

LETTERS

imperialism's back yard

Camas, Wash.

The article by Orlando Letelier on Milton Friedman & Co.'s "shock treatment" for Chile [*The Nation*, Aug. 28] illustrates quite clearly the type of economic strategy that the United States intends for the nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America: the enrichment of the already rich and the impoverishment of the already poor in order to reinforce the grip of the landowning and business classes who, in turn, keep their nations open to U.S. corporations, AID, and other institutions of the "free world."

Together with the recent article by Rose Styron [*The Nation*, Aug. 14] on the Uruguayan version of Pinochet, Letelier's article shows that the naive idealism of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations of "freedom revolutions" and "inter-Americanism" has been junked completely and outright love for military dictatorship has replaced it. . . . As Richard Gott wrote in the June 13th *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, it is quite likely that the Phoenix program has been transferred from Vietnam to Latin America, with Dr. Kissinger desperate to shore up his empire which has met defeat in Southeast Asia and has been outmaneuvered in Africa. He wants to make sure that U.S. imperialism's back yard is "secure" for capitalism and profits. The mounds of bodies done away with by the Death Squads are the result. . . .

Frank W. Goheen

marriage of confusion

New York City

The letter you published in the Sept. 25th issue regarding my review of Heilbroner's *Business Civilization in Decline* (*The Nation*, July 17) is neither serious nor honest.

This Tertius Chandler takes my comments on Swedish economic planning and has the mendacity to marry them to another paragraph in which I am critical of "socialist" planning in the Soviet Union and the Eastern European countries. Thus, he has me saying of Sweden that it cannot "overcome its propensities toward overproduction, its shoddiness in quality, and its far from satisfactory regard for consumer needs and wants." There could be no mistaking the fact that these remarks were *not* being applied to Sweden.

He asserts that "in regard to Sweden [I] am wrong on all points." That would be quite true if I had ever written such foolishness. Anyone who has read my review of Gunnar Myrdal's *The Political Element in the Development of Economic Theory* (*The Nation*, Oct. 18, 1975) would know what respect and admiration I have for the accomplishments of Sweden's economic and social planning. The distortions of my thinking to which your correspondent resorted must not remain unanswered.

Victor Lebow

Texaco's zeal

Silver Spring, Md.

Barry Rubin's article on the Arab boycott [*The Nation*, Sept. 11] named Texaco as a U.S. firm eager "to avoid any contaminating contact with Israel." It is interesting to note that Texaco willingly provided enormous and vitally needed petroleum supplies on unguaranteed credit to Franco's forces from the very beginning of their rebellion in Spain, despite being fined for violation of the U.S. Embargo Act (see Hugh Thomas's *The Spanish Civil War* and Gabriel Jackson's *The Spanish Republic and the Civil War, 1931-1939*). And, if memory serves, Drew Pearson reported years ago that Texaco was involved in the overthrow of President Juan Bosch in the Dominican Republic in 1963.

Some investigative reporters should dig out more information on Texaco's and other firms' actions which undermine democratic governments and run counter to what ought to be U.S. Government policy. . . .

Edd Doerr

EDITORIALS

Orlando Letelier: Dead by Whose Hand?

Political terrorism has come home to roost in Washington. Orlando Letelier, the former ambassador of the last elected government of Chile—a government which our government relentlessly attacked in the name of anti-communism and in the interest of predatory capitalism—has been assassinated by a bomb whose explosion rattled the windows of the White House and the State Department. And the gangster regime that took over in Chile under our sponsorship is now rid of its most articulate and effective foe, a man who took refuge with us and whose life we could not, or at least did not, protect. An American, Ronni Karpen Moffitt, also died and her husband, Michael Moffitt, was injured. The wickedness of our foreign policy has girdled the globe; what it has meant to the world was symbolized with terrible dramatic economy, on September 21, when that car blew up on Embassy Row.

We do not know, we may never know, who the assassins were, but we can identify their beneficiaries—Pinochet and his henchmen of the Chilean junta; and we can identify their accomplices—the custodians of American foreign policy who have exercised their irresponsible power in our name. We have supported despotism in the cause of "stability" (read free enterprise) and we have blinked at the terrorism which despots must employ to survive. We have done more than blink: we have trained terrorists in our "counterintelligence" schools, we have armed them and filled their pockets. Now they are murdering in our national capital, and we shout our outrage for the world to hear. The world may wonder that we are surprised—or even shocked.

The Nation published a significant article by Orlando Letelier four weeks ago (August 28). It was entitled "Economic 'Freedom's' Awful Toll," and it told how the military dictatorship which killed Salvador Allende and replaced his elected government with a brutal dictatorship had, under the rubric of "austerity," ground down the people of Chile. It also spelled out how American capital was supporting the Pinochet regime and how the conservative American economist Prof. Milton Friedman and his "Chicago boys" were ruining the economy of Chile while they pretended to resurrect it as a pure "free enterprise" system—which meant supporting the monopolists and landowning oligarchs.

Letelier made the essential political connection in that article—that the kind of economic organization the United States was fostering in Chile absolutely required a "system of terror . . . to succeed." And now that system of terror has reached out and struck down by murder an opponent of the dictatorship which the United States did so much to install. The appalling irony of Letelier's death is that it occurred where it did, but irony is a short, if sometimes cruel, way to truth.

If *The Nation* makes evident its dark suspicions about the motives the Pinochet regime had to dispose of Or-

lando Letelier, by whatever means were necessary, it goes no further than did Senator Abourezk, Senator Kennedy and several Congressmen who, in the Capitol that Tuesday, demanded the most thorough investigation of this outrage and expressed their own hostility to the present government of Chile.

Orlando Letelier was a truly remarkable man, as a person and as a political thinker and government official. He was a brilliant economist, more accustomed to sober analysis than to political passion. But the dreadful oppressions of the Pinochet government drove even this rational man to speak with great feeling about the fate of his country. He spoke the following words in the week when General Pinochet signed a decree depriving him of his "nationality." (He told us the decree was entirely illegal under the Chilean constitution, but added that he regarded Pinochet's action as "a kind of decoration.")

On September 10 at a New York City rally sponsored by Chile Democratico and the Committee for Human Rights in Chile he uttered words that, eleven days later, could serve as his epitaph: "Today," he said, "is a dramatic day in my life, in which the action of the Fascist generals against me makes me feel more Chilean than ever, because we are the true Chileans in the tradition of O'Higgins, Balmaceda, Allende, Neruda and Victor Jara, and they—the Fascists—are the enemies of Chile. I was born a Chilean, I am a Chilean and I will die a Chilean. They—the Fascists—were born traitors, they live as traitors, and they will live forever as Fascist traitors."

To Orlando's wife and four children, and to the family of Ronni Karpen Moffitt we express our deepest sympathy and sorrow over this dreadful crime in this nation's capital.

Barnstorming in Africa

At any moment we may be told that Secretary of State Kissinger has achieved a "breakthrough," even an "historic breakthrough," in southern Africa. These words are written in anticipation of such a development—and to warn against it. If the calculated pessimism the Secretary has been giving out from his "shuttle" suddenly turns to restrained or ebullient optimism, we should be on guard against an easy acceptance of the switch.

It is quite possible that in Rhodesia and South Africa the lid on the cauldron of race relations may continue to rattle noisily for a while without actually blowing off. That state of hatred just short of explosion may last through November 2, the date of the American election, and it is not far-fetched to suggest that this is the time-frame, as they used to say in the Nixon White House, that most concerns Kissinger. Clearly, American politics is deeply involved in his self-imposed mission.

Kissinger is dealing with two more or less outlaw governments. Rhodesia, where the 4 per cent of whites hold down the 96 per cent of blacks, is more than that—pariah is not too strong a term. South Africa's hateful policy toward its 18 million blacks (there are 4 million whites) has made the word "apartheid" a term of opprobrium around the globe. Even when the euphemism

IN THIS ISSUE

October 2, 1976

EDITORIALS

290

ARTICLES

- 294 Two Years After Union "Victory":
The Southern Textile War
Ed McConville
- 299 Defending the Indefensible:
Britain Stoops to Torture
Andrew Boyd
- 300 To Melt a Heart of Stone
Hilary Boyle
- 302 The Regulatory Agencies:
Salvage Job Ahead
David Zielenziger
- 304 Puerto Rico:
Rising Tide for Independence
Alan Howard

BOOKS & THE ARTS

- 309 Steiner: The Vanishing
White Man
Frederick W. Turner III
- 311 Overlapping Delusions
Elizabeth Pochoda
- 312 By the Wreckmaster's Cottage
at Assateague (poem)
Paula Rankin
- 313 Haley: Roots
Jason Berry
- 313 A Double Pursuit (poem)
Diana Chang
- 315 Architecture
Jane Holtz Kay
- 315 Survivor (poem)
L.M. Jendrzejczyk
- 317 Music
David Hamilton

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Editor
BLAIR CLARK

Associate Publisher
LINDA EDER STORROW

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
ELIZABETH POCHODA

Contributing Editor
EMILE CAPOUYA

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, GRACE SCHULMAN;
Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY;
Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Dance, NANCY GOLDNER; Architecture,
JANE HOLTZ KAY.

Washington, ROBERT SHERRILL; U.N., ANNE TUCKERMAN; Latin
America, PENNY LERNOUX; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris,
CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Jerusalem, HERBERT KROSNEY;
Cantabria, C. P. FITZGERALD.

Former Editors: EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN; OSWALD GARRISON
VILLARD; FREDA KIRCHWEY; CAREY McWILLIAMS.

The Nation is published weekly (except for first week in January, and
bi-weekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright
1976 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue,
New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at
New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year, \$21.00; two years, \$37.00. Add \$1 per year
postage for Canada and Mexico; \$2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change
of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as
their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The
magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited
manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed
envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to
Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and
the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE
NATION

Volume 223
No. 10

"separate development" is employed, it fails to mask that policy of oppression.

Kissinger is also dealing with the governments of the black nations that lie to the north of Rhodesia and South Africa. He purports to be trying to get, principally, Nyerere of Tanzania and Kaunda of Zambia to leash the dogs of war. That may well be beyond their capability, even if they should agree with Kissinger that more patience is in order after these many years of white failure to make any accommodation with the black majorities.

The guerrillas around intransigent Rhodesia are growing steadily in numbers and strength and it is hard to imagine how an outsider of any color can make them cease their operations. For Kissinger, if not for the Africans involved, there lurks the specter of Russian-Cuban intervention, but considerations of global balances of power can hardly be the main, or even secondary, concerns of Africans engaged in what they must see as a struggle for long-postponed basic rights.

In this struggle Kissinger's arms are only his fabled powers of persuasion and the promise of dollars. His persuasiveness really has a chance to work only on Rhodesia, and snake oil seems an unlikely solvent for the crass, stubbornness of the white settler government of Ian Smith. Smith has a long record of making and breaking agreements; his word is worth precisely nothing.

Kissinger's real weapon is American money—with a dollop from Britain—to bribe the white Rhodesians simply to abandon that country. The sums the Secretary is said to be discreetly whispering run as high as \$2 billion. No one close to the scene seems sure that even that staggering bribe will work with the entrenched whites.

Another aspect of the dollar matter goes a long way to explain Kissinger's role in southern Africa: he is acting, in effect, as the trustee of Western capitalism's huge investment in South Africa. Two years ago American corporations had a stake there of \$1.5 billion, twice what it had been in 1968, and the rate of return from that exploitative system was unusually high. Beyond this immediate area there is the question of American guarantees for Western capitalism's investments in the rest of the world, and Kissinger would like to display again the kind of firmness that propped up those shaky dominoes in Indochina for so long.

Everyone must favor an outcome in southern Africa that will minimize violence, but one must question the timing and motivation of Kissinger's belated intervention and the sincerity, if that is a useful diplomatic term, of this last spectacular, *fin de carrière* operation of the wide-ranging Secretary of State.

Sinking Spell

As these lines are written, we are in two kinds of political pause. The Big Pause is the one before The Debates. The Little Pause, though the more fundamental one, is in the economy. (It was Alan Greenspan, the administration's economic alchemist, who discovered that "pause," which sounds much better than "halt" when applied to the slowdown of business recovery.)

In both cases, momentum is lost, to resurrect that

term from the primary season. President Ford is apparently running against himself. He talks as if the other party were already in the White House, making all those mistakes. Governor Carter is a dimmer and less appealing figure than he was a while back. There is so much chatter from his campaign staff that whatever he has to say is lost in the static.

His political character is really that of a loner. He is therefore not at his best when trying to bring his scattered party together. The scene with the reactionary Southern Senators, Eastland and Stennis, in which the conventional politeness of politicians came out as insincerity on Carter's part, was most unfortunate. His black supporters, and liberals generally, must gage at that sort of display.

Ford's overeagerness was illustrated when he jumped on Carter for his soak-the-rich tax interview with the Associated Press (the Republicans tried to make it sound like soak the middle class). All Carter need have done to refute that charge was refer to the Democratic platform, which is quite impeccable on taxation, while the Republican tax plank sounds as if it were written in a multinational corporation's boardroom.

Congress seems so much out of the political arena these days that all that is worth noting about it is that the opening prayer on September 14 in the House asked the Lord to "help them [the House members] to be sufficiently free from anxiety that they may give their best to their awesome responsibilities." Many of them, if the polls are to be credited, have reason to be anxious.

The economic pause drags on, and the political pause will end, we are told on every hand, in the storm of debate. That remains to be proven, twice more.

Environmental Homicide

For fifty years and more the city of Los Angeles, through its Department of Water and Power, has been tapping the water resources of beautiful Owens Valley, some 242 miles to the northeast. Years ago agents for the city secretly bought up large tracts in the valley and the water rights that went with them. By the time the city's purchases were made public, it had already secured most of the the water rights in the valley. Once they learned how they had been deceived, the pioneer residents of the valley staged a protracted, sometimes violent, resistance, but the struggle went against them. Nowadays something like 1.5 trillion gallons of water flow each year through the Owens Valley aqueduct to Los Angeles.

Recently this historic controversy—aspects of which were touched on in the film *Chinatown*—has entered a new phase. The city proposes to double the amount of water it draws from the valley; operating under an interim order, it has already increased its pumping, and the Owens residents are once again up in arms. Pumping at current rates will, they say, turn the valley into a wasteland. As the water table drops, significant amounts of ground cover are destroyed. Then the dust starts to blow, wildlife dependent on the vegetation vanishes, and the flow of tourists declines. Already alkali flats are spreading over the valley floor. "The valley is dying," a warden for the Department of Fish and Game recently told Robert A.

Jones of the *Los Angeles Times* (August 30). "As you take more vegetation away," another expert told Jones, "you get tremendous increases in the amount of dust. . . . The right to take water from the valley does not give them [the city authorities] the right to pollute the air also. What they are doing here is 'environmental homicide.'"

To all this the city's reply is the same that it has always been: "It comes down to a question of benefiting 3 million people in Los Angeles or 15,000 in Owens Valley." This was the justification cited by President Theodore Roosevelt when he decided to acquiesce in the city's original plans. The concerns of Owens Valley, he said, were "genuine" but "this interest must unfortunately be disregarded in view of the infinitely greater interest to be served by putting the water in Los Angeles"—where, of course, there were, and are, more voters.

Today the valley residents, who have reason to be slightly paranoid, fear the city intends to drive them out, lock, stock and barrel. "For decades they've taken the water out," one valley resident told Jones, "and it's been good water and cheap. And what have they put back? Near to nothing. They want nothing here that will cause people to stay and build their lives. They want this land as empty as possible."

This latest development in the Owens Valley-Los Angeles water feud provides a splendid opportunity to examine the limitations of "the greatest good for the greatest number" doctrine. How is "good" to be measured? "Good" for whom and for what? How much water is wantonly wasted in metropolitan Los Angeles? How are social costs and environmental hazards to be evaluated in the overall calculus? Does the preponderant power of Los Angeles entitle it to take whatever amount of water it thinks it needs and to use this water as it sees fit, simply because it is a large city and growing larger? Are we prepared to sanction a kind of domestic water imperialism that permits a huge city to grab additional water resources—80 per cent of Los Angeles water comes from outside the Owens area—so that it may continue to expand indefinitely, even at the expense of other communities? Does this kind of expansion in a semi-arid environment really represent "the greatest good"? Owens Valley residents should have their say on this issue; it is time, also, that "the greatest good" doctrine should be subjected to a thorough public airing.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

The Textile Carpetbaggers

The agenda for basic fairness in American industrial life is long, and lengthening. Almost every week's news brings another story of disastrous effects on workers' health of the conditions in the factories where they earn their livings. One chemical after another joins the list of those already known to be polluting the environment for everybody—but, naturally, affecting most drastically the men and women who actually work with them. And the government, at all levels, always seems to lag in its knowledge of the conditions that kill and cripple the workers and to be even farther behind in any steps to make factory work even half safe. The cornucopia goes on spewing out its "goods" along with the poisons which industry

carelessly uses to achieve that productivity.

The sad truth is that American labor, which is to say the unionized fraction of it—no more than 25 per cent—seems as helpless as ever to do anything about the conditions in which its members work. Organized labor in this country is frozen in the posture in which it was left by the advances of the New Deal days—in other words, it is two generations behind the times.

These observations are prompted not by the revelation of any new chemical horror afflicting conditions of work in a given industry but by a remarkable article in this issue on the most basic right of labor—the right to organize and thus determine the conditions in which workers will deliver their labor. As Ed McConville shows in his article on the J.P. Stevens Co. and the workers at the Roanoke Rapids plant of that giant textile combine, the rights of organized labor can still be totally frustrated, and with impunity, by a corporation determined to nullify the bargaining agent its workers have voted to join.

It will come as no surprise to our readers that the South (even the New South of Governor Carter) has long been a haven for runaway, anti-union plants. This is particularly so of the textile industry, which fled south, starting many years ago, knowing that social conditions there favored the exclusion of unions, with their troublesome demands for fair pay and decent working conditions. The whole society of the Old South was so organized that the mobilization of the workers for their collective good was almost impossible to achieve.

The Northern manufacturers exploited these community pressures for their own benefit in a way that was directly contrary to the workers' interests. One result of this successful policy was that the Deep South's politics became the most reactionary in the country. The extraordinary thing was that this form of politics was made possible only by the continuing hostility between blacks and whites, which the manufacturers and their political servitors did all that they could to encourage. As long as black and white workers were kept by social pressures from organizing together to achieve common aims, this malignant policy worked. It was, sad to say, the basis of the new prosperity of the New South—a structure built on prejudice of the meanest sort. It was also the basis of the recent political successes of the most benighted wing of the Republican Party.

There are hopeful glimpses in McConville's article. Perhaps the principal one is that whites and blacks have begun seriously working together to achieve common aims. They have at last realized that they are not each other's common enemy. Meeting together in union halls, on picket lines—and, as McConville records, on fishing trips—they have come to see that they have every reason to unite against their real opponents, the giant corporations.

If there is hope in this account for a solidarity that crosses the barrier of race, there is little reason to be optimistic about the protection the law affords to these bullied and underpaid workers. As McConville illustrates, the workers in Roanoke Rapids have gained nothing tangible from the forced recognition twenty-five months ago of the union they formed against all obstacles. The J.P. Stevens Co., the employer of thousands of mill hands,

resolutely refuses to bargain in good faith on a contract. There is no sign that it ever will, as it takes advantage of the National Labor Relations Act in every way that this old law's loopholes permit. Repeatedly, the NLRA's provisions have been found to have been flouted by the company, but it can laugh at the puny penalties the law provides. And it takes months or years of expensive bureaucratic procedures before J.P. Stevens can even be found guilty—and then not punished.

A long struggle lies ahead, and the outlines of it are sketched in the story of Roanoke Rapids vs. J.P. Stevens Co. It will require great efforts, millions of dollars and

the cooperation of the rest of American labor. Only some 10 per cent of the South's textile workers (who number nearly 600,000 hands) are in any sense organized into unions. It will take a President determined to help that effort and a Congress rid of reactionary Democratic committee chairmen to pass more effective labor laws.

The organization of the industrial workers of the South into labor unions should be an important national priority. Then these hundreds of thousands of workers, and their fellows elsewhere in the country, can bring their influence to bear, for the benefit of all of us, on the conditions under which the work of this nation is done.

TWO YEARS AFTER UNION 'VICTORY'

THE SOUTHERN TEXTILE WAR

ED McCONVILLE

Durham, N.C.

As our newspapers have portentously informed us, 1976 is a big year for labor negotiations. Yet the year's most important negotiations were already more than a year old when the Bicentennial began, and in all likelihood they will still be dragging on when the last official Bicentennial T-shirt has been taken down from store shelves.

Major contracts covering millions of workers will expire this year, but the most significant talks will directly affect only 3,600 workers in seven plants. The union representing these workers, though it faces the country's most intransigent employer, has decided its members will not strike this year, come hell or high water.

"Pattern-setting agreements" have been or will be reached in basic industries like autos, trucking, rubber, meatpacking and electrical products. Economists will argue that these settlements are primarily to blame for our continuing inflation, but the contract struggle with the most lasting effect does not really concern money. It concerns a union's right to exist. And, more important, an American worker's right to join a union.

The town involved is Roanoke Rapids, N.C. The company which owns the seven plants is J. P. Stevens and Co., the world's second-largest textile manufacturer—and the most determinedly anti-union of all major companies in the United States. The union is the newly merged Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union (ACTWU), with a combined membership of 500,000.

It is commonly supposed that the American labor movement has everywhere become just another stodgy sector of the Establishment. Wilfrid Sheed gave expression to this conventional wisdom in 1973 when he wrote in the *Atlantic Monthly* that "in 1935, after much bloody skirmishing with management, the Wagner Act was passed, defining the right to organize, strike, and close a shop, all the prerogatives that now seem prehistoric."

In sober fact, unions hold none of these prehistoric prerogatives in the South. Strikes there are virtually futile, since judges routinely hand down anti-picketing injunctions and local and state police escort strikebreakers safely into and out of struck plants. Under "right to work" laws authorized by the Taft-Hartley Act in 1947, the closed shop is illegal in all but one Southern state. As for the Wagner Act's forty-year-old guarantee of workers' "right to organize"—"It ain't worth the paper it's printed on south of the Mason-Dixon," snapped an old union organizer recently. He was perhaps trying a little too hard to be vivid, but he is essentially right.

The Southern textile industry is America's last major unorganized manufacturing industry, with fewer than 10 per cent of the region's 589,000 textile workers belonging to a union. Today, sixty years after they began moving down from New England to take advantage of cheap labor, Southern mills employ nearly three-quarters of the nation's textile work force. Textiles is far and away the Southeast's leading industrial employer; mill hands are the bedrock of the South's economy, religion and politics.

They are also the lowest-paid industrial workers in the South and the nation, with an average hourly wage of \$3.46 in November 1975. This compares with \$6.43 in the automobile industry and \$6.73 in the basic steel industry. Organized labor's failure to make inroads in the South is often ascribed to the inherent conservatism of the region's working people, but closer examination uncovers a history of suppressed militance. A wave of textile strikes, some Communist-led, swept through North Carolina and Tennessee in 1929. Cotton mill workers from every Southern state formed the overwhelming majority of the 376,000 workers who participated in the nationwide textile strike of 1934. The Textile Workers Organizing Committee's campaigns were considered among the best planned and executed of the CIO organizing drives of the 1930s.

Each of these attempts failed, not because Southern mill workers made a clear, uncoerced choice against unionism but because Southern employers were able to bring a panoply of pressures to bear upon them in the small, isolated towns where most mills are located. They

Ed McConville is a free-lance writer based in Durham, N.C.

Copyright of Nation is the property of Nation Company, Inc.. The copyright in an individual article may be maintained by the author in certain cases. Content may not be copied or emailed to multiple sites or posted to a listserv without the copyright holder's express written permission. However, users may print, download, or email articles for individual use.