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Parraxut. It's a small village in Guatemala, only recently accessible by motor vehicle. Parraxut (pronounced Par-rah-chut) is situated on a ridge high up on the slopes of the Cuchumatanes Mountains in northern Quiche province. During the period 1968-70, I worked in the neighboring community of Aguaclara, and often found myself walking to or through Parraxut, drawn there both by its beauty and its isolation. Like most Indian communities off the beaten track, the people were shy but friendly, often startled to see a "tai" Gringo striding by. The entire setting was so pastoral as to seem part of another century.

People in Parraxut grow subsistence crops, along with a bit of onions and garlic for cash. The plots are small, and most families are forced by necessity, once or twice a year, to travel to Guatemala's South Coast to work for a large coffee or cotton plantation. Labor conditions there are miserable, wages are sub-minimal and disease is rampant. But the money earned enables them to squeeze by from year to year. Often I would arrive to find only older women and children about, the rest of the villagers working away from home. This same cycle has occurred for generations.

Then last year disaster struck Parraxut. Four days before Christmas, with most families reunited at home, a group of Guatemalan army vehicles arrived in Parraxut, undoubtedly prompted by reports of guerrilla activity in the area. Soldiers of "moderate" President Efraín Rios Montt ordered all residents into the village square. The army officers in charge then ordered the men from a nearby village, Chiul, who had been forceably marched to Parraxut, to "prove their masculinity" by killing all the men from Parraxut. They likely had little choice in the matter. After the killings, the army officers divided up the women, executing the older ones, sparing the younger to be raped before their deaths. Many of the children managed to escape, though some were wounded while trying and others died of exposure while hiding. The men from Chiul, having committed the blood massacre, were finally allowed to return home, to the astonishment of their fellow villagers, who assumed they too were dead.

This astonishing incident, uncovered by the human rights group of America Watch, and recently reported in The New York Review of Books, has never crossed the wires of AP orUPI. It's another instance of the silence we hear from the so-called Third World, unless a war has stained front page status. And it's not the first case of hundreds of civilians being slain in Guatemala without a whisper being uttered. Compare this to the recent laying of the "first American casualty" (somewhat the nuns have been forgotten) in El Salvador. The wires dripped blood for several days, as if the man had died to save us all from some horror.

But hearing of such events matters little unless we realize our common humanity. For those in positions of power, be it in the Kremlin or the White House, the Parraxuts of this world are simply pawns in the game of Guatemalan life since the mid-Sixties. Our President, searching for anchors as the floodgates despite the potential consequences of the silence we hear from the so-called Third World, unless a war has stained front page status. And it's not the first case of hundreds of civilians being slain in Guatemala without a whisper being uttered. Compare this to the recent laying of the "first American casualty" (somewhat the nuns have been forgotten) in El Salvador. The wires dripped blood for several days, as if the man had died to save us all from some horror.

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BEYOND THE COLD WAR
British social historian E.P. Thompson is the leader of the European nuclear disarmament movement and has inherited the role Bertrand Russell played during the 1950s.

BY E.P. THOMPSON

I think that we may now be living, this year and for several years ahead, through episodes as significant as any known in the human record. I will not dwell on the perils.

We are well aware of these. Human ingenuity has somehow created these immense destructive powers, which now appear to hang above us, alienated from all human control. They are now taking of siting laser weapons on the moon — weapons which, in a literal sense, will be lunatic.

We are aware, all of us, of the overspill of this nuclear weaponry, much of it crammed into our own continent: land-mines, artillery, torpedoes, depth-charges, missiles, launched from the ground, from submarines, from the air. We may differ as to the exact "balance" of weaponry held by the adversary parties. But we are also aware that, when the overall capacity of weaponry is such as to enable the destruction of civilized conditions for life on our continent thirty times over, calculations of "balance" are becoming irrelevant.

We may also, after two years of mounting anxiety, begin to feel slight twinges of hope. The superpowers have at last been brought to the negotiating table. Something might even be done to halt or to reduce the weaponry in Europe.

A Fractured Continent

Let us go back, first, not to the origin of the Cold War, but to a moment just before it broke out. My own generation is the last which witnessed that moment as adults. Our perception of "Europe" remained, for this day, a little different from that of younger generations. Europe, including Warsaw, Prague and Budapest and, more distantly, Leningrad and Moscow. But for many young Westerners, "Europe" now means, first of all, the EEC.

The young have grown up within a fractured continent. The Cold War has been a received condition, which has set the first premises of politics and ideology from before the time of their birth. It is now a settled and unquestioned premise: a hard fact. Many people assume that the condition will persist — far into the 21st century, prescribed for the full length of their own lives — if war does not intervene. It has always been there.

But it has not always been there. I do not suggest that Europe, before the Cold War, was in any way, politically or culturally, united. It was the seat of rival imperialisms which extended over the globe. It was the seat and source of two devastating world wars. It was a battlefield for opposing ideologies.

Yet the savage divisions among Europeans did not exist as a fracture splitting the continent in half. They ran deeply within the political and cultural life of each nation-state. European states went to war; yet Europeans remained within common political discourse.

This was true, most of all, in the climactic years of the second world war. From 1941 to 1944 Nazi-Germany and its allies occupied an area and commanded resources very much greater than the EEC. Yet, very specifically, there grew up within occupied Europe a new internationalism of common resistance.

From Norway to Montenegro, from the coast of Kent to the southern tip of Stalingrad — and it is necessary to recall, with an effort, that Britain and Russia then were allies and that it was the prodigious sacrifice of Soviet life which turned the tide of that war.

Our stay here, in the spaces of geological time, has been brief. No one can tell us our business. But I think it is something more than to consume as much as we can and then blow the place up.

This is good. But what an effort it has taken to get the politicians there! And what a discrepancy there is between the procedures of war and those of peace! The decisions to develop new weapons — to deploy the SS-20, to put the neutron bomb into production, to go ahead with cruise missiles — are taken by a few score people — at the most by a few hundred — secretly, behind closed doors, on both sides. But to check, or to reverse, any one of those decisions, nothing will do except the voluntary efforts of hundreds of thousands — late into the night and through weekends, month after month — addressing envoys, collating information, raising money, meeting in churches, in school halls, debating in conferences, lobbying parliaments, marching through the streets of Europe's capital cities.

In the past 18 months I have visited fellow workers for peace in the United States, in Czechoslovakia, in Finland, Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Germany and France. The story is always the same. People are determined. They are encouraged by growing support, but they are running out of puff. How long can they go on? And if they relax, then in two or three years the weapons — accompanied by new weapons of equal barbarity, nerve-gas, bacteriological warfare — will begin to come back. We are running the wrong way down an escalator: if we stop running we will be carried up to the top of Stalingrad.

To check the missiles is something. But the political launch-pad for all these missiles is the adversary posture of the two great rival alliances, grouped around the USA and

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— there was a common movement of resistance. Polish and Czech units served alongside British forces; British units also included Churchill's son, Randolph, and the Canadian-American officer Arthur Meaclem — served with the Yugoslav partisans.

It is the fashion to be cynical about all that now, and for good reasons. The causes behind the two major moments were naive. The alliance of anti-fascist resistance — the alliances of liberal democrats, communists, social democrats, Socialists — were very different, and their governments proved too sympathetic to the alliance with

The first atomic detonation over Hiroshima sent panic-waves across the Communist world which contributed much to the onset of Cold War. For over twenty years the West had an overwhelming superiority in destructive nuclear power.

The atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima ended the war, but it was not the end of the war. It was the beginning of a new phase of the war, a phase that would last for over twenty years. The world was divided into two blocs: the Western bloc, which included the United States, the United Kingdom, and most of the Western European countries, and the Eastern bloc, which included the Soviet Union and its satellite states. The Cold War was a struggle for power and influence between these two blocs.

The Cold War was not just a struggle between the United States and the Soviet Union. It was also a struggle between the capitalist and the socialist systems. The Cold War was a struggle for the hearts and minds of people around the world. It was a struggle for the right to determine their own future.

The Cold War was a struggle for the future of the world. It was a struggle for the survival of the species. It was a struggle for the right to live in peace and freedom.

The Cold War was a struggle for the right to determine our own future. It was a struggle for the right to choose our own destiny.

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In one sense the present crisis in Western Europe can be read in this way. The United States is seeking to use the muscle of its nuclear weaponry to compensate for its loss of real influence.

Godless Marxism

A brief survey will show us that the ideological adversary systems conforms generally to the stereotype of late decades. To take the Communist bloc, in China it is trying to outflank Europe and then the world, it is making a bad job of it. It has lost Yugoslavia to the West, it has lost the Soviet Union and China and split bitterly in their post-war settlement, which established a protective belt of client Communist regimes along its frontiers, there has been no further evidence of coordinated strategy. Twenty-five years ago Soviet and NATO forces were withdrawn from Austria and Poland; and it is now guaranteed Austria's neutrality has been honored in good faith.

There has also been a major recession in military and political commitments in the West. The Cominform, established in 1947, was seen by Western experts as an instrument of within Western societies; or a whole set of internal set-ups, the largest being in Italy and France. The Cominform has long been broken up. Dis­gusted by the events of 1956, by the Soviet repression of the "Prague Spring" in 1968, Western parties have turned into a "Eurocommunism" which is sharply critical of the Soviet denial of civil rights, oppose Soviet military policies, and recognize the legitimacy of the independent Communist parties (with the notable and interesting exception of the huge Communist Party (which endorses a critical communism in Italy, in the Latin American Spanish party, and of the small British party). The KKE, which has been ambiguous on questions of civil rights, has steadily lost support in the French electorate.

Or take the question of Marxism. In Cold War fiction Soviet Marxism is supposed to be motivated by a philosophical Godless Marxism and a more universal claims. The strange development here is, not only that religion appears such an anomaly in a discussion of the world, but that the question of Marxism, and of the relation of Marxism, lies in chaos. In the Warsaw Pact countries there is something called Marxism, but it is not clear what it is or what anyone else believes or by anyone else. There is nothing but a yawn. I can think of no Soviet intellectual who, as a Marxist, commands any intellectual authority outside the Soviet Union. Yet Marxism in the West is on the move. Marxism as an intellectual system has migrated to the West and to the Third World; and it is not clear what beliefs have been migrating to this intellectual world. Marxism in the West has fragmented into hundreds of movements. And these movements are profoundly critical of the Soviet Union and of Communist practice. Marxism is certainly a vigorous intellectual influence in the

Their missiles summon forward our missiles which summon forward their missiles in turn. NATO's hawks feed the hawks of the Warsaw bloc.

The Flip Side

If we turn the picture around, and look at the West, we discover other contradictions. At the moment Western countries are in a pre-emptive state — they represent the main military front in NATO which has been in an enlarged military front that the Americans included the non-Communist countries and now in a pre-emptive state — they represent the main military front in NATO which has been in an enlarged military front that the Americans included the non-Communist countries and are in the second World War, alone of all the advanced nations, a huge unimpeded productive capacity. The "American Century" was, exactly, when econ­

Hawks Feeding Hawks

What are we to make of a "people's war" that has brought the West out of the Cold War's origin — when the war first struck, there was a fierce and over-preparing, for a war in which both sides would share in mutual ruin. Yet they might say because of the irreconcilable antagonism between the two political and social adversary systems, not only in political and military strength were over­

...continued
Depo
Another Shot

By Mary Deaton
Drawings by Saline Hughes

n 1973 Port Angeles, on the tip of the Olympic Peninsula, had three doctors, all in the same clinic. Nardi Townsend went to clinic for prenatal care. She trusted him. He looked like Abraham Lincoln.

At her first examination the doctor asked Nardi what she would do for birth control after the baby came. Nobody had ever talked to her about birth control. That was why she was pregnant when she got married at age 17. The doctor suggested she use a new drug, a shot. She would get an injection every three months. Her periods would stop and it would increase her breast milk. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) had not yet declared “the shot” safe but, Nardi was assured, by the time her baby was born that would be taken care of. Every time she went to see the doctor he mentioned the shot.

Nardi delivered a healthy baby boy in April, 1974. At her six week check-up she remembers the doctor saying, Great, now it’s time for the birth control shot. He left the room. In came the nurse. Nardi lowered her pants and the nurse stuck the needle in her rear.

The Upjohn Company first introduced Depo Provera (medroxyprogesterone acetate) in 1969. They said it would prevent miscarriages and control irregular menstrual patterns. It was also a very effective contraceptive for dogs.

Based on Upjohn’s initial research, the FDA approved Depo for these uses. In 1980 it said the drug was also safe for easing discomfort in patients with inoperable cases of cancer of the endometrium (uterine lining).

Depo is a synthetic formulation which mimics the chemical properties of progesterone, a hormone produced by a woman’s body as part of the hormonal pattern which controls fertility. While scientists are not exactly sure how Depo works, they do know it affects the ability of the ovaries to release eggs and changes the character of the uterine lining.

In 1966 Upjohn voluntarily withdrew Depo from the veterinary market after it was discovered that dogs using Depo had developed abnormalities of the uterus. In 1974 the FDA said Depo should no longer be used to treat threatened miscarriages. Upjohn’s own studies showed the drug was no more effective in preventing spontaneous abortion than a placebo. It was also suspected of causing birth defects.

That same year, however, Upjohn asked the FDA to approve Depo for use as a human contraceptive. In 1986 the company began testing on beagle dogs and then monkeys, tests required by the FDA to determine if a proposed contraceptive might cause cancer. Clinical trials of Depo were also being conducted on women in the United States. The largest began in 1987 at Grady Memorial Hospital in Atlanta, GA.

In Seattle, Dr. Nora Davis of Children’s Orthopedic Hospital used it in trials on her mentally retarded patients. Dr. Raymond Clark, a Seattle doctor with a private practice on Broadway, would along with his partner, use it on some 7,000 Seattle women over a period of 18 years.

When the FDA studies Upjohn’s test results on beagle dogs in 1974, it decided it was not ready to allow Upjohn to advertise Depo as a human contraceptive. The refusal, said the FDA, was based on research results showing “an increased incidence of mammary carcinomas” (breast tumors) in the beagle dogs.

Lack of FDA approval did not mean the drug was banned in the U.S. It could still be sold for its approved uses and doctors still prescribe it for whatever use they felt indicated. Depo was no longer an experimental drug, however, and it could not be exported from the United States until the FDA declared it “safe.”

In 1975 several million women in Third World countries had already been given Depo through programs funded by the U.S. government, the International Planned Parenthood Federation (IPPF) and other international organization and control organizations. The man who then headed the IPPF, Malcolm Potts, had enthusiastically encouraged use of Depo in Thailand, Kenya, Sri Lanka, Botswana, Tanzania, Zaire and Jamaica.

In Thailand Ed McDaniel of McCor- mick Hospital, Chiang Mai Province, was equally thrilled with the results he was getting using Depo on several thousand Thai women a year. He preferred it to the pill or IUD because, he felt, it had fewer negative side effects. It also did not require the women using it to follow a daily regime or remember to insert a barrier before intercourse. In countries where medical help is often miles and miles away, the convenience of “the shot” was a major factor in its acceptance and use.

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to subsidiaries in Belgium and Canada. And it examined the doubtful distinction of being included among Mother Jones magazine's list of perpetrators in the worst corporate crime of the century,' dumping unsafe products in Third World countries. The Mother Jones article accused population control programs of administering the drug without proper medical examinations or follow-ups. It also suggested that women were coerced into taking the drugs, and that the medical care or threats to withhold the drugs were used to manipulate women's groups and organizations opposed to wholesale population control in less developed countries, by encouraging them to mount a campaign to end the use of Depo.

It was June, 1974, when Nardi returned to her job as a sales clerk in the Port Angeles, Peoples store. Never a large girl, only five foot 1 inch, 100 pounds, she was now losing weight. She also seemed to be catching every cold that walked by her. Her period started. One week, two weeks, for six weeks she bled. Then it stopped altogether. Two weeks later it began again. Hadn't the doctor told her the shot would stop her periods? The cycle continued. She lost more weight. The emaciation of her body was becoming lethargic, withdrawn and depressed. Nardi tried to care for her baby but it became harder and harder. Every three months she went back to the doctor's nurse for her shot. She never saw the doctor; his schedule was full and she and her baby saw a second doctor in the clinic. When the bleeding wouldn't stop Nardi told this to the new doctor. He checked her chart. Why are you taking this shot, he asked. For birth control. Nardi said. He never mentioned it again. She sent her to the hospital for tests. She was extremely anemic.

Nardi's husband, still in Port Angeles, went to the home of the doctor who first prescribed the Depo. What is this stuff, he asked, Depo? Depo Provera, the doctor told him. Mr. Nardi called the FDA again. We'll send you some information, the woman told. She was also told the drug was not approved for use as a contraceptive. Nardi contacted the local American Medical Association grievance board. The only answer he got was he was a personal friend of the doctor in Port Angeles. After tests this doctor concluded Nardi was suffering from menopause. Had her doctor gotten Depo Provera at all? Was the Depo? No, Nardi never signed anything. Well, he continued, you might ovulate again, and if you do you won't ever ovulate again. I can give you a fertility pills, $7 each, but you will have to go in five times a month for hormone shots, but I can't guarantee anything. Nardi was told that she could come in five times a month for hormone shots, or she could not have children. August 17, 1975, Nardi Townsend called an attorney.

In the patient insert supplied by Upjohn it sells Depo the following potential reactions are described: headache, dizziness, nausea, unexpected bleeding, cramps, emotional, breakthrough bleeding, spotting, changes in menstrual flow, loss of interest in sex (reduction in sexual interest) weight gain, cervical erosion and warts, skin rashes, systemic manifestations and mental depression. Doctors are advised to closely observe patients with a history of diabetes or depression. The insert also cautions doctors to closely monitor women with conditions that might be influenced by fluid retention, epilepsy, myeloproliferative, anemia, and cardiac and kidney functions.

An estimated 1750 Seattle women are currently his friend, and not about $250 of them, including Janice Murray, get it from Dr. Raymond Clark of the Belcaro Fertility Research Program in Chapel Hill, N.C. to contact the doctor. Ed McDaniel, in Thailand. Together, Potts and McDaniel designed research they believe shows the test monkey studies were irrelevant and completely wrong. They were not in relationship between Depo and endometrial cancer in humans. They would concentrate on women who had been admitted to McCormick Hospital with confirmed case of endometrial cancer.
Enter Minkin, in an article published in the November 1973 issue of Mother Jones, Minkin charges that Potts and McDaniel used heavily publicized and eye-catching headlines. Since none of the nine women they examined had actually used Depo Provera, they concluded Depo did not cause endometrial cancer. Potts and McDaniel did not own down in the study that they examined any of the 100,000 women who had been taking Depo Provera in order to question McCormick Hospital to see how many of them developed cancer.

The thesis monkey studies done by Upjohn were routine. The FDA recognized that the studies were at least minimally counter to what was investigated when a contra- ceptive therapy, the safety of a drug is based on the worst outcome tests. Upjohn's monkeys were divided into four groups: 16 received 50 times the normal human dose, 16 received 10 times the normal dose, four more received the same dose as humans and four received no drugs at all.

Two control groups receiving 50 times the normal human dose had caused lesions in the endometrium when they were killed at the end of the study. In one of these, the disease spread to the lungs. All the monkeys in the two high dose groups suffered chronic inflammation of the uterus. Minkin said that they are used to test a drug for potential carcinogenic effect (ability to cause cancer) because studies have shown the species rarely develops "spontaneous malignant tumors." Between 1947 and 1973 Minkin also noted that uterine cancers were reported in any experiments on rhesus monkeys. Not only were the test results bad, but Upjohn was also being accused of withholding research findings. Stephen Minkin, a former Chief of the UNICEF Nutrition Program in Bangladesh and later employed as a Health Policy Analyst for the National Women's Health Network, reported that Upjohn's test findings also included a cancerous lesion in the monkey's endometrium. Upjohn had previously said no tumors or lesions were found before the monkeys were killed at the end of the ten year assay.

Minkin also charged that Upjohn withheld evidence of other side effects in Depoprod. Among these he listed growth abnormalities in monkeys in endometrial growths that received Depo, changes in the liver and uterus of the high dose monkeys, and high incidences of abortion during the first 85 weeks of the study. Only 28 of the original 90 monkeys survived the whole 10 years. Minkin also noted that the four control animals which received no Depo were "sacrificed" for no reason.

In the beagle dog studies, Minkin charged that Upjohn failed to report that, in addition to breast tumors, some of the dogs developed endo- metrial disease. Three of the dogs died of "drug related causes," the adrenal glands of many dogs had atrophied, liver was atrophied and gall bladder cysts were found in low dose dogs, and that by the midpoint of the five year study, 60% of all the high dose dogs and half of the low dose dogs had developed at least one of the drugs on the uterus." Minkin said in his interview with the "trade secret documents" not usually available to the public or the medical community. He did not say where he got them.

Upjohn's announcement that they found cancer in the test monkeys also moved Malcolm Potts, now Director of the American Fertility Research Program in Chapel Hill, N.C. to contact the doctor. Ed McDaniel, in Thailand. Together, Potts and McDaniel designed research they believe shows the test monkey studies were irrelevant and completely wrong. They were not in relationship between Depo and endometrial cancer in humans. They would concentrate on women who had been admitted to McCormick Hospital with confirmed case of endometrial cancer.

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Too weak to care for herself or her child, Nardi was sent to her parent's home in Port Orford, near Bremerton. She didn't know what to do, who to see, so she started calling obestetrical-gynecologists (ob-gyns) near her home in Bremerton. They would like to see the doctor, she said. She explained about the bleeding, the illimes, the depression and the shot. I'm sorry, the doctor isn't taking new patients, she was told. No one could see her. She called the FDA. They needed to know the name of the drug before they could help her. Nardi didn't know the name.

Nardi hasn't kept up on the pub- licity around Depo. The only thing that might get Janice Murray to stop using Depo was the "I wouldn't like to see the doctor, she said. She explained about the bleeding, the illimes, the depression and the shot. I'm sorry, the doctor isn't taking new patients, she was told. No one could see her. She called the FDA. They needed to know the name of the drug before they could help her. Nardi didn't know the name.

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First Japan Poem

By Harvey Stein

Drawing by Dana Hoyle

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The group is "anti-physician" and "essentially against any kind of contraceptive."

Sybil Shanwald is a New York attorney. She is also chairwoman of the National Women's Health Network. Sybil laughed when told what Davis said. She knows of has written Davis any letters, vituperative or otherwise. And, the Network is not opposed to contraception.

"We believe women should be aware of the risks of the kind of birth control they plan to use. With the pill we at least know the parameters of risk. With Depo we don't. If you get a blood clot while you're on the pill, you stop taking it. Depo stays in your system for a very long time."

As asked Davis' original proposal that the FDA give limited approval for Depo, Shanwald cringed. "It's abused now. If its approved what will happen? Why is it being used in a children's hospital? Depo may be convenient, but it is not convenient. If somebody gets breast cancer of suffers a serious side effect. We're talking about giving a powerful hormone to healthy, young women. If Depo got limited approval only the most vulnerable women would get it. It's ridiculous." 

In his 1976 testimony before a Congressional Select Committee on Population studying Depo, William N. Hubbard, president of Upjohn, stated: "In the last several years no accumulation of animal experience can substitute for direct observation in humans... Only the clinical evidence yet to be accumulated is that which can only come with a large number of patients receiving the drug for general use over a very extended period of time."

If Depo is approved it is expected in Upjohn's own market studies that between 1.5 and 4 million women would switch from their present birth control method to "the shot." Assuming the shot costs the same in most cities as it does in Seattle, $30 every three months a potential $180 million or more may be spent on Depo every year.

"We believe women should be aware of the risks of the kind of birth control they plan to use. With the pill we at least know the parameters of risk. With Depo we don't."

The first court date was set in Nardi's lawsuit. Nardi's attorney brought in some high-powered Seattle attorneys who had experience in such cases. One of the partners handled Nardi's case until he died. She was passed to a junior associate. He left town and another attorney was assigned the case. Judges in Clallam County, where Port Angeles is the county seat, disqualified themselves from hearing the case. They played golf with the doctors. The trial was moved. The first date was postponed. Then, in 1986, Nardi got a call from the Seattle law firm. Could she come into Seattle? They wanted to talk to her. Nardi sat across from the attorney handling her case and listened. The doctor's insurance company had found an expert witness, a foreign doctor who worked for Planned Parenthood and was in the U.S. to testify to the FDA in favor of Depo. He was coming to Seattle and would appear at Nardi's trial to say there was nothing wrong with Depo. You're nobody from Port Angeles, Nardi felt they were telling her. You don't have a chance. You're going to lose.

Nardi was shaken. She wanted the whole world to know what happened to her. She wanted to get on the stand and tell other women not to use this awful drug. It was so dangerous, she couldn't see how any doctor with a conscience could prescribe it. But she also didn't know how she was going to pay her medical bills of over $2,000. Nardi felt she had no choice.

Nardi Townsend's case was settled out of court for $7,000. Her attorney took half and half paid her medical bills. Nardi got nothing. She had bought too hard, so long. She still wanted to fight, but she didn't know how. It was several months later when she saw the notice in Mother Earth News: if you've ever used Depo, call this number.

Nardi called. It was the National Women's Health Network. Her name was added to 500 others on a registry of Depo victims. On January 10, 1983 while the Board of Inquiry opened its Depo hearings, the Network announced it was suing the Upjohn company for Nardi and all the others who have suffered from Depo Provera.

Mary Deaton is a freelance writer in Seattle active in the reproductive rights movement for 10 years. Salise Hughes is a Seattle artist whose work can currently be seen at Stone Press Gallery.

Research assistance on this article was provided by Cathy Miller and Shelley Critics of Women For Reproductive Freedom, a Seattle organization.
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Clinton St. Quarterly 13
It was the autumn of 1959. Mal Waldron, Eric Dolphy and Booker Little were performing at The 5 Spot in New York, a converted Bowery dive frequented by artists, writers and musicians like John Coltrane, Larry Rivers and Jack Kerouac. It was late, Joyce Johnson recalls in her memoir, Minor Characters...

...when a middle-aged, sad-faced black woman stood up beside the table where she had been sitting and sang so beautifully in a cracked, heartbroken voice I was sure I'd heard before. There was silence when she finished, then everyone rose and began clapping. It was the great Lady Day (Billie Holiday), who had been deprived of her cabaret card by the New York police and was soon to die under arrest in a hospital bed...

Mal Waldron had been Billie Holiday's accompanist for those last two years of her life. Looking back, Waldron recalls that they had toured Europe in 1958, "but by the end of the year we returned to America, which I think is why Billie died. If she had stayed in Europe she'd probably be alive today."

New York's jazz scene was exciting and frantic in the early 1960s, with Max Roach's Freedom Now Suite bringing explicitly political content to the music, and jazz/poetry or jazz/painting experiments of all sorts flourishing. Waldron continued writing, arranging and playing for the historic Prestige recording sessions he had begun in 1957, as well as performing with an array of leading modernist musicians.

"I'd write at the piano the day before the session, arrange the music that night, and the next day go down to New Jersey and make the record. Sometimes it would take me most of the night and I wouldn't get any sleep."

In many ways those were good years for his music, but the pressures—artistic, commercial and social—kept building, and he had discovered what it was like in Europe for a black jazz artist. Waldron was just waiting for the chance to get away from a competitive and materialistic America where "the artist is considered the lowest man on the totem-pole—which put me underneath the..."
jamming, because he has his music, he has his format. But he makes a space for you to be free in: we’re listening and playing
off each other, and it’s the most spontaneous thing. You have to have the right musicians, though, the chemistry has to be right.

Waldron assembled this particular group of musicians because of his need to change and grow. “In order to do that, I have to play with variations of musicians, because they all move me in different ways and bring something to the music I hadn’t thought of before.” This was not a hastily togetherness–group, but a careful blend of creative individuals with whom Waldron has collaborated be-
fore. During a duel tour with David Friesen last fall, Waldron said that they simply “get together and converse—musically, that is—because we have the same vocabu-

The delight and interest these musicians took in each other’s playing was evi-
dent to full houses each time they per-
formed. “I was in love up there last night,” Eddie Henderson told me after their first encounter. And yet at times, in spite of this inspiring creative interplay, a listener can get lost during extended solo pas-
sages in which familiar musical guide-
posts are abandoned for the soloist’s free

Serious and severe on the bandstand, Waldron, 57 years of age, is gentle, gen-
erous and ready to laugh at his own re-

Waldron’s music is structured: there is a written progression of chords or modal scales that all players follow, and the rhythm is always there (“Rhythm’s the thing,” he said). But within that skeletal framework, each musician is free to dis-
cover his own means of expression and can flesh out those bare bones with com-
pletely imaginative solo excursions.

Recently, the Mal Waldron Quintet—Charles Rouse (Tenor Sax), David Friesen (Bass), Eddie Henderson (Trumpet) and Eddie Moore (Percussion)—appeared at The Vil-
lage Jazz in Lake Oswego and at Ernestine’s in Seattle as part of a three-week West Coast tour. Waldron, who had not returned to the U.S. for more than two weeks a year until 1961, has decided to establish himself once again in this country. How do improvisa-
tional musicians of Waldron’s stature go about reaching and build-

It’s Not About No Money

Mal Waldron and Company

By Lynn Darroch

Waldron’s music is structured: there is a written progression of chords or modal scales that all players follow, and the rhythm is always there ("Rhythm’s the thing," he said). But within that skeletal framework, each musician is free to discover his own means of expression and can flesh out those bare bones with completely imaginative solo excursions.

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dence.

Wherever you play with Mal," Charles Rouse said, "I won’t sound like a bunch of all-stars dom to construct his own statement. Yet Waldron’s compositions have character-
istics that make them always recognizable as his own, no matter how far “out” a soloist may take them; qualities such as the dissonant chords on which they are built, the unexpected choice and place-
ment of notes, the drama created by Waldron’s darkly resonant rhythmic varia-
tions, and his sharply-struck single notes that evoke their own spaces, ranging in the air, palpable and thick.

“Jazz is a one area in which you must be yourself,” Waldron said. “So the audience must be prepared to hear an individual sound and not judge it in terms of other people. There is no comparison to be set up in jazz.”

“Music as a mirror of truth”

Some musicians,” Waldron said, "we talked in his Ivy motel room, "have to have a lot of money behind them to feel very comfortable in a luxuri-
ous home in order to create well. But I don’t need that; see, I just need a small room, I laugh as he looks around, "or any place where I can compose.”

It was until after he had been out of music for all of 1963, however, with what he describes as a “mental break-
down” that he was ready to work as a movie score in Paris.

Around 1971, Mal Waldron began lis-
tening to the younger, “free” musicians like the Art Ensemble of Chicago and the Herbie Hancock Sextet. At that time he had a solid reputation as a performer and composer in Europe, and in the USA his place in history was assured by his written music (the haunting ballad "Soul Eyes," for example, which he wrote for and was made famous by John Coltrane) and the recordings he made in the 50s with Charles Mingus, Gene Ammons, Eric Dolphy, and of course Billie Holiday and Coltrane. But in 1971, he decided to break with the way he had been playing.

“It’s necessary for me to grow,” he told me, “because if you don’t grow, then you die. You have to listen to people, open yourself up, and respond to them... . My music is much free now, and when I go back to the old way of playing I feel like I’m in prison.”

But Mal Waldron’s “free music” is not the cacophony of Pharoah Sanders in the late 60s, or the wild hornetings of Or-
nette Coleman, nor the limitless intelli-
tual virtuosity of Anthony Braxton.

Toward the end of the 70s, Waldron’s music became more accessible. The rhythm section was simplified—sometimes just a piano or guitar, sometimes a percussionist and maybe a double bass. There was more emphasis on melody, and the emotional content of the music became more apparent. Waldron’s ability to create a sense of space and atmosphere was still evident, but it was now supported by a more straightforward harmonic framework.

Waldron’s music is a reflection of his own experiences, both personal and musical. He has described his style as a mixture of hard bop, free jazz, and Indian music, all of which can be heard in his music.

Waldron’s music is always changing and evolving, and it is difficult to describe his style in a single word. It is best to listen to his music and allow it to take you on a journey through time and place, from the swinging clubs of the 50s to the free jazz of the 60s to the more accessible music of the 70s.

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audience with those records, and considers it a growing experience to learn about different musi­cians, which is a pity, because they’re not like Duke Ellington, who was playing until 1974, and is in the hospital now, and he still wants to play with great caliber musicians,” he said. “And his way of speaking, his way of communicating, is different for the jazz musician than it is for the classical musician. He said, ‘If I don’t breathe, then I’ll die, and if I don’t play music I’ll die. It’s my way of speaking, my way of communicating.’”

Mal Waldron

Great music is good, but in order to do something that’s good in terms of the future—...”

David Freisen

“It’s like breathing to me. If I don’t breathe, then I’ll die, and if I don’t play music I’ll die. It’s my way of speaking, my way of communicating.”

Mal Waldron

in his beard, he and Henderson laughed on a stool in Henderson’s room. A large, beat­le­like man with gray beginning to show in his hair, Waldron talked, laughed, and joked while we talked. Although he has played with many famous musicians, he was a last­minute replacement for the well­known Billy Higgins, and he therefore had very little time of expectation up to this hour. But his joy in the music, his colorful way of speaking, and his communication with the other players made the audience aware of his unique presence. If you’re lucky enough to play with great caliber musicians, he said, exploring how he hopes to gain rec­ognition, “people come out to hear you, and if you leave an impression on them, that’s got to lead to something.”

“Today, something is lost”

“Buddy Rich, who’s 65, has a heart attack and is in the hospital now, and he still wants to get up and play again. So it’s not the money, it’s a real dedication.”

David Freisen

M al Waldron is quick to emphasize that he doesn’t have to deal with America’s commercial pressures and mass market attitudes because he lives in Europe and can always play there. “I don’t give my music to sell. It’s important to me it’s sold or not, just that it be heard and understood.”

“I’m looking forward to the oppor­
tunity to play with great caliber musicians,” he said. “The musicians who are drawn to the métier—Coltrane, Mingus, or maybe Monk, are the ones I want to play with.” He added, “It’s like breathing to me.”

“Buddy Rich, who’s 65, has a heart attack and is in the hospital now, and he still wants to get up and play again. So it’s not the money, it’s a real dedication.”

David Freisen

In a society increasingly dominated by the smallest value of all—money—the music of the Mal Waldron Sextet stands out as apostles of fully hu­man, artistic values, pursuing their own vi­sions of excellence: they are willing to do whatever it takes to achieve the highest expression of their creativity. Perhaps that’s why I’m attracted to their difficult, demanding, and at times beautiful and in­spiring music, even when I can derive more accessible satisfactions from the pop­music world. They’re very subtle people, you see,” Waldron answered, “they are very aware of nuance, and they can hear everything the music Americans listen to so much heavy music that they become deafened to the point where they can’t hear subtlety; they can’t hear small changes in music; or they don’t appreciate them the way Japa­nese people do. Japanese traditional mu­sic is very subtle too. Because of this, they love jazz music. They have their own cul­ture too, which is very strong, but they can appreciate jazz with their music.”

“Today, something is lost”

“Buddy Rich, who’s 65, has a heart attack and is in the hospital now, and he still wants to get up and play again. So it’s not the money, it’s a real dedication.”

David Freisen

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Why have we taken the time to tell you this? Because we feel that the more you know about something, the more you can appreciate it; and the more you appreciate it, the more it will appreciate you.
I first heard of C. T. Chew years ago, when a videotape bearing his name showed up in a film festival. To my recollection, the sole imagery was his pair of dextrous hands, waiting, dancing before my eyes. I was mesmerized. Who is Chew? I remember pondering. Since that time, Dr. Chew's work, in a wide ranging array of mediums, has continued to cross my path. Whatever the format, it is invariably humorous, imaginative and idiosyncratic. Chew often attributes his own work to others, and dons the cloak of archeologist, scientist and historian when he deems it appropriate. Artweek noted that "Chew posits himself the discoverer of ancient practices that seem suspiciously contemporary."

Late this spring, the CSG finally caught up with the inscrutable Dr. Chew. His graciously invited us into his North Seattle home, offered us delicious, home-made berry wine and introduced us to his housemate, daughter Zenia, age 8, his chief assistant. The Chew residence is filled, floor to ceiling with pieces ranging in scale from stamps to wall-sized murals, and working clutter. Bones, charred wood, art supplies and finished pieces are everywhere visible. C. T. Chew turns out to be a tall, lawny man in his late 30s whose modest sartorial style stands in marked contrast to his colorful surroundings. An engaging conversationalist, he shared his latest obsessions with us, engrossing us in his excitement as he proceeded.

Consider some recent Chew material. Long a world-recognized stamp artist (he was visited by federal inspectors as a child for mailing a letter with his own 5¢ U.S. Worn Commemorative), a sheet of Chew's creations combines photographs, drawings and print elements, all finally rendered via color xerox. Chew credits much of his work to Edwin Diggis, a fellow designer of U.S. stamps who died in Patagonian exile after being hounded from our shores by the FBI for "impersonation, attempted metaphor and interstate flight." Pushing his fascination with things postal even further, Dr. Chew assembled, then torched, his "Prehistoric Post Office," (the blaze documented on videotape), and later "discovered" the remains, which have since been catalogued and displayed in a natural history exhibit, complete with placards and dioramas.

The past, especially the imagined and recreated past, is central to his vision. Urban explorer Chew uncovered the charred remains of mythical city planner Ralph Doid's blueprints for a never-constructed Seattle. Always ahead of his time, Doid's career included plans for a Floating City Hall (its chambers only reachable by navigating a strenuous water course), a western Statue of Liberty (the Oriental Obelisk) featuring an Asian woman holding aloft a rice bowl, and a fish trolley so fast its horrified passengers appear to be flying. The fact that Doid's creations never saw the light of day renders them all the more exciting...they haven't suffered the inevitable degradation of real objects over time.

Ever the devoted archaelogist, Dr. Chew joined colleagues on Vashon Island not long ago to exhume Video Pithecus Man, along with such assorted artifacts as input and output switches, baskets woven from old videotape, tattered copies of TV Guide and decaying commemorative stamps celebrating the "find" which had mysteriously made their way into the soil. Chew claimed during the video dig that previous attempts, in 1934 and 1958, were unsuccessful because "video hadn't been invented yet."

In his never ending pursuit of knowledge, antiquarian Chew has unvelied such hideous troves as the this primal epoch, proto-lifeforms bearing strange resemblance to scissors, palettes and paint brushes begiin the process of shaping our known universe from the muck and slurry that spawned them.

Dr. Chew's fascination with the ancient brings him full circle to our own era's technological frontiers. His latest tool is computer graphics. Manipulating an electronic pencil, the artist draws on a 16 by 16 inch pad which interfaces with a mini-computer.

"It's always exciting to have new tools," he declares. "The computer helped me rediscover a pure image as artwork. A painting would take me a month. Now I can think of an idea, put it down in 10 minutes, and then change it over and over again."

It down in 10 minutes, and then charge it over and over again. There are 156 colors to Choose from. I've pushed the machine to its limits, and I still want to figure out a way to do it better.

C. T. Chew works boldly, pushing limits of space, time and technology, always in his own humorous bent. His fascination with history and archæology springs from an awareness of our mortality. His recent show at Bellingham's Whatcom Museum of

"The computer helped me rediscover a pure image as artwork. Now I can think of an idea, put it down in 10 minutes, and then change it over and over again."

Medieval Massage Parlor, where hoary practices included Torture by Entiquette (its plates filled with zippers, bones, fossils and ripped up stamps), Torture by Squid and Torture by Small Wounds.

In his latest work, C.T. Chew is exploring and reconstructing artifacts of his recent discovery, the 200 million-year-old Late Artozoic Era in History and Art was titled "L'Extincion des Arts." We trust the wide dissemination of the Chew image on the following pages will help abolish his own fears in that regard. For as he stated recently, "Some art will survive...metal art will survive...anything capable of reproducing itself in lots of 500 will always survive."

James G. Farley is a retired Postmaster General and a long-time stringer for the CSG.

Clinton St. Quarterly
fig. 1 — Novelty Fossil, 'Sabretooth Artist'

Merely a curiosity! This ancient fossil from the Late Articoid has an eerie resemblance to that now famous fossil, Sabretooth Artist, found by archaeologist C. T. Chew at the La Brea Pits, Los Angeles, California in 1982 (fig. 2). Whereas the actual Sabretooth Artist dates from 60,000 years B.C., this chance grouping of primitive life forms in over 200 million years old (fig. 3).
By Lisa Kinoshita
Drawing by Liza Jones

Again, I'm slumped by mama's bed, half-awake, or half-dreaming, to the whir of a fan or mothwings. It's deep night, hot, and the moths are back in swarms. With the fall of night hundreds of moths fly, chopping the burdensome dark. They cut the heat in a pale fury, ceaseless. The moths breathe through their wings, mama says, and fly therefore to stay cool, for in this heat, they could go up like flash paper. (But why then do they seek her fires? Sometimes fly too close?) They beat against the window and cloud the porchlight on wings of tattered silk. Males will drift on a single particle of female scent hundreds of miles away, I hear.

Maybe they home on mama's incense, or on the secret honey of plums and melons — the emanations of pa's boxed fruit twining a rope of smells sharp as split perfume. Though he no longer grows it, the goods in pa's stand are finer than anything at the supermarket. That produce smells like nothing boys in green aprons hose it down, spending the odors.

There's good smells, like that of fresh-turned soil and some women, then there's stink, like that of dog, which mama can't abide. Mama cannot stand to have the spaniels

ASHCLOW
Mama blanched. Whether it was the confrontation with pa or something she heard next door scared her I don’t know. Maybe it was both.

She scarcely breathed. Mama had never shown outrage to pa, and now it appears odd that her last words spoken — or written — to him would be in anger. For she clearly was pursued by some bodily or psychotic ghost inside of her, and, trapped at last, she was torn between fear and fury exactly like a cornered bear.

For one spooky moment she seemed to regard everything: One eye to the past, one to the future. Then with a blink it was gone, and she took on the curtains drawn in her room and stayed at the window.

At night I stay with her and stare, trying to send her back to a night ten years ago. Poised in trance, her nightdress a rose film worn thin as wax paper, mama wavered like a cobra before a candle. Pa watched secretly and greedily sheathing at the slender flame, mama’s fingers sailed like little birds, calling calling silently until the air shook with moths throwing their bodies against the glass. Pa turned away. No one saw me in the shadows.

In mama’s room at night I try not to sleep. Her little glasses, like a stuck record, harmonize with the frogs. So really I cannot sleep. Or if I do, I do not rest. They say at 12 I can’t understand, so I try to understand. Even though ma and pa came to terms on most things, kept on an even eye-to-eye, they never really saw heart-to-heart. Mama always said that a soul was like a moth, it loved the light; but that even the things you love could die away. Like five, pa never could see that.

Mama sleeps when I pull the curtain and crack open the window. The moths, attracted by light, pause on the glass or find their way in. I won’t tell you when they come, or why. Their giant shadows scale the walls, palpitate, at least to me. I hear their wings shuffle the air like a soft deck of cards. Muffled as the fruit bark that hit their shed nothing that the fruit is dripping with sweet ripe nearness, and I know that mama pa made a pact with thieves for what ever reason, and she allows herself to close in, to diminish, to die. I listen to her breath catch every few seconds, and wonder if I mightn’t draw in and forget to exhale. She gases so soft, yet it paints the room. The moths circle the flame. Sometimes I capture them in my cupped hands and feel their cold mass bearing like panicked hearts. Down the hallway their mute desperation echoes. Mama’s skin is pallid as the candle was their wings sink in the wings embalm them in flame or walls ruined for flight. The fruit rolls, the insects burn, their sound swallowed at last. The moths that traveled so far crinkle into ash and the beating of wings is consumed with mama’s panting.

And then, perhaps, I am asleep.

Lisa Kinoshita is a Seattle writer of fiction and non-fiction. Lise Jones is a Portland artist and founding member of Inlinking Studio.
めでのことで ルージュの色

HOW TO KISS.を教えてよ

Baby Burn/ Burn/ Burn/

セクシーなコロン 期待してるの

で一番手に経験しちゃうね

Baby Burn/ Burn/ Burn/

たの友達星 誓ってやる

E: Eaug: E、
y or girl 回の love 好きだよ/

は ZIG ZAG love letter

Baby Stop/ Stop/ Stop/

電 作曲

Am Gm Gm7

ある娘が挑めるたび

AmonC GmonB9Gm7

がグアランドに舞うのは

A7 B9onD9onC B9

No.1 あの娘はしてユーフォーム着てる

Dm C7sus3 C7

さ ほくの能は

A7 Dm

Touch 激しい風 の能はほくの Girl

D7 Gm C7

Kiss ついて来いよう情熱見せて

Get セクシBASE BALL BABY

B9 siblings 大い BASE BALL BABY

C F Dm7

よく似た 恋の手前の Heart to Heart あが

Em Dm

No.1 あの娘は Come on

東京 angel

胸は year/ sexy 頭は no empty

A7 E7

肩にもたれたのは（まぶたを閉じて

B9 Gm C7

Baby Stop/ Stop/ Stop/

いつか二人で行きたいの

B7 誰も 胸は year/ sexy 頭は no empty

きままな疾風（かぜ）に恋した恋した

I am a Silly Girl Girl

C7 E7

Hey Hey ミスター ボリスマンン

C7 F3

Baby Burn/ Burn/ Burn/

たの友達星 がかった眉毛が目印

Hey Hey Please Hurry Up

YOU & ME SPLASHING ALONG

＊恋かな Yes! 恋じゃないな Yes.

Dm on C GmonB

愛かな Yes! 恋じゃないな

Gm C ConB Em GmonB9A7

風が吹くたび心も揺れる

Dm G C

そんな年頃ね

C

YOU & ME SPLASHING ALONG

Fm8

THE BEACH SUMMER TIME

C Fm on B3

ONLY TWO OF US ALONG

THE BEACH SUMMER TIME

Oh'/ Let's go party/

おいて baby ハーレーサップ /

星屑街に 降る頃

お前と Fallin' love ah ah……

抱きしめれば Wack/ Wack /

お New のシューズが Wack/ Wack、

待ち切れずに Wack / Wack/

( no no she is no good)

Fm7 E7

あはすれ No.1 あの娘は Come on

E:

東京 angel

胸は year/ sexy 頭は no empty

A7 E7

肩にもたれたのは（まぶたを閉じて

B9 Gm C7

Baby Stop/ Stop/ Stop/

いつか二人で行きたいの

B7 誰も 胸は year/ sexy 頭は no empty

きままな疾風（かぜ）に恋した恋した

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RICK EIBER DESIGN
Continued from Page 7

War. They have a direct interest in its continuance.
This is not only because their own establishments and their own careers depend upon this. It is not only because ruling groups can only justify their own privileges and their allocation of huge resources to "defense" in the name of Cold War emergencies. And it is not only because the superpowers both need repeated Cold War alarms to keep their client states, in NATO or the Warsaw Pact, in line. All these explanations have force. But, at an even deeper level, there is a further explanation — which I will describe by the ugly word "psycho-ideological" which must occasion the grimpest pessimism.

The Threat of the Other

The threat of the enemy — even recourse to war — has always afforded to uneasy rulers a depend upon this. It is not only establishments and their own careers allocation of huge resources to justify their own privileges and their continuance.

This advice led Henry Vth to Agin­versal human need. It is intrinsic to our family, our community, our nation: "them" — those who are not "us." "They" need not be perceived as "they" are others who do not "belong." But if "they" are seen as threatening to us, then our own internal bonding will be all the stronger. This threat of the Other has been internalised within both Soviet and American culture, so that the very self-identity of many American and Soviet citizens is bound up with the ideological premises of the Cold War. There are historical reasons for this, which have less to do with the actualities of communist or capitalist societies than we may suppose.

of an open market society, an upwardly-mobile free-for-all: its objective not any communal goal but equality of ego-fulfillment for every­one. But where, in all these centrifugal and individualistic forces, is any national bonding and sense of Ameri­can self-identity to be found? American poets and novelists have sug­gested better answers — America (they have suggested) might be the

Americans, for a century or so, have had a growing problem of national identity. America has a population, dispersed across half a continent, gathered in from the four corners of the globe. Layer upon layer of immi­grants have come in, and new layers are being laid down today: Viet­namese and Thai­landers, Cubans and undocumented Hispanic workers. Internal bonding tends to fall, not upon horizontal nationwide lines — the bonding of social class remains weak — but in vertical, fissiparous ways: local, regional, or ethnic bonding — the blacks, the Hispanics, the Poles, the Irish, the Jewish lobby. The resounding, media-propogated myth of United States society is that most internationalist nation in the world — but the answer which has satisfied America's present rulers is, precisely, in the Cold War. The United States is the leader of "the Free World," and the Commies are the Other. They need this Other to estab­lish their own identity, not as blacks or Poles or Irish, but as free Amer­i­cans. Only this pre-existent need, for bonding by exclusion, can explain the ease by which one populist rascal after another has been able to float to power — and even to the White House — on nothing but a flood of sensational Cold War propaganda. And anti-Communism can be turned to other internal uses as well. It can serve to knock trade unions on the head, or to keep dissident rascal voices or peace movements ("soft on Communism") on the margins of political life.

But what about the Soviet Union? Is there a similar need to bond against the Other within Soviet cul­ture? I can speak with less confi­dence here. But there are indications that this is so. The Soviet Union is not "Russia" but a ramshackle empire inherited from Tsarist times. It also has its own fissiparous tendencies, from Mongolia to the Baltic states. It has no need to invent an Other, in some fit of paranoia. It has been struck within active memory, by another, to the gates of Moscow, with a loss of some 20 million dead. One would suppose that Soviet rulers, while having good reason for a defense mentality, would need the Cold War like a hole in the head. They would want it to go away. And, maybe, some of them do.

Yet the Cold War, as ideology, has a bonding function in the Soviet Union also. This huge collocation of peoples feels itself to be surrounded — it is surrounded — from Mongolia to the Arctic ice-cap to its Western fron­tiers. The bonding, the self­identity, of Soviet citizens comes from the notion that they are the heartland of the world's first socialist revolution, threatened by the Other — Western imperialism, in alliance with 1,000 million Chinese. The positive­ part of this rhetoric — the Marxist­ist pre­ entitled to be asked if this myth may now have worn exceedingly thin; but the negative part remains compelling.

The one function of the Soviet rulers is, precisely, in the Cold War: The United States is the leader of "the Free World," and the Commies are the Other. They need this Other to estab­lish their own identity, not as blacks or Poles or Irish, but as free Amer­i­cans. Only this pre-existent need, for bonding by exclusion, can explain the ease by which one populist rascal after another has been able to float to power — and even to the White House — on nothing but a flood of sensational Cold War propaganda. And anti-Communism can be turned to other internal uses as well. It can serve to knock trade unions on the

There is nothing sinister about that. But the bonding function of Cold War ideology in the Soviet Union is directly disciplinary. The threat of the Other legitimates every measure...
Only this pre-existing need, for bonding-by-exclusion, can explain the ease by which one populist rascal after another has been able to float to power on nothing but a flood of sensational Cold War propaganda.

The boycott of the Moscow Olympics is a case in point. Initially this may have been welcomed by some dissident intellectuals in Eastern Europe and among some Soviet Jews. It was to do them no good. A Russian friend tells me that, as an operation promoting liberty, it was a disaster. The boycott bonded the Soviet people against the Other. In a state of siege and isolation for half-a-century, the Olympics offered to open international doors and to give them, for the first time, the role of host on the world stage. They were aggrieved, by the boycott, not as Communists, but in their latent patriotism. They had allocated resources to the Olympics, they had rehearsed their dancers and their choirs. They were curious to meet the world's athletes and visitors. Critics of the Olympic tradition but also in support of the cause of peace. But "dissent" in the Soviet Union has not yet recovered from the Western Communist Workers' kind of attention.

It can be seen now, also, why the most conservative elements in the Soviet leadership — the direct inheritors of Stalin — remain the Cold War. This is not only because some part of this leadership has arisen from, or spent some years in the service of, the bourgeois military-security complex itself. And it is not only because the very heavy allocations to defense, running to perhaps 15 percent of the gross national product, must be justified in the eyes of the deprived public. It is also because these leaders are beset on every side by difficulties, by pressures to modernize, to reform or to democratize. Yet these pressures threaten their own position and privileges — once commenced, they might pass beyond control. The Polish renewal will have been watched, in the Soviet Union and in other Eastern European states, as an awful example of such a process — a process bringing instability and, with this, a threat to the security of the Communist world.

Hence Cold War ideology — the "cold war of the ideas" — is the strongest card left in the hand of the Soviet regime. It is necessary for bonding. And the card is not a fake. For the Other, that is, the Cold Warriors of the West — is continually playing the same card back, whether in missiles or in arms agreements with China or in the suit of human rights. We could not have let up to a more pessimistic conclusion. I have argued that the Cold War is now about itself. It is an ongoing, self-reproducing condition, to which both adversaries are addicted. The military establishment of the adversaries are in a reciprocal relationship of mutual nurture: each fosters the growth of the other. Both adversaries need to maintain a hostile ideological posture, as a means of internal bonding or discipline. This would be dangerous at any time: but with today's nuclear weaponry it is an especially dangerous condition. For it contains a built-in logic which must always tend to the worse: the military establishments will grow, the adversarial postures become more impecunious.

That logic, if uncorrected, must prove terminal, and in the next two or three decades, I will not speculate on what accident or which contingency may push us too far. I am pointing out the logic and thrust of things, the current which is sweeping us towards Niagara Falls. As we go over those Falls we may comfort ourselves that it was really no-one's fault; that human culture has always contained such a function, a principle of bonding-by-exclusion which must (with our present tech...
A third way is the only way left for the world to survive. We must go by a few measures of arms control, and watch if we are to survive. We must go back into one piece.

And how could that be done? Very certainly it cannot be done by the victory of one side over the other. That would mean war. We must retrace our steps to that moment, in 1944, before glaciation set in and look once again for a third way.

If I had said this two years ago I would have despaired of holding your attention. But something remarkable is stirring in this continent today; movements which commenced in fear and which cannot yet, with clarity, name their own demands. For the first time since the wartime resistance of Eastern Europe in Europe which carries a transcontinental aspiration. The Other which menaces us is being redefined: not as other nations, nor even as the other bloc, but as the forces leading both blocs to auto destruct: not "Russia" nor "America" but their nation-states. In Europe there is maturing a politics of survival and against the ideological strucures are under challenge also, and something is happening of far greater significance. The ideological structures are under challenge. But also in movements of libertarian profile but of equal potential in Western Europe there is maturing a culture of Europe in a permanent double-bind: the cause of "peace" and the cause of "freedom" fell apart. What is now happening is that these two causes are returning to one cause — peace and freedom — and as this happens, so, by a hundred different channels, the transcontinental discourse of political culture can be resumed. The peace movements which have developed with such astonishing rapidity in Northern, Western and Southern Europe — and which are now finding an echo in the East — are one part of this cause. They have arisen in response not only to a military and strategic situation but to a political situation also. What has aroused Europeans most is the spectacle of two superpowers, arguing above their heads about the deployment of weapons whose target would be the "theatre" of Europe. These movements speak with new accents. They are, in most cases, neither pro-Soviet nor manipulated by the Communist-influenced World Peace Council. Their objective is to clear nuclear weapons and bases out of the whole continent, East and West, and then to roll back conventional forces. Nor is it correct to describe them as "neutralist" or "pacifist." They are looking for a third way.

The boycott of the Moscow Olympics, as an operation promoting liberty, was a disaster. The boycott bonded the Soviet people against the Other. It was a gift, from the CIA to the KGB.

"We must commence to act as if a unified, neutral and pacific Europe already exists. We must learn to be loyal, not to "East" or "West," but to each other."

This is a large and improbable expectation. It has often been proclaimed in the past, and it has been as often disappointed. Yet what is improbable has already, in the past year, begun to happen. The military structures are under challenge. But something is happening of far greater significance. The ideological structures are under challenge also, and from both sides. I said, at the beginning, that the Cold War had placed the political culture of Europe in a permanent double-bind: the cause of "peace" and the cause of "freedom" fell apart. What is now happening is that these

majority opinion, bring together traditions — socialist, trade unionist, liberal, Christian, ecological — which have always been committed to civil rights. They extend their support to the Polish renewal and to Solidarity, and to movements of libertarian dissent in the Warsaw bloc. And from Eastern Europe also, voice after voice is now reaching us — hesitant, cautious, but with growing confidence — searching for the same alliance: peace and freedom.

These voices signal that the whole thirty-five-year-old era of the Cold War could be coming to an end; the ice Age could be giving way to turbulent torrents running from East to West and from West to East. And within the demands of the peace movements and also in movements of lower profile but of equal potential in Eastern Europe there is maturing a further — and a convergent — demand; to shake off the hegemony of the superpowers and to reclaim autonomy.

The demand was glimpsed by Dr. Albert Schweitzer in a notable broadcast appeal from Oslo in April, 1958:

"Today America with her batteries mighty military power in Europe. Europe has become an in-between land between America and Russia, as if America by some displacement of a continent had come closer to her. But if atomic rockets were no longer in question, this unnatural state of affairs would come to an end. America would again become wholly America; Europe wholly Europe; the Atlantic again wholly the Atlantic Ocean — a sea providing distance in time and space.

In this way could come the beginning of the end of America's military presence in Europe, a presence arising from the two world wars. The great sacrifices that America makes in Europe are reducing the potential of the Second World War, and

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The Helsinki accord on human rights is an "integral and equal component" of the cause of peace, since without respect for these rights "it is impossible to speak of an attitude to peace worthy of the name." Yet (the statement continues) "it is difficult to regard as genuine champions of these rights and freedoms those who are stepping up the arms race and bringing closer the danger of war."

Taking a Risk

The question before Europeans today is not how many NATO forward-based systems might equal how many Soviet SS-20s. Beneath these equations there is a larger question: in what circumstances might both superpowers loosen the military grip which settled upon Europe in 1945 and which has been protracted long beyond its historical occasion? And how might such a retreat of hegemonies and loosening of blocs take place without endangering peace? Such an outcome would be profoundly in the interest, not only of the people of Europe, but of the peoples of the Soviet Union and the United States also — in relaxing tension and in relieving them of some of the burdens and dangers of their opposed military establishments. But what — unless it were to be our old enemy "deterrence" — could monitor such a transition so that neither one nor the other party turned it to advantage?

We are not, it should be said, describing some novel stage in the process known as "detente." For in the early 1970s "detente" signified the cautious tuning-down of hostilities between states or blocs, but within the Cold War status quo. Detente (or "peaceful co-existence") was licensed by the superpowers: it did not arise from the client states, still less from popular movements. The framework of East-West settlement was held rigid by "deterrence": in the high noon of Kieger’s diplomacy detente was a horse-trade between the leaders of the blocs, in which any unseemly movement out of the framework was to be discouraged as "de-stabilizing." Czechs or Poles were required to remain quiet in their client places, lest any rash movement should disturb the touchy equilibrium of the superpowers.

But what we can glimpse now is something different: a detente of peoples rather than states — a movement of peoples which sometimes dialogues states from their blocs and brings them into a new diplomacy of conciliation, which sometimes runs beneath state structures, and which sometimes defies the ideological and security structures of particular states. This will be a more fluid, unregulated, unpredictable movement. It may entail risk. The risk must be taken. For the Cold War can be brought to an end in only two ways: by the destruction of European civilization, or by the unification of European political culture. The first will take place if the ruling group in the real superpowers, sensing that the ground is shifting beneath them and that their client states are becoming detached, succeed in compensating for their weakening political and economic authority by more and more frenzied measures of militarization. This is, exactly, what is happening now. The outcome is unknown.

But we can now see a small opening towards the other alternative. And if we thought this alternative to be possible, then we should — every one of us — re-order all our priorities. We would invest nothing more in

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An End of Glaciation

return, in my conclusion, to the most sensitive, and the most signifi-
cant, issue of all. How do we put the causes of freedom and of peace back together?

This cannot be done by provoca-
tive interventions in the affairs of other nations. And it certainly cannot be done by the old strategy of Cold War "linkage." If we look forward to democratic renewal on the other side of our common world, then this strategy is plainly counterproductive. No-one will ever obtain civil or trade union rights in the East because the West is pressing missiles against their borders. On the contrary, this only enhances the security operations and the security-minded ideology of their rulers. The peoples of the East, as of the West, will obtain their own rights and liberties for themselves and in their own way — as the Portu-
guese, Spanish, Greek and Polish people have shown us. What is needed, from and for all of us, is a space free of Cold War crisis in which we can move.

There might, however, be a very different kind of citizen's linkage in which, as part of the people's detente, the movement for peace in the West and for freedom in the East recog-
nized each other as natural allies. For this to be possible, we in the West must move first. As the military pres-
sure upon the East begins to relax, so the old double-blind would begin to lose its force. And the Western peace movement (which can be cast convincingly by Soviet iode-
ologists as an agent of Western im-
perialism) should press steadily upon the state structures of the East that demands for greater openness of ex-
change, both of persons and of ideas. A transcontinental discourse must begin to flow, in both directions, with
the peace movement — a movement of unofficial persons with a code of conduct which disallows the pursuit of political advantage for either "side" — as the conduit. We cannot be content to criticize nuclear
missiles. We have to be, in every moment, critics also of the adverse posture of the powers. For we are threatened, not only by weapons, but by the ideological and security struc-
tures which divide our continent and which turn us into adversaries. So that the concession which the peace
movement asks of the Soviet state is — not so much these SS-20s and those backfire bombers — but its assistance in commencing to tear these structures down. And in good time one might look forward to a further change, in the Soviet Union itself, as the long-outworn ideology and structures inherited from Stalin's time gave way before internal pres-
sures for a Soviet renewal.

It is optimistic to suppose so. Yet this is the only way in which the Cold War could be brought to an end. I have also conceded that an end of


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