Chipping Away at Choice • Animals: Captive Addicts
Babies for Marrow • Earth's Last Gasp?

BELL
REBECCA SUZANNE
"I AM A FREEBIRD NOW"

AUG. 24, 1971     SEPT. 16, 1988
Have you seen a monkey smoking crack on 42nd Street lately?

Or a cat? Or a dog? Or a sheep?

NO. Because the addiction problem is a uniquely human problem.

So why are federal funding agencies spending millions of your tax dollars on addiction experiments on animals? These experiments torture and kill thousands of animals each year. And they bring big bucks to universities. But they do nothing to help people. In fact, they divert precious tax dollars away from prevention and treatment programs.

Right now, there are nearly 10 million addicts in the United States. But there are only about 338,000 slots in treatment centers.

Meanwhile, the Alcohol, Drug Abuse, and Mental Health Administration (ADAMHA) spends nearly half a billion dollars on animal research. They say they are seeking a new “drug” to block the craving for substances such as cocaine. But many doctors and mental health professionals disagree. They think the answer to the drug crisis lies in spending more money on prevention and treatment programs—NOT on animal research.

Please write your federal legislators today, telling them you oppose animal addiction experiments. If you are a medical or mental health professional, please call us NOW for information on other important ways you can help people AND animals.

Call FoA at (202) 483-8998.

Yes, I want more info on Friends of Animals.

Name _____________________________

Address ____________________________________________

Friends of Animals, 1623 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, DC 20009
ON THE ISSUES: A feminist, humanist publication dedicated to promoting political action through awareness and education; working toward a global political consciousness; fostering a spirit of collective responsibility for positive social change; eradicating racism, homophobia, classism, sexism, ageism, speciesism; and supporting the struggle of historically disenfranchised groups to protect and defend themselves.

UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS
All unsolicited material will be read by the editors. For return, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with proper postage. Articles should be not more than 10 double spaced typewritten pages on health, social or political issues by people with hands-on experience in their fields. Professional papers are acceptable. All editing decisions are at the discretion of the editors. Feminist cartoons are also acceptable under the same provisions.

ON THE ISSUES does not accept fiction or poetry.

PUBLISHER’S NOTE: The opinions expressed by contributors to our publication and by those we interview are not necessarily those of the editors. ON THE ISSUES is traditionally a forum for ideas and concepts and a place where women may have their voices heard without censure or censorship.

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ON THE ISSUES

I have an old friend who lives in North Miami. She's bright, solidly middle class, married and a mother. She also carries a .38 with blanks in the glove compartment of her car. The thing she wanted most as a birthday present was a "Police Zapper," described in the Spy Shop International Brochure as the "new 009 Gun with 90,000 volts of electricity and a super-strong halogen light that blinds attackers temporarily, offering superb protection with additional knock-down power."

My secretary, living in Brooklyn, has developed elaborate rituals of urban defense. Rituals that are no longer conscious or strategized have become just another part of her daily routine, like brushing her teeth in the morning or putting on makeup. These include ringing her intercom and doorbell before entering what she assumes to be (yet is never quite sure) an empty apartment — and calling out to a nonexistent person within, hoping that if in fact there is a rapist in her house, her signals will give him time to get out before she arrives.

As for doing the laundry, she never enters the room alone at night, and if she has to do it before work, she role-plays a conversation with a phantom friend who is ostensibly waiting outside in the lobby — saying things like — "I'll be right out — the machines are empty." She also does quick visual sweeps of the walls behind the dryers because they are so massive there is "always a possibility of someone hiding behind them."

Another friend of mine keeps her car in the garage, giving up the convenience of being in a dark, deserted space late in the evening. She feels her chances of surviving an attack are better in the street. "At least there are street lamps and the possibility of another person seeing me run." She says that she would rather take her chances of being hit by a car than being raped or killed.

I personally find myself altering certain plans because of time or location and have often crossed to another side of the street to avoid passing a group of men who are staring at me. Just their presence provokes a defensive reaction. And I am not alone — nor are my secretary or my friends. The thing that binds us is our continuing potential for becoming victims simply because we are women.

Nowhere was this global vulnerability writ larger than in the explosive internationally reported and analyzed "Central Park jogger case," where the brutal attack on a lone woman runner one spring evening in New York's Central Park thrust the reality of the multifaceted and pervasive nature of crimes of violence against women and girls into the nations living rooms and morning papers.

From the first reports of the young,

Rape is a great equalizer — it has no color and no class and makes all women sisters

white investment banker being raped, sodomized, beaten, gagged and left for dead by a group of young Black males who were "willing" (a media created term), people have expressed outrage and astonishment at the randomness and brutality of the attack. More than a year after the crime, they still find themselves looking for answers to troubling questions in neat political packages. Having logged 3,584 reported rapes last year (FBI statistics estimate that only one out of ten are reported), this particular rape could easily have been just one in many, lost in the endless bureaucracy of the criminal justice system. According to Linda Fairstein, chief of the Sex Crimes Prosecution Unit in the New York District Attorney's office, "The manner in which rape cases are investigated and prosecuted has a profound influence on the enormous number of women who are victimized by sex offenders." (N.Y. Times 6/21/90)

But the jogger case was different. She and the trial of the three young defendants accused of her rape and attempted murder became a lightning rod for a city already suffering the wounds and anxieties of ongoing racial tensions. This case was followed by another, Carol Stuart in Boston, who was murdered by her husband while pregnant (not uncommon; nearly one-third of female homicide victims are killed by their husbands or boyfriends). While Carol Stuart was murdered simply because she was an inconvenience to her supposedly well-adjusted, middle-class husband, this reality was not nearly as prominent or as analyzed as the racial aspects of the case: Early on, African-American men were rounded up and questioned about the murder because Stuart's husband recounted a gruesome tale of having witnessed a Black male murder his wife. Only later did Mr. Stuart himself become a suspect. By that time dozens of Black men had been wrongly investigated, further intensifying racial tensions in the city.

Lost in all the attacks and counter-attacks of media bias against Blacks was any discussion concerning the prevalence of wife and girlfriend killing by husbands and lovers. Similarly, in the Central Park jogger case the issue of gender-biased crimes took a back seat to an analysis of race and class. While the rape was played up to excite some white people's most primal mythological fears, that of a white, upper-class woman being viciously raped by a gang of young Black "animals, mutants," the facts are that most rapes occur within the same ethnic group and white women are more likely to be raped by white men. Women, white or Black, are also likely to be victims of gang rape, as all reports a mainly white male phenomenon. The brutal gang rape of a young woman in Big Dan's Bar in New Bedford, MA a few years ago, the recent rape of a young student by the lacrosse team at St. John's University, the high-school jocks in Glen Ridge, NJ who used a bat to gang-rape a slightly retarded girl are all examples of a culture of macho-team sexual violence that festers unchecked in our society.

In her book Fraternity Gang Rape: Sex, Brotherhood and Privilege on Campus, Peggy Reeves Saindy makes the point that rather than being an aberration, gang rapes on campuses are intrinsic, institutionalized and ritualistic forms of male bonding behavior. She reports that common names for women among male college students include "gashies," "hosebags," "beifers," "scum," "scum bucket," "life support systems," "beasts," "swatches," and "cracks," and that "men entice one another into the act (gang rape) by implying that those who do not participate are unmanly or homosexual.

The fact that the woman involved is often unconscious highlights her status as a surrogate victim in a drama where the main agents are males interacting with one another. She is defined as wanting it so that the men can satisfy their urges for one another at her expense." Saindy makes the chilling point that one of the "most important social conditions promoting gang-rape has to do with the widespread tendency for college administrators to cover it
up," and the attitude that gang rape is just a rather extreme example of "boys will be boys."

Not only are women physically, emotionally and spiritually assaulted by their attackers and the memory of the attack, the devastation and victimization continues well into the prosecution process by the criminal justice system. The woman in Big Dan's was accused of bringing the attack on herself because she had the audacity to walk into the bar alone — and increasingly rape victims face a prejudiced and insensitive judiciary when they attempt to find justice. According to testimony offered by The NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund regarding the Violence Against Women Act of 1990 (which would create a civil remedy under federal civil rights law for violent crimes motivated by the victim's gender) an analysis of a recent series of cases revealed the following:

- A five-year-old victim being called an "unusually promiscuous young lady";
- A judge telling a complainant he would dismiss her case if she did not stop crying on the witness stand;
- A Pennsylvania judge who declared in 1986 that a suspect was not guilty of attempted rape despite a police witness to the attack, stating to the defendant in open court, "This was an unattractive girl, and you are a good-looking fellow. You did something stupid."

This insidious tendency of victim blaming also entered the jogger case. In bars, offices, restaurants and at cocktail parties, there was one question asked about the Central Park case: What was she doing in the park at night?

The question is not what was she doing in the park at night, or even how this could possibly have happened, but when, if ever, women will be safe from sexual violence.

Rape is as American as apple pie. Women are raped by husbands, dates, boyfriends, relatives and friends of the family. They are raped in bedrooms, boardrooms, on the streets, in playgrounds and in parks. Most rapists rape 15-20 times before they are caught, and convicted rapists have the highest recidivism rate of any criminals. If a rapist is prosecuted, there is only a three percent chance of conviction.

One woman is raped every six minutes, one out of three women is sexually assaulted in her lifetime, and one-fifth to one-half of American women are sexually abused as children, most of them by older male relatives.

Rape is a great equalizer — it has no color and no class and makes all women sisters. The same week as the Central Park attack, there were 28 other rapes or attempted rapes in New York City, nearly all of Black or Hispanic women and nearly all of which were ignored by the media. The victims that week ranged in age from eight to 51. Linda Fairstein has seen rape victims as young as a few months and as old as their 90s.

Indeed, according to trial transcripts, when the jogger screamed out in pain and panic she was told "shut up bitch;" not white bitch, not Black bitch, not rich bitch — just bitch. Rape does not exist in a vacuum — it happens because of the brutalization, subordination and degradation of women that goes on daily in our community in a thousand different ways.

From the lyrics of 2 Live Crew who sing songs about taking pride in breaking women's vaginas and the joy of forcing anal sex on a woman, to Prince singing "We could fuck until the dawn/make love 'til your cherry's gone," to Guns 'N Roses growling "I used to love her but I had to kill her," and Andrew Dice Clay denigrating women and female sexuality as a staple of his so-called "comedic" diet, to the use of women's bodies to sell everything from cars to toothpaste, the message to America's women is loud and clear: Women are defined by their sexuality...
RAPE IS NOT A SPORT
From a feature by Gerald Eskenazi, the NY Times:
Interviews with rape-crisis counselors as well as results of studies of assaults on college campuses, indicate that athletes are involved in a disproportionate number of rapes and other sexual assaults, but there is an absence of programs at the high school, college and professional levels to prevent such attacks.

Although exact figures on such crimes by athletes are difficult to obtain, changes in society's awareness of women's concerns, and the wider attention accorded an athlete's private life, have heightened the attention these incidents receive. Until recent years, this part of the athlete's life was often winked at, covered up or ignored.

Now, several studies, as well as anecdotal evidence from counselors on campuses and in rape treatment centers and recovery programs, indicate that this is becoming a more significant problem for the athlete. Many experts believe that sensitivity training would be the most successful remedy, but the vast majority of athletes and coaches receive no such training.

"I'd say a significant number of our clients have been gang-raped by athletes," said Marybeth Roden of the Rape Treatment Center at Santa Monica (CA) Hospital, where patients from UCLA are often brought. "I think it would be great if more athletic directors got involved in raising athletes' consciousness to the problem. The best people to teach men are other men."

Indeed, researchers say a crime is often not even perceived by society as having occurred when an athlete, or group of athletes, is involved.

"The entire group will fall behind the accused and deny an offense has been committed," said Dr. Claire Walsh, who directs the sexual assault recovery program at the University of Florida.

Walsh also cautioned against viewing this as an athlete's problem and forgetting that the real victim is the woman. "In almost all cases, there was drinking and that creates a negative image of the victim, because we have ideas of how a 'young lady' should behave," she said. "But who do people think is getting raped? It's their daughters. It's their sisters. Often they're attacked because of the qualities parents try to instill in them, such as trust."

The athletes better learn there's nothing macho about rape, and women are people—not trophies.

SECRET DISSERVICE
NY Newsday's "News Briefs":
Two of the country's largest chemical companies withheld information from employees on the toxic nature of dioxin wastes at an Arkansas chemical plant.

Officials of Hercules Inc. and Dow Chemical also knew about the dangers of dioxins—a class of chemicals that may cause a range of ailments—as early as 1965 and were concerned the government would learn about the dangers, the Arkansas Democrat reported.

Why worry about the government? They're allowing homes to be sold on Love Canal, aren't they?
CLASS, RACE AND DRUGS
From an article by Gina Kolata in the NY Times:
Most women prosecuted for using illegal drugs while pregnant have been poor members of racial minorities, experts say, even though drug use in pregnancy is equally prevalent in white, middle-class women.

The number of prosecutions has "increased exponentially," said Lynn M. Faltrow, a lawyer with the American Civil Liberties Union's reproductive freedom project. "We used to see one every five years. Now we have gone from a handful to 60 in less than a year."

Faltrow and other critics of the prosecutions are alarmed, saying the approach is discriminatory and punitive and will drive poor women away from prenatal care out of fear that a trip to the doctor can end up as a term in jail. The prosecutions are particularly unfair, they say, because most drug treatment programs will not accept pregnant women.

In large part, experts say, poor women are more likely to be prosecuted because public hospitals, where poor women go for care, are most vigilant in their drug testing and more likely than private hospitals to report women whose tests show drug use.

Dr. Ira J. Chasnoff, whose research has found roughly equal rates of drug use among non-Hispanic whites and minority women who are pregnant, said the disparity in prosecutions also has to do with "our perception of who a drug abuser is."

"There is a perception that the people using drugs are mostly minority, inner-city people," he said.

Although there has been little research on the issue, researchers say they believe 15 percent of pregnant women use drugs. But they say there are indications that poor minority women are more likely to use cocaine, whereas white, middle-class women are most likely to use marijuana.

Chasnoff conceded that marijuana was "nowhere near as damaging" as crack, but said babies exposed prenatally to marijuana had been found to have low birth weights, abnormal eye-hand coordination and higher risks of eye problems, including crossed eyes and delayed development of the optical system.

Chasnoff reported that Black women were 10 times as likely as whites to be reported to the authorities, and poor women were more likely to be reported than middle-class women. Sixty percent of the 133 women reported had incomes of less than $12,000 a year. Only eight percent had incomes of more than $25,000 a year.

The ACLU had begun keeping track of the lives and economic classes of women who are prosecuted for using drugs while pregnant, Faltrow said. Most have been charged with child abuse or endangering an "unborn child," she said, although there have also been charges of delivering drugs to a minor. Eighty percent of the women were Black, Hispanic or members of other minorities, the ACLU has found. Some women were jailed. Others lost custody of their children.

The message seems to be: Prepare to be prosecuted if you're of the wrong class, race or income-tax bracket.

NO DRESS CODE FOR VICTIMS
Sheila Anne Feeney in the NY Daily News:
Florida Rep. Elaine Gordon has introduced a House bill that would make a victim's clothing inadmissible as evidence in rape trials. The legislation was inspired by last year's rape of a Fort Lauderdale woman who was wearing a lace miniskirt and no underwear. Jurors acquitted Steven Lamar Lord, 25, of Lawrenceville, GA of the assault, and one juror was quoted as saying the victim's clothes indicated she "asked for it." Lord was subsequently convicted of two other rapes involving other women. The woman's apparel "was not relevant at all to whether the person on trial actually committed the crime," said Gordon. "It only had to do with an attack on the character of the victim."

The bill passed a subcommittee of the Criminal Justice Committee 6-0.

Unfortunately, it's harder to change jurors' prejudices than to pass legislation. But it's a start.

UPDATES
SOME WE LOSE...
The first Top Dog World Championship Prairie Dog Shoot competition was held in Nucla, CO July 14 with more than 100 shooters, despite the efforts of about two dozen animal rights activists. Two protestors were issued citations for trespassing, authorities said.

When plans for the shooting contest became known three months earlier, outraged animal rights activists successfully lobbied Gov. Roy Romer and U.S. Rep. Ben Nighthorse Campbell to come out against it. But local citizens rallied round the organizers and voted in favor of the contest.

BUT SOME WE WIN!
Able to move around in a wheelchair, feed and dress herself, and communicate, Nancy Klein, the Upper Brookville, LI woman who was comatose and underwent an abortion that was challenged by antiabortion advocates, was discharged in June from a New Jersey rehabilitation center.

Eighteen months after she suffered head injuries in a car crash, Klein, 33, was moved to a facility where she will learn daily living skills that will help her eventually move home.

DISTASTEFUL DEAL
From various sources:
Reginald Darby, 28, a Columbia University security guard who raped a 17-year-old first year Columbia University student in her dorm room, has received a reduced sentence for agreeing to undergo an AIDS test. Darby, who pleaded guilty in March, made a secret deal with the Manhattan DA's office to be sentenced to no more than five to 15 years (in lieu of an eight and a third to 25-year maximum), reports Manhattan Lawyer. New York law states that those charged with rape cannot be forced to submit to AIDS tests.

How about the survivor being forced to submit to rape?
TRAMPLED RIGHTS

An AP dispatch:

Using torture, murder and mass arrests, governments trampled the human rights of tens of thousands of people in 1989 to suppress conflicts stemming from ethnic or nationalist tensions, says Amnesty International.

Cases cited in the human rights group's 138-country report ranged from children tortured in Iraq to a Spaniard sentenced for burning the flag; from racial lopsidedness in American capital punishment to the jailing of Malawi's only neurosurgeon for criticizing the President; from death squads in El Salvador to draft objectors in Western Europe.

The theme of the report was "the suppression of ethnic and nationalist groups," which Amnesty said had often "served to entrench bitter conflicts, dimmed prospects for dialogue and added to the toll of suffering and death."

The survey saw this pattern in countries including Somalia, Ethiopia, Sudan, Sri Lanka, India, Burma, Indonesia, the Soviet Union, Yugoslavia, Chad, Mauritania, Israel, Iran, Iraq, Turkey, Bulgaria, Guatemala and Brazil.

Let's not forget our own high security prisons complete with psychological torture for activist dissidents.

WHEN NATURE CALLS, YOU ANSWER

From various sources:

The arrest of a woman who used the men's room at a Houston concert when she couldn't get into the women's room has generated a groundswell of support.

"It's obviously hit a nerve with a lot of women around town," said Denise Wells.

Wells was arrested July 7 at a George Strait concert. She received a ticket that could cost her $200 for violating a city ordinance that forbids members of one sex from using restrooms reserved for the other. The legal secretary was also kicked out of the concert, which she paid $125 to attend. A second woman was arrested at the same time.

Wells' attorney, her sister Valerie Davenport, will represent her at the Nov. 1 hearing.

"My lawyer says necessity should be all the defense I need, but the way the city ordinance reads, it says that it's illegal to enter the restroom of the opposite sex with intent to cause a disturbance or something like that. And obviously that was not my intent," Wells said.

Her lawyer has received nearly 60 offers from women willing to testify on her behalf, saying that they, too, have sought relief in the men's room. Other callers have offered to pay her fine, but her lawyer says that will not be necessary. "I don't intend to lose," she said. "This is too important."

In Houston, plumbing codes for large gathering places have long allowed a higher combined total of toilets and urinals in men's rooms than toilets in women's rooms. The operative theory was that more men than women attended sporting events and conventions. The code was changed in 1985, after studies found that the theory was not always right and that, in any case, women, by dint of biology, needed more "sanitary facilities" than an equal number of men.

But the new code applies only to buildings built after 1985; Wells happened to be at the Summit, which was built in 1975.

Sounds like you'd better be at the right place at the right time — or bring your own porta-potty.
CRIME WITHOUT PUNISHMENT
An AP dispatch:
The conviction of a man on 22 counts of sexually abusing four toddlers has been overturned by an appellate court, which ruled that the police had no right to view a videotape of the abuse seized from the defendant's car.
The defendant, Peter Thomas, 54, had pleaded guilty to the abuse charges and was sentenced to four to 12 years in prison.
The main evidence against him was a videotape of the abuse seized by the police from Thomas' car. But the Appellate Division ruled that while police officers had the right to seize the tape, they erred in viewing it.
Without the tape, prosecutors had maintained at the time, it would have been impossible to try Thomas because the children were too young to testify. His victims were one-and-two-year-olds.
Jeanine Ferris Pirro, the chief of the District Attorney's Domestic Violence and Child Abuse Bureau, told Judge Kenneth Lange of the Westchester County Court that her office was appealing the decision.
The state's highest court, the Court of Appeals, must decide on Pirro's motion for an appeal.
Judge Lange reset bail for Thomas at $10,000.

This sounds like a Catch-22 if we've ever heard one.

BOYCOTT MILLER BEER
From a Dallas Gay Alliance Press Release:
The Dallas Gay Alliance (DGA) decision in July to boycott Miller Beer as well as Marlboro (both owned by Philip Morris, Inc.) received a boost when the gay bar-owners association, the Dallas Tavern Guild, joined activists by removing the products from their bars. "We appreciate the Guild's awareness of how profits from Miller Beer sales flow into the pockets of Jesse Helms through parent Philip Morris' political action committee or contributions to the Jesse Helms Leadership Center in North Carolina," Bruce Monroe, DGA president said.
Miller and Marlboro products are no longer present in the heavily gay/lesbian Cedar Springs-Oak Lawn area of Dallas, with other businesses, restaurants and stores supporting the boycott.
Several bars in the Deep Ellum section of Dallas, where the arts community has a major presence, have agreed to support the boycott as well, Monroe said.

Bars and cabarets, gay and heterosexual, in New York, Washington, DC and San Francisco have also joined the boycott. So should everyone who is prochoice, anti-censorship in the arts or simply a caring individual.

GUARDIANS OF WHOSE LAW?
An AP dispatch:

Police officers and sheriffs deputies in Corpus Christie, TX have formed a group to press for a law allowing officers to refuse duty protecting abortion clinics.
The group, Officers for Life, is led by Sheriff James T. Hickey of Nueces County, who said he would not send deputies to help the police remove protestors from clinic entrances. "I would be aiding in murder of babies if I did," he said.

Elva Bustamante, director of New Women's Clinic, which has been a target of antiabortion protestors, said she was astounded that officers would form such a group. She suggested that they "should find another means of earning a living."

Corpus Christie, a city of 230,000, has become a focus of growing antiabortion activism.

We didn't know upholding the law was optional for police.

SEEING THE LIGHT
Betty Liu Ebron in the NY Daily News: Vanna White won't be modeling fur coats anymore on new segments of "Wheel of Fortune." People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals finally pressured the game show to quit offering furs as prizes. "Wheel" caved in after a major advertiser, John Paul Mitchell Systems, which makes eco-conscious hair-care products, joined the protest.
Which Way After Webster?

Throughout the U.S., six-hour drives are not uncommon for women needing abortions

By Irene Davall

Donna Jean pulled into the parking lot as her dashboard clock clicked over to 7:10. The lot was already more than half full.

Donna Jean and her friend had left home at 1:30 that morning. With only a couple of coffee stops, they had driven 300 miles from Scottsbluff to Omaha. It was imperative they arrive at the Women's Medical Center by 8 a.m.; otherwise Donna would have to wait a whole day to get the abortion she needed.

Nebraska, in the heartland of America, occupies an area one-third larger than New York state. As a place to live it offers many amenities: Clean air, pure water, abundant crops, good schools and roads. But for women who need an abortion more than clean air, the paucity of providers is a distinct disadvantage. It should be noted, however, that Nebraska has no corner on that market. After 17 years of legal abortion in America, 93 percent of rural counties have no abortion providers. In Nebraska the figure is not 93 percent, but a whopping 98 percent and its two clinics are located, not too conveniently, in the southeastern corner of the state; both are in the same city.

Linda Allen, Development Director of Omaha Planned Parenthood, says "The Women's Service and Women's Medical Center are the only two abortion providers in the state. Seven thousand pregnancies were aborted in these two clinics in 1989. Most of the women were state residents, but a goodly number had traveled from South Dakota [which now has only one abortion provider], Iowa and other nearby states. In Wyoming more than half the women go out of state for their abortions."

Some women arrive the day before the procedure. Others, like Donna, arrive before 8 a.m. and elect to have the procedure under local anesthesia. In that case they are permitted to return home the same day, provided they have someone to drive them. Most arrive accompanied by a friend, husband, mother or boyfriend, the person we have learned to call "the des-
No one can question the determination or the resourcefulness of women who travel two, three or even 400 miles to secure an abortion. One woman, Maryanne (not her real name), came to the Women's Service when she was scarcely 15 years old. Maryanne's mother was killed in an auto accident a year earlier, and she and her brother, mourning their mother's death, acted out their grief by rebelling against society's rules. The boy took to petty thievery while Maryanne sought comfort in a sexual relationship. Not surprisingly, by her 15th birthday Maryanne found herself pregnant. Her boyfriend, only a couple of years older than she, was attending school, had no money, no job and was unsuited to taking on the problems of a wife and child.

Realizing she was too young to be a mother, Maryanne was afraid to tell her dad she was pregnant and wanted an abortion. She said "I borrowed a check out of dad's check book and convinced my boyfriend to drive me to Omaha in his father's car. At the clinic I signed dad's name to the check and that's how I paid for the abortion. Some people might think what I did was wrong, but I am too young to take care of myself. How can I even think about having a baby and raising her?"

Prices at the two Omaha clinics are reasonable and vary with the length of gestation. Up to six-and-a-half weeks, the procedure costs $125 under local anesthesia. From seven through 12 weeks the cost is $225; it is $395 if the woman elects to have a general. From 13 to 16 weeks a general anesthetic is the rule and the cost is $350.

These days, about 88 percent of all abortions in America are performed in clinics such as the two in Omaha. In 1973 when the Supreme Court declared abortion was the right of every woman, financial exploiters and privately owned or proprietary hospitals rushed to buy up facilities and often charged up to $800 for early abortions. The National Association for Repeal of Abortion Laws (NARAL) declared that limiting abortions to hospitals and their clinics contravened the law and deprived hospitals of critically needed bedspace. After a short debate it was decided the only rational solution was a network of free-standing, ambulatory clinics, using vacuum aspiration under local anesthesia. Women in early pregnancy could be admitted and released in three or four hours.

If such rational decisions were made nearly 17 years ago, why are such clinics not now operating in Lincoln, Cheyenne, Sioux City and other populous centers in midwestern states? One answer, according to Allen, is that an individual physician or a freestanding clinic must have hospital backup nearby in case of emergency. In these and similar towns, hospitals are often owned and operated by religious groups that refuse back-up services for abortions.

Years ago abortion was considered a moral or religious matter. Today most people understand that abortion is a political issue, not only at the local and state level, but on a national level as well. For example, in July the site of the July to attend a family reunion and to collect information about abortion facilities in the state where I was born. On the Central Plains, July 4 was always a cause for daylong joviality and so it was this year. The festivities began with a noon-time parade up the town's main street and ended after dark with fireworks only slightly less spectacular than Macy's annual gift to New Yorkers. The parade included floats praising Norfolk industry, farm products and people. This year's patriotic theme was opposition to flag-burning. Parade planners may not have been aware of the coincidence but, for the first time ever, the Norfolk parade included a float mounted on a flat-bed truck proclaiming antiabortion sentiments.

In 1989, another rural state made national news when the Supreme Court handed down Webster vs. Reproductive Health Services, the session's most famous case. In that decision the Court upheld a Missouri law barring the use of public money, employees or sites for abortions — in effect shutting down public hospitals as a venue for the procedure. It also required doctors to conduct viability tests on some fetuses and allowed to stand a statutory declaration that "life begins at conception."

The Webster decision doubtless energized antiabortionists throughout the Midwest, including Norfolk's "Pro-Life" group. While antichoice people were jubilant over Webster, the number of abortions performed in Missouri actually went up slightly in 1989, so it would appear the effects of the decision on Missouri women are more symbolic than real.

But that is not the whole story. Potentially the most serious effect of Webster was to end the training of University of Missouri medical students in abortion procedures. "That's going to be one of the most negative long-term effects," said Karen Carlson, director of Planned Parenthood of Kansas City. "Graduates of state medical schools are not going to have the training they need to do abortions, nor are they being exposed to an environment that is likely to produce advocates for a woman's right to choose."

A Norfolk attorney declared that the most obvious legacy of the Webster decision is the influence it will have on politics and activism. "I believe unequivocally in the right of every woman to control her own body," he said. "I was overseas during World War II and saw little children digging in garbage dumps for food. No one should be forced to have a baby they don't want or cannot care for. The dumbest woman alive is a bet-

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ON THE ISSUES WINTER 1990

ANOTHER AMERICAN TRAGEDY

The Death of Becky Bell

By Mary Lou Greenberg

On June 25, 1990 the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that states can require teenaged women to either notify one or both parents or get permission from a judge before having an abortion. Thirty-three states previously had laws in place that required parental notification or consent prior to a young woman getting an abortion, but most of these had not been enforced or had been declared unconstitutional by lower courts. Indiana is one state where such a law was enforced even before the Supreme Court ruling. And Indiana is where, on September 16, 1988, 17-year-old Rebecca Suzanne Bell died from an illegal abortion.

When Becky went to Planned Parenthood in Indianapolis, she learned that she couldn't get an abortion without the consent of at least one parent or a waiver from a judge. But she couldn't bear to tell her mother or father. And word on the street was that it was useless to go before the judge who heard these cases because he was antichoice and hardly ever granted waivers. Evidently unable to find a believable excuse to stay away from her home long enough to go to neighboring Kentucky where parental involvement was not required, Becky Bell, as thousands of women and girls before her, was forced to seek an illegal abortion.

Several days after Becky returned from a party feeling "sick," her parents took her to a hospital. The next day she...
died. She never told her parents or anyone else what happened. What is known is that Becky developed pneumonia which was brought on by a massive infection, the result of an illegal, possibly self-induced, abortion.

Now her parents, Bill and Karen Bell, are traveling around the country, speaking out in the media, appearing before legislative hearings, talking to whomever will listen about the killing nature of parental consent and notification laws. Bill and Karen come out of a very mainstream background — he was a high school sports star and she was a homecoming queen — and their’s was the epitome of the traditional American family. Now, in their outspokenness, they have been thrust to the forefront of one of the most critical battles of the day, the right of a woman of any age, race, nationality or social and economic status to control her own reproduction.

I interviewed the Bells for On the Issues in Washington, D.C. where they had gone to speak with the Fund for the Feminists: Majority about participating in a campaign against parental notification and consent laws.

Bill Bell (BB): This has changed our lives, not just in the obvious way, but it’s brought an awareness to us of not only restrictive parental consent and notification laws, but also other laws that impact on women and young women in this country. We’ve gained the capacity to recognize the injustices being done. Before the loss of Becky, we were rural Indiana, trying to chase a dollar, raise our kids.

Karen Bell (KB): Planning vacations. I told Bill what bothers me most. I was home every day, every night, my kids were there every day, every night. Bill traveled a lot, but we were so close that he’d call every night. Where were our heads when Becky was dying right in front of our eyes? We didn’t even see it. We knew there was a sadness in her eyes, but we were just so close that we didn’t even see it. We knew there was a sadness in her eyes, but we were too wrapped up in trying to keep the house going, paying the bills, just everyday things. But as close as we were to Billy, our son and Becky, we didn’t see. Except looking back, the sadness in her eyes. Every day we’d say “I love you.” That’s the last thing that was said to Becky, and she said, “I love you, Mom and Dad.”

And a lot of people say, well you must not have talked to your kids and showed them a lot of affection. We did every day.

BB: Still do. Billy Bell, 21 years old, will not hesitate to say, “I love you, Mom” or “I love you, Dad” in front of his friends. That’s just the way we are. Very demonstrative in terms of how we feel about each other. You know, when we go on vacation, not only do we go but we take Karen’s mother and father, and her sister and her two kids. We’ve done that for years. We’re a close knit, loving family.

KB: Every year we went to Siesta Key, where my mom and dad took me as a little girl. The last vacation we had was in 1981. Becky used to know that. Becky kind of lumped and sad-eyed, and I asked, “Becky, what do you have to be sad about? You’ve got everything in the world. You’re going to be 17.” And now I look back, she didn’t really want to go on vacation, and I know why. She was going to go to Kentucky.

BB: It’s not only the impact on our family, but on our neighborhood, our friends. Becky touched a lot of people’s lives. She had a tremendous capacity to want to help. Her ability to want to take care of young people, her nieces and nephews, little babies, and at the same time to be equally comfortable in leaning down to an elderly person in a wheelchair and give them that same kind of attention and love, we know to be very unique.

KB: She visited the old people that nobody would go see... They miss her.

BB: She had a personality that everyone appreciated. It was like when you take out a key member of the community, and I don’t mean to make it more than it is, but our little neighborhood is very close-knit. If it had been someone else’s young child it would have had the same impact.

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On the Issues (OTI): What did she like to do?

BB: Animals were her big love. She brought home stray dogs and cats. She volunteered at the Humane Society. She loved horses.

BB: She was very interested in causes. A lot of young people today don’t have a cause to commit themselves to. And she liked to write. One poem is engraved on her tombstone, on the back of the angel. She’d write you a love poem, and then when she was sad she’d write sad poems and stick them under the door....

Becky never got a whipping. Our boy did all the time.

BB: All you had to do with her was raise your voice. She knew. This was a very tender person. We’re not trying to make Becky out to be some saint, but she had an incredible ability to love. The last thing she was really starting to get into was the plight of the American Indian. One of her first papers for school at the beginning of the year was about this.

KB: She was doing this Indian research, and the old man down at the end of the street gave her a beautiful Indian poem, called “The Red Man’s Poem,” about life and death, which she loved. And I put that with her in the casket. And Billy gave her a box with some of her favorite things. He misses her so much. Then all the kids put in crystals and teddy bears and little things they loved.

BB: Not only did she touch a lot of people, but there was just something about Becky. I’ve seen the impact she had not just on other kids but on their parents. Becky’s funeral was massive. We didn’t know why, and we didn’t know how, but we knew Becky died of an illegal abortion. And when the minister said this at the funeral, that was the first anybody knew of this. And it knocked people back off their feet. It affected not only the young women and young men, but the parents.

It’d be less than honest if we didn’t tell you it was a struggle to get through the first 12-13 months. We had no purpose, no ambition, no motivation. Sure, we love our son, love each other, but nothing excited us, motivated us.

Speaking out against these laws is the only thing that motivated me since we lost Becky. We testified in Michigan in early December. CBS News followed us down from there the next day and we did a piece for the morning news show. It kind of evolved.

We tried to piece together what happened. And we started to really trace Becky’s footsteps and see what obstacles she ran into. We talked to the people at Planned Parenthood, we talked to her friends, we found notes in her purse with phone numbers of abortion clinics in Kentucky. It was through all that that we found out what we knew today. All along, we’ve felt right and proper about speaking out; we knew our speaking out can make a difference. It already has. We really appreciate what you and other people in this movement are doing. We need to get to the other Bill Bells and Karen Bells out in rural America, who are unaware of the punishing laws about parental consent. But also aware of a lot of other injustices that are going on... Injustices for women as a whole, many areas which we weren’t cognizant of.
Don’t take for granted your kids will come to you

home so that Becky’s not alone in that cemetery.’ She said ‘I want on my gravestone, ‘the matriarch of the family,’ and I want to be with my great-granddaughter.’

BB: She is very supportive, as is Karen’s family. My family is very conservative, and I love them dearly, but they don’t talk about it...they really don’t believe in abortion. We really don’t believe in it, either, but how can you deny others if that’s what they want?

OTI: You’ve said that Becky didn’t tell you because she was afraid she would ‘disappoint’ you.

KB: I know what I would feel like. I would not tell my mom and dad. I’d rather be dead than disappoint them because I love them so much. Becky and I had talked about sex. Just a little. And I said, ‘Becky, if you find yourself where you ever want to have sex, please take care of yourself, with pills or something. Please protect yourself.’ She said, ‘Mommy, you’re embarrassing me.’ I said, ‘Okay, but remember. Just take care of yourself.’

Everybody called her an angel. Everybody looked up to her. All the neighbor kids were told, ‘Be like Becky Bell.’ That would have been the shock if she’d had to come and say,‘Mom, I’ve had sex with this guy, we’ve been going together and I’m in love. I’m pregnant and now I want an abortion.’ I think we would have flipped out at the time; I know I would have. I would have said, ‘You’ve ruined your reputation and your chance for anything, Becky, and I told you to take care of yourself.’ And I would have been mad and so would her dad. And she knew it...but we would have done anything in the world, anything she would have wanted. Abortion, adoption, keep the baby. We wouldn’t have been real happy with some of the decisions, but it would have been her choice, her decision. And not what Mommy and Daddy wanted.

BB: There are pressures of all kinds on young people, young men as well as young women. It’s fair to say that Becky didn’t want to tarnish her image. She was embarrassed. Hell, I’m 47 years old, I still don’t want to disappoint my mother. What person would? The responsibility we have to friends and family — some of these people looking at this issue overlook the pressure when you’re in a family that has 15-16 grandchildren and not one of them has had a real problem, and you don’t want to be the one to screw up. I think the pressures she faced there are equally the same if she was raised with an alcoholic father who beat her mother and she’d get beaten if she went home, or any other sort of dysfunctional home. We unconsciously put pressures on Becky. She was a good girl, she was a joy. Her friend Heather cited the conversation she had; Becky said she didn’t want to disappoint her mom and dad. I knew my daughter’s thinking. We have it in her handwriting, a note written shortly before she died, that we didn’t find until about a year after she died.

KB: She said, ‘I don’t want to lose you and Dad, too,’ after the boy threw her over...

When we got married, Bill said, ‘I want you to be home and raise our children.’ But that’s what I wanted to do, my choice. I had worked for years and had Billy, and I wanted to stay home and be free. That’s what I wanted in life, to be a mom and stay home. I didn’t want to go to work every day.

BB: Our mutual feeling was the two kids came first; they were the most important priority in our life, and we didn’t want someone else raising them...Success has never meant money to me, but I’ve been a very successful person because I have many, many friends. I say I’ve been successful, we’ve been successful. We’ve also been successful in that we just celebrated 22 years of marriage, and it’s growing stronger...

If there’s such a thing as a legacy of Becky Bell, it will be that she lived she would have helped others. But that’s not the case, loving Becky Bell is still going to help many people. It’s kind of ironic, because I can see Becky working as an intern for a feminist organization, committed and out front, marching and all. And if it wasn’t this issue it would be another issue that would help people...

She did have a mind of her own. She was encouraged to reason and think for herself...The letter we found says ‘I’ve got to do this myself.’ She was a strong-willed young person.

KB: I’d say ‘It’s all right, dear,’ about something, and she’d go, ‘Oh, Mom, you’re so fake.’

BB: Most of her real close friends... continued on pg 37
She walked into the governor's office wearing a Halloween mask, a purple wig, a floor-length red velvet cape and army fatigue. She was in disguise and she was scared. Her lawyer had tried to allay her fears the night before. But the setting hadn't helped. They'd met in a dark back alley outside of town, hopefully not a symbol of things to come. The governor had just signed a law banning abortion and she was pregnant and shouldn't have a baby. She had a medical condition which required her to take steroids, which would jeopardize the health of the fetus. And now she would have to tell her story to the governor's attorneys, some of whom she knew because Guam is a tiny island.

But it is also a U.S. territory, which means her right to privacy is protected under the U.S. constitution. Or so everyone thought, until the governor's attorneys went into court and argued that the right to privacy does not extend to Guam.

The young woman agreed to be the lead plaintiff in a lawsuit challenging the new abortion ban long enough to get a temporary restraining order against the law, but it was soon clear she would suffer “irreparable harm.” In fact, it was Dr. William Griley, president of the Society of OB-GYNs who first approached Anita Arriola to ask her to take the case. It was Friday morning, March 9, 1990, the day after the legislature had passed the law. “I remember it perfectly,” says the 32-year-old lawyer. “He walked into my office, took one look at me and said, ‘You know I've been referred to you because everyone says you're the only lawyer who can take this case on Guam because you have all this experience in this type of law. But I also understand that your mother is the senator who introduced the bill.' I said, ‘Yes that's true on both points.' Then I sat him down, discussed my experience and talked about the repercussions of the law.”

As for the other point, she clearly doesn't like to talk about it. “I have been asked this question a lot and I always pause because it's difficult to answer it. I love my mother very much. I think she has done her job in the legislative arena. And I'm now doing my job in the legal arena.”

The young attorney smiles. “There's a sort of saying, O.O.G., Only on Guam, basically referring to the fact that this could only happen on Guam. But the difference of opinion between my mother and me is not so much important for the case as it is important to illustrate the fact that even among Catholic families, even in one single Catholic family, we can have a difference of opinion about when life begins or whether the right to decide whether a woman should terminate her pregnancy should apply to all women.”

But difference is not something the daughter relishes. Like most Guamanians, the Arriolas are Chamorros, the name of the island's indigenous people and language. The community is extremely close-knit and blood runs thick. If your neighbor isn't your aunt, she's probably your cousin once removed. Confrontation is not the Chamorro way.

“There's a price to be paid. I've never been so lonely in my whole life since taking on this case.” Arriola called a friend in San Francisco where she had worked with a public interest law firm for six years before returning to her island in 1988. “I said, ‘What am I going to do? This is the most terrible dilemma I've ever had.' I decided to take it on when my friend asked me one question: 'If this were any place other than Guam, would you take it on?'”

And the wheels began turning. On Monday, Arriola faxed the law to Janet Benshoof, a New York attorney who heads the American Civil Liberties Union Reproductive Freedom Project. She told her nothing had happened since the law was passed so Benshoof asked if she should come to Guam. Arriola hesitated. What would it look like for an outsider to come to the island? One of eight children, Anita Arriola immediately phoned her sister, an administrative assistant to another senator who had voted for the abortion ban. “Lisa said yes, Janet should come out, but it should be a media event. She should give a speech.” And a media event it was. Benshoof flew out two days later.

The day the legislature unanimously passed the law 21-0, the Archbishop
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The senator’s bill was an outright ban on abortion

Anita Arriola watched the vote from a closed circuit TV in her sister’s office. Arriola called her cousin, Lou Leon-Guerrero, the former president of the Guam Nurses Association. Lou is from a powerful family on the island; her father owns the Bank of Guam. She was upset. “Afterwards, I asked a lot of senators why they signed the bill. They’re friends of mine and they said, ‘Lou, what do you think you would do if you were sitting there and you had the Archbishop looking down at you and he knows your mom and dad?’ It’s almost like their principles were compromised because of the threat of excommunication. To me, that’s not democracy, it’s rule by fear.” And that made Lou Leon-Guerrero angry. She started making calls.

But Chamorros were not the only ones beginning to mobilize. Non-native Guam residents like Carol O’Donnell, a former cloistered Carmelite nun from California, were getting in on the act. In fact, when Janet Benshoof arrived on Guam and met with pro-choice activists, there wasn’t a Chamorro in the room. It was March 19. That afternoon, Governor Joseph F. Ada signed the bill. The law was effective immediately and the seven doctors who perform abortions on the island all cancelled their appointments. The next day, Janet Benshoof gave a speech before the Guam Press Association. In it, she held up Hawaii’s yellow pages and read out the phone numbers of Planned Parenthood clinics to let women know where they could go to get an abortion. She was the first and last person to be charged under the solicitation clause of the new abortion law.

As Anita Arriola was preparing Benshoof’s defense, she was also preparing her case against the law. On March 23, Federal Judge Alex Murson granted a temporary restraining order against the abortion ban. And on August 23, he made the injunction permanent, ruling that the right to privacy has to extend to Guam.

“Lou, what do you think you would do if such a bill were passed again? Would you consider throwing it out immediately?”

If the legislature passed a bill in the future that was almost the same...there’s a better argument to deem it frivolous.”

Senator Elizabeth Arriola expected this reaction. “I knew if I went according to Roe v. Wade, he would rule this way.” One of the issues the judge addressed in his decision was the separation of church and state, otherwise known as the establishment clause of the constitution. In his opinion, he quotes Senator Arriola’s statement that “Guam is a Christian community.” When asked to comment on this, the senator seems perplexed. “But Guam is a Christian community. There are no pagans, or hardly any pagans, here on Guam. You can go anywhere in Guam. If they’re not Catholic, they have some kind of Christian belief. That’s the strength of Guam. You can’t take that away from the people here. Otherwise they’re not Chamorros, they’re not Chamorros, they’re something else.”

It is this issue of what is Chamorro that underlies much of the debate. In the past century, Guam has been occupied by the Spanish, the U.S. Navy, the Japanese, and then the United States once again. In the past few years, Guamanians have formally asked the U.S. Congress to change their status from territory to commonwealth, thus giving them more autonomy over their own affairs, but with the signing of the abortion ban, some key congress members who backed commonwealth have withdrawn their support for the new status.

The aspect of the law that particularly angered critics was the clause criminalizing any mention of abortion between doctors and their patients. When I asked the governor about the clause, he clearly did not want to discuss it.

“There is no problem with respect to freedom of speech.”

“Do you think if the law is upheld and a doctor says to a woman, ‘I can’t perform an abortion here on Guam, but you can go to this place in Hawaii to have an abortion,’ that the doctor should be arrested for saying that?”

And where would women go if abortion was banned on Guam, either if the law is upheld on appeal or, as Senator Arriola promises, abortion becomes more restricted through a new law?

“There will be a bloodbath,” says Dr. William Freeman, an obstetrician-gynecologist who works at the Women’s Clinic, a few minutes drive from the courthouse. He had just been to a luncheon meeting of People for Choice.

“You know, throughout history where abortions are by statute illegal, for instance Ireland or the Philippines, there are always many more abortions done in those countries because the women there also don’t have access to good birth control programs.”

If this ban on abortion is upheld on appeal, would he continue doing abortions? “No, not if it’s considered a criminal act. I’m not willing to get myself thrown in jail to do ‘em. But I’m sure we will end up having to take care of the complications of illegal abortions.”

It is not only native Guamanians and women from the surrounding islands like Saipan is U.S. commonwealth that amended its constitution several years ago to forbid abortion, who rely on Guam as one of the only islands in Micronesia where abortion is safe and legal. Of the 130,000 inhabitants of Guam, about 30,000 are U.S. military personnel.

While there is a naval hospital on the island that provides for all of their health

continued on pg 37
Driving along the main highway that links suburbanites with downtown Newark, the Newark airport, and New York City, I am very apprehensive about where I am going. I continue doing my deep breathing exercises and repeat that if you don't take risks, you will never do anything meaningful. As I turn off the highway where the view is mostly neat buildings, grass and trees and go down the ramp, I am immediately immersed in a world that is burned out, worn out, and thrown out. The people who live here call it the ghetto. Even though I have been documenting these areas for the past 15 years, it is always a severe shock to see both the devastation and the people, some of whom look as though they are walking through Dante's Inferno.
To say the least, it is continually frustrating to witness the consequences of decisions made by the powers that be. As I pass one burned-out building after another, one vacant lot after another where burned-out buildings have been demolished — everything looks broken. I think about the homeless, the four or five million people living on the streets. Each time, I cannot help but question why these buildings are vacant when so many people need homes. I can feel my anger rising — mixed with my fear of being in this environment. As I stop for a red light I look at the photographs on the seat next to me, photographs that I had made the previous week. The images make me feel more secure, as my imagination conjures up a confrontation. Suppose someone tries to stop me or break into my car? I hope I can distract them by not only talking about the work I am doing, but also by showing them the pictures. Actually, this technique worked when I was documenting East Sixth Street, on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. A man was looking at me in "that" way. Instead of leaving, I went up to him and asked him if he knew any of the people in the photographs I had in hand. His attention diverted, I asked him if he would like me to take his picture and told him I would return the following week with the results. He was very cooperative and appreciative; so was I.

But, as I continue into the Central Ward, some of my apprehension is diminished because I am looking forward to seeing Robert and Joan. As I pull up I wonder if it isn't a false sense of security that I feel. Their building is surrounded by vacant lots and garbage. Each time I visit, something seems changed. I recall how three months ago the ground had been broken a block away for a shopping mall. A shopping mall! The residents couldn't believe it. "Of all the things we don't need, it's a mall so our children can see firsthand what they can't have," someone told me. Then, a few weeks ago, there was another rash of fires — a baby and a woman died — and five more buildings are scarred and empty. "Now," the residents tell me, "we understand. These two streets are going to be a freeway. Little by little, one house after another has been burned down and it looks real bad. The suburbia folks drive this way every day from the highway to get to work downtown. When enough of these 'suspicious fires' have taken place, then the city will level the rest, widen the road and build townhouses for the middle class — the mall will already be here for them. And what will they say? It's about time this place was cleaned up — those people don't take care of anything — they got no pride."

As I sit in the car thinking about this area, my ears are blasted with the constant sound of fire and police sirens. They compete with blaring radios and ice cream truck music. It feels like a war zone. But the reality of past experiences waters down my fear of being in immediate danger. In truth, I have usually found people who care, people who try to help me because they say nobody comes here for them. And what will they say?

**This is a place where they call the rats "rabbits" because they are so big**

As I get out of my car, five-year-old Philip comes running toward me yelling, "Miss Helen! Miss Helen!" We hug and kiss. It makes walking through the crowd of people around the doorway a lot easier. Some say, "Will you take a picture of me and my children?" Often that takes anywhere from a few minutes to half an hour. Then I go past the mailboxes. Most are open — only a few have locks on them. But the mail carrier has not put the mail in the boxes for years. This is one of the reasons why people hang around. They need to be there when the carrier comes. Like Joan said, "If the mail carrier calls out Mary Smith and I say, 'I'm Mary Smith,' or I say, 'I'll give it to her,' he will give me her check."

"That happened to me twice. My check came back cashed with not my signature on it. I don't know how they do that, but they do. So we're out there. Also, the carrier will give all the mail to the Super, and if he has a 'bug on,' he will throw it all on the floor and we all have to scramble for it."

As I knock on Robert's door, I notice that, after all these years, there is still no doorknob. "A doorknob is a big expense when you're worried about food on the table," he told me. "The landlord says that he will reimburse us if we buy one, but he never will. Mostly he says, if we don't like it here, just move." Waiting for someone to answer my knock, I begin to feel uncomfortable. The hall is dark and grimey. In fact, on the upper floors, in order to see where the lock is, the tenants have to use a cigarette lighter. It seems that the drug dealers removed the light bulbs so they can mug and deal with ease. Throughout the building, I hear the echoing sounds of hollering, yelling, crying and door slamming. As my fear mounts, I try to fill myself with a sense of confidence. Joan and Robert have told me many times that I have nothing to worry about, that I am one of them. But I have a hard time trusting, especially since they are the only "original" family left in this building. Everyone I was involved with in the past seven years has moved out, been evicted or died. It also seems that most of the people who have moved in don't stay very long.

As Joan opens the door she tells me that I need to knock louder and I tell her I always knock in a quiet way, but I'll try harder next time. Inside the three-room apartment, it is always wonderful; wonderful in the sense that I am so well received. They are so glad to see me and I am so very glad to see them. In order to get to the kitchen, I have to walk through the narrow space between the mattresses on the floor where the children sleep. The only light comes from a window on the left, which is covered with plastic to keep the cold out from November to May. Other than that, there is a single bare light bulb hanging in the kitchen, surrounded by fly tape, and the light coming from the tiny television set. Besides the parents and their three children, the two rooms are filled with neighborhood children, visiting relatives and children Joan is babysitting.

On this cold and dreary day, when their visitors leave, I ask Robert about his life. "I was the only one to graduate high school, out of the six kids. I always wanted to do better for myself. I got my first job through my father when I was 16, working on a garbage truck. School and working is what I did. After school I worked, and then I did my homework. I loved to dance. There was a Victoria
Victims of a suspicious fire view the ruins of their home.

program at Montgomery School that had a free dancing program. They wanted my mother to sign papers so I could go to other schools but she wouldn't, because they depended on me to help provide for the family. My father was working, but he was drinking a lot. I stayed in that program for six years doing the Freestyle, the Hustler, African dances and ballet. I won scholarships for dancing. In fact, I won the Best Dancer of all the Newark schools. I stopped at 19. I got involved in street life. I started drinking.

While Robert breaks up fights between the children, answers the door and promises Joan he will pick up the clothes at the laundromat as soon as he is done with me, I keep my eye on that place under the sink where a rat is. The family has told me about Robert swinging a baseball bat at it. Instead of running they said, it stood on its hind legs, just as tough and brazen as you can imagine. “I heard they were rounding up rats for the Bronx Zoo,” said Joan. “I saw it on the news. They got a section over at the zoo for rats. They’re gonna try and show people they’re friendly and not really creatures they should be afraid of. So I want them to know I got bigger ones right here in my backyard and in my kitchen. If they lookin’ for the mamas and papas of those they got in the zoo — I got ‘em. They ain’t even gotta pay for ‘em. Just come with a net and get ‘em. They can have ‘em free.”

Robert comes back to the kitchen table and sits down. Settled again, he continues. “Every job I get always goes just so far and something happens — some kind of an excuse to get rid of me. It’s been 10 years, but they won’t stop me. After the garbage truck job, I worked in the recycling places in Newark. I never got any benefits and every week for the entire year, my paycheck always came up short. I explained it to my foreman, but he never translated the message to the big boss. I had to deal with it because I had a wife and children that depended on me. One day I spoke up to the big boss. I told him how I worked 40 hours and was only paid for 30 or 29 or 28. One time I even worked 10 hours overtime and my week’s check was $7.35. They made me wait for the rest of my pay for two weeks. In front of the big boss, the foreman struck me and I struck him back and was fired.

“I went from one recycling place to another — they paid under the table. If you miss one of the six days that they expect you to work, they say, ‘You’re fired. Go home and call me back.’ It’s interesting how I learned the differences between metals: In a class at Montgomery school and on the garbage truck.” Joan said, “Now our five-year-old son knows about the different metals. He knows copper and aluminum. We’ll be walking along going someplace and he’ll spot something, pick it up and say ‘we’re taking this home for Dad.’ We hope our son doesn’t let the ghetto get him down. He wants to be a doctor.

“I’m going to get my G.E.D.” Joan continues. “The courses are free, from 3:30 to 5:30, three days a week. I really like it. I thought I was too old to go back to school but, at 29, I am the youngest woman in the class. There are 12 others, one is 59. They talk about how happy they are that they finally got their chance to go back to school. I love the homework. I do the whole book and ask for more. The class time is perfect because I pick up the children after school at three and I have everything ready for their dinner so they can eat when they want. Robert is home now so he watches them. When he starts to work again, the woman upstairs told me she will watch them for me.”

As Joan goes to do something for the children and I wait for Robert to return from the laundromat, I realize how cold it is in the apartment. The only heat comes from the oven and the gas jets. Many times Joan complained about the lack of heat, how the heat is included in their rent, but that they have to keep the stove going when there isn’t any. High gas bills are a continuous worry. It always amazes me how fast the fallen ceilings are fixed or heat is restored when someone with “credentials” makes a complaint. Robert and Joan’s calls to the authorities seem to be futile, but when I called the heating inspector, they rounded up the landlord in a matter of hours. A short time after that, the boiler was miraculously working. Another time I saw a skylight that had been broken by fire fighters. Even though the fire was six months earlier the large opening remained. Each time it rained or snowed, the entire building was inundated. The
tenants had constantly complained to the landlord and housing inspectors, but two days after I photographed the hanging glass, it was fixed. I shake my head at these injustices as I watch the constant parade of roaches on the walls, the floors, everywhere. I think about how the people have given up trying to eliminate them. “It’s useless,” they said. “We can spend the whole day swapping and stomping and they’re still here. We don’t have money for the store-bought stuff.”

While Joan was folding the clean laundry, Robert continued with his story. “I stopped drinking almost a year now. After that, I enrolled in a six-month government course that paid me $200 a week (no benefits) to learn how to demolish buildings. I got the highest evaluations. After six months, they make you wait another three before they give you the certificate to get a job in that field. I had to look for something else because people are depending on me.

“So I applied for a job at the mall that just opened in my neighborhood. They gave me a position in the deli department, cutting meats and making sandwiches. The market makes you wait six months before you are allowed into the union, then another three months before you begin to receive benefits — nothing is guaranteed during that time. The hours you work are always different; each week they post a new schedule. Sometimes it’s 35 hours, sometimes 27. If they let me, I would work 50 hours.

“After a month-and-a-half, I was on a trial period for becoming the night supervisor for the deli. They told me of all the other guys, I was the only worker they could count on.

“Then one day I went to work and found out that someone accused me of stealing six bags of Pampers. The store called the cops and had me arrested. Some old drunk who was hired to sweep the walks said he’s not sure, but I look like the guy. The cops came and put handcuffs on me — took me to the Precinct. They checked me and found out I had a clean record. They fingerprinted me. It was six hours before they released me. They gave me a court date for the theft charge. They fired me and I’m now barred from the store.

“Three days later I talked to the security guard and he told me he caught the guys who stole the Pampers. I asked him why they are still pressing charges against me. He said, ‘because the drunk said he seen you.’

“I went to my court arraignment on February 7 and pled not guilty. I filed for a public defender. The judge set the court date for April 3rd. The public defender told me that I wasn’t allowed to talk to him until a week before the court date.

“In the meantime I’m out of work. I can’t get another job until I clear my name. So I’m right back picking up cans and taking them to the recycling place. I’m not drinking. But I feel cheated — and used. When there was no one there to work, I came in and worked for them and now they can’t take my word. They also fired my co-worker because she stood up for me. I would love to know what happened to her.”

“My fear,” said Joan, as Robert left the room, “is that he will go back to drinking.”

On April 3rd, it was cold and raining. I had agreed to meet Robert at 9 a.m. in the courthouse, in case he needed a character witness.

Robert met me as I walked into the building. “My name was not called on the role,” he said, “so I had to go to the third floor to the public defender’s office. He said to go down to 212. At 212, he said to go to that window. At that window I told the clerk my name and it came up in the computer — the charge came up, receiving stolen goods. Since they changed the charge from stealing goods to receiving stolen goods, they changed my public defender. The one I had only deals with stealing goods, not receiving stolen goods. Don’t ask me the difference. The clerk said my court date was changed to April 30. Everything for... continued on pg 38
On Donor Babies

Parents are presented with moral and ethical dilemmas that are all but irresolvable

By Barbara Katz Rothman

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ow there's a need for baby parts. Imagine that.

Another miracle of modern science. It seems that transplants of the bone marrow of a sibling can sometimes be the only real hope for children otherwise dying of leukemia and some other cancers.

It starts so simple. A family has a few children, one is dying, another proves compatible and volunteers — or, as in the case of very young children and babies, is volunteered — has a procedure done that is rather messy, unpleasant, painful, but not very risky as such things go and the dying sibling recovers. A narrow escape, much joy, probably some tension, but certainly much gratitude enters into the sibling relationship. Life goes on.

It gets less simple. A family has only one child, one dying offspring. A teenager, too old not to understand just what is happening. So the parents, a mother no longer really young, but not so very old either, gets pregnant to try to create a donor. The parents understand the risks: The risks of the later pregnancy; the risks that the child conceived for this purpose won't accomplish the purpose of its conception. Only one in four sibs will be a suitable donor. It's a long shot. And time is short.

And now the ethicists chime in, asking if this is a suitable and appropriate reason to conceive a child at all. Even in the face of all this tragedy and worry, some of us have to stifle an urge to chuckle. Weren't these guys (or their counterparts) not all that long ago all worked up over the ethics, the morality, the theological challenges, of women choosing not to have children? Now we have to explain to their satisfaction why we are choosing to have one.

I personally have given up by now on trying to figure out what a good reason, a morally satisfying reason, would be to have a child. It can't be for the sake of the child — unless you believe, as I cannot, that there is a cluster of souls hovering, waiting for us to create bodies-as-housing-units. And it is for any purpose in this world, if there is a goal for this child-to-be, then inevitably one is opening the door to failure, to disappointment, to interfering with this person, when it goes to be a person, choosing her or his own destiny. Take the classic patriarchal reason for having a child, to "carry on a family name." Girls are always more-or-less failures then. And boys? What if, gay or straight, he chooses not to have children? Or what if the parent wants more generally to continue some plan, some culture, some life force? What if that is not the plan or culture or life force the child will choose?

All of the reasons for having a child are in some way selfish, and virtually all of the reasons can in some other way be met — and in a way that might, in a totally pure moral calculus, be preferable. Have a lot of love to give? There are surely already in this world plenty of people, including children, needful of that love. Want to raise a child who will contribute to the world in some way? The energy it takes to raise a child could be put directly into contributing. All in all, I can't figure out a good reason to have a baby, yet I know that it can be a very good thing to do.

Anyway, here's a family with their dying teenager and their growing pregnancy. In my opinion, they have a better reason than most for making a new baby. Even if this transplant thing were not an issue, they would have some good reasons for making another baby. Of course, no child is, or could be, a replacement for any other child, but the fact is, if their only child dies, it's hard to blame them for wanting to continue to be parents, for wanting to have another child to raise. Even if this child turns out not to be a suitable donor, sad as that would be, this baby is not a pointless, wasted object in the world. The parents have said they want a child as a child, not just as a donor, will raise it with love no matter what its bone marrow compatibility.

Somewhere, the newspapers tell us, there was a family that followed another scenario. Used the baby as a marrow donor and then gave it up for adoption. A real story? Apocryphal? It certainly taps into fears we have about selfish parents, rejecting parents, parents who use their children.

These things always start out relatively simple and end up getting more and more complicated. Latest newspaper stories: Now it is "half siblings." A man has a child dying of leukemia, the need for a donor is urgent. And he has other children: Three-year-old twins, with another mother. He doesn't have custody of these children — he cannot make decisions for them. He is not their caretaker or prime parent.

Who knows just what his relationship with these children is? The papers tell us he was not married to or living with their mother, he does not live with the children. Maybe he is a devoted father, maybe he isn't. He wants, he needs their bone marrow, if it is compatible. He's fighting to get the compatibility continued on pg 39
Ask Ruth Caplan what individuals can do to protect the environment and her eyes light up, her hands begin to move and she starts to speak very rapidly. “People are less likely today to think there will be a technological savior,” says the 50-year-old executive director of Environmental Action (EA). “They understand that it’ll take a real commitment by people to change” the conditions that threaten to destroy the earth. From global warming to rising sea levels, from acid rain to tropical rainforest destruction, from polluted air to fouled water, the crisis, she says, must be tackled now.

Some of the tasks — like the closing of nuclear power plants, the cessation of chemical warfare and nuclear testing, and the regulation of automotive and industrial emissions — are the purview of government. Although we can prod lawmakers to be environmentally conscious, and can protest their intransigence, government cooperation will ultimately be required.

On the other hand, individuals can do a number of things to render our world cleaner, safer and healthier. “When you buy things, don’t buy disposable products,” says Caplan. “For instance, you are using a disposable pen instead of a fountain pen. Use non-disposable razors. Ask everyone to give you a month of diaper service as your baby present. A lot of stores sell in bulk, so buy the largest size so you have fewer containers to throw away. Think about how you get from place to place. Can you walk, ride a bike, or organize a carpool with friends? Each small thing you do, when many, many people do them, adds up.”

Take the town of West Orange, NJ as an example. According to Caplan, students and teachers from two local schools organized to protest the use of disposable, styrofoam trays in their school cafeterias. Although the school board had voted to use plastic because it cost five cents apiece less than paper, the student-teacher coalitions pushed the board to let the students decide, for themselves, which they preferred. In a week-long test of the two types of trays, students had a choice: Use foam trays for free or pay an extra nickel for paper. Eighty-six percent of the junior high and 72 percent of the high school students chose the latter. Not surprisingly, the board switched to paper supplies. The following year, after more pressure from students and faculty, the board switched again, this time to washable dishes and trays. Their conclusion: Not only did the change cut down the amount of cafeteria-generated trash, it was, in the end, far cheaper than using throw-
Caplan is no stranger to grassroots' victories. She has been active on environmental issues for nearly 20 years, first in Oswego, NY, and now as executive director of the Washington, DC-based Environmental Action. Founded by the organizers of Earth Day, Environmental Action has for two decades advocated clean air legislation, from tighter tailpipe standards to reduce smog, to technology-based reductions in toxic emissions. They have also consistently fought for minimizing the transportation and handling of high-level radioactive waste, and have supported laws to protect consumers from abuse by utility monopolies. Environmental Action’s Solid Waste Alternative Project (SWAP) is nationally recognized for its expertise on waste reduction and recycling. SWAP was instrumental in helping activists in Minneapolis and St. Paul write the nation’s most ambitious controls on solid waste creation. As a result, groceries in the Twin Cities now ban non-recyclable packaging from their shelves. In addition, Environmental Action participates in the Energy Conservation Coalition (ECC) and, along with 18 other organizations, is pushing hard for increased auto efficiency. ECC, like Environmental Action, also advocates “a crash program” to study the use of renewable technologies, like wind and sun.

With a staff of 23, Environmental Action’s offices are bustling, noisy. They are a far cry from the cramped living rooms and kitchen tables where Caplan got her start as an organizer. “We moved to Oswego, NY from Chicago in August, 1968,” Caplan recalls. “Pete, my husband, got a teaching job at the State University of New York, so after six years in Chicago, we were leaving. Oswego is on the shore of Lake Ontario and has about 25,000 people. At one time it was the largest city in upstate New York, with a lot of commerce. But it never grew. It’s an area with very high rural poverty,” she continues. “Many of the houses had dirt floors, and there were frequent kerosene fires. Oswego has a river running through it, and three hills: Irish, Italian and Polish. Each has its own parish and its own bars. And then there's the college. When we first came it was still the land of the pantry raid.”

Although Caplan had been employed as an educational evaluator in Chicago, she did not meet New York state’s licensing requirements and was forced to look for other types of work. With a six-month-old baby in tow, she began volunteering with the League of Women Voters. “I could have been a faculty

wife,” she laughs. “But those of us who didn’t identify as faculty wives got involved in the League.”

Around this time, in the fall of 1968, Caplan realized that there was no place in town to buy UNICEF or other progressive greeting cards or crafts. “The townpeople thought UNICEF was communist,” she says. “So a few of my friends and I rented a storefront and sold cards made by the Fellowship of Reconciliation and UNICEF, and crafts made by co-ops in Guatemala. There was literature and coffee. We were open for three months before Christmas. The next summer we went to North Carolina and brought back crafts to sell. We did this for a few years, until the store got to be too successful. People were coming in to buy nice Christmas presents and were not staying to look at any of the political stuff.” Within several years, the store was dissolved.

Then, when Earth Day activities were announced for April 22, 1970, she participated. “Jonathan was born in February, 1970. He was on my back, and Becky, who was two, was toddling after me as I picked up bottles and cans on the shore of Lake Ontario. It was an informal, one-day thing, locally organized.”

That event concluded, and the card and craft business closed, Caplan and her friends began looking for a new project to get involved in. “We talked about what we wanted to do next, and we were clear — it had to be something to do with the environment. As a group we quit using disposable diapers and paper napkins. We began to recycle cans and glass. We grew our own food, made bread. Pete and I were into the concept of communal living, sharing childcare and a house with another couple...First of all, working on environmental issues was something we could start doing. It was very consistent with raising our own food and self-sufficiency. You had two movements going on in this period. The back-to-the-land movement, which we were playing at doing since we weren’t out in the wilderness, and the activists who were coming out of Earth Day. These two movements did not always intersect.

I had one foot in the back-to-the-land movement, and had room to place another foot down. At first we thought we’d work on public transportation, since Oswego had no public transit whatsoever.”

But something serendipitous happened, and Caplan’s life was forever changed by it. “We called this meeting, and a strawberry farmer from nearby came and said ‘I don’t know what you had planned for tonight, but I have this tape for you to hear.’” The speaker they heard was Dr. Arthur Tamplin, a nuclear chemist at the Lawrence Livermore Laboratories. The subject was plutonium, and the tape offered a detailed description of the dangers residents faced from the nearby Nine Mile Point nuclear power plant. “We listened very carefully,” says Caplan. “And we were never the same again...Plutonium has a half life of 24,000 years. It is highly toxic. If it lodges in your lungs, it can cause cancer. And it is man-made; it does not occur naturally.”

After listening to Tamplin, Caplan and the other meeting attendees began to seriously study the issue of nuclear power. “We read everything, the 10 or 12 of us, from Scientific American, to Science Magazine, everything.” Then, after about a year of study, “we saw a notice in the newspaper that the New York Power Authority wanted a license from the Atomic Energy Commission to open a second nuclear power plant, Nine Mile II. We called a meeting to decide what to do, half of us saying ‘We can’t just let this happen,’ and the other half saying ‘No, we’re scared. We’re not ready to do this.’ The group split.

Calling themselves Ecology Action, those who chose to fight the plan began organizing from the ground up. Between applying for a “permit to intervene” in the plan, to attending every hearing on the matter and demanding both an environmental impact statement and a water quality monitoring board, Caplan and her colleagues got firsthand experience in challenging corporate power and dealing with complicated bureaucracies. Although they ultimately lost their bid to stop the plant from being constructed, they won their demand for a water quality monitoring board — with Dr. Arthur Tamplin as a member.
The group then turned its attention to stopping the Rochester Gas and Electric Company from building coal plants in the area. With help from the Sierra Club, the group was able to squelch the utility’s plan.

**Environment Savers**

Although corporations, governments and utility companies are the primary culprits responsible for polluting the planet, individuals, too, can play a role in promoting ecological sanity. The following list includes measures you can take at home, at work, at the supermarket and at school.

**At Home**
- Heating one home with oil for one year creates an average of 6.5 tons of carbon dioxide, the primary cause of global warming. You could use 50 percent less oil — and generate much less CO_2_— by weatherizing your house: Caulking doors and windows, insulating windows with thick curtains to cut heat loss, installing storm windows and doors, and putting insulation in exterior walls, the attic floor, the top floor ceiling and any crawl spaces.
- Lower your thermostat to 65 degrees during the day and 60 degrees at night. Reducing heat to this level saves the equivalent of 570,000 barrels of oil per day.
- Set your air conditioner at 78 degrees. The higher the setting and the less difference between indoor and outdoor temperature, the less hot air will flow into the building. Setting your air conditioner at 78, rather than 72, saves about 190,000 barrels of oil daily.
- Dust light fixtures and bulbs. Regular cleaning gets rid of light-absorbing dirt. If possible, replace incandescent bulbs with 18-watt fluorescent ones. Although these bulbs are more expensive, they last 10 times longer. Each fluorescent light used keeps about 250 pounds of carbon dioxide out of the atmosphere.
- Install and use exhaust fans that are vented to the outdoors in kitchens and bathrooms. Also vent clothes dryers outside since most biological pollutants thrive in moist conditions.
- If your refrigerator wears out, find a salvager who can both remove the appliance from your home and recycle the chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs which eat away at the earth’s protective ozone shield and contribute to the greenhouse effect) before dismantling it.

**At School**
- Across the country, napkins, plates, cups and plastic utensils are tossed into the trash thousands of times a day, at least five days a week. To cut down on the amount of trash generated, cafeterias can switch to glass dishes and metal utensils. They can also use separate garbage cans for organic waste (unateen food) and paper and other trash. Organic waste can often be composted.
- Press school officials to test for radon, asbestos and lead in drinking water.
- Caulk and weatherize the building. U.S. schools currently spend about $2 billion each year on energy. If schools were more energy efficient, experts estimate that the cost could be cut by at least 30 percent, to $665 million per year.

**At the Supermarket**
- Whenever possible, buy returnable bottles and cans. Also, buy products that can be recycled — and recycle them.
- Buy waxed paper instead of plastic wrap; buy glass casseroles with lids and use them instead of microwave wrap.
- Avoid excessive packaging. Buy bar soap in bulk, rather than liquid soap in plastic bottles. Slice your own cheese, rather than buying individually wrapped slices. Buy fresh produce and bag it yourself, instead of food that’s prepackaged in cans, cardboard or plastic. Use reusable plastic bags, or better yet, carry a string bag in your purse or backpack and use it when making routine purchases. Buy eggs in a cardboard, not styrofoam, containers.
- Use biodegradable, unbleached coffee filters, toilet paper, paper and sanitary napkins. If not stocked by your local supermarket, consider ordering them from Seventh Generation, 10 Farrell St., South Burlington, VT 05403. Catalog is $2.

**Carpool to work, or use a bicycle or public transportation.**

**Cleaning the Environmental Way**
- Avoid unnecessary use of toxic household cleansers. Instead, substitute the following non-toxic ingredients: Ammonia, baking soda, borax, vinegar and washing soda. All-purpose cleaner: One gallon hot water, 1/4 cup soapy ammonia, 1/4 cup vinegar, and one tablespoon baking soda. Furniture Polish: Two parts olive oil to one part lemon juice. Kitchen floor cleaner: Vinegar and water. Bathtub cleaner: Baking soda or borax will do the trick.

**Household Pests**
- Ants: Use barriers of talcum powder, chalk, bone meal or boric acid. Cockroaches: Caulk cracks along baseboards, wall shelves, cupboards and around pipes, sinks and bathtub fixtures. A light dusting of borax will further deter the pesky creatures. Moths: Store woolens in cedar chests or closets, or in tightly sealed bags. Fleas: Use an herbal rinse made by mixing 1/2 cup rosemary (fresh or dried) with 1/2 cup boiling water; steep minutes, strain and allow to cool. Do not towel pet dry. In addition, put a few drops of vinegar in your pet’s drinking water.

**At Work**
- If you work in an office, you can save at least 17 trees, and keep 60 pounds of pollution out of the air, for each ton of paper recycled. And, since 85 percent of all office waste is discarded paper:
- Encourage your employer to use recycled paper for envelopes, stationery and business cards. Eliminate purchases of containers such as plastic window envelopes and non-water soluble labels.
- One company to contact for supplies is Earth Care Paper Products, P.O. Box 3335, Madison, WI 53704.

**Avoid excessive packaging. Buy bar soap in bulk, rather than liquid soap in plastic bottles. Slice your own cheese, rather than buying individually wrapped slices. Buy fresh produce and bag it yourself, instead of food that’s prepackaged in cans, cardboard or plastic. Use reusable plastic bags, or better yet, carry a string bag in your purse or backpack and use it when making routine purchases. Buy eggs in a cardboard, not styrofoam, containers.**

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This information was gleaned from *Save Our Planet: 750 Everyday Ways You Can Help Clean Up the Earth*, by Diane MacEachern (Dell Publishing: New York, $9.95 paperback).
Innocent Casualties in the War on Drugs

Addicts — needy, bleeding, vomiting people — stop being the real concern

By Betsy Swart

There are nearly 10 million addicts in the United States today but only about 338,000 slots in treatment centers. Federal agencies like the Alcohol, Drug Abuse, and Mental Health Administration (ADAMHA), whose annual budgets are in the hundreds of millions of dollars, are supposedly waging a war on drugs. But, unfortunately, their war on drugs is more and more becoming a war on animals, while human addicts are left crying for help.

Right now, in laboratories across the United States, dogs are being run on treadmills until their hearts give out; rabbits are hallucinating on LSD; mice are convulsing in PCP withdrawal; pregnant ewes and cows are having their uteruses invaded with wires and electrodes; and monkeys are vomiting as they withdraw from heroin. By the time you have finished reading this article, thousands of animals will have died. And the agony and death is all for nothing.

In a laboratory in Atlanta, a monkey is strapped into a restraint chair. Every few minutes, he hits a lever and cocaine is administered into his body through an indwelling catheter. This experiment, which costs the American taxpayer nearly $300,000, is set up to prove the obvious — that monkeys, like humans, sometimes prefer cocaine to food.

The researcher in charge of this experiment is Dr. Larry Byrd of the Yerkes Primate Center and Emory University. Byrd uses squirrel monkeys and chimpanzees to study how cocaine and other drugs affect learning and memory. In an experiment, for example, three adult squirrel monkeys are caged in isolation. Each day, they are taken out of their cages and strapped into Plexiglass restraint chairs. Their tails are held motionless in stocks and two electrodes are attached to shaved portions of skin at the ends. Then the electro-shock sessions begin. By the time the experiment is over, each monkey has endured 126 two-hour and 79 one-hour shock sessions. In addition, five different dose levels of cocaine have been injected twice into each monkey. After the data from the above sessions is analyzed, the obvious conclusion is in: Drugs alter the rate of learning. Byrd's protocols do not mention human health problems, nor do they apply to the current drug crisis or its effect on students with drug-related learning problems.

In Georgia, for example, about a million dollars a year goes into addicting animals to drugs. Meanwhile, approximately 36,000 of the state's senior high school students report increasingly easy access to cocaine. And the Georgia Department of Human Resources reported a stagger-
ing 1,749 percent increase in clients seeking treatment between 1983-1989. But treatment centers in the state were only able to care for about 55,000 patients last year.

The discrepancy between patient-care and animal research funds is not just a problem in Georgia. It's a problem in every state in the union. One treatment center director recently remarked that when the scientific establishment is befuddled, it throws money into research. That may well be true, but the root cause of the animal research boondoggle goes deeper than any bureaucratic bungling. It has to do with the most basic assumptions underlying Western science — assumptions which sell people short at the same time that they torture and gruesomely kill millions of animals.

One area of increased funding for animal research on addiction is that of pregnancy and fetal development. James Woods, at the University of Rochester, experiments on pregnant sheep to study the effect of cocaine on delivery of oxygen to fetuses. At 100 days of development, a pregnant ewe is forced to undergo catheterization of her veins and arteries and a pulmonary artery flow probe is placed inside her to measure heart rate and blood pressure. Ten days later, she undergoes surgery again. More flow probes are placed in the mother and catheters are forced into the fetus. Cocaine is then administered to the mother — intravenously and directly into the uterine artery. Researchers probe what they dub the “mother-fetal unit,” or the “MFU,” until birth, at which point the baby lamb is killed and necropsied so effects of oxygen levels on brain development can be determined. Needless to say, the results of this experiment are impossible to extrapolate to humans because of the vast differences between the anatomies of baby humans and baby lambs. Furthermore, the hideous objectification of animals that permits scientists to refer to the ewe and lamb as an “MFU” extends to pregnant addicts on the street. They, too, are little more than objects for scientific disregard.

Dozens of other researchers study the effect of drugs on pregnant animals. The cost to taxpayers is staggering; animal agony is immense. Peter Danilo of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York is receiving $172,485 to study how smoking affects fetal development in dogs and guinea pigs. Picture pregnant beagles with their faces strapped into smoking machines. Sheldon Sparber of the University of Minnesota is receiving $96,033 to study exposure to cocaine in the fetal rat. Ernest Abel is using $119,850 to study how fetal rats react to marijuana. C.L. DeVane at the University of Florida and Donald Dyer of Iowa State are receiving $135,968 and $109,675 respectively to study cocaine in fetal lambs. All of these experiments go on while pregnant women addicts are repeatedly denied treatment in facilities in every major city in this country. Even sadder, many pregnant women are simply shunted into jail cells because no one is equipped to help them.

Similarly, since the cocaine-related death of basketball star Len Bias, funding for cocaine/exercise experiments has been plentiful. Fourteen new grant lines were funded last year by the Alcohol, Drug Abuse, and Mental Health Administration to study the relationship between drugs and physical exertion. Instead of developing prevention, treatment or health programs for athletes, the government is now funding studies which induce heat-stroke in drug-addicted mice; run cocaine-addicted dogs to death on treadmills; and force addicted rats to swim until they die.

To make matters worse, ADAMHA, the leading funder of animal-based research on drug addiction, is now entrenching its programs even more deeply into animal research. ADAMHA

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On the Issues was created in Fall, 1983 as an in-house newsletter of the Choices Women's Medical Center. Our initial plan was to communicate with medical and feminist organizations concerning women's health issues. Founded in 1971, Choices was one of the first feminist abortion facilities in the country with a vision of providing the highest quality women's health care in a supportive, loving and educational environment. Since our founding, Choices has served over 200,000 women in all areas of reproductive health care and has grown to become a leading force in progressive medical politics. Our philosophy of "Patient Power," which teaches active and educated patient involvement in treatment and medical decision-making, was the philosophical forerunner of the medical consumer movement of the 1980s. Our commitment to education and aggressive questioning of the medical establishment, led to the decision to subsidize a publication that would serve as a forum for positive social change.

Our first eight-page On the Issues included an AIDS ALERT where we announced the new New York City Health Department's 24-hour hotline with the latest information on the then-recently-identified disease; a piece on Pre-Menstrual Syndrome; a report on Merle Hoffman's debate with Jerry Falwell and our original Win Some • Lose Some column.

It certainly is difficult to believe that from such an inauspicious beginning, On the Issues has evolved to become an internationally respected and relied-upon magazine. As the years passed and On the Issues grew, our vision expanded to include a multitude of progressive and feminist issues. It became obvious that the world's issues were "women's issues" and we rose to the challenge. Covering national and international events led us, in 1986, to be the first non-gay publication to expose the plight of Karen Thompson and Sharon Kowalski. In 1987, when few were talking about it, we ran an in-depth interview on women and AIDS with a physician specializing in this field. In 1988, we had Petra Kelly, leader of the West German Green Movement, Congresswoman Pat Schroeder and writer/activist Andrea Dworkin all in one issue. Major Carlos Wilson's report on "America's Secret War in the Sahara" won the Eugene V. Debs Award for Journalism, which it shared with The Nation, in 1989. In 1990, Helen M. Stummer's photographic essay on Sr. Lucy Poulin's answer to poverty and homelessness, H.O.M.E., was picked up by Fox TV Studios, which contacted H.O.M.E. about filming a documentary on the facility.

To reinforce our commitment to education and responsible social change, in 1987 On the Issues decided to accept advertising from companies that shared and were supportive of our vision of a world free of the "isms" of oppression. It is our firm belief that corporations can act ethically, should be supported if they do and challenged to change if they don't.

After publishing twice yearly since '83, 1990 saw us entering a quarterly publication schedule with subscribers as far away as Lebanon, Kenya and Australia. We have discovered that On the Issues has a life force of its own, which can grow and change with the world around us, while continuing to remain true to its principles and the women of Choices who support it.
On Speciesist

English usage glorifies humans at the expense of other animals

By Joan Dunayer

"A noun is a person, place, or thing," we obediently recite as children. What, then, are nonhuman animals? They aren't people or places, so — convention tells us — they must be things. Current English usage is speciesist. It glorifies the human species and belittles all others. Just as sexist language demeans women and excludes them from full consideration, speciesist language demeans and excludes nonhuman animals. When we consign other animals to the category thing, we obscure their sentience, individuality and right to autonomy.

Standard pronoun use also "thingifies" other animals. We say "the person who" but "the squirrel that." Reserving who for humans and relegating other animals to that or which falsely suggests that only humans are thinking, feeling beings. The consciousness of any animal merits who: "The bird who flew past." Similarly, an animal's gender warrants she or he, not it. With rare exception (for example, hermaphroditic worms), animals are female or male. A hen or mare is obviously she, a rooster or stallion he. In cases of unknown sex, she or he avoids both sexism and sexism. If you quote someone who refers to a nonhuman animal as that, which, or it, consider inserting [sic] to mark this pronoun use as speciesist.

More overtly speciesist than standard pronoun use, many common expressions invoke other species as a way of insulting a human: Sly as a fox, crazy as a loon, bull-headed, chicken-hearted, catty bitch. Ironically, such comparisons slight nonhuman animals, onto whom we project our own negative traits. No pig, for example, sweats like a pig. Possessing few sweat glands, pigs scarcely perspire at all. No wolf philanders like the human wolf. Throughout life, wolves are steadfastly monogamous.

Applied to a human, the mere name of another animal acts as invective "You rat, skunk, weasel, snake." Why? Other species are assumed to be lower. In evolving, however, species move toward greater adaptiveness, not greater humanness. Rats are not deficient to the degree that they differ from humans. Rats have remained adaptive far longer than humans have existed.

In addition to supporting an arbitrary hierarchy with humans at the top, speciesist language asserts a false dichotomy between animal and human. Much as some people hate to admit it, all of us are animals. Yet "animal" serves as an epithet for a person who has committed a particularly brutal act (toward another person). In contrast, we say "fully human" with a throb of reverence. Our eyes mist over at our unique humanness and our self-approval rating soars. At such times, we forget that "gorillaness" is more peaceful, "owlness" more keen-sighted, and "beeness" more ecologically benign. Other species have powers and graces we lack, however much we may analyze and invent.

Perhaps you're thinking, "All right, so English is speciesist. But it doesn't hurt other animals. They can't understand the words that disparage them." The words, however, foster the attitude that only human experience has reality or importance. If a dancing bear amuses humans, what does it matter that captivity has robbed the bear of freedom and happiness? Or that beatings "taught" the bear to dance? Like sexist language, speciesist language legitimizes exploitation and violence.

Pets are bred and sold as customized merchandise — including our "best friend." Through selective breeding tin-
breeding), humans have transformed the dog into a grotesquely unnatural variety of types, from giant breeds to toys. Inherited disorders afflict purebred dogs far more often than mixed breeds. Yet, "purebred" connotes superiority, "mutt" inferiority. "Purebreds" remain in demand while millions of homeless dogs are killed in U.S. shelters each year. Among those dogs who do find homes, many are abused by owners, who see themselves as the master or mistress.

Not exploited for their fur, dogs at least escape the category "fur-bearer", which tags an animal as a potential pelt. A fur ranch or farm may sound idyllic, but such ranch-raised animals as minks, foxes and rabbits experience neither open spaces nor greenery; they live confined to small wire cages. Turning nonhuman animals into a coat consumes far more fossil fuel than producing a synthetic "fur." Still, to appear environmentally sensitive, the fur industry calls these animals "renewable resources." The phrase completely negates each animal's individual being.

Like trappers, hunters kill other animals under the guise of wildlife management. This euphemism reveals the speciesist assumption that humans have the right to manage other creatures. Wildlife "management" has destroyed numerous species and ecosystems. Game species, by definition, are preordained targets in the hunter's sport. Predatory animals whose habitats have been appropriated for the exploitation of cattle and sheep are slaughtered in programs deceptively labeled "damage control". They are varmints to be poisoned, trapped, or shot.

In laboratories, nonhuman animals experience even more brutal treatment. To dismiss the suffering they inflict, vivisectors refer to their coerced victims as biomachines, research tools and disposable preparations. Avoiding use of the emotionally charged word "fear," researchers instead report that their subjects "reacted," "trembled," "jargon" shrouds the most systematic and nonchalant cruelty. Terminal food deprivation replaces forced starvation. Aversive stimuli encompasses repeated electric shocks, blows, burns and other forms of torture. Each year, researchers sacrifice — that is, kill — millions of mice, rats, dogs, cats, monkeys and others who lack protective membership in the human species.

Among animals bred for food, the yearly U.S. death toll exceeds six billion. Termed production units and converting machines converting foodstuffs into meat, milk, or eggs, the vast majority of these animals are mass-produced on a factory farm. The "farm" is a windowless building. Here the animals spend their lives, crowded wall-to-wall or restricted to crippling cages or pens. At the slaughterhouse — now called a processing plant — the gentle, patient cow becomes beef. The sensitive, intelligent pig becomes pork. The anemic, four-month-old calf, who has lived in darkness, chained by the neck, becomes milk-fed veal. Such language masks the misery and pain in which these animals live, and the fear in which they die. Happy not to remove the mask, consumers eat their flesh without compunction.

Every sentient being is a someone, not a something. By concealing this truth, speciesist language sanctions cruelty. Soon, I hope, children will learn, "A noun is an animal, place, or thing." With non-speciesist language, we can teach respect for all creatures. Just, compassionate words can help free our wordless kin.

Joan Dunayer is a freelance writer and animal rights activist.
Eyes of Time: Photojournalism in America, a book compiled by the International Museum of Photography to supplement an exhibition of the same name, is a comprehensive retrospective of major U.S. photojournalists since the dawn of photography. Well-known as well as lesser-known photographers are represented. Many photos that have served as eyes into past eras are here; the pictures exemplify the very power that photojournalism contains.

Like written journalism, the photographers' biases show unmistakably in their images. Their feelings are transmitted to magazines and newspapers worldwide, leaving the public to form opinions from the visual images presented.

The book is broken into time bytes, going into detail to explain the advances of photography in each particular period. New techniques, the social, political or economic situation at that time (sometimes a combination of all three), and profiles of the photographers who contributed the images that have frozen history for future generations are presented.

The first section begins with badly damaged, grainy, out-of-focus pictures of the Civil War and Civil War era. (These images, however, like the rest of the book, are reprinted on wonderful, glossy, expensive-feeling paper and are of top quality.)

We then briefly touch on Reconstruction before being whisked into World War I. From here, we proceed to the next section, “European Visions: Magazine Photography in Europe Between the Wars.” For the first time, we begin to see artistic vision in the images, for, due to the advent of the Speed Graphic Camera, photography was no longer restricted to strict, posed forms.

Instead, picture taking was now a hand-held process. Such technology freed photographers from the restrictions of their equipment, therefore, a degree of creativity entered into the photojournalism world during that time between the wars, and has continued to grow through the present day.

The two remaining sections cover the beginning of the true boom of photojournalism in mass media, the advent of picture magazines such as Life, the documentary piece, as well as down-and-dirty street-level coverage of the civil rights movement and the Vietnam War. Many legends of photojournalism made names for themselves during this era: Robert Capa, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Dorothea Lange, Charles Moore, Gordon Parks, W. Eugene Smith. They showed us the bread-lines of the Depression and striking and controversial images from World War II — both the triumphant image of Marines raising the stars and stripes on Iwo Jima and the aftereffects of the bomb in Japan. We see riot police in Paris, feel the pain of Kent State, the fear of Vietnam, confusion of the Middle East, the ugly faces of racism and the tired energy behind those who struggle for change.

In the hands of modern masters such as Mary Ellen Mark and Eugene Richards, we see the cancers of more recent years: Runaways, the drug culture of the inner cities and the terror and hopelessness of urban emergency rooms.

Eyes of Time is almost entirely made up of black and white images, but a concluding section is devoted to color work. Also contained are short bios of those represented in the exhibit, wherein one can trace the career paths of photographers and draw on the impetus for their work.

The accompanying text is expansive but not substantive, straying into topics that are tangential to the images. It is a case of presenting too much information and comes off as a bit overbearing, detracting from the images instead of enhancing them.

Still, Eyes of Time gives the history of photojournalism in the U.S. a fair representation; it says everything that
INTIMATE ADVERSARIES: Cultural Conflict Between Doctors and Women Patients by Alexandra Dundas Todd

A large percentage of those who are harmed are women. Alexandra Dundas Todd has fitted, as neat as a puzzle piece, the specific problem of female patient and doctor relationships into the problematic picture of modern medicine. Following the cue that in our system certain social groups—people of color, lesbians and gay men, immigrants, the poor, and the aged—have a more difficult time negotiating their rights against authority figures, she has chosen to concentrate on women, because male/female stereotypes frequently affect the doctor/patient relationship and because women are "the major consumers of health care in this country" (which itself requires analysis of why and how come), and because women's reproductive and sexual lives render them particularly vulnerable to medical intervention. Aply, she analyzes all these factors in what has become "the diseasing of reproduction."

And it is extraordinary, if you take one step back, to inquire how a biological activity that women have been performing (mostly successfully, if on occasion with some risk and failures) for approximately two million years, has suddenly become so complicated that hysterectomies are now "the fourth most frequently performed operation" in the United States, and the caesarian rate is 30 percent in some hospitals. Ironically, as Dundas Todd points out, it is women who at first encouraged the development of gynecology in the 19th century, with the hope of establishing control over their sexual and reproductive lives. But as the technology developed, the direction passed out of the hands of women, who remained trapped in a male-doctor/female-patient relationship where the educated, knowledgeable woman who asks questions is labelled "difficult to handle" and "neurotic," and the complaints of uneducated women are not taken seriously or not listened to at all, often with tragic consequences.

Medical relationships, as Dundas Todd notes, are part of the entire social framework in which we live, and many of the assumptions of that framework, such as the "idea of scientific objectivity"—an impression shared by both men and women—affect our medical relationships. The effect becomes crucial in such specific areas as the selection of a birth control method. Doctors are overwhelmingly prone to recommend the pill (crudely and coyly referred to by many as "happy pills") or the I.U.D.
Eve's Garden is a warm, supportive space which provides a woman with the opportunity to safely expand and celebrate her own sexuality. Created in 1974, by women for women, it is the first mail-order catalog of its kind to dedicate itself specifically to the sensual needs of women. We offer a carefully chosen selection of books, quality vibrators and many other sexual-awareness accessories for women in all lifestyles. Our tasteful and informative catalog has been endorsed by many leading professionals in the field of human sexuality who find our materials helpful in their clinical practice. To obtain your catalogue, send $1.00 to Eve's Garden, or visit our elegant midtown boutique, Mon.-Sat. Noon to 6:30PM. It will be our pleasure to serve you.

Eve's Garden International, LTD., Mon.-Sat. Noon to 6:30PM. It will be our pleasure to serve you.

THE WISE WOMAN, 2441 Cordova St., Oakland, CA 94602
(415) 536-3174

THE WISE WOMAN, a national quarterly journal, focuses on feminist issues, Goddess lore, feminist spirituality, and Feminist Witchcraft. Includes: women's history/heritage, news, analysis, critical reviews, art, poetry, cartoons by Bülbül, exclusive interviews, and original research about witch-hunts, women's heritage, and women today. Subscription: $15 a year/$27 for 2 years, $38 for 3 years (U.S. funds). Sample copy or back issue: $4 (U.S. funds only). Published quarterly since 1980 by Ann Forfreedom. A FREE 1-year subscription to each Women's Studies teacher that sends in a copy of this ad.

THE WISE WOMAN, 2441 Cordova St., Oakland, CA 94602.
A large portion of this book is devoted to strategies for assessment and intervention. Included is a “Children Witness to Violence Interview” form which the authors developed for their clinical research, to “explore more subtle symptoms that children do not reveal with other assessment techniques.”

In discussing the overlapping services of shelters, child protection agencies, children’s mental health centers, the juvenile justice system and the schools, the authors issue a challenge for learning about the problem and working together. As it now stands, shelter staff fear referrals to child protection agencies who may remove children from the mother; children’s mental health centers do not ask about family violence because they do not have the staff or awareness to deal effectively with it; the justice system is out to punish, and its methods often lead only to repeat offenses; the schools don’t like troublemakers and don’t seek the causes behind destructive behavior.

The authors believe workshops on teacher awareness and the development of curricula for students in all grades have great potential for changing attitudes and behaviors toward family violence. As they state, “In every classroom there exist potential victims and perpetrators...neighbors, police officers, emergency room nurses, judges, and so on, who can all benefit from programs promoting new attitudes against violence in the family and a conspiracy of silence.”

This book has an excellent bibliography and includes a thorough review of recent research about children of battered women.

- Sharon Wyse

Sharon Wyse is a writer and activist from Brooklyn, NY.

ARE THEY SELLING HER LIPS: ADVERTISING AND IDENTITY by Carol Moog, Ph.D. (William Morrow and Company, Inc., NY; $18.95 hardcover) Carol Moog’s five-year-old daughter asked the question “Are they selling her lips?” after seeing a TV commercial for toothpaste. The dawning realization that ads sell more than the product and affect more than the immediate target market, prompted the author, a practicing psychologist, to expand her expertise to market research and enter Madison Avenue as analyst and consultant. Are They Selling Her Lips... is written from the unique vantage point of her two careers, and is about their mutuality.

The bulk of the book consists of ad critiques grouped into chapter-catego-
The use of psychology in advertising is a phenomenon that is routinely accepted by today's sophisticated audience, but Moog takes us beyond the lay understanding. She conducts in-depth excursions through 30-second TV spots and guides us along the previously uncharted terrain of print ads. One striking example is her depiction of the "Willy Horton" campaign ad which she likens to Lyndon Johnson's "Daisy/Girl/Peace" and Reagan's "Bear in the Woods" spots. In the accompanying analysis she claims that these "psychological [and] symbolic messages...take advantage of our deep-seated anxiety about society...heighten our sense of vulnerability...our terror of...Dark Forces...and offer [the advertised candidate] as the antidote to these fears."

The book is peppered with psychological insights that are of value in their own right. Depicting a Maybelline ad wherein a mother and daughter are featured, she expounds on the maturity of children in single-parent families. Moog's astuteness is most apparent when discussing how ads are interpreted by her patients. In fact, she has found advertisements to be as illuminating as Rorschach inkblots in helping her discover their inner identities. There are colorful, concise anecdotes about people, with insightful references to advertisements which have affected their lives. For example, says Amy, "Here I am — the Pepsi generation — and I feel like jumping out the window." When pressed, she adds, "You know — people going crazy. Having fun." "Do you know anybody like that?" "Not really."

"An image had been planted..." says Moog. "Amy had never seen the Pepsi Generation in real life...Those brilliant commercials that were intended to make people thirsty for Pepsi were actually making [them] thirsty for a fantasy life."

In the chapter "Tell Me a Story" she tells of patients who bought cars because they bought the story behind the ad. Kevin drives a Jaguar because it's an "evolution of the species." Jennifer bought a Jeep and daydreams in full color about a forest. 'I had to have it. When I get in...all dressed up for work — the dress, the heels, the bag — I feel like I'm going camping, like I'm roughing it.'

Moog then reveals why this makes sense for Jennifer. "As a child she did have an affinity for nursing small, damaged animals back to health, an avocation her mother found repugnant. She finally retired her nature-girl calling and went on with the business of being a datifal daughter. I believe Jennifer's Jeep resonates with her squelched earthiness."

There is an unfortunate tendency for the author to belabor the points being made so that the writing becomes repetitious. She also overuses adjectives like "squelched" and alliterations such as "Oval Office occupant." For the most part, however, there is a natural exuberance to the descriptive journeys that augment and bring to life the tiny black and white reproductions of ads she discusses.

Moog, addressing the subject of guidelines or the lack thereof, states that "Advertising goes largely unscreened and comes to us without screening of any kind." The book sets up a standard of criteria that derives not only from the advertisement maximizing product sales, but of achieving this with excellence and integrity.

Besides being enjoyable reading I would go so far as to recommend that, until such time as road signs are designed for Madison Avenue, and some measures introduced to ensure their being heeded, Lips should be required reading for all those who would travel the paths of print or electronic sound and light into millions of homes and children's malleable minds.

—Noreen Ash Mackay

Noreen Ash Mackay is a documentary filmmaker, media analyst and writer from New York City.

FILM & VIDEO

POSITIVE IMAGES: PORTRAITS OF WOMEN WITH DISABILITIES Produced by Julie Harrison and Marilyn Rousso; directed by Julie Harrison. 58 minutes, color, open-captioned. Available from Women Make Movies, Box SE, 225 Lafayette Street, New York, NY 10012

The three women—one deaf, one partly paralyzed, one almost completely paralyzed—who are the subjects of "Positive Images" have had astonishing careers. Barbara Kannapell was born deaf to deaf parents. During her adolescence, she thought her unease about dating was due to "squelched" and alliterations such as "Oval Office occupant." For the most part, however, there is a natural exuberance to the descriptive journeys that augment and bring to life the tiny black and white reproductions of ads she discusses.

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"Positive Images" could conceivably provide a forum for discussion of disabilities and how people deal with them. It might even be moderately affirming for a group of disabled women. Unfortunately, it's not a strong enough documentary to educate many people or to move them to action.

—Judith Pasternak

Judith Pasternak is a freelance writer and reviewer from New York City.

THE BELLS from pg 13

not know. One of her friends knew she was pregnant, but that friend did not know Becky had an abortion. She didn't tell a soul.

Becky had been in the hospital on two prior occasions, and both times she was attended by this one nurse, Ann. When we took Becky into the hospital the night she died, Ann was there. After we left to get a sandwich and before Becky quit breathing, Ann knelt down beside her and asked, "Becky, are you in trouble?" And she said, "No, Ann, I'll be all right." Becky didn't know she was dying; she knew that something was wrong, but she didn't even mention the abortion at that point in time.

OTI: Is there anything you would like to say to other parents?

BB: First, I think our outspokenness against these laws is not in any way, shape or form designed to disrupt the family structure, but, believe me, I can speak from a disrupted family structure. I, like any other father, would want to know, and believed that my daughter would have come to us. But what we live with today is knowing that when Becky made the decision not to come to us, the laws, the way they are now, prevented her from getting safe medical care. So the pain that we live with now, the nightmare we face every day, is because others dictated what she must do when she needed help the most. I would say to them, don't take for granted that your kids will come to you. Understand what the laws are, understand the punishment, and I pray to God that no one else will have the nightmare we live with. They are punishing these young women.

BB: Bill and I aren't out promoting abortion or telling kids not to talk to mom and dad, or trying to hurt anybody. But we never thought anything would happen to our family because we did everything we should, and lived a decent life. But a child loves you like you love them, and they'll try to protect you like you'll try to protect them, and I're sure that, as I look back on it, I couldn't sit around and talk about my sex life with my daughter. I wanted to be perfect in her eyes, and she wanted to be perfect in my eyes. And she died thinking we didn't know she'd done something wrong.

All I can say to the people who say, well, I know that my daughter would come to me, I knew my daughter was good to me — and look where she is — in her grave. And it can happen, even in the best of families that have it all.

Mary Lou Greenberg is active with the New York Pro-Choice Coalition and writes on reproductive rights for the Revolutionary Worker newspaper.

Editors' Note: Rochelle Sharp, a national reporter at Gannett News Service, was the first to break the Rebecca Bell story nationally. In Ms. Magazine she reports that prior to Becky Bell's abortion, her mother, Karen, had heard through a family friend that Becky feared she was pregnant. However, at that time, she was not. Later, Karen and Bill Bell put Becky into a detoxification center to rid her of a newly-acquired drug habit. Bill Bell recalls telling Becky while she was recovering, "I don't want to go through this again."

Perhaps none of us is ever aware of the full impact of our words upon our children, or that they may interpret them too literally. Another reason why therapy can fail is the number of teenage patients to obtain parental consent can be a fatal failure.

A review of the video "Abortion Denied" is on pg 42.

GUAM from pg 15

needs, it does not provide abortions. This has been the case since the mid-'70s with the passage of the Hyde Amendment which forbids federal funding for abortion. On June 1, 1990, the Secretary of the Treasury sent out instructions reiterating this policy to all of its personnel. On Guam, Dr. Tom Yetman, the head of the OB-GYN department of the Naval Hospital, is also president of the Guam Crisis Pregnancy Center, an antiabortion counseling agency. He is careful to point out that he does this work on his own time.

If servicewomen or military spouses want an abortion, they must go either to a local clinic, like Dr. Freeman's, or Guam Memorial Hospital. It is estimated that between 600 and 1,000 abortions are performed on Guam each year. Freeman warns that if abortion is banned or restricted further, it will encourage some on Guam to seek abortions in Hawaii or Tokyo where it is legal, or the Philippines where it is not.

"I personally know two nurses who used to work in outcall abortion services in Manila. The woman who wants the abortion would check into a hotel. The nurse would go out with her suction machine and wheel it right through the hotel lobby under a cover that generally says, 'Food and Beverage Department.' The hotel management get a percentage for looking the other way. The nurse would go up to the patient's room. First trimester suction abortion, they'll do right in the woman's hotel room. If they come to your room, they charge $1000.

"Or, for 500 American dollars, a woman is picked up at the hotel, driven around the neighborhood for a while and then she's taken to a home by the room. The woman receives a quick abortion, a scraping of the uterus. Then the driver returns the patient back to her hotel. She has no idea who did the abortion, where it was done and there's no place she can go for follow-up if she has problems."

Interestingly, a recent University of Guam survey found it was the Filipino community now residing on the island that gave Governor Ada the highest approval rating for signing the abortion ban. Yet while antiabortion activists like Senator Arriola say they will continue to fight to restrict abortion on Guam because it goes against Chamorro..."
culture, the survey indicates that a plurality of Chamorros did not agree with Governor Ada's signing of the bill — a finding that does not surprise attorney Anita Arriola.

Arriola showed up her court brief with testimony from anthropologists and sociologists who have studied the Chamorro culture and have found that abortion "has been known and recognized and practiced throughout our history."

One of those people was Dr. Laura Thompson, a renowned anthropologist who studied Guam in the 1930s. Her book, Guam and Its People, was the first comprehensive anthropological study of the tiny Pacific island then under the control of the U.S. Navy. Interviewed at her home in Honolulu, Thompson pulled out her monograph on Guam and began reading aloud, "Several means of bringing on abortion are known. Boil a small piece of ironwood from which the bark has been removed. You boil it with aguardiente. Drink one cup of this brew three times. This is the most effective dose." She goes on to recite three other recipes.

Back on Guam, Senator Arriola shakes her head at the mention of Thompson's name. "Her book was banned in my high school class because a lot of people were angry. It got in a lot of messages that were not the right things."

University of Guam anthropologist Donald Rubinstein discounts the criticism leveled at his senior colleague. "I think there would be many reasons why books might be banned other than their truthfulness. I don't know of any other anthropological work that's really called into question Dr. Thompson's work."

Rubinstein points to the native language as further proof that abortion exists in the culture. Although the Archbishop of Guam says there isn't even a Chamorro word for "abortion," Rubinstein cites several. "The term 'pokka' is a generic term which means to break or crack or shatter and it's used as a term for actively ending a pregnancy. The other term, 'mafog,' probably translates more accurately as 'miscarry.'"

Dr. Thompson says her recipes for herbal abortifacients came from an old suruhan, or woman herbalist. These local healers have been practicing traditional medicine since before the Spanish Conquest. They have also been known to induce abortion through herbal douches, potions and massages. But Thompson says it is not something that is openly discussed. "I had the impression it was secret on the part of suruhanas and secret on the part of the women. But I also think that abortion usually is a secret process. It's a woman's world and a woman's job."

"KEEP ABORTION SAFE AND LEGAL" and "DON'T WANT AN ABORTION? DON'T HAVE ONE" are the slogans on the first posters the new abortion rights group has put up along the roadside throughout Guam. People for Choice formed shortly after the Governor signed the abortion ban into law. The group now boasts a mailing list of 300 — about the same number of people that showed up at a pro-choice rally in those frenzied days following passage of the Arriola bill. It was the first pro-choice rally ever held on Guam. Although a counter-rally called for the same day drew 1000 supporters, pro-choice organizers were amazed that even 300 dared show up to demonstrate public support for abortion.

Both Lou Leon-Guerrero and Anita Arriola are products of Guam's Catholic schools, yet they are continually surprised by the Church's level of involvement in the abortion debate. Arriola recalls walking to the pro-choice rally with Janet Benshoof and being approached by a group of Catholic high school girls who had seen the lawyers on the news. The girls said they supported what they were doing, but when Benshoof suggested they join them at the rally, they said the nuns told them they would be expelled if they went. Afterwards, Arriola said a friend called her and said her two children, aged six and eight, were told by their school's nuns that they would get an A in religion if they went to the antiabortion rally. A few months later, just before the September primary for all elected positions, the Archbishop sent out a letter to all Catholics calling on them to vote only for "pro-life" candidates.

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"I drove the family back to their apartment. I took some more photographs and said good-bye.

"It is always a relief to get back on the highway, even though I carry some of the weight of this world with me. It seems that my nervous system can only take a few hours of this environment. I recall the joy I had the day before, seeing baby geese in my suburban park, how everyone stopped in awe at such a wonderful sight. My tears fall as I recall the children I just left — how old they looked — and what Leona, a woman who was born in the South and who grew up in Newark, said: "If a person in the suburbs had to experience two months of this life they would go stark raving mad." I think about my comfortable suburban home, I am thankful that I have a choice. In fact, that is what defines being trapped in the inner city — living without choices.

"I remember when I was a suburban high school teacher, I would often take my classes to visit homeless shelters in Newark, and have the people without homes discuss the reasons why. The greatest impact on the students came from the realization that in a shelter there were no choices. As one student later wrote, "I take it for granted that I can go to the refrigerator any time I like. Seeing all of this today really opened my eyes. It wasn't on TV. It was
saving a life right now with the appropriate donation.

Now the issue has gotten well and truly complicated. Do fathers have rights to the bone marrow of their children? Do siblings have rights — moral rights — to these donations? Legal rights are another issue: The law has been pretty clear that nobody has rights to use anybody else's body against the person's will or, in the case of young children, against the will of their custodial parents.

There have been some exceptions made to this and, on the whole, the exceptions have not served women very well at all. Can we try to leave the law the way it is? But let's ask ourselves some questions about moral rights, moral obligations.

When we hear that the world has people who need something from us, we know that it is true and we give. Write a check. Sometimes, anyway. And what of things dearer to many of us than the blood, marrow, pain and risk, of our life and health? And what of things dearer than money? Blood, marrow, pain and the risk, of our life and health? And what of things dearer to many of us than that? The blood, marrow, pain and risk, even slight, of our children?


Just how much do we owe each other? If I could answer any of these questions, I could resolve this dilemma. Instead, I find myself wondering whose idea it was to look down this path, to take this direction to seek cures to diseases?

The ethicists — and the journalists forever interviewing them — always seem to stop their questioning at the level of individual decision making: Is this parent acting responsibly? Does this mother have a moral right to create a child as donor? But what about the ethics of the researchers who create these dilemmas in the first place?

The typical medical ethics case presented for discussion involves Doctor Goodguy sitting behind his desk when in walks Patient Problem, presenting an ethical dilemma. That's not the world as I know it.

Who funded the research that looked into tissue-matching as a cure for diseases? Who thought it was a reasonable thing to investigate the possibility of people as bone marrow factories for other people? Mothers didn't invent these situations, nor are we mothers. The media reports tell us that the patient requesting that her tubal ligation be

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**DONOR BABIES from pg 23**

tested, clearly showing some devotion to the other child, the dying one. Let's give him benefit of the doubt — a man who loves all his children deeply, trying to make the same decision we would understand in the "simple" case, the intact family with a dying child.

And what of the twins' mother? She doesn't want the children used in this way. And who knows what motivates her? Maybe there is anger toward the father; maybe this is a punitive act on her part. Or maybe she is trying to do what she is supposed to do in this world, protect her children from harm. Any of our children might be the perfect bone marrow donor for someone. You don't have to be a sibling, it just increases the odds. Any of us might be. With some motivation, with the right testing programs and database, any of us might be.

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Helen M. Stummer is a visual sociologist whose work is in the permanent collections of the Brooklyn Museum, the Museum of the City of New York and the Newark Museum, among others.
reversed so that she can conceive a donor for her dying two-year-old is presenting doctors with an ethical dilemma. That's not what it looks like to me. To me it seems that the people who did the research, the people who developed the treatments that use donations from living people and the clinicians who offer such treatments, are presenting parents and other patients with moral and ethical dilemmas that are all but irresolvable. Why don't I see their ethics being dissected on the nightly news? How come the ethicists aren't pontificating about their moral responsibility to patients?

And bear in mind that all of this is happening in a context. If morally responsible people were overseeing the whole project of medical research and health care in America, or in the world for that matter, maybe there would be some very different medical ethics dilemmas facing us. Certainly some of these same issues would develop, but I think context does matter here.

All around us, children are dying of preventable diseases, diseases of poverty that we know we could fix with changes in priorities that most of us would welcome. As a society, we allow some children to die needlessly, invent Solomon-like dilemmas surrounding the treatment of others and then worry about the ethics of parents trying to work it out.

We can't get the pollution out of the air, we can't get food and housing to pregnant women and children, can't get money away from the military budget — is it easier to take money from a baby?

Barbara Katz Rothman, a Professor of Sociology at the City University of NY, is author of several books on motherhood, most recently Recreating Motherhood: Ideology and Technology in A Patriarchal Society (W.W. Norton).

ENVIRONMENT from pg 26

cal residents to get the Clean Water Act enforced.

"Meanwhile, in upstate New York, the Lake Shore Alliance had formed, bringing people from Ithaca, Rochester and Syracuse together. By the late 1970s, after Three Mile Island, we were able to do a lot of organizing. We organized Gasegwe to try and take the High Dam. The city owned the dam, but leased it to the Niagara Mohawk Power Company. There was tremendous feeling that the city should operate the dam itself. Local people were very interested...It was their dam." Although they lost this battle, Ecology Action had begun to make headway in the community. Shortly after the dam issue peaked, the group was able to mobilize enough opposition to stop a prototype for the first incinerator in the U.S. from being erected. "We got a lot of public support on this," Caplan recalls. "We petitioned in shopping centers. Women would come up to us and say 'I can't sign. My husband works for Niagara Mohawk, but I'm with you.'"

By 1979, Caplan was the Energy Committee chair of the New York state chapter of the Sierra Club. She later became national Energy Committee chair. Feeling more and more connected to national work, Caplan decided to move to DC when her husband got his next substantial. That was 1982; they have never left.

"I knew Environmental Action very well," she says. "In the mid 1970s, the People's Power Coalition of New York State got a boost from Rick Morgan, an Environmental Action staffer, who helped us get organized." Caplan stayed in touch with the group. "When I was job hunting in 1982, I checked out EA. They had a lobbying position opposing the Clinch River Breeder Reactor in Tennessee." She got the job, and, in coalition with others, succeeded in stopping the reactor.

Since becoming Environmental Action executive director, Ruth Caplan has become well known as an articulate, passionate environmentalist. "The next 10 years are critical to ward off global devastation," she says. "In the United States, we must recapture the vision of an energy-efficient, solar-powered economy. To reduce carbon dioxide from burning fossil fuels and to prevent a plunge back into nuclear power, homes and offices must eliminate energy waste.

Solar and hydrogen-powered vehicles using energy-efficient designs must be developed. Transportation planners must make public transportation and safe bike lanes a priority. Products must be manufactured that last and can be repaired or reused...Unless countries act now, they will be responding to one natural crisis after another." Then, without missing a beat, she smiles. "The next decade needs Environmental Action."


AFTER WEBSTER from pg 9

ter judge of her ability to bear and care for a child than the smartest man we ever sent to Washington."

Reproductive Health Services (RHS), the clinic that challenged Missouri's abortion statute, continues to handle half the 8,000 abortions performed each year in Missouri, drawing patients from 10 states. But one thing has changed. The not-for-profit clinic now has an adoption agency. If a woman wants to bring her pregnancy to term, RHS will find parents for the child — maybe. Estelle M. is a 22-year-old mother. She called several adoption agencies, but they told her they couldn't help her because she was Black and Black children are hard to place. Estelle gave birth to a baby in May and has now given him to an adoptive family that doesn't care about his color. Many other women are not so fortunate.

A cursory study of abortion in America will show it to be "overwhelmingly a phenomenon of young, unmarried women. the majority of them teenagers or in their early 20s," writes Rosalind Peteschlo, Director of Women's Studies at Hunter College in New York City.

"Two-thirds had family incomes under $25,000 a year and two-thirds were white, even though abortion rates are higher for Black and Latino women... Well before the Webster decision public hospitals, upon which most poor and rural women rely for their health care, increasingly refused to provide abortion services, accounting for only 13 percent of induced abortions in 1985. To whatever extent such policies affect the actual number of women getting abortions, they frame the meaning of abortion as an individual and social experience."

Republican Kay Orr, who occupies the governor's seat in Nebraska, chaired the Platform Committee at the National Republican Convention in 1988. Her press secretary, Doug Parratt, told us that platform expressed the Governor's personal views. She believes the right to life of the unborn is fundamental and must not be infringed. She commends the efforts of individuals and private organizations to provide alternatives to abortion by making adoption services a viable alternative.

During the past decade, President Ronald Reagan and George Bush have clung tenaciously to their antiabortion tenets. Despite their strong and steady rhetoric, the Congress has not passed a single major piece of antichoice legislation since the 1977 Hyde Amendment curtailing federal funding of abortions. Despite Governor Orr's views, the Republican Party is not a bastion of antichoice sentiment. Indeed, many Republican politicians now view the "profile" position as a serious liability.
at the polls. Governor Orr, who is currently campaigning for a second term, does not agree.

Before leaving Nebraska, several people told me the "prolifers" are louder, but they are a minority. One woman said, "You were raised here and you know how we feel about government interfering in our lives, especially when it's a private family matter."

And that's how it is in Nebraska 16 months after Webster.

**INNOCENT from pg 28**

...and its various agencies routinely spend more than $800 million per year on research and development — largely on animals. For example, this year's budget request by the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) — just one of ADAMHA's offices — is for $400 million, dollars, over half of which is for animal research grants. But only $27 million has been made available for the new Office of Treatment Improvement. Taxpayers can expect the gap between animal research dollars and treatment dollars to get even wider. ADAMHA's new project is known as the Medications Development Program (MDP).

Last fall, officials announced that they had procured $27 million in seed money to begin the MDP and hope to increase its budget to over $100 million by the early 1990s. The alleged purpose of the program is to seek a "magic pill" to cure addiction. NIDA has announced that its top priority is to find a chemical cure for addiction — that is, to find another drug that will "turn off" that part of the brain that produces the craving for drugs.

Many doctors and mental health professionals adamantly disagree that any chemical cure for addiction is possible. Dr. Murray Cohen, former Chief of the Out-Patient Division of New York's Lenox Hill Hospital, points out that substances originally created to "cure" one addiction usually turn out to be addictive themselves and even sometimes become a drug of choice, not of rehabilitation. Cohen indicates that effective drug treatment is usually based on giving something up — not on adding new chemicals to the already existing arsenal. Robert Jessor, a sociology professor at the University of Colorado says, "I object to seeing the vulnerability in the person rather than in their poverty." He maintains that the greatest risk of drug abuse is among children from impoverished families in drug-ridden neighborhoods who have no strong counterbalance from school or the community.

Many counselors and drug rehabilitation professionals are also cynical about the merits and intentions of the Medications Development Program. Says Kay Doffmbaug, Director of the Detoxification Unit of York Hospital in Pennsylvania, "It seems to me that this program just makes the drug crisis profitable for the pharmaceutical industry. The animal-dependent "magic pill" program does not address the underlying social and psychological causes of drug abuse. Craig Coleman, a drug counselor for 10 years, has observed that when an addict is weaned from one drug, she or he almost invariably takes up another if the cause of the addiction is not removed. In fact, a federal study released in August, 1989, found that as many as 47 percent of patients at 15 methadone clinics across the U.S. continued to use heroin or other opiates and up to 40 percent used other kinds of drugs.

The U.S. tax-paying public is beginning to wake up to the fact that their money is being squandered on programs that don't help people. Protest demonstrations have already occurred in Atlanta, Baltimore, New Haven and Washington. People are asking why funds are increasing for these experiments when so many other glaring social needs exist. The reasons go deep and have to do with the basic philosophical underpinnings of the scientific establishment. One problem is that scientists value "objective" over "subjective" data. Unfortunately, that means that epidemiological studies of drug addicts and ethnographic studies of the drug culture are given short shrift in favor of animal research grants through which some kind of quantifiable evidence is obtained. This evidence — statistics such as how quickly a primate can become addicted to cocaine or how many times per minute a monkey will push a lever for drugs — do not help humans. But they are eminently publishable and they do give the false impression that some clear truth is being sought. Consequently, federal agencies pour millions of dollars into animal experiments on the mother-fetal unit, for example, but ignore pregnant addicts.

Furthermore, the tendency of the scientific establishment is to take the drug crisis out of its cultural context and to fight the war on drugs inside the research laboratory instead of outside on the street. One reason is that the statistics they come up with look good on paper and keep grants flowing in. But the real root of the problem is that the scientific establishment objectifies its research subjects out of existence. That is, addicts — real, needy, bleeding, vomiting people — stop being the real concern. Instead, some abstract concept — like finding another chemical to cure addiction — becomes the driving force behind research. Suffering people are forgotten. And suffering animals in research labs become nothing more than objects themselves — research tools — to achieve research ends.

Finally, scientists seem unwilling to replace a fragmenting approach to the drug crisis with a holistic one. Searching for a biochemical cure to the drug crisis is like looking for a biochemical cure for poverty or homelessness. Assuming the source of the problem is biological, not societal, means scientists can turn away from the complex, multi-faceted aspects of addiction. In fact, it even gives them a convenient excuse for evading difficult questions and overwhelming problems.

If we are ever to see an end to the drug crisis, scientists must immediately re-examine some of their basic assumptions about the nature and source of the drug problem. And animals must stop being the pawns in the war on drugs. If the agony of animal addiction research were stopped tomorrow, not a single human health breakthrough would be threatened. In fact, human addicts...
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BETSY SWART is Director of Special Projects in the Washington, DC office of Friends of Animals. She has written and spoken on a wide variety of animal protection issues.

Hoffman from pg 3

and their sexuality is defined, controlled and commercialized by men.

According to Media Watch Vol. 4, Issue 2, the June issue of Esquire Magazine provides a supreme example of the negative objectification of the American female. In its piece entitled "The American Wife," she is called "the bag, the rag, the bag" etc. The issue also includes an advice column entitled Your Wife: An Owner's Manual... "From her pocket-book, to her plumbing, what every husband needs to know. NO assembly required. Batteries not included." The center spread concerns "The Last Housewife in America," and profiles Ohio homemaker Joann Stewart "while she makes beds with hospital corners and Pine Sol toilets with a smile and a whistle." The full page of the cheerful Stewart on her knees next to a toilet bowl is not too far off from Hustler's "Dream Lover" sequence in which a woman's head is forced into said bowl.

Bill Tatum, writing in the August 11 issue of the Amsterdam News, says of the Central Park jogger case that "this case and the Stuart Case in Boston will rattle around in our COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS for years to come.... He was articulating a perception by some Blacks that the jogger trial was a setup—a railroad job where the reality of the rape and the attack were continually questioned. Some went so far as to accuse the jogger of sexual orgies and drug buying to explain away the reality of a brutally raped young woman, while some went even further to question whether there was a comatose women in Metropolitan Hospital at all. Tatum further attacks the white media for what he considers to be their "totally biased and unprofessional conduct—the white media cannot be trusted to give you a fair shake when the honor of white women is at stake."

While a history littered with the corpses of lynched Black men might naturally lead to a perception of scapegoating by some, the point of the matter is that in the Central Park jogger case, just as in the Stuart case in Boston, these women were raped, attacked and murdered simply because they were women.

There is no question of the "honor of white women" involved in the jogger case. Honor, defined in the dictionary as "good name, outward respect and privilege" was not at stake in the Central Park case. A woman's life was at stake and almost lost in a horribly violent attack. A woman's sexuality is not her honor. Men have historically used the concept of "women's honor" as an excuse to protect "their property." And because women have been viewed as the property of men, their "honor" has come to be defined purely by which men they have sex with and in what context. For women, having a good name means being a virgin, wife or mother, while whores, lesbians, or "promiscuous" women don't qualify; outward respect is given to women who fill sexually accepted roles, and privilege is saved for mothers or wives. Shining the light on this reality does not preclude acknowledging that there were continual racist stereotypes used to describe both the Stuart and jogger cases, or that they both served to inflame racial and class tensions.

There can be no honor in a society that brutalizes women and denies them the fundamental human right to live without sexual violence — and there can be no honor in a society that inflicts racist violence against people of color and discriminates against millions of its citizens because of the color of their skins.

Acknowledging the prevalence of rape and murderous violence against women does not cancel out or minimize the reality of racism. Both speak to the necessity of struggle and change in a society where "honor" has yet to find true meaning.

NEW VIDEO: ABORTION DENIED

"Abortion Denied: Shattering Young Women's Lives," produced by The Feminist Majority Foundation, is an important new video which exposes the devastating impact of parental consent and notification laws. The 29-minute color documentary features interviews with Bill and Karen Bell whose daughter, Becky, died from an illegal abortion in 1988. We also hear from abortion providers and young women who relate the anguish of having to seek court approval for their abortions. Informative and moving, this video will provoke discussion and should compel viewers to speak and act against these laws.

"Abortion Denied" is available for $29.95 from The Feminist Majority Foundation, 1600 Wilson Boulevard, Suite #704, Arlington, Va 22209 (telephone:703-522-2214). Bulk prices are available upon request. A companion guide is available for $2.50. —MARY LOU GREENBERG
ON THE ISSUES WINTER 1990

WOMEN ARE A PART OF HISTORY
I read the article Margaret Sanger: Militant, Pragmatist, Visionary by Lawrence Lader in Volume XIV and was outraged that our American history books pay such little attention to women who have literally changed the world. I feel that I am a reasonably educated woman, having a degree in Nursing and another in Humanities. I have yet to recall mention of women like Margaret Sanger or their contribution to history. Margaret Sanger should have been considered an excellent role model for making significant social changes.

I have been so impressed with this article that I have made numerous copies and sent them to friends and family, as well as preparing an inservice for my hospital using Margaret Sanger as an example of courage and motivation towards a global political consciousness that has benefited so many. Please keep up the good work by reminding us all that we too are an important part of history and should be so recognized.

Margaret Jedeski
Biloxi, MS

SUPPORT ANIMAL RIGHTS
The animal-loving/animal-exploiting state of mind you describe in your Fall '90 editorial mirrors my own past experiences. Adoring animals all the while, I wore fur, ate meat, and even went to bullfights in Mexico. I think of it all now as life in the dead zone. Needless to say, your editorial delighted us here at The ANIMALS' AGENDA.

You may be interested in knowing that my October "Page Two" editorial mirrors with patriarchy, and the issue features an interview with Carol Adams, author of The Sexual Politics of Meat. There's a real need to feminize the animal rights movement — it's been coming clearer to me all the time that animal liberation and women's liberation are flip sides of the same coin.

Kim Bartlett, Editor
The ANIMALS' AGENDA
Monroe, CT

One week before receiving my Fall 1990 Edition of On the Issues, I finished reading The Slaughter of the Innocent, which I bought at the protest march for the ending of vivisection at the University of Maryland at Baltimore. They are building another animal research center with funds received from a grant for treatment of people addicted to drugs and alcohol. I too am consumed with sadness and hatred after reading this informative book. I was also dwelling in helplessness because most people say to me when I talk of vivisection "It's either your dog or my baby!" I was feeling that no one person understands. Thank you Merle Hoffman for joining the forces. It brought tears of relief to my eyes to read your editorial.

Catherine MacDonald
Baltimore, MD

Never have I seen the connectedness of the antivivisectionist and prochoice positions so beautifully and poignantly stated as in Merle Hoffman's article in your Fall, 1990, issue.

There will always be those who are terrified by what they perceive as inconsistent logic — and they will regularly try to trivialize very real individual concerns they do not understand by claiming these concerns are "inconsistent." Insisting that a non-human fetus, or a human fetus, has the same rights as a grown female non-human, or human, is like saying it's okay to eat fish because plants have feelings, too. I can think of no "consistency" more powerful than sentiment.

The concept of animal rights, and all the other rights causes, is a process. Sometimes I tire of feminists who decline or outright refuse to acknowledge, or even understand, that the non-human animals are always the bottom line — especially those feminists in the habit of actually borrowing "patriarchal metaphors" (Ex.: "he treated me like a piece of meat") from the same wonderful people who gave us the bullfight, slavery, the witch trials, and the Four Basic Food Groups.

Until we as humanists, of the religious or atheistic persuasions, and everything in between, begin to examine and release the hold hunter-gatherer ethics has on us, we will never truly experience the atavistic joy in creation itself that should properly be ours, but a joy which will never be genuinely accessible as long as we continue to "sacrifice" other sentient beings in a quest to bend them to our wills.

Jean Austin
Clinton, IA

COLOR CASE CONFUSION
We are confused. We noticed that in Volume XVI, Fall 1990, you use upper case when referring to dark-skinned people as "Blacks" and lower case when referring to light-skinned people as "whites." If this editorial choice is meant to imply that "whites" are common (in the basest sense of the word) and "Blacks" are special, then I, Danna, am insulted. If it means that "whites" are the norm and "Blacks" are an aberration, then I, Nancy, am offended.

In the interest of equality we would like to see a change in your editorial policy so that black and white are consistently capitalized or not when referring to racial background. Equality is, after all, the basis of feminism, world peace, and our friendship.

Danna Schilling
a woman of light skin tones
Nancy McKeever
a woman of deeper skin tones
Los Angeles, CA

ACTIVISM ON CAMPUS
I just finished reading Irene Davall's article "To Fee or Not to Fee..." and am inspired to write concerning the issue of women's activism on college campuses. I have been the president of the Women's Action Movement (WAM), a student-run feminist group at Brooklyn College. In the past two years we have organized two bus trips to Washington, DC for pro-choice marches; an anti-pornography slide show; defunded our sexist and racist school paper; run self-defense workshops; fought for day care; fought for security and rallied students to protest sexual harassment. Our problem has always been coming up with the "tricks" you talk about to generate student activism. We are fortunate at Brooklyn College in that we have some wonderful women profs who were with the movement in the 1970s and have remained committed to helping us and the cause. However, may I suggest that Flo Kennedy and Ms. Duvall (and whom else) write a Handbook of Feminist College Activism. We need your advice; we need to learn from you; we need to know all those "tricks" in order to be effective!

It was your generation that gave my generation the opportunities we have now. Please pass your knowledge on to us so that we may help our children, the next generation of feminists!

Judith Addelston
New York, NY

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... W. Somerset Maugham

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The illustration above is a detail from Harold Altman’s “Yellow Trees,” courtesy of the Wolf Schulz Gallery, San Francisco.
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Curiosity killed the cat.
But the tragic truth is:
It was not the cat that was curious!
Each year over 50,000 cats (not to mention an additional 35 million animals) are killed in laboratories. Please help The AA-VS* to redirect the curiosity of the scientists toward finding alternatives in research, testing and education that do not require the use of animals.
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