, and remember, make sure the natives don't get too restless on you.

It was my turn to speak, and I didn't do too badly considering that my insides were turning over so much I couldn't enjoy the food. I wanted to say what was on my mind, but I didn't want anybody to think I'd gone off the deep end. And one look at old man Hagen was enough to make me lose my nerve, I had to make a good impression on him because I was due for a performance evaluation. So I went ahead and said all the right things, and Al looked genuinely moved. He tried to say a few words, but his voice broke halfway through and he couldn't go on. Old man Hagen proposed a toast to Al as an example of personal dedication to excellence. After that, everybody fell over each other trying to shake Al's hand, and when they started singing For He's a Jolly Good Fellow, the roof almost caved in. And you know something, George? The more I applauded, the better I felt.

You think I'm a coward, don't you, George. But what good would it have done to call Al Steinhart a Nazi killer in front of my associates? God knows every night I wake up seeing my uncle's face, I have to drink myself to sleep and that's playing Russian roulette with my health. But I'm a businessman, I can't let my emotions get the upper hand. Look at it this way, thanks to us, Al Steinhart became a productive member of society. My dad used to say, what's done is done and if you keep looking back you won't see what's in front of you, or something like that. Anyway, Al's ancient history and I shouldn't have to worry about him.

Jesus, George, I think I've told you too much. Forget everything I said, it's off the record. I don't feel well and I'm not thinking straight. I say the damn'dest things after a few snootfuls. I just want to forget about what happened. You understand, don't you, George? Tell you what, I don't want you to leave empty-handed, so how about writing something on Al's replacement? He's joining us next week, and frankly, I'm tickled to have him on our team. His name's Leonel Rodriguez, a real can-do guy from El Salvador with top-level contacts in the government and armed forces. He promised us an inside track on anything we want to do down there, which is fantastic, because that's virgin territory for Farnham and Hagen. Now there's a story that's bound to have a happy ending. Let's drink to that, okay?

WELLS FARGO BANK

MEMO TO: Supervision
Tishman Building

DATE: August 1, 1985

COPIES TO: Employees

FROM: Systems Security
Operations Group

SUBJECT: TISHMAN BUILDING SECURITY PROCEDURES

Over the last year, activities in the Data Center have been under continuing review regarding requirements for security control. Major adjustments associated with security needs have been implemented and changes necessary to assure the integrity of our data here in the Tishman facility have been put into place. There is continuing need, however, in the area of physical security. Your help is needed in taking the next step in this control process.

On August 27th, a new pass-law procedure will be added to our Plant Protection routine. One aspect of this new procedure is a body search requirement. All people involved in administrative support, data entry, and non-management responsibilities will be subject to search at any time and any place in the facility.

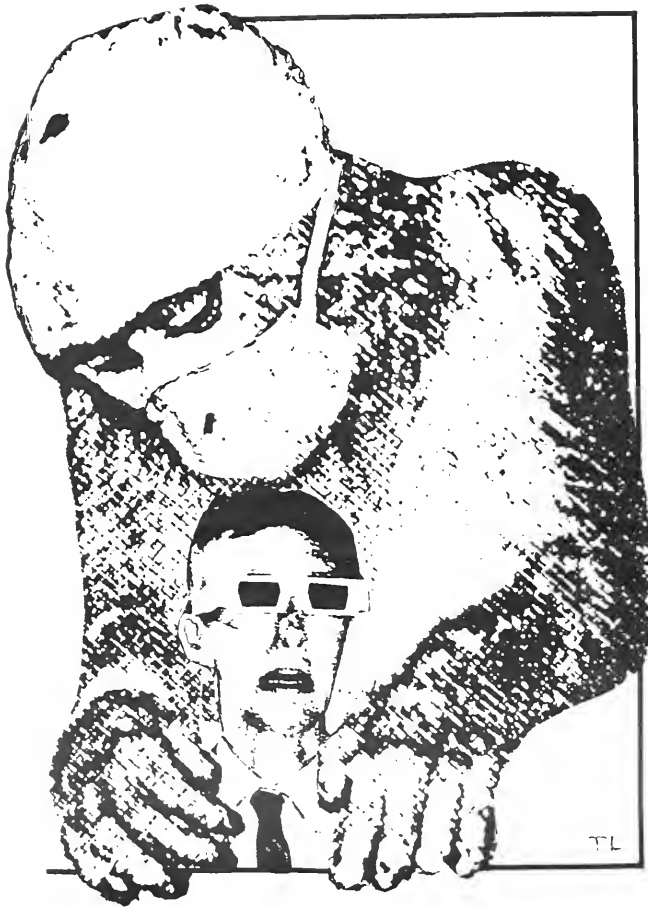
Some reaction is anticipated from employees. After all, although very necessary, this is another control on your behavior in the building.

The guard force has been instructed in how to conduct themselves. They are to be professional and polite as they request employees to submit to a search of their persons and belongings. Employees are expected to respond in kind. Any employee causing a problem will be identified and directed to his/her manager at the most appropriate time for discipline. At no time will any form of harrassment by the employees be permitted.

SYSTEMS SECURITY COMMITTEE
OPERATIONS GROUP

—by Christopher Winks





WHEN SHOULD CURIOSITY KILL ?

In the mid-1960s a young employee of the Division of Venereal Disease Control blew the whistle, and in 1972 the study was shut down.

The experiment was clearly unethical. The researchers had not obtained informed consent from the subjects of the study, who were denied therapy. The researchers lied to the men about their condition and 'treatment.'

Researchers, however, continue to conduct unethical—and even more gruesome and lethal—experiments. At the Head Injury Clinical Research Center at the University of Pennsylvania, doctors studied the effects of head injuries on unwilling patients. As part of the study, these doctors plastered the heads of their unanesthetized patients to a machine which delivered blows as great as 1,000 times the force of gravity. The experiments, begun in the early 1970s, were stopped only in May 1984 when a concerned group, intending to expose this atrocity, broke into the center and stole videotapes of the experiments which the researchers had made as records of their work. The National Institute of Health, which had funded these experiments with public money, suspended its grant; research in the lab was suspended indefinitely.

But this experiment differs significantly—perhaps—from the syphilis study: the subjects in the latter experiments were nonhuman animals, baboons.

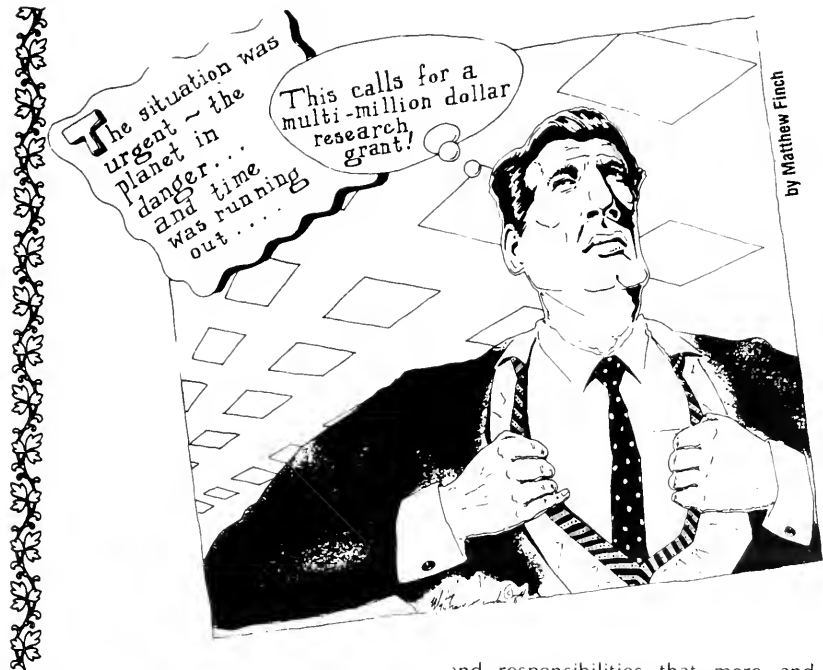
Between 60 and 200 million animals are "sacrificed" every year to scientific research. For over a decade, a growing animal welfare movement, with half a million active members, has opposed the systematic slaughter and mistreatment of research animals. Much of this research is unnecessary, conducted by a priestly class of biomedical researchers who have a financial interest and ideology to protect. But the ethics of animal research is a complicated subject; there are no hard and fast rules for determining the acceptability of animal research. What is clear, however, is that there should be more public control over animal experimentation.

[1] See Martin P. Levine's review in *New York Native* (3/28/83) of James H. Jones' *Bad Blood: The Tuskegee Syphilis Experiment* (The Free Press, 1981).



Over 50 years ago, the Venereal Disease branch of the Public Health Service began to study the effects of syphilis on a group of poor, illiterate Black men in Alabama. [1] Throughout the study the men were denied any treatment for the disease in order to gather evidence for the medical superstition that syphilis affected races differently. These men were never told what they had, nor did they consent to be part of the experiment. They participated only because they thought they were getting free treatment for "bad blood," a folksy catch-all for a variety of ailments. The researchers—medical doctors—never told the men they had syphilis, only "bad blood."

The researchers allowed the men to deteriorate. Some, of course, died. The study, begun in 1932, went on for 40 years. During this long period the men, not knowing what they had, spread syphilis to their spouses, who passed it in childbirth to their children. Although penicillin began to be widely used in the 1940s for the treatment of syphilis, it was denied the men in this study.



What Researchers Have at Stake

Though some may consider animal advocates to be on the lunatic fringe of the civil rights movement, researchers, having much at risk, take the animal welfare movement seriously.

- Research institutions have a financial interest to protect. Every year, they get over a billion dollars for biomedical research, mostly from federal revenues. More than half of this research uses animals.

- Animal research, though funded with public money for the public good, is out of public control. Researchers follow guidelines established by the leading funder of animal research. Because this puts the wolf in charge of the chickens, animal advocates propose that the lay public participate in animal research decision-making.

- Researchers are fighting for their ideology. They believe that through animal research they will find ways to improve human health. But many people have come to see science and scientific technology as inhuman, abstract, regimenting, even diabolical.

Science, like every other ideology, is based on ultimate beliefs or assumptions about the Cosmos. Believers in science expect to gain control over the Cosmos through the systematic acquisition of knowledge. This knowledge is used to control former mysteries, such as atoms, genes, energy, disease, etc. But the benefits accrued through scientific enquiry have opened a Pandora's box of such awesome ills

and responsibilities that more and more people have come to doubt that science can fulfill its promise. Supposed "wonder drugs" have proved harmful, even lethal. Genetic engineering threatens us with terrible social regimentation. And nuclear science has equipped us with powers that are perhaps beyond our moral capability, etc. etc. The result of this dilemma is an ideological confrontation, of which one of the chief battlefields is animal research.

Animal Liberation?

Animal welfare groups go back to the 19th century. But today's renewed animal advocacy was boosted by the publication in 1975 of *Animal Liberation: A New Ethic for Our Treatment of Animals* by Australian philosopher, Peter Singer. This book attempted to extend to animals the civil rights concerns of the 1960s.

Also contributing to the new animal advocacy was the ecological ethic, popularized in the 1960s, that we must live in harmony with our environment and fellow animals; that we are not masters of, but participants in Nature. Campaigns to save whales and baby seals brought attention to Man's inhumanity to animals. The extinction of many species because of Man's insensitivity awakened people to the precariousness of nonhuman life on Earth. The horrible condition of animals in factory farms also had a significant but smaller effect on popular consciousness; the plight of

beef cattle, dairy cows, egg-layers, fryers, and pigs drew some people to vegetarianism and animal advocacy.

This is the social context for the vigorous animal welfare movement of today. The movement is large and growing, but it is divided both over philosophy—between those who want to end all animal research and those who only want more restrictions; and over tactics—between those who advocate direct action, such as liberating animals from labs, and those who support legislative reform.

Animal advocates attack the validity of biomedical research, asserting that the use of animals is cruel, immoral, and unnecessary for the advancement of medical science. They point to new techniques, involving computers and *in vitro* cultures, which sometimes provide alternatives to using animals in research. (Unfortunately, as researchers point out, these alternatives are often unworkable. The complexity of living systems makes it impossible to explore, explain or predict the course of many diseases or the effects of many treatments without observing and testing entire living organisms.)

Most news of the animal welfare movement has focused on direct action raids on labs, where activists have "liberated" animals and gathered evidence of cruelty. The Animal Liberation Front, the most visible direct action group, has been effective in suspending or interrupting research at several institutions since the early 1980s. Some animal advocates point to what they consider to be the positive results of Animal Liberation Front raids:

- Animal use in research at the University of Pennsylvania and the City of Hope has been halted.

- It has been shown that researchers were lying when they stated laboratories were humane and current regulations were adequate to protect animals.

- Animal rights have gained national media exposure.

- There has been increased support for other animal rights groups.

- Because of the climate of fear, research institutions are spending more money on security and lobbying, thereby reducing the funds available for research.

But radical animal activism is not always rational or consistent. In support of animal rights, some have phoned death threats to researchers or burned them in effigy. "Liberation" has even resulted in injury to some lab animals. Animal liberation literature features gruesome pictures and verbal descriptions of animal research, sug-

gesting an unwholesome attraction to animal mutilation.

A major part of animal advocacy focuses on the use of nonhuman primates (apes and monkeys) in research. The primate controversy exploded in 1981 with the "monkey trial" of Dr. Edward Taub.

At the Institute for Behavioral Research in Silver Spring, Maryland, Taub was using monkeys to devise new methods of rehabilitating the crippled limbs of human stroke victims. In his experiment, Taub took newborn monkeys from their mothers and severed the sensory nerves leading from the spinal cord to one forelimb. He then observed how the animals coordinated basic movements without the benefit of any feeling in the crippled limb—a condition experienced by many human stroke victims.

An animal rights activist, hoping to expose these experiments as abusive and cruel, invited independent experts to the lab while Taub was away. They were appalled by what they saw: piles of feces, cramped cages, very poor ventilation. Some animals had bitten off their fingers and wore bandages caked with blood.

Taub was indicted under Maryland's animal cruelty laws, his NIH grant was suspended, and police seized his animals. He was convicted of cruelty to animals and fined \$3,000; he also incurred over \$250,000 in legal fees. But in 1983, after two appeals, he was acquitted of all crimes.

Another case celebrated the cause of two chimpanzees, Nim and Ally Chimpsky, who had been taught sign language. When the animals were retired from this program, they were transferred to small cages and used in a university's hepatitis tests. A primatologist who later came to visit the chimps saw them signing, "Out, out!" and public reaction won their release.

In 1983, an incident at University of California-San Francisco made headlines across the country. The UCSF lab of Dr. Steve Lisberger was raided. The director of Lifeforce Foundation, a Canada-based animal protection organization, had let himself into Lisberger's lab where two primates named "Beau" and "Captain" were caged. Photographs were taken of the two animals and released to the press, with charges that Lisberger had tortured them.

The monkeys were subjects of experiments on the neural control of eye movement. As part of these experiments, "Beau," "Captain" and three unnamed primates had electrodes implanted in their brains, metal devices bolted to their skulls, and

magnetic coils implanted behind their eyes with wire running under their skin to screws located in the tops of their heads. They had been deprived of food and water for "behavioral training" and were kept standing in restraining devices for two to five days. The research protocol stated they might be kept in restraint for many weeks without a break.

UCSF's "Animal Care Committee" (whose members were chosen by the campus—most of whom were financially connected to the campus) reviewed and dismissed the allegations of torture.

The Public Relations War

Animal protectionists have also lobbied legislators. In the aftermath of the Taub case, and during the review of Lisberger's experiments, California State Senator David Roberti twice

introduced a bill to prevent pounds from turning dogs and cats over to research centers. There was strong public support for the bill: people feared that a pet, raised to trust people, might end up in gruesome experiments like those at UCSF or Taub's lab. Earlier in 1983 the Massachusetts legislature had passed a similar bill prohibiting pound-seizure.

The reaction of UCSF to the Roberti legislation illustrates the research institution's power and fear. Like all biomedical research institutions, UCSF depends on pounds for a cheap supply of dogs—about 1,200 per year. Money to buy animals comes from the researcher's grant. If UCSF were forced to raise dogs for research, they estimated they would have to pay \$1,000 per dog, whereas a pound dog is a bargain at \$120 or less. (Many pounds which offer dogs as pets to the



public for about \$25 will not sell dogs to research institutions.) Raising their own lab dogs would force UCSF to cut back their animal research and would jeopardize their ability to get grants.

To fight the Roberti bill, UCSF and nearby Stanford University staged a joint press conference, featuring pediatric patients and their parents. UCSF organized a similar presence before the San Francisco Board of Supervisors at a meeting to consider supporting the Roberti bill. Both were slick presentations, orchestrated by the universities' public relations personnel (UCSF's public relations office is one of the few campus departments not required to stay within its budget). Public officials in both cases were persuaded that humane animal research was necessary to maintain the health of Americans. For the time being, Senator Roberti withdrew his bill.

Research organizations feared a domino effect. "The universities in the Massachusetts area did not fight their 'no pound dog' bill," said UCSF public relations director, Michella Reichman, "because they had been told it would be a limited approach just to protect pets, and if they defeated that, the state would come back with much worse. But the week after it passed, the New England Anti-vivisection Society filed ten new anti-research animal bills—including one that states no new live animal may be used in the state for research, experimentation, testing, demonstration, or instruction..."

UCSF joined other research institutions to establish an umbrella organization called California Biomedical Research Association, which hired a large Los Angeles public relations firm, Cerrell, to devise a statewide public relations campaign.

With steps like this, honest discussion of animal welfare ends. Both researchers and animal advocates are now engaged in a public relations war, battling for the hearts and minds of the uncommitted public and obscuring the debate behind propaganda. Researchers have stressed the need to convince school children that animal research is necessary to health. Both sides are trying to manipulate our sympathies. At press conferences, researchers present cute blonde girls who have benefited from animal research, while animal advocates print in their promotional material pictures of mutilated animals next to furry kittens, who ask, "Will we be next?"

It's completely inappropriate that the context for this discussion of moral issues be a public relations campaign. Animal research is not a public relations problem but an important moral problem.

Return to the Discussion Table

I propose to address three questions here, and to follow with practical proposals:

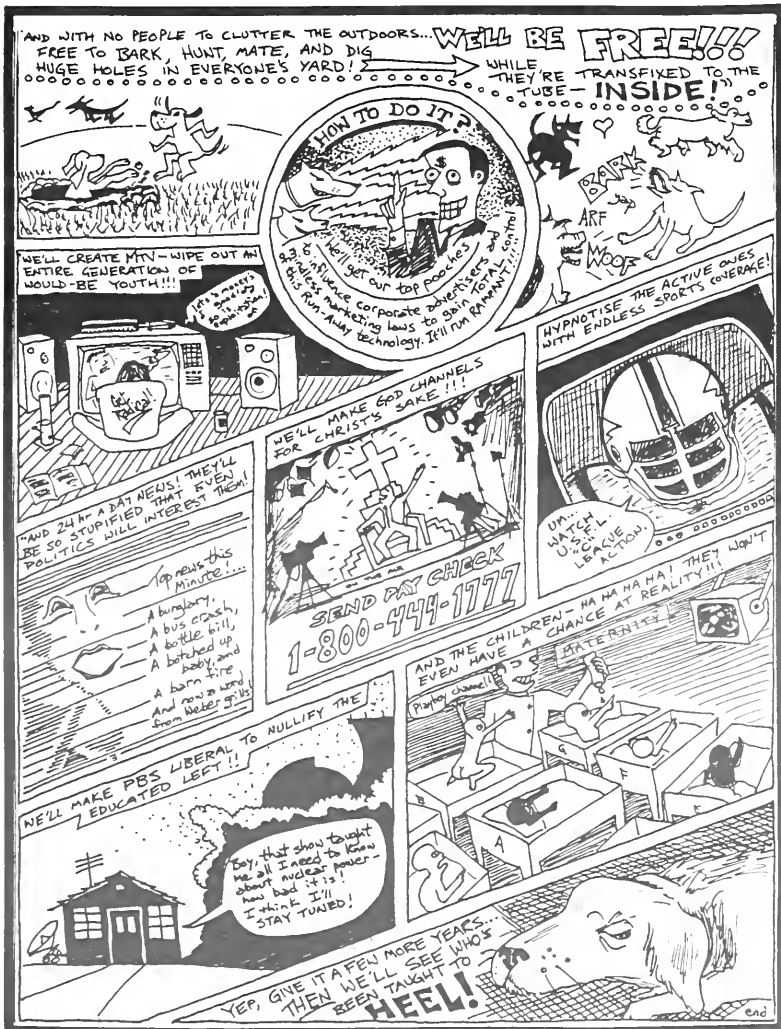
- What is the moral status of animals?
- Is animal research justified by the benefits accrued to Man or not-Man?
- What are the conditions of research in a democratic society?

It is morally unacceptable in our society to inflict pain out of cruelty. When a researcher confines an animal, or deprives an animal of fellowship, or inflicts pain, he does so not because he is cruel, but—one hopes—to improve medical care and knowledge. With such a goal, confining, depriving and hurting animals is morally justified.

No longer is such a moral trade-off allowed for research on human beings. The ethics of research on human animals was the big medical debate of the 1960s and 1970s, fueled, it should be noted, by unconscionable abuses of human subjects, as in the Alabama syphilis study. This debate has subsided since the establishment of Institutional Review Boards which oversee human experiments, ensuring that informed consent is obtained from human subjects prior to experimentation.

Supposedly human beings are superior to other animals because we alone can think; we are aware of ourselves as subjects in the world; we plan for the future. But fetuses, infants, the comatose, the senile, and the mentally retarded are also accorded human rights, though they lack these "uniquely human" qualities.

Perhaps we recognize the human rights of infants, the comatose, the senile, and the mentally retarded





by Tony Lamantia

and die. The fact is, death and sickness are part of life, and researchers for all their claims have not changed this ultimate fact. Ours is one of the few cultures that does not recognize the normalcy, and value, of death. Out of fear of our own deaths, we go to absurd extremes, denying the fact of death and disease. In fact, biomedical "advances" often merely prolong dying to avoid death, without considering the quality of life that is "rescued."

A case in point was Baby Fae, born in October 1984 with a genetic defect, hypoplastic left heart syndrome, which left her with half a heart and no chance to live. Dr. Leonard Bailey of Loma Linda University Medical Center in Southern California transplanted the heart of a sacrificed baboon into the infant; she was the fourth human and the first infant to undergo such an operation.

She lived 20 days.

There was no basis for belief that such an experiment would benefit Baby Fae, her parents, or anyone else (except, possibly, Dr. Bailey, who gained publicity). Had Baby Fae lived even a few years, her parents would have lost not a baby but a child. In short, the experiment extended her vital signs, not her life. Yet Dr. Bailey was not a kook experimenter, but a respected professional and a member of the California Biomedical Research Association.

According to general research criteria, the baboon that gave its life for Baby Fae did not suffer "unnecessarily," because an infant's life was "saved." A similar rationale supposedly justified human slavery: pro-slavery Americans not only pointed to the advantages accrued to (White) society through slavery, but argued that slaves themselves benefited from the civilizing effect of this country and its Christian religion.

This perspective on research may distress people with AIDS, cancer, or other diseases. Of course, people will and should seek remedies for their afflictions. For a person with AIDS a cure or a treatment *would* be a real benefit. Animal research may have answers or clues to our questions about AIDS. (Researchers are currently studying AIDS in nonhuman primates.)

But people with AIDS do not control AIDS research. Researchers decide whether a vaccine—which may be a more lucrative and prestigious breakthrough—is more important than treatments or cures. Researchers increasingly point to the AIDS dilemma in defense of animal research. Unfortunately, as long as researchers alone control AIDS research, how can the public evaluate their progress? A case in point is the AIDS antibody test—the result of such research—which is useless to people

because they are *related* to the rest of us who enjoy the fullest of human qualities; they are our sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers, friends, lovers and neighbors.

But animals, too, are related, anatomically and psychologically, to Man; else they would be little use to researchers.

Researchers themselves feel the need for some restrictions on the use of animals in experiments. The question is—where to draw the line, and why? Researchers have hit upon the following general criteria for animal research:

Does the potential good justify the use of an animal in an experiment? Will the research yield fruitful results which cannot be obtained by other means? Is the research necessary? Are we prepared to terminate an experiment whenever its continuation may result in unnecessary suffering to an animal? [Former NIH Deputy Director Thomas E. Malone, 1978].

But "necessary" and "unnecessary," like "potential good" and "fruitful results," are vague criteria—and any definition they may have comes from the researcher's point of view. What we need to do is scrutinize the "fruitful results" of animal research—of, in fact, research in general.

Our dependence on animal research illustrates a peculiar one-sidedness of our Western culture. One might almost think that, were biomedical research stopped, people would begin to sicken



"My What Interesting Ears You Have!"

who want to know if they have AIDS and dangerous in the hands of a panicked public.

The polio vaccine, developed 30 years ago, is another result of animal research, one of which researchers are particularly proud. But researchers are quiet about the tool of this vaccine on animals—for example, the 1.5 million monkeys used in polio research.

(This 1.5 million, plus another 25,000 used yearly in the US alone, has decimated the wild monkey population and has helped to put several species on the endangered list. Added to the nonhuman primates killed in research are those who die in trapping, shipping and storage—a fate that awaits as many as 70% of the wild primates destined for research.)

Who enjoys the benefits of biomedical research? Not the starving populations of the world who lack even basic medical care or the kind of health that comes from a wholesome diet. Biomedical researchers primarily study the diseases of centralized, industrial civilization—the effects of toxic exposures, stress, automobilization, warfare, occupational hazards, etc. Thus, much animal research is used to ameliorate the symptoms of our society without studying the disease itself: modern civilization. This bias is clear in a color brochure, produced by the Calif. Biomedical Research Assoc., on the role of animal research in fighting occupational diseases.

Is animal research still needed?... Unquestionably yes. Approximately 1000 new chemicals are synthesized each year and modern technology uses chemicals in previously unimagined ways. By law, we must protect people from the potentially toxic effects of these chemicals through testing with animals.

There is no hint in this promotional material that the need for these new chemicals should be proved before their potentially toxic effects are tested on animals.

Some people reduce the issue of animal research to a simple question: Are animals to be valued as much as people? Some people are instantly and absolutely certain that the answer is no. Others take the opposite view with as much certainty. I hesitate to answer definitively in either direction. But I think we should question the assumption (which after all is but a product of our age and culture) that there is a clear dividing line between people and animals. The Hindu, among others, do not recognize so clear a line. Someone may dangle a tadpole and ask, "Would you really not sacrifice *this* to save a little girl's life?" But animal experimentation never involves such simplistic questions.

Such questions may call forth philosophical but not practical answers.

Animal rights can, of course, be taken to absurd extremes. Do human beings have the right to keep animals as pets? Should we prevent animals from killing each other? Instead of following the issue into absurdity, it is wise to acknowledge the limits of human ethics and to avoid absurd extremes.

Practical Proposals

The ethics of animal research is an important question. Even more important, however, is the question of how animal research proposals and results are evaluated. I am biased against research as it is currently conducted. But I believe that, in a democratic society, research may be permitted to continue if the citizenry so decide. In the US, however, the apparatus for that process of decision-making is rusted and ineffectual. Washington allocates the funds. In California, we may vote for the person who picks the person who picks the people who allocate the funds—but this seems designed especially to thwart democratic participation.

Research institutions across the country claim they have ended animal abuse in the laboratory by establishing animal care committees. But the institutions themselves choose the committee mem-

bers; and although NIH guidelines require them to choose a lay member not connected with the institution, this is hardly enough.

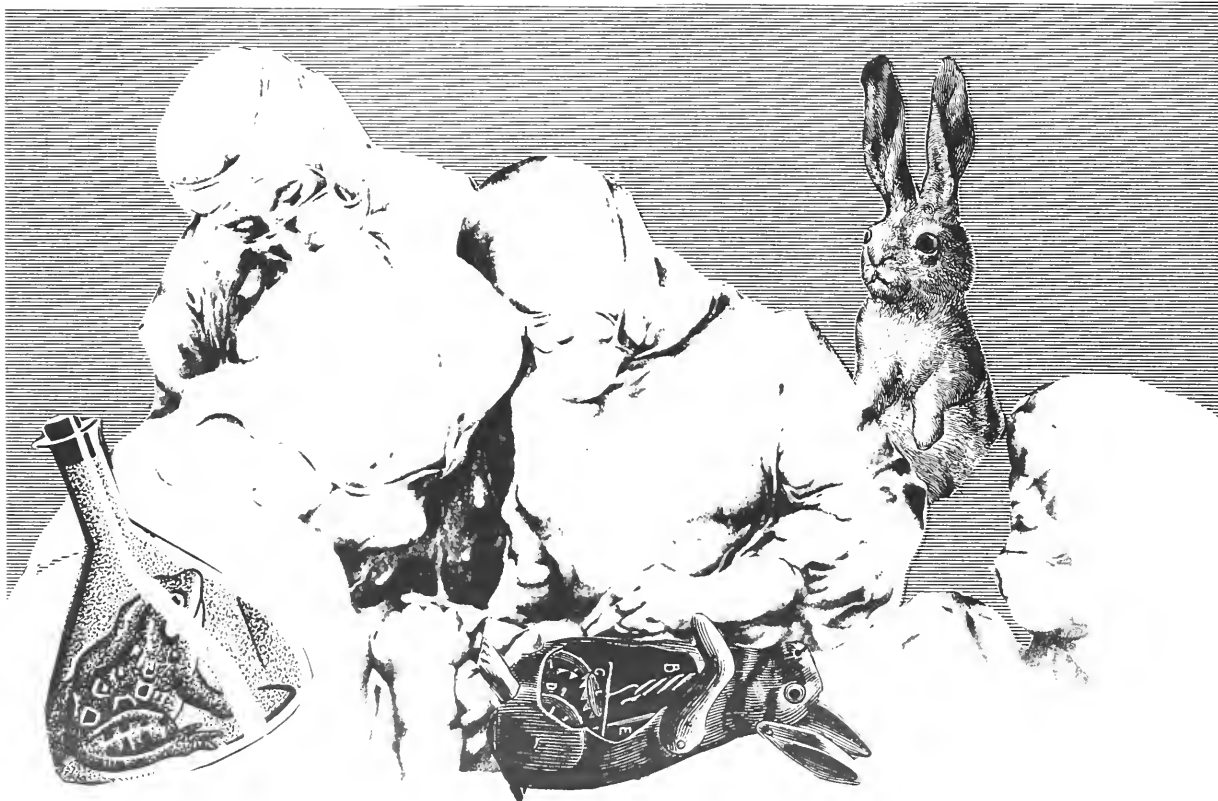
The NIH guidelines, which the committees follow, need to be examined. The SPCA is a moderate animal welfare organization. However, responding to the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, San Francisco SPCA President Richard Avanzino had this to say about his organization's ability to monitor animal research at UCSF:

We can report that UCSF researchers, in general, are following procedures which meet all existing codes, ordinances, and regulations. These findings, however, do not mean that what we have found is adequate as perceived through the eyes of a humane society dedicated to preventing cruelty to animals. We believe, in a better world, much of the animal experimentation could be radically reduced—minimizing the extent to which animals must suffer in the name of science.

If we were given the power to restructure the system, far greater emphasis would be placed on the public's right to scrutinize what is happening. Opportunities for public debate on the public policy questions would be provided, so that the citizenry could exert far greater controls over if, when, and how an animal would be



by Tony Lamanha



forced to suffer or give up its life for humankind.

The basic flaw in animal research is the process by which protocols are evaluated. Nothing justifies Washington in establishing a single mandatory standard for the entire country. The danger is evident in the current situation, in which a bad standard is everywhere followed. It makes better sense for advocates of every camp, such as NIH and Lifeforce and the SPCA, to suggest standards, but to leave local decisions to local communities.

Further, animal care committees are currently a sham. Until they are representative of the whole community—including those who are active and respected in the animal welfare movement and those who seek remedy for a disease or condition which affects them—their approval of research protocols is insignificant.

Communities must take an active interest in the research taking place within them, ensuring that all research carried out on animals is published in detail and collected for the use of all researchers. This is vital so as to minimize duplication and waste in animal experimentation. In the scientific community, the rule is publish or perish. But scientific publications reject research results they deem insignificant,

allowing unnecessary duplication of animal research. (Another problem is that military research involving animals may be classified as not to be published.)

Nor is it enough to leave research to professional researchers in windowless labs behind locked doors and barbed wire. Only an informed community can make wise decisions about protocol. Televised animal research could be an eye-opening educational service.

Biomedical research is not a cure for our diseased culture. As old diseases succumb to our increasing knowledge, we make ourselves vulnerable to diseases which never before disturbed us. All life is bound by this inevitability of death. Traditional religions recognize this truism by admonishing people to put their faith in something eternal, whether it be their soul, their children, their community, or their other creations. But the medical advancements of the past several hundred years have made us ask just how far humankind might push itself beyond the limits it once considered to be natural. Since the beginning of the scientific revolution we have extended the human lifespan only a decade. Perhaps now the novelty of these achievements is wearing off, for the gain may not have been greater than the loss.

—by Tony Lamanha



EPISCOPAL SANCTUARY POEM

Checker plastic tablecloths

Cots with green cushions beneath
high gymnasium lites

Lady pregnant, man with AIDS,
girl with rosary, woman
reading playboy, oatmeal
with raisins for breakfast

I wish he'd shine his light on
me once in a mofuh while,
says the man down the way

Green & brown & tan & white,
people intermingling in shades
of misery to desperate ecstasy

Budding romances try to abound
if only the 2nd party felt
like cooperating with him

Six jumbo jets took off she says
An' her mama always told her to
answer the door with a shotgun

Is it a mean world out there?

—colette, rainy winter '85-86



Pressures of the Assembly Line



Question

when does a mere
slice of
human behavior
take on the compression
formality
and impact
of a work of art

Answer

when it becomes visible
against the flat backdrop
of history
with the clarity
of (say)
the sky-arc
of a bird in flight
over water
around twilight on
some perfect
summer night

Maybe some night
in Appalachia
with plant whistles
lonesome
in the red-sky
distance

Take the behavior on March 16 1985
of Mansel (Sonny) Hamlett
a man of 39
who worked in
a glass factory
in southwestern Pennsylvania

Sonny was a quiet
competent
reclusive worker
known mostly for being
very protective of his wife

They worked the same
afternoon shift
in the giant
Anchor Glass plant

Sonny made
nine dollars an hour
loading crates
of glass bottles

on wooden pallets
the kind that look
a little like the decks
of ships
that wash up in pieces
on beaches

Sonny's job was
both routine
and difficult

You didn't just
lift and toss
you had to pick
up each crate
of bottles
with the care you'd
use in holding
a newborn baby
and as delicately
lay it back
down again

The crates weighed
over a hundred
pounds apiece
there was a precise
and demanding
quota
of repetitious lifts
to be performed
like others
in his department
Sonny worked
under ever
vigilant eyes
of efficiency
analysts
foremen and
supervisors
seven days
twenty-four
hours
Anchor
produced glass
bottles for soda
beer
whiskey
and baby food

The strain
on Sonny
caused by
nonstop
on-the-job
pressure
to exceed
his mental
and physical
limits
resembled
in many respects
the stress on Anchor Glass
to overproduce
in an industry
doomed
by plastics
and
by foreign
competition

Like a canny dinosaur
that had survived
the ice age
but now faced
something
much worse
Anchor was one of those
few remaining
domestic
manufacturers
still trying to beat
the future
at its own game
two years earlier
the company
had been on the ropes
new owners
had brought in
efficiency experts
who'd instituted
quality controls
"speed-up"
production quotas
and stringent
disciplinary rules
the workload was huge
the pressure
on the workforce
enormous



March 16
a Saturday morning
during her workbreak
Sonny Hamlett's wife
Judith
visited her husband
at the loading dock
where he was working
he went on stacking crates
they talked
Sonny's foreman approached
Sonny and his wife
didn't notice
him at first
they were talking

Sonny's foreman
ordered her away

Not long into
the argument that ensued
the foreman called a supervisor
who suspended Sonny
on the spot
told him his job
might be lost
and sent him home

Instead of going home
Sonny left the plant
and went out
and bought
100 rounds
of ammunition
for his
.38
caliber
Smith & Wesson
handgun

What happened next
was prompted
by the moment

Sonny was
amok
in Amerika

He returned to Anchor Glass
in the Quality Control
office
he found
his foreman
standing there
before him

The foreman's name
was Donald Abbott
he was forty-eight years old

At the foreman's side
was Sonny's
supervisor
Paul Gabelt
a man of 52

Right there in Quality Control
Sonny shot them both
in their foreheads
fatally
then he stopped
to reload
his boots
lapped by
trickles of
managerial
level blood
the screens above
his head
reading out
Self-Destruct
the gadgetry shelves
lined with
video totems
looking down
angry but ineffectual
all around him

Sonny was ready
to stomp on down the hall
but then
his wife appeared suddenly
as if in a mist
out of nowhere
momentarily

breaking into
the Nicaraguan
Invasion
Killquake or
whatever it was had come over
Sonny's consciousness

She was screaming
Sonny saw only steam
before his eyes
he couldn't hear her
the god had laid a net
over him
it was not a net over lovers
he felt no love when
she threw her arms
around him

Judith
the human wife
couldn't stop him
at that moment
and no goddess
would step in to save
Sonny now
this mist closed
in around him

Sonny lived
in a weak society
he was its product
just as obviously as the
bottles in the crates
all around him
were products of Anchor Glass
but he was a strong man
at that moment
his rancor
was deep

Seeing
his wife
unable to break into his dream
his fellow workers
rushed up
and tried to get ahold of him
but he scattered them off



by firing some shots
over their heads
and walked on down the hall

He found the
department manager
Ralph Tumaro, 52
sitting in his office
the quality
control manager
John Coligan,
31
was sitting there too

Sonny killed
them both
in their swivel chairs
with single
shots
the cool
marksanship
of chaos
was improving him
as a navigator
of his
own
fate
and also shot
in the chest
another supervisor
Richard Hosier, 38
who just happened
to be on hand
at the moment

Then he went
looking
for the plant manager
his fellow
workers
yelling at him
in a weirdly
unintelligible
language
whenever
he looked
them

in the eyes
they
dove
for cover
Sonny was
isolated
out there
on the plateau
of his life

He'd created it for himself
he'd become an inventor of his
own form

He felt
godlike

The landscape
kept changing
as the moment
kept swelling
and expanding

Maybe in his
imagination
Sonny could feel
his cheekbones
being dusted
with that kind of
airbrush paint
meant to
simulate
coal-black
under the eyes
of heroes
in commando movies

He couldn't find
the plant manager

He came back
to the center
of the workflow
where he'd been
stacking crates
of glass bottles
only a few hours
earlier

all around him now
the men
and women
he'd worked with
for years were yelling
strange things out at him

He trembled with fear
his legs shook
as he was pressing
the .38
against his chest
and pulling the trigger
he heard
the things they
were singing to him
not the
grateful praises
one would shower upon
a god
but instead the conflicted
and deeply
throat-twisted-inside-out
shouts of lamentation
that might be uttered by a child
witnessing
the murder of its parents
by its sibling

Sonny went out of the world
listening
to this mixed message
of the apprehensive din
of a repressed
existence
at once
mourning
and castigating
itself

The next day
the plant was back
at full swing

by Tom Clark

Waiting For Josie

Louis Michaelson



Josie was the prettiest girl in the 1960 high school senior class in Wheatville, California. We had our spot that we used to go to, down Hamilton Road up into the mountains, then under an old wooden bridge. I'd take her there in my old Ford, and we'd make love for hours.

Josie knew how to take it. When she'd start screaming the first couple times, I'd get concerned but she'd stay, "Don't stop."

Of course, after nine years, it's not like it used to be. And with our son Willie in the next bedroom, Josie can't scream anymore.

There's times when a man is glad he's got a woman he can depend on. Times when the man is in some deep trouble. Like now.

I'm sitting here accused of murder, my one-time best friend is lying dead, and I'm just waiting for Josie to come down to the Sheriff's station and get me out. Whatever little flaws she may have, she's always been a woman you could count on.

We've had about as good a marriage as a man and a woman can have. The proof of this is that we're still together despite all the opposition we've had.

The biggest strain was the three years we lived with her grandmother. The old lady was the most vile creature that ever lived. I still remember her fault finding and criticism. She'd say to me, "Get off your fat ass and find a job. Stop expecting my granddaughter to support you."

It was easy for her to bitch and moan. The fact is Wheatville is a farming community, and about the only work available is farm work. With me recovering from my bad back, it was just plain malice that she'd expect me to go find work.

I knew we were in deep trouble with that fire-breathing dragon around. I saw what was coming. I told Josie, "Let's put her in an old folks' home before she breaks up our marriage."

"Hank Mitchell, in case you've forgotten, this happens to be her house that you're so eager to kick her out of. My grandmother raised me from the time I was six years old, and she's staying right here with us."

Well, I endured grandmother for those three years, all the while having her carp on me for not working or accusing me of drinking too much and coming home late. I don't mind telling you I reached my limit.

As time went on, her grandmother mellowed out and started to become forgetful. She got so she didn't always remember who we were, and she started to lose control of her functions. Josie would get her grandmother up in the morning. She'd cringe at the bed sheets and rush to get them in the washing machine. At the dinner table her grandmother sat with a string of saliva down the side of her mouth. She'd spill food all over herself.

I convinced Josie one night she'd better have her grandmother sign the property over to her, what with the old woman being half crazy, so that when she died there wouldn't be a lot of inheritance tax and distant cousins

coming out of the woodwork to claim an interest in the property. It took some convincing, but I'm always able to make that woman see logic. I had a lawyer draw up all the papers.

Sometimes the old lady was as clear as a bell; sometimes she was a real loon. Josie approached her when she was lucid, and she cussed at us till her face was red, calling us a couple of thieves. Later we approached her when she was crazy and we told her she was signing for a subscription to a magazine. She signed away.

Josie's biggest fault is she holds a grudge. She still holds it against me making her sell the house. It was a nice place: two stories, built solid as a fortress, a full-length front porch, a fireplace, three bedrooms and a big kitchen. It was a prime location for Josie and me. The beauty parlor where Josie worked was up the street, and the Southern Baptist Church we attended was two houses down.

One day the Thompsons next door moved away, and their house was for sale six months. Finally the for-sale sign came down. I looked with mouth wide open at who was moving in. The people packing their furniture in were a family of coloreds.



by Louis Michaelson

After I recovered from the shock of what Jim Thompson had done, I got on the phone and talked to my friend Otis, who's a real estate agent. Then I called out, "Josephina"—she knows I mean business when I call her by her full name—"start getting everyone packed. We're selling the house."

Josie got kind of difficult. She says to me, "Hank, let's see what kind of people they are. Maybe we won't mind living next to them." You see why I sometimes get exasperated with her.

At first I thought we could talk it over like two intelligent people. Well, she got snotty and said, "Hank, this is my house now. I grew up here, and we're staying put. Just 'cause you're some kind of racist doesn't mean that I'm going to leave my house."

"Honey, you know that ain't true, I certainly ain't no racist. Why one of my best buddies in high school was a Mexican guy, Xavier Hernandez. I even had Xavier over one night to meet my folks. But these Negro people is different. They can't live alongside white people."

"My grandmother's sick. She's not up to moving."

Well, this is just so typical of her grandmother to throw a monkey wrench into the works. "God damn your grandmother, she should have died years ago anyhow." Then Josie started bawling and saying I can move anytime I want but she was staying.

I'm still grateful that my dad explained to me that a woman doesn't appreciate a man unless he shows her who's boss. It's kind of like showing her cares. Well, I figure at that time she was begging for it. Of course, I didn't really hit her hard, though the way she carried on afterwards, you think I'd almost killed her.

The upshot was Otis Green came out and appraised the place. Now, Otis is a real man of the world. He says to me, "Hank, you was real smart to get out when you did. This neighborhood is going to go to hell in three months—six months at the most. You're smart to sell now. If I could only convince the rest of your neighbors to do the same thing, they'd save themselves a lot of trouble."

"Well, some of us understand these things, some of us don't."

"Of course, Hank, you realize with the neighborhood going to hell the way it is,



by Louis Michaelson

things ain't quite going for what they normally would. You understand, I hope."

"Huh?"

"Fact is, the most we could hope to sell your place for now would be about \$5,000."

"Now, Otis, that place is a \$12,000 house at least. Why 20 years ago her granddad paid more than \$5,000 for it."

"I know how you feel. When this happens to a neighborhood, prices just go to the basement. You almost can't give houses away. And the longer you hold off, the less you'll get for it."

Otis got us a buyer right away. With the money we got from selling the house, we bought a new house several blocks away in another neighborhood. It was about half the size of our old one, with only two bedrooms. But it all worked out for the best, because there was no room for her grandmother in the new house, and the old lady had to go into the rest home. It took some real convincing that time, but I made her see my way.

For years afterwards she threw it in my face that I made a big mistake, that the colored folks in the old Thompson place kept it up just as nicely as any of the other houses in the neighborhood, and that putting her grandmother in the rest home had caused her death four months later. That's the gratitude I got for protecting her interest. I don't mind telling you I was miffed.

Once she even got up the nerve to say, "I don't know why you're so afraid to live next to Negroes when you don't mind going out to see Rose Bankus." Naturally I pretended I didn't know what

she was talking about.

What hurt me the most was she kept calling me a racist. I'm a churchgoing, God-fearing man. I may be a sinner in some ways, at least in the eyes of God, but I was really hurt over being called a racist.

I was so troubled by this that I had to go to my friend and counselor, Reverend Harrison, the pastor of the First Southern Baptist Church in our old neighborhood. Now, Reverend Jeremy Harrison is about one of the finest men that ever walked this earth. He's a wonderful preacher. He can shout and thunder and his face gets filled with fury, and he makes you scared of going to hell, and then he smiles and tells you a joke about what an awful hat his wife just bought.

Reverend Harrison was one of the first men in town to realize that the Communists had infiltrated the local schools. He convinced parents to send their children to school with a tape recorder so they could catch teachers in the act of spreading communist propaganda.

I asked him, "Reverend Harrison, am I a racist?"

Well, he laughs and says, "Hank, why you're no more of a racist than I'm a devil worshipper. The good Lord made some folks different from others, that's all. I'll tell you, I sweated blood worrying that the family of Negroes would want to come to church here. It would have been quite a scene ordering them out. Sometimes the womenfolk at church don't understand you've got to do things like that. If you let these people get a foothold, they'll try to come in and take over."

"Hank, you done what was best for your wife's interests. Someday she'll see it and appreciate it."

That made me feel better. But I used to lie awake at nights wondering how Josie ever found out about Rose Bankus. There are things that women just aren't supposed to know about, and Rose Bankus is one of them.

Rosie is a half-blood girl. You'd never know it, though, unless you saw her in good daylight. She's an amiable soul, lots of fun. From time to time she'd have a bunch of us guys over. She lives down by the levee with her two teenage daughters. We just had a good time, playing cards, and singing while she plays the piano, and occasionally one of us would go into the bedroom with one of the girls.

The drunk in the next cell just vomited all over himself. I wish I could be as drunk as he is right now, so stinking drunk that I couldn't even remember what happened tonight. I wish all my shock and confusion would just melt into forgetfulness.

My friend Jim Armstrong, the nicest

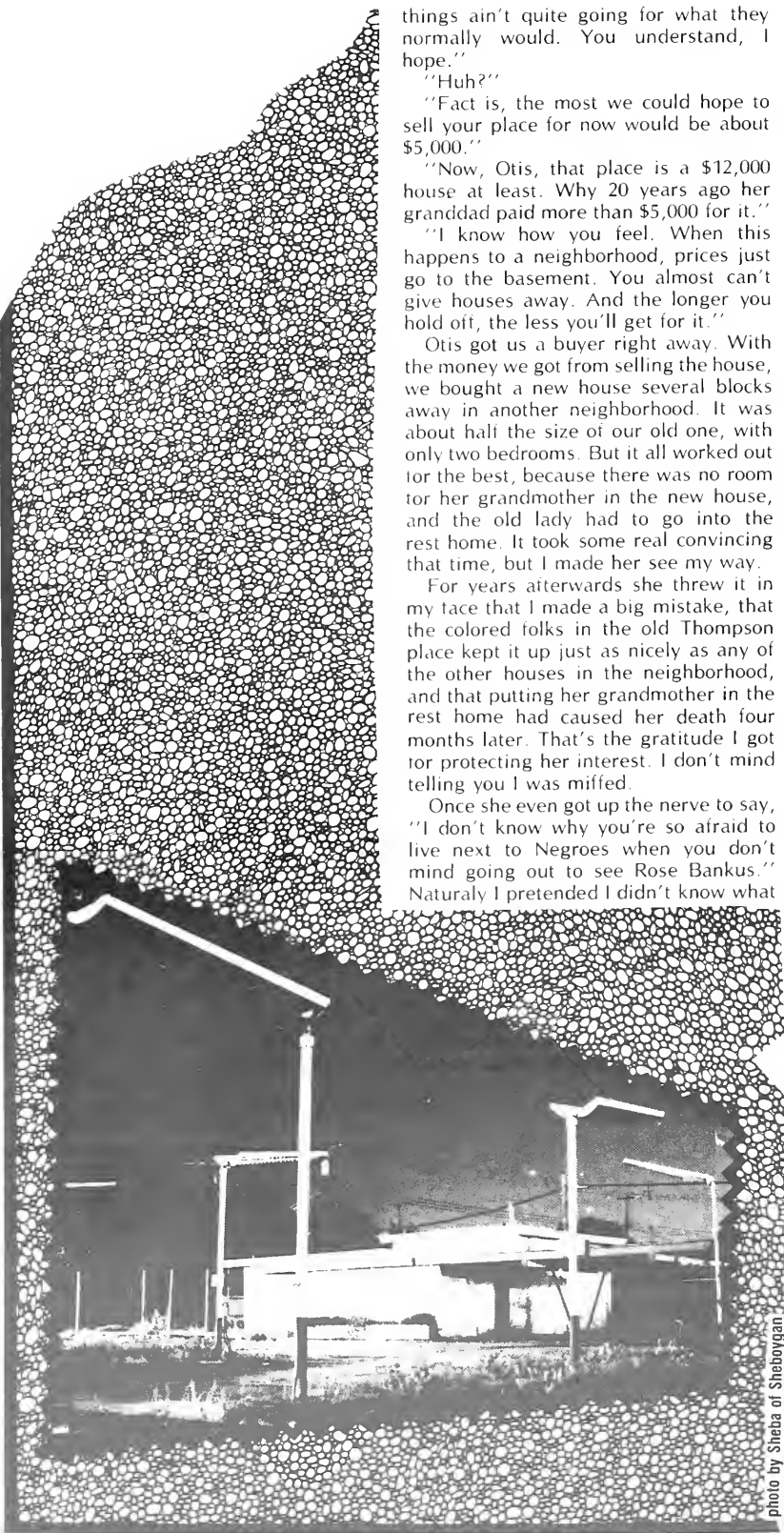


photo by Sheba of Sheboygan

guy you'd ever want to meet, turns out to be a pervert. He wasn't a queer, but a rapist is almost just as bad. It makes me remember stories about rapists and murderers; everybody will think they're just quiet, normal people, and it turns out they raped and killed a bunch of people.

I only had one other dealing with a sex criminal. One evening Josie came home, and there in the mailbox was a card from her cousin Tim, this real successful architect her family is so proud of, to bring the family and visit him some weekend in San Francisco and stay a few days.

Cousin Tim lived in this real classy Victorian house on a hill. Inside it was as fancy as something out of a magazine: linen table cloths, blue water in the commode, and a bunch of paintings of something that you couldn't tell what it was supposed to be. Josie started making a fool out of herself, oohing and ahing like she was at a fireworks show, till I told her to cut it out.

Tim started bragging about some stupid Chinese vase in the corner that was supposed to be hundreds of years old. I shut him up real quick when I said, "This place is almost as fancy as the local whorehouse in Wheatfield."

As he was fixing drinks, I whispered to Josie, "There's something I don't like about this guy, but I can't quite place it."

I pretended that I needed to use the john, but I snuck into his bedroom and started looking through his chest of drawers. There was nothing suspicious there, so I started going through the closet. There in an old suitcase was a magazine with a bunch of naked men standing around and flexing their muscles. I turned beet red in disgust, flipping through the pages of his magazine. I've never seen anything so filthy or degraded in my life.

There was only one thing to do in a situation like that. Josie never said much about it later, but I know she's proud of what I did. I went out to the living room with the magazine in my hand, thrusting it in Tim's surprised face, and said, "Is this the type of filth you're going to expose my wife and son to? Grab your suitcase, Josephina, and let's find us a hotel." I grabbed Willie in one hand and Josie in the other. Poor woman, she was sobbing. It must have been a real shock to learn her cousin was queer.

It was a year ago when Josie began nagging me to find work. "Hank Mitchell, you've been using your back as an excuse for five years. I'm tired of having to work all day supporting both of us and then coming home to cook and clean house."

I got a job pumping gas at Elmo's gas station. That's when I met Jim. He was a



mechanic, a damn good one. We hit it off. In two weeks we were like brothers.

One afternoon at work when not much was happening, I said, "Jim, come on over here, I got something in my wallet to show you." Now, this was probably my first big mistake, but it seemed like fun at the time. "Jim," I said, "see this here naked woman, ain't she beautiful?"

He agreed she was.

"Doesn't she got a perfect set of boobs that hang high and solid?"

He agreed with me again.

"Well, come on over to dinner sometime and you can meet her. It's my wife." Josie would fall over backward if she knew I still had that picture of her.

So one evening I brought Jim over to meet my wife. Josie decided this was the time to act peculiar and she said to me, "Why don't you let me know ahead of time when you're having people over for dinner?"

But she and Jim seemed to get along okay after that. He insisted on helping her clear off the table, and he was even going to help her dry the dishes when I wised him up. I said, "Jim, if you ever want a woman to respect you, you can't help them around the house like this. It's okay to change the oil in her car or put in a new fan belt, but never, never help her with the dishes." My dad taught me well.

Poor Jim never had anyone to give him advice, which is the main reason why he doesn't have a girl friend. He works all day as a mechanic and goes to school studying electronics at night. I always said some people bury themselves

*How American
it is...*

to want
something better!



because they're afraid to go out and live life.

When he left that night, Jim says to me, "You got a real fine woman, Hank. Just make sure that you treat her decent."

I laughed at this, and I said, "Shoot, I treat her fine. We're still crazy in love, just like when we was in high school."

Jim started coming over and working on things in the house, fixing the gate that's been broken for two years, plastering that hole in the kitchen wall. I laughed and muttered to myself that man will never find a woman if he kowtows to them like that.

One night a bunch of us was going out to see Rose Bankus. Jim was invited but he didn't want to come. He just said, "You guys go on without me, I got to study for class."

This made him a laughing stock. Imagine giving up a night at Rose Bankus's to sit home staring at a book.

The trouble between Jim and me started when he got a promotion at the gas station as manager. This was towards summer.

Now, sometimes it gets so hot in Wheatfield that all you can think about is taking all your clothes off and drinking cold beer at Rose Bankus's; there's no breeze, nothing to cool you off. I always took time off from work during the summer when it got like that. Who can work when it's so damned hot? The boss

used to threaten me, but now with my best buddy manager of the station, who's going to give me a bad time about this?

Well, some buddy he turns out to be. I always know if I ever get rich and powerful, I'm always going to be the same person. I am still going to be friends with the same people I am now, and still give most of my money to poor people. But some people get a little power and it goes to their head.

One day I came back after taking a few days off, and my best buddy is standing there with my final paycheck. He patted me on the back and said, "Sorry, Hank, I just can't be a mechanic working on cars and have to be interrupted to pump gas every five minutes. I hope this don't interfere with our friendship."

Well, I guess this should have been my cue that there was something deeply disturbed and sick with this man.

I told him right out, "Some friend you turned out to be. You can just forget about our hunting trip this weekend. I'll go by myself."

That week was a rotten week. That very night Josie started bitching to me about when am I going to find a new job. She finally got to me, and I had to give her a good poke in the face to shut her up.

It was a Friday morning early in June when I left to go hunting. Little Willie was with me. I was going to drop him off

at my folks' house for a few days on the way up to the mountains. I'll always be grateful that he wasn't there for the awful things that happened.

After two days on this hunting trip, I hadn't shot anything and I got lonesome. I decided to come back early.

I turned around the corner to my house. It was all dark. I remember thinking to myself that Josie's gone to bed early, so I'd better tiptoe not to awaken her.

Then I heard the sounds coming from the bedroom. There was Josie's scream, and then a low moaning sound like no other sound the human voice makes.

I'm standing there with my hunting rifle in my hand and in the next room my wife is being raped. Josie screamed again, and it was more than I could bear to know what she was going through. "I'll get him for hurting you, honey," I said as I ran in. It was a few seconds later that I realized the man with half his head blown away was Jim Armstrong.

Poor Josie went into hysteria. She locked herself into the bathroom and wouldn't come out till the police came.

The police talked to Josie in one room and me in another room. I was sure they could figure out right away what happened.

Shortly afterwards, they came and slapped handcuffs on me. "You guys are crazy," I said. "This guy was forcing my wife. I shot him in self-defense, the same way any of you guys would have done. No telling what he would have done if I hadn't come home when I did."

"Sorry, Hank, your wife told us the true story."

"What true story?"

"You've been running around here all evening saying you'd get even with Jim Armstrong for sacking you at work. Finally you called him over for a drink, said you wanted to be friends, and you let him have it. Then you took off his clothes and told your wife to say that he was raping her."

"Now, either you misunderstood her or she's delirious from the shock of getting raped, but that ain't at all what happened. You guys better take these handcuffs off me right away."

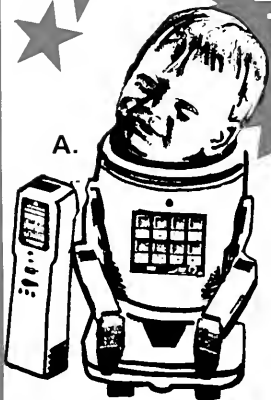
But they didn't want to listen to me. So here I am in this stinking jail with drunks and thieves. A half hour ago they finally let me call Josie on the phone, but she didn't answer. That must mean she's on her way over here right now. She always been a woman I could depend on.

—by Charles Alan Irwin



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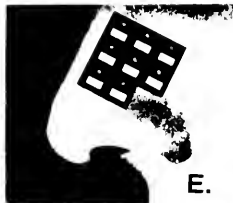
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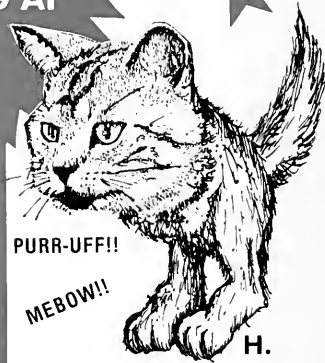
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