

INSIDE

Playing Politics with Alien Schoolchildren . . . Picking Up GOP Strength in Brazos County . . . Reading *Time* Closely . . . and Joe B. Frantz on Reagan's Big Night in Rome. . . .

THE TEXAS OBSERVER

A Journal of Free Voices

December 12, 1980

75¢



Gonzalez of San Antonio

Part V

The Politics of Fratricide

By Ronnie Dugger

San Antonio

When, beginning in the late sixties, the Chicano movement in Texas entered angry anti-Anglo phases, Henry Gonzalez, the best-placed of the Hispanic officeholders in the state, went on the attack against bunch after bunch of the Chicano activists. They counterat-

tacked, and the politics of the Hispanic-Americans in South Texas became poisonous.

Recounting the conflicts and episodes of this drama of a thousand acts is no small task. Political careers rose and fell, insults flew like loose boards in a hurricane, there were walk-outs, fist-fights,

and dangers of murder. Two secondary figures in the action wound up in the penitentiary. The headlines flared up and subsided, passing then from the minds of non-mexicanos, but among those affected the angers and the damage persist to the present day. In the opinion of

(Continued on Page 6)

A Journal of Free Voices

By now most of you will have received a letter from Ronnie Dugger explaining the crisis the *Observer* faces. Ronnie calls it a crossroads, which is as good a metaphor as any. Some way must be taken, and soon. Some way must be not taken.

If you did not receive the letter, or did not yet read it, I will summarize its contents. The *Observer* is not meeting its debts; it is not generating sustaining revenues; it is stuck in a narrow market that cannot be expanded without considerable financial investment and internal reorganization; it is, essentially, feeding off itself through the historic willingness of the staff and publisher to accept personal financial hardship.

Quoting Dugger: "In realism, I have concluded that with the *Observer* operating as it is now there is little hope of generating the funds needed to expand. So as year has succeeded year . . . and as I have felt more and more pressure from recent staffs for additional operating money, I as the *Observer's* publisher have had to wonder, Hey, what are the ethics of this? . . .

"The staff pressure really comes down to frustration with our inability to pay for the wide-ranging editorial work that we really need to do now to make an editorial contribution that we feel is sufficient to the rapidly deteriorating political and economic condition of the country. This frustration leads to a pointed question: How long should the *Observer* go on under these conditions?"

This is the most agonizing question I have ever had to face. I have not answered it. The *Observer* means more to me than is easily explained. It is a publication like no other. It belongs to every writer who devotes to it time, energy, thought. It belongs to every reader who finds communion, passes judgement, *engages one mind with another*. As editor, I have considered my role as a kind of secular holy man: what I control does not belong to me and yet I am guardian for a time. There is responsibility, freedom, discipline. I maintain a trust.

Because of this, I cannot evaluate the *Observer* as a "job" any more than could a priest his parish. Oh, I have railed against the damn thing and crossed words with Ronnie; I have thought of leaving; I have bent the ears of too many friends. But that is because of the dearth of the subject. When a great thing may be lost, great emotions are stirred.

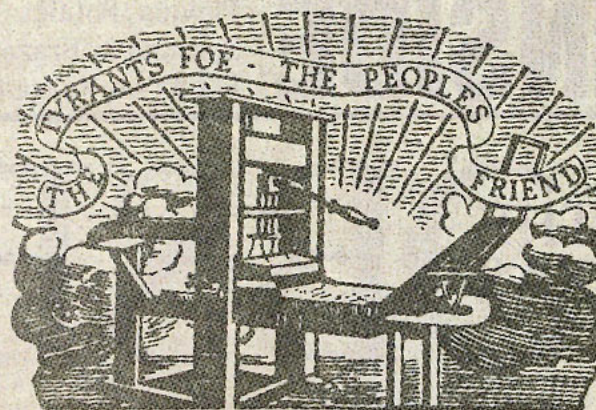
Is the *Observer* to be lost? The answer is unknown. No one wants it to be. Quoting Dugger again, the death of the *Observer* would usher in "a pretty dark day."

He says, "It's not a question of whether we are willing to continue. The intangible benefits and the satisfaction of being a part of the *Observer's* real accomplishments and of helping the human race far outweigh any considerations of apparent hardship."

If the *Observer* does not cease publication, what then? Expansion. That is the only course. Both Ronnie and I agree, although there is not yet any marketing data to allow us to form a realistic judgement about the shape of the expansion.

"In consultation with many of you," Dugger wrote, "I have decided that it is time for the *Observer* to become more so we can do more, time to make the *Observer* into a more broadly influential force of a new shape and kind. It is time, that is, to risk what we have in order to save it — and make it more. As a preliminary step toward possibly raising the capital to fund a sound and realistic program, I am proceeding with plans to

(Continued on Page 21)



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Behind the School Door

The fight in certain dark corners of Texas to deny a public education to Mexican-American children who are not legal residents goes on, bitterly, fruitlessly, meanly.

The last stages of the battle are being fought in Brownsville, on the border, where the school district has reluctantly given in to a federal court order to enroll all children, without regard to their parents' citizenship status or theirs. But the resistance continues.

"You can rest assured we're not going to take this sitting down," said Brownsville school board president Orlando Olvera.

Aiding Olvera and other Brownsville school officials in their crusade is the Texas attorney general's office, which is preparing yet another appeal in the case. The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals has heard the case, but a rehearing may be requested. If that is denied, the attorney general can ask the U.S. Supreme Court to hear the case.

The attorney general is not obliged to appeal the findings that the Texas statute is unconstitutional, but presumably is doing so either because he sees continued resistance as politically advantageous or wants to send a message to the federal government that Texas will fight to the bitter end to win some sort of federal assistance for educating the children of undocumented workers.

Giving the attorney general the benefit of the doubt that he is above furthering his personal political career at the expense of poor Mexican students, is the other reason sufficient to support the expense and eventual benefit of such a course of legal action?

There are better ways of sending Washington a message, if that is the purpose of the appeal. In the United States Constitution, they're called senators and representatives.

The reason for local resistance to admitting these children to the classroom is more understandable. It is based on dollars.

The Brownsville school district is in a pocket of poverty astride the migrant stream. Board president Olvera points out that much of the industry in eastern Cameron County whose taxes could help improve education for the district's 27,000 students is situated closer to the gulf, around Port Isabel, for commercial and transportation reasons.

But when the offspring of migrating Mexicans and Central Americans cross the border at Matamoros in search of jobs, even Brownsville represents an improved standard of living, and the schools they see in that city represent an educational link to the English language and the Yankee dollar.

Fittingly, the border is where this story of legislative ludicrousness began. During the 1975 session, bills were prepared to prohibit illegal alien children from attending public schools. The bills languished, but similar language was incorporated into an amendment to the school finance bill on the motion of former Rep. Ruben Torres, D-Port Isabel.

Rep. Gonzalo Barrientos, D-Austin, said he thinks he and most of the other Hispanic members even voted for the amendment — with their eyes shut. "I was asleep on that one," he concedes. "And I don't think any of us (Mexican-American members) really knew what it was intended to do."

Sleepily, then, Texas became the only state then or since to pass such a law, even though other border states like Arizona and California have also experienced a growing flood of illegal aliens in recent years.

In September 1977, the Mexican American Legal Defense

and Educational Fund challenged the statute in a class action suit on behalf of 16 Hispanic children living in Tyler, where the public schools had imposed a tuition on students without valid citizenship or alien papers.

The federal courts in Texas ruled in favor of the students in this and 16 other suits brought against the same law and, this fall, school districts were told to admit the illegal alien children as public students.

Apparently as ammunition for the state's continuing strategy to appeal the rulings, the attorney general's office had estimated that as many as 120,000 illegal alien children would swarm into the schools. School district officials adopted worried looks, saying their already beleaguered teachers would never be able to cope with this avalanche.

As of Oct. 1, the last reporting date available through the Texas Education Agency, a grand total of 10,387 illegal alien children had turned themselves in to their neighborhood principal. The new brown students were a rivulet, not a river.

But even that figure was bloated. At a hearing on a stay sought by the Brownsville district, the school attendance officer said the Brownsville schools had encountered 557 illegal alien students in the first month of school, prior to being permitted a temporary injunction.

Volunteers from Texas Rural Legal Aid, however, checked the district's list of students and found many were actually American citizens. Some, to be sure, had parents who were not citizens. But that never kept any Irish, Italian or Polish children out of school. And some were the children of parents from Mexico who had become U.S. citizens themselves but, either through ignorance or laxity, had not yet obtained citizenship papers for their children.

Of the 557, Linda Yanez of TRLA estimated that no more than 170 were actually illegal aliens.

A few days before Thanksgiving, their last 30-day grace period over, the Brownsville schools resumed enrolling all children. The first morning, 13 undocumented scholars showed up.

As cold weather in the north puts a seasonal vise on migratory work, more will undoubtedly return to the warm streets of Brownsville and seek a few months of classroom instruction. Other large districts around the state will also see a continued rise in illegal alien enrollment, as word of the renewed permission policy becomes more widely known. The state comptroller's office estimates that perhaps 50,000 illegal alien children will eventually enroll this year to be absorbed into the 2.6 million statewide student body.

Torres, a former school superintendent in Port Isabel, said while he still firmly opposes an open-door policy, his real intention in fostering the court-condemned amendment to the state's education law was to "draw attention" to the financial needs of the poor border districts most affected by the children of the swelling migrant stream.

The proper and sane way to accommodate them — and other refugee children — with desks, teachers and books is with additional state aid to needy districts, such as that envisioned in a bill pre-filed for the 1981 session by Rep. Hector Uribe, D-Brownsville, Torres' successor.

An aide said Uribe's bill would see that a school district received another \$600 per year for every foreign-born student, regardless of the country of origin, if foreign-born comprise at

(Continued on Page 20)

Reaganismo in Roma

By Joe B. Frantz

Rome

The American consulate suggested that if we wanted to follow election returns from the United States, we should go to a watching party that the *Rome International Daily News* was staging at the Hotel Bernini-Bristol, one of the city's superior first-class lodgings. So at 11:30 o'clock on Tuesday night Anne and I caught a bus in the rain, expecting a quiet party — *festa* — where we would gather around a blackboard or TV set and smile or groan according to the latest results.

What we ran into was a take-over by the Reagan forces. Not so much a take-over as an outwitting and outplanning. A bell boy at the entrance pointed us up the stairs to the mezzanine. We made it midway to the landing only to run into a roadblock. The upper section of the stairs were jammed. A cacophony of voices, all shrill, drinks held aloft like banners, and elbows shoving in all directions. An Aggie rally couldn't have been more raucous.

I abandoned Anne to slither through the mob to the top of the stairs to see what was going on. There at tables sat two nicely accoutered women with lists.

"Do you have a reservation?" came the demand.

"What reservation?"

"You had to make a reservation by last week-end to get in," she countered, waving a list in the manner of the late Senator Joe McCarthy. She held it still long enough for me to see the heading: "Republican Reservations."

I don't often lie or pull rank, but since I found her officious, I told her I was a newly arrived professor from the University of Texas and that the American consul wanted me to report the election results. She was simple enough to be gulled.

"That'll be 6,000 lire," she said.

"What for?"

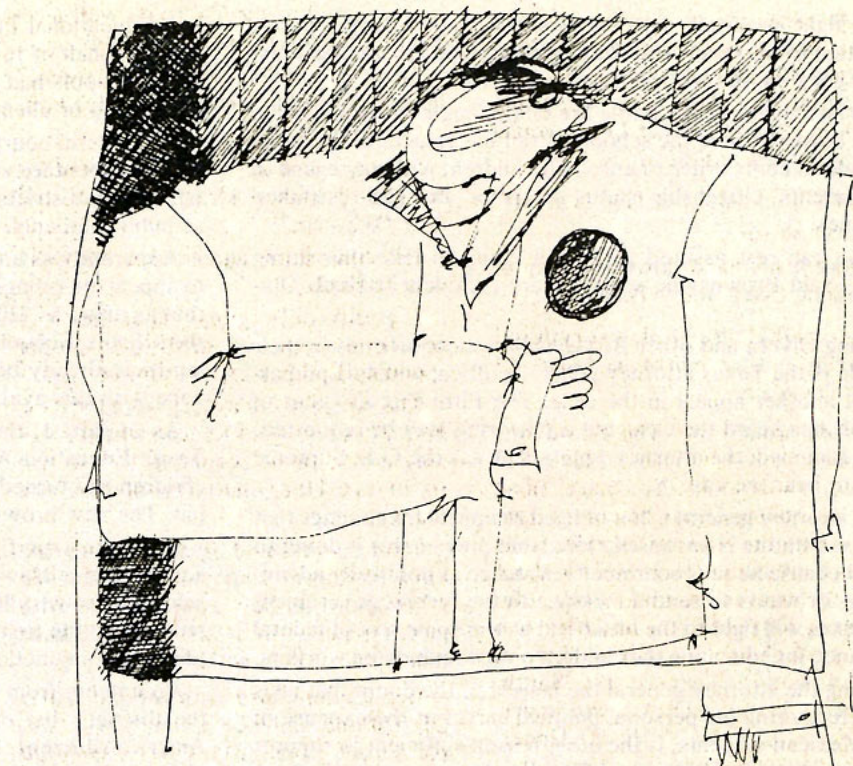
"To get in. We need the money."

So I gave her the equivalent of \$7 for two, waved my arm in the air for Anne to charge, and prepared to barge on.

About this time some sweating drunk jabbed me aside and, pushing up another man, yelled at the woman:

"Take this man's money! He's a Libertarian, but he's all right!"

I looked at the man who was "all



right"; he was drunker than his sponsor.

The foyer on the second floor was packed almost beyond movement, but Anne spotted a sideroom that said "*Sala di TV*." We headed there. People were sitting in front of a 24-inch color television set, others sprawled on the floor, and some hid behind the curtains shielding the windows, while others just stood. Almost everyone except us wore some kind of Reagan button. In the haze of blue smoke and amid the sloshing of Scotch, I found the "Christians for Reagan" buttons the most intriguing.

Moral Majority! They would have hailed Judas or Mephistopheles if either had promised to cut taxes 10 per cent.

We sat on the floor, but as the evening wore on, the crowd was antsy enough that we maneuvered into chairs, where we remained until 3 a.m. The crowd was about 80 percent male, which suited me, as the scattered women were, if possible, even more strident and obnoxious.

The TV set was tuned into NBC, but we seldom heard John Chancellor or Tom Brokaw. Instead, from the same satellite and studio we heard "in diretta audio da New York" the voices of Giuseppe Lugato and Sergio Telmon, whoever they are, in rapid-fire Italian. It didn't matter. I couldn't have understood my Uncle Milton in that mob.

But I could read figures, and shortly

after midnight the first returns from the East were to begin arriving.

Actually, in the best back-home style, we had two telecasts in one. Two-thirds of the time was spent focusing on a panel of ten in a Rome studio. The panel was lined up, five to a side with a table set with a bottle of *acqua minerale* between them. Nine of the panelists — all men — were Italian and one was a German, pink-faced with skinny eyes whose name was Leo Wollemborg. I presume that all were important for something. With the noise in my room I could barely understand any of them, though one reflective looking *uomo* opined as how, if the United States went for Reagan, it was because Americans were nostalgic for the Old West. I found that as comforting as I thought it profound.

I liked the German. Italian was obviously his second language, and he spoke it very carefully, very precisely. I could understand him.

The far end of the panel's studio was decorated with a huge blow-up of the White House that covered the entire wall.

Every time the telecast made ready to split to New York, the local emcee forecast it in sonorous tones. We still had no results and it was getting on toward one a.m. Then the emcee intoned, I leaned forward, and some young

Italiano, sleek-haired and ruddy-cheeked, jumped in front of the set, his butt completely blocking the screen. Although I missed the pronouncement, from the young man's reaction I knew the answer.

He embraced the set, kissed everyone in sight (except Anne and me and two black girls who had already told a roving TV reporter that they were supporting Carter) and shook his fist like a young Mussolini. Then in English,

"This is a miracle! Oh, God is good!"
I wasn't so sure.

He swept his hand down the map of the Atlantic Coast and yelled,

"Everything! We took everything! Everything!" after which he tailed off into Italian again.

I looked around me. The crowd was half-Italian, half-American — identified by voice, not by looks. You can't tell an Italian by looking unless he comes from Sicily, which the Romans all refer to as Africa. (They could teach us a bit about racism themselves. Actually they refer to anything south of Rome as Africa, and Sicily as the Congo. They remind me of New Englanders vis-a-vis the South. After being here a month, I can understand the reason for a Mafia. Understanding doesn't connote approval, I need hardly add.)

About one o'clock everyone bolted the room to claim a plate of spaghetti and a glass of *vino bianco*. We stayed behind, not wanting to surrender our earned seats and our temporarily unobstructed view of the television set. But they brought back their spaghetti *con pomodori* into the TV salon, so our relief was short-lived. About the time they returned, NBC proclaimed that Indiana had declared for Reagan. More kissing, more hugging. Then Florida, then Mississippi. Then the rout. The White House blow-up in the TV studio was replaced by a wall-to-wall portrait of Reagan.

I would have gone home, but I have been around too long. I remembered Harry Truman's 1948 pull-out about noon the next day. Carter had crept up from 41 percent to 44 percent. Hot dog! A miracle maybe?

Hardly.

At 3 o'clock Anne suggested that we look in the other rooms to see what was going on. I was seat-sore, heartsick, and ready. We had drunk nothing, just inhaled other people's smoke and fumes. I stopped by the bar to get a coke to share. Sixteen hundred lire, they charged for a 7-ounce coke. \$1.88! No wonder the Republicans were fat. What did the ubiquitous J&B cost!

In a side room we saw a teletype ticking out Associated Press returns. Watching it was a tall, pimply American youth in an expensive sports jacket. I had noticed him earlier and had taken instant dislike to his callow behavior. Once he had returned to the TV room with a replenished Scotch and a smug look.

"I really told 'em in the other room," he snorted to his breathless companion.

"What did you say?"

"A guy asked me why I had voted for Reagan. I looked straight at him and said, 'Why not?' "

His companion agreed that his reply was brilliant.

I could only guess that he was someone's spoiled darling in Rome spending Daddy's excess profits.

The AP lined out a story from the *New York Times* on what Reagan would probably endeavor to accomplish. "He will try to repeal the windfall profits tax," the teletype read.

"Hot damn!" said Signor Pimples, the most intelligent comment he had made all evening. As he waved his arms with glee, I thought, "If he kisses me, I'll kneel him in the crotch, so help me!"

But I sympathize with the kid. After all, that one sentence probably will double his allowance from Daddy. *Windfall* is better than *excess*.

The youth had earlier visited with a similar type, only skinnier and taller. They had been bantering with a rather pretty dark-eyed young woman who could have passed for Italian if she hadn't opened her mouth to reveal tones that would have made a Kansan blush. The girl hadn't known which side she was for, though I gathered she had voted for Reagan. The boy said to her, "Well I'm pleased to see all that Carter gang go — all, that is, except Breszinski."

"That fascist!" the girl retorted.

The youth gave her a startled look, jumped up, and prissed out. Score one for the female side.

Later I asked my friend Claudio, one of those articulate types you meet on the road, "Why are the Italians so thrilled over Reagan's victory? They show even more enthusiasm than the Americans."

"Oh," he said, "they're successful young businessmen who dream of the good old days — Mussolini, the empire, what have you — when wealth and privilege were in the saddle. They know it's gone here, so they adopt a county where maybe they can find a policy they can't find at home. It's like you cheer a soccer star you don't know and never will," he continued. "Meanwhile you dream of a world that doesn't exist. They think that maybe Reagan's victory will

encourage Italy to return to a never-never land."

By 4 a.m. we were back in the apartment, wondering whether we had wasted an evening. The answer had to be "No," for at the *festa* I had run into Michael Mewshaw, the Austin writer, who is over here working on a novel. We will be getting together, as we are neighbors within walking distance.

The next morning, as I reported in to language class with scant sleep, the two Iranian students in the class — one Christian Catholic, as he tells me every day; the other Moslem, which he told me once fiercely enough that he doesn't need to repeat it — came over, grasped my shoulder, and congratulated me for having chosen Reagan. I accepted their greetings with poor grace.

Now every morning the Moslem, who had hardly been decent to me before November 4, gives me a warm hug as I arrive at the school. See, Reagan hasn't even become President yet, and already peace and love have returned to the world!

Meanwhile the Republicans in Rome, and I can't say whether they are Italian or American, have covered this city like old Democratic ward heelers used to blanket their precincts. On every empty space are plastered posters of Reagan and George Bush, hands raised in victory on their nomination night, with an inscription below:

REAGAN
BUSH
ADESSO
BUON
LAVORO

(Translation: Reagan / Bush / Now / Good / Work)

The number of Americans in Rome, so far as I can ascertain, runs from 1,500 to 5,000 — about the size of a small county seat in Texas. But the Republicans have gone after the three million hearts in Rome as if every one of them must be convinced.

And the Democrats were and are silent to the point of non-existence.

The Italian television stations, I understand, are running old Reagan movies around the clock. Mostly the B Westerns. Another reason for me to be happy. With no TV set, I probably won't be exposed to another TV program until next July. That way, I don't risk indecent exposure. □

Joe B. Frantz is a professor of history at the University of Texas at Austin. He is currently on leave to lecture at universities in Rome, Perugia, Florence, Genoa, Milan, Turin, and Bologna.

Gonzalez . . . from cover

some Chicano leaders, Henry Gonzalez has blunted their movement for justice.

Among the major characters in the dramas are these names well-known in San Antonio politics: Willie Velasquez, Albert Peña, Joe Bernal, Albert Bustamente.

Camps

Willie Velasquez, director of the six-state Southwest Voter Registration and Education Project headquartered in San Antonio, has become a key figure in Hispanic politics throughout the Southwest despite a punishing feud with Gonzalez.

The two men agree that Gonzalez got Velasquez a job for three summers at the State Department while Velasquez was a student at St. Mary's University in San Antonio. They disagree about the content of their discussion in the fall of 1967 in Washington before Velasquez, then 23, returned to Texas to go to work, as Gonzalez says he told him, to help the Mexican-American people.

Gonzalez says Velasquez told him "I owe you everything" — that without his help he'd never have been able to finish college. Velasquez said he did thank him, but not profusely, and that in fact the meeting was taken up by a Gonzalez monologue about his critics and enemies.

Velasquez had met and was working along with County Commissioner Albert Peña, State Sen. Joe Bernal, and City Councilman Pete Torres, Jr., three of the leaders of the Chicanos in San Antonio. Velasquez recalls that Gonzalez said a whole bunch of people were against him and named all three men. "He said they were all losers." Velasquez says he managed to get in that they were "good people doing something," but that Gonzalez told him, "You can't expect cooperation from me if in fact you're consorting with my enemies."

Later that fall, Gonzalez says, he was told that Velasquez had denounced him for having turned his back on the Mexican-Americans. Then, Gonzalez says, Velasquez's name was signed to an announcement calling an all-day conference of Chicanos in San Antonio early in January, 1968. According to reports about this meeting given to Gonzalez by Eddie Montez, an associate of his at that time, speakers at the conference advocated sabotage at Kelly Field and the planting of a bomb at the City Public Service Board — "they were really advocating violence." Defending the meeting, Velasquez asked whether all 1,200

people in attendance should have been checked for their Americanism.

Long before *Brown v. Board of Education* in 1954, as early as 1950, in fact, Albert Peña as a young lawyer was fighting school discrimination against Mexican-Americans in towns like Hondo, Lytle, and Natalia. Elected a Bexar County commissioner, he became the leading liberal Chicano in statewide coalition politics. In 1960, after oddly signing on for Johnson for President, he became prominent in the Viva Kennedy drive and always thereafter has supported Kennedys when they have run for president. Though only a commissioner, he was the kind of politician Gov. John Connally loved to attack — and Peña attacked back. In 1971 an aide to Gonzalez — Albert Bustamente — quit and ran against Peña in a campaign Peña regards as McCarthy-like. Beaten in a runoff, Peña sat in the shadows for a long time, but is now a municipal judge and back in politics.

In the Texas legislature Joe Bernal was an articulate and principled liberal. He served in the House from 1964 to 1966 and the Senate until 1972, when he lost to a conservative Italian-American, Frank Lombardino, by 99 votes out of 40,000 cast. With the poetic injustice of riptide politics, La Raza Unida, which Bernal had defended as much as had any other incumbent politician, fielded a candidate against him who undoubtedly caused his loss to Lombardino. Until recently regional director of Action, the federal recruiting agency for the Peace Corps, VISTA, and programs for older Americans, Bernal now works with a multi-cultural management consulting company that is involved with some community development projects in Latin-America. He was an early supporter of President Carter's re-election, a stance that brought him some unpopularity among San Antonio mexicanos, who were predominantly pro-Kennedy.

Trouble

Just when the serious trouble began is hard to say. One of its roots may go back to 1962, when Gonzalez was told by his brother-in-law that liberal Rep. John Alaniz, at a public meeting, had called Gonzalez a traitor to his people. Gonzalez says he confronted Alaniz about it, but Alaniz said he hadn't said it. Gonzalez quotes himself telling Alaniz "You either cut that out or I'll knock the shit out of you," Alaniz replying "I didn't say it," and Gonzalez concluding, "I apologize. I'll accept your statement because you're telling me man to man."

In 1968 Alaniz led into a runoff for county Democratic chairman, but then

Gonzalez threw his weight into the campaign for Perry Smith, Alaniz' opponent, and Smith won. Gonzalez said he did not want to be betrayed at the local level by a county party chairman. For his part, Alaniz said, "There are those in San Antonio who have no party, or no principle . . . Henry B. doesn't want any true Democrats to have a handle so we can organize this county. This way he can continue playing footsie and holding hands with Walter McAllister and the Good Government League."

Gonzalez recalls what may have been another factor. In the sixties, Bernal asked him to join a group who were traveling to Rio Grande City to demand the abolition of the Texas Rangers, regarded in mexicano folklore as natural-born enemies of Mexican-Americans. Gonzalez replied that was U.S. Rep. Kika de la Garza's district, and if Bernal was not going to even ask de la Garza to join the venture, by going himself Gonzalez would break "an unwritten rule" among congressmen. De la Garza is a conservative Mexican-American.

During their differences about Gonzalez refusing to participate in political organizations, Gonzalez had said to Peña, "I will never do anything as long as you're a friend to reduce you." But there was an "if" there, and the Gonzalez-Peña feud figuratively went to the knives during the historic month of June 1968. Peña had backed Robert Kennedy for the Democratic nomination for President, but Robert Kennedy had been murdered on June 4th. Gonzalez, a Humphrey backer since Johnson's withdrawal, chose mid-June to announce he was sending a "Primer on Poverty" to two Bexar County commissioners, reactionary A. J. Ploch and Peña, whom he called "P and P." (The idea was that neither of them knew anything about the war on poverty.)

Linking him with Ploch, Peña snapped back, was "classic McCarthyism." Furthermore, he said Gonzalez had used distortion against Alaniz and the late Senator Kennedy. "For a long time many of us have known, that Gonzalez has forgotten the people who elected him," Peña said.

"It's no secret," Peña also said, "that for a long time now the GGL has sponsored W.G.C.'s (World's Greatest Congressman's) fund-raising bust . . ." He asked why Gonzalez had kept quiet during the recent farm workers' march from Rio Grande City to Austin. And, "Where were you when Texas Rangers were kicking people around in South Texas?"

* * *

That was the declaration of war, and Gonzalez did not shrink from the com-



Dev O'Neill

Gonzalez, left, greeting Mexican President José Lopez Portillo as House Majority Leader Jim Wright looks on.

bat. "He has always wanted to be El Numero Uno on the West Side," he mortared Peña and, "In a sense he is: He's the Number One Professional Mexican. On the West Side he is being called 'Super Mex.' " Gonzalez would contribute to build a "monument to Super-Mex in the middle of the West Side, provided Peña learns how to keep the restrooms clean at Mission County Park in his precinct."

Peña had accused him of taking money from the GGL, Gonzalez said, but "He thinks every other politician is a political prostitute like himself. He has taken money from Price Daniel, from Don Yarborough and others"

"I believe he always wanted to be Numero Uno," Peña says now.

"Henry," Joe Bernal says, "wrote me a letter referring to me as Numero Uno. To me this was tongue-in-cheek, patronizing, and fishing for a compliment — 'No, I'm not, you are' — which I did.

"I have a theory," Joe Bernal says. "I think where he trips is not in the larger community — he's with the liberals, basically for human rights and that type of thing. However, there's something psychological in the man. His family escaped the Mexican Revolution because they were pursued by the revolutionaries, the people who became the Partido Revolucionario Institucional, the PRI. Seeing Mexican revolutionaries, he trips emotionally — I think he sees the same element in La Raza Unida and anybody who starts getting militant — he trips."

Which to me is playing games. His statement to Albert Bustamente, 'There's only one politician in my office,' is very transferable to 'There's only one politician in San Antonio — that's me.' "

Peña and Bernal accuse Gonzalez of having "gone for the jugular" in an attempt to cut off Ford Foundation funding for the Southwest Council of La Raza and the Mexican-American Legal Defense Fund (MALDEF). Gonzalez concedes criticizing a San Antonio program Ford funded, but denies ever asking them to stop funding. Peña, saying Gonzalez has "always resented anything he hasn't brought about," believes Ford moved the national office of MALDEF from San Antonio to San Francisco because of the pressure from Gonzalez.

Gonzalez says his target was a related Ford-funded West Side project, La Universidad de los Barrios (the University of the Ghetto), a project under the Mexican-American Youth Organization (MAYO) to rehabilitate offenders. The mother of a boy who was threatened with knifing during an argument at the shack that was the place's headquarters complained to Gonzalez. Investigating and concluding that it was a roisterous place whose administrator did not have the background for the work, Gonzalez blasted it in Washington. The foundation investigated, but did not discontinue funding. Subsequently a boy was stabbed to death by a beneficiary of the program, which then funded the beneficiary's legal defense, Gonzalez says.

In a few months, when Ford asked Gonzalez directly if he wanted funding to the Southwest Council of La Raza cut off for Texas, he replied, "Absolutely not," Gonzalez says. What he wanted, he told them, was their closer oversight of the programs they funded. When Ford gave MALDEF \$2 million, he says, "I thought it was great . . . There's nobody can say I fought MALDEF."

In a newsletter in the summer of 1969, Gonzalez reported the Ford Foundation's announcement that it had declined a request from MAYO for additional funds. Earlier in the day on which Ford made this announcement, Gonzalez said, "here in my Washington office I met with" the vice-president of the foundation and members of its national affairs division. ". . . with the action taken . . . in respect to the MAYO group," Gonzalez said, "I feel that the Foundation is sincere in its determination that its grantees truly be of service . . ."

So clearly Gonzalez did resist Ford funding for MAYO. This was the time before La Raza Unida, José Angel Gutierrez' third party for Chicanos, was formed. In MAYO, the activist Chicano

group of this period and the predecessor to La Raza Unida, principal figures were Gutierrez, Willie Velasquez, and Juan Patlán.

Del Rio Manifesto

Because of school board gerrymandering, there had been problems of fair treatment for Hispanics in the schools of Del Rio on the Texas-Mexican border, and on Palm Sunday, 1969, Peña journeyed there to lead a march of 1,500 protestors. Peña, Patlán, and a preacher wrote "The Del Rio Manifesto," and Gutierrez tacked it on a wall of the courthouse. "The Department of Public Safety was there with machine guns," Peña says.

Gonzalez, in McAllen for a speech, made remarks to a reporter about Castro-trained activists, remarks that the reporter apparently took to be in some way associated with the Del Rio rally. The leaders of the Del Rio rally concluded that Gonzalez had said they were communists and denounced him.

What did Gonzalez say? "Among other things he called us Castroites," Peña says. "I don't know what possessed him. I don't know why he did it. Joe Bernal, Matt Garcia, Dr. (Hector) Garcia, (of Corpus Christi), LULAC, were all there. Of course they were all put out about it. I made the speech with the theme, 'Are you with me, Henry B.?' " Bernal says Gonzalez "said he had some information from the Swiss Embassy that this was being organized by California Chicanos who had been trained in Cuba . . . the executioner, a Chicano trying to keep all the other Chicanos in line."

Gonzalez denies he called anyone in Del Rio a communist. A TV reporter asked him if radical elements had not been in San Antonio recently, and he had confirmed that he had received information "that there were two persons . . . members of the Northern California Central Committee of the Communist Party," but he couldn't verify it, he wasn't the FBI and couldn't tell him.

However, the day after the rally in his clarification of what he had said, Gonzalez alluded to Castro-influenced students. According to the *San Antonio News* for April 1, 1969, "What he said, declared the congressman, was that MAYO for a year or so was infiltrated by students and others from California and that these students have been subsidized for trips to Cuba by Castro. The congressman emphasized he did not say any local Texas MAYOs had gone to Cuba, just that they had been infiltrated and influenced by those who had." At the same time, Gonzalez excoriated MAYO

pamphlets distributed in Del Rio and San Antonio condemning the "blue-eyed gringo" and using the slogan, "the ballot or the bullet," in Spanish.

On April 3 an Associated Press story out of Washington said that Gonzalez "Wednesday night reiterated that a demonstration at Del Rio during the weekend was Cuban-Communist infiltrated — but said his statement was distorted by the demonstrators . . . 'I would not have made the statement if I had not had definite proof,'" Gonzalez was quoted.

Quite naturally, Sen. Bernal accused Gonzalez of McCarthyism in associating him with Fidel Castro. Gonzalez accused Peña of being after his seat; Peña replied he wasn't after his seat or any other part of his anatomy. In his newsletter Gonzalez said he had become the target of "left-wing extremists." Suddenly the Hispanic-American political community of San Antonio was riven.

"Henry jumped on Joe Bernal," says Peña. "Joe didn't want to fight with Henry. I didn't, either. Joe thought he'd made up with him and then Henry blasted him again . . . I think he saw him as a threat."

Gonzalez demanded Bernal justify, if he could, Gutierrez' remark at a press conference that same April, 1969, that MAYO might find it necessary to kill gringos if its aims were thwarted.

Actually Gutierrez only came close to saying "kill the gringo." He did not say it, but he never succeeded in erasing from the public's mind the idea that he had.

MAYO, he said, would be with those Chicanos who would "come together, resist, and eliminate the gringo." Meaning? "You can certainly kill him," Gutierrez explained, "but that is not our intent at this moment. You can remove the base of support that he operates from, be it economic, political, or social. That is what we intend to do."

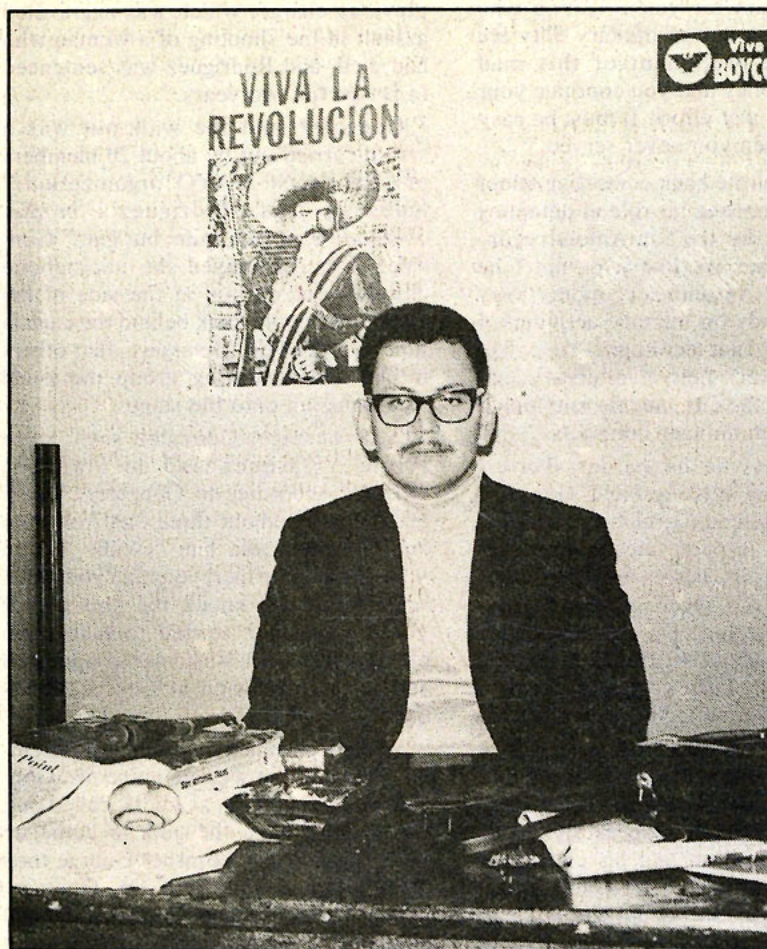
A newsman asked, "If nothing else works, you're going to kill all the gringos?"

"We'll have to find out if nothing else will work," Gutierrez replied.

The questioner persisted: "And then you'll kill us all?"

"If it doesn't work . . ." Gutierrez replied, trailing off.

Gutierrez defined a gringo as "a person or institution that has a certain policy or program or attitudes that reflect bigotry, racism, discord, and prejudice and violence." Gonzalez, said Gutierrez, had "demonstrated some tendencies that fit in that category," whereas Bernal and Peña had "certainly been around when we need them."



Reed Harp

Above, José Angel Gutierrez, Chicano activist and a founder of La Raza Unida, in Crystal City, December 1969; Right, Judge (and former county commissioner) Albert Peña, San Antonio, undated.



Valdez Studio

In the ensuing month Gutierrez tried to back off from the implications of what he had said. MAYO would "kill gringos" economically and at the polls, not physically, he said; he meant killing the "gringo system," not the person; he had said that if he killed a gringo, it would be in self-defense.

Bernal made a sophisticated attempt to meet Gonzalez' challenge about Gutierrez' rhetoric — too sophisticated, some thought, to be smart politics.

Upholding "my association with MAYO," Bernal said "Gutierrez's allusions to violence and killing do not represent anything more than the civil rights tactics of the sixties . . . As a part of free speech, they can represent no more than metaphors, meaning by 'kill' that he expects the actual death of no one. Obviously, he only expects to 'kill' by politics, within the traditional power of American democracy . . . I do not take Angel Gutierrez's remarks any more literally than I did when Henry Gonzalez said he would 'pistol whip' Congressman

Ed Foreman for calling him a 'pinko' a few years back."

Gonzalez recalls that about this time, he told Gutierrez they both wanted to help the people and that ought to mean they'd wind up on the same side, but when they tried to intimidate him and get him to say "Kill the gringo," he would not yield. "You're not helping the people when you double the fist and say 'Kill the gringo,'" he said.

Bernal knows that he took damage politically for justifying Gutierrez. "I got caught in it," he realizes now, as in different ways Peña did, too. Did it beat them? "Oh, yeah," Bernal says. "They used Henry's remarks about us all."

Although Gonzalez did not campaign against Bernal's re-election, a two-year-old letter from Gonzalez to Bernal's opponent Lombardino, commending him on fine work in the legislature, was "blown up real big and they used it at the polls" in both the first and second primaries, Bernal said. But he didn't think it had much to do with the out-

come, and Gonzalez, for his part, says as soon as he learned of the letter's use he blew up and importuned Lombardino to make no further use of it and was assured that was the end of it.

"White Taco"

The first scandal of the Nixon Administration involved a fiery Mexican-American politician, Albert Fuentes of San Antonio, and Gonzalez' former aide Eddie Montez. Fuentes was state chairman of PASO and ran for statewide office, but then switched to the Republican Party and became special assistant to Hilary Sandoval, chief of the Small Business Administration under Nixon. In 1969 Gonzalez played a decisive role in a chain of events that put Fuentes and Montez in prison.

Gonzalez says that Rudy Esquivel, now a judge in San Antonio, brought him a report of misdoing in the SBA, and Gonzalez induced him to get an affidavit, which Esquivel did. Gonzalez gave this affidavit, which involved Fuentes and Montez, to the chairman of the Senate

committee on small business, the late Wright Patman, who pressed the matter until the Department of Justice entered the case. In the affidavit, which Gonzalez then made public, entrepreneur Emanuel Salaiz complained that Fuentes and Montez conspired to take 49 percent of his company in return for an SBA loan of \$100,000. Both were indicted on two counts of conspiracy to defraud the government, and, despite protestations of innocence, both were given five years.

Ruben Montemayor, attorney for Fuentes at the trial and a prominent civil rights lawyer in San Antonio, has little use for Gonzalez — calls him "a white taco." Montemayor alleges there were rumors, before this case broke, that Fuentes might run against Gonzalez. On the basis of conversation with Salaiz, who is a cousin of Montemayor's wife, to the effect that Salaiz had discussed his pending loan with Gonzalez, Montemayor suspects that Gonzalez stimulated the case against Fuentes.

Bernal raises a different point. "There was never any transfer of money" in the alleged conspiracy, he says. "I know of cases similar to this involving SBA loans where people had to pay money back and never served a day in jail." His concern, Bernal says, is that when Gonzalez went public concerning the charges against Fuentes and Montez, they became, in San Antonio, "two culprits already guilty before going to court." Gonzalez was called as a witness, but did not testify, later explaining all he knew was hearsay.

Drifting

City councilman Pete Torres, Jr., in 1969 sent Gonzalez a furious letter condemning him for failing to join 40 congressmen who had voted against the 1970 military money bill. This led directly to Gonzalez supporting Torres' opponent in the next election, John Gatti. Gonzalez also called on the voters to "go all out" for Gatti's eight running mates on the GGL ticket.

In Torres' letter to Gonzalez, he alluded to "the spiraling arms race," the cost of the ABM system, billion-dollar cost overruns on C-5As and the Minuteman missiles, the F-111 fiasco, and the American dead in Vietnam (about 40,000 at that point). Torres wrote Gonzalez, "You and your cohorts in the majority are trading out American lives for fat military contracts. There should be a higher goal, congressman, than to be a putrid pawn of the military-industrial combine which has already engulfed 70 percent of our national budget."

As for helping the poor, Torres wrote bitterly, "Keep supplying them with food stamps, congressman, so that they can

grow big and healthy and strong and go fight your wars for you . . . You who never served a day of military duty are the greatest proponent of this mad militaristic policy and you continue your praise for the war effort. It must be easy to do this when you never served."

Gonzalez wrote back correcting minor points and stressing his role in obtaining military work for the San Antonio economy. "Whether we like it or not," he wrote, "San Antonio's economy very largely depends on military activities. I must defend that economy." He had sought, he said, new nonmilitary employment for the city, and he had fought profiteering on military contracts.

In the press he hit harder. Torres' mother worked at Kelly Field. Gonzalez said that in defending military spending he had been, in part, safeguarding Torres' mother's job. Torres was "Pompous Pete," guilty of "sheer ignorance or lying," and "stupid." By communicating directly with about 40 House members, Gonzalez said, Torres "nearly wrecked the Kelly authorization bill providing \$15 million" for a facility.

In the ensuing election Gonzalez wrote in an open letter to the citizens that "San Antonio desperately needs men like John Gatti and his colleagues . . . not a willful and destructive element." Local liberals could hardly fail to conclude at this point that Gonzalez had drifted deep into what they regarded as the enemy camp.

* * *

The spring of 1970 there was a fist-swinging, name-calling scene during a speech by Gonzalez at St. Mary's University. As a group staged a walk-out, three youths went onto the stage. There was some shoving, and Bustamente, at this point still Gonzalez' aide, appeared from nowhere and slugged one of the youths. According to the United Press International, the other two then pulled the struck youth back, the three of them left the stage, and the walk-out was resumed.

"¡Vendido!" they called him. "¡Pendidos!" he called them. (That is, they called him a sellout, and he called them numbskulls.) He says one of the demonstrators was one of three brothers who had been responsible for seven homicides. Gonzalez named this youth; for clarity here let's call him Rodriguez (not his name). Ruben Sandoval, later attorney for Rodriguez, has affidavits from persons present that Rodriguez was in fact not there.

After the altercation, Gonzalez told the press that Rodriguez was at large despite the fact that there were criminal charges pending against him. As a result

of this, Rodriguez was arrested on the previous charge, which was aggravated assault in the shooting of a woman who had died, and Rodriguez was sentenced to prison for two years.

Gonzalez said the walk-out was a set-up carried out by about 20 members of "the racist MAYO organization." Knowing that Rodriguez's *modus operandi* was "not knife, but gun," Gonzalez says, he moved the microphone closer to the curtain at the side of the stage so he could duck behind the curtain if he was fired on. He asserts that others in the demonstrating group motioned Rodriguez up onto the stage.

Also onstage, Gonzalez says, were Willie Velasquez and his brother, George. According to Gonzalez, Velasquez stopped about three feet from him and Gonzalez told him, "Willie, if you take one step further, you take your glasses off and I'll knock the shit out of you." Velasquez started to take them off, but just then Bustamente appeared and threw his punch at George Velasquez.

Willie Velasquez recounts it differently. The walk-out was spontaneous. Gonzalez, berating them as idiots, called out, "You don't have the guts to come up here," and Willie's brother George took the challenge and went up. Onstage, Willie Velasquez and Gonzalez did not exchange a word, and Willie does not remember anything involving his glasses. After Bustamente hit George, and possibly Gonzalez pushed George, they got George off the stage. Willie Velasquez, like the makers of Sandoval's affidavits, says that Rodriguez, the person Gonzalez feared might shoot him, was not present.

Incident at Boulder

In Gonzalez' mind, Willie Velasquez is one of the persons responsible for promoting another wild scene which broke up a lecture he was to give at the University of Colorado in Boulder in 1973. Velasquez concedes he had been to Denver beforehand, but categorically denies any connection at all with the incident. "For sure," he says, "I didn't speak to anyone who went there and ask them to do anything." Gonzalez is not convinced.

This has been a particularly rancorous dispute between the two men because Gonzalez has made remarks that may have indicated a belief that Velasquez had some responsibility in an attempt to have him murdered, which is what Gonzalez believes the events in Boulder amounted to. Velasquez responded to this imputation, if it was that, by saying that perhaps he should see a lawyer. Informed of that, Gonzalez said it was

quite possible Velasquez did not intend the events in Boulder to take the turn of serious menace that they did. (Gonzalez also names two other Texans he has been told had a hand in promoting the incident.)

What follows is Gonzalez' account of the Boulder confrontations.

About a dozen young people spirited him into a room at the university. Their leader, arranging a chair and a small telephone table at one end, sat down and announced, "You, Henry Gonzalez, are on trial. We demand that tonight you do not appear on the lecture platform unless you are prepared to denounce the Gringo Establishment and the mistreatment of Chicanos."

Gonzalez thought he was kidding. "What did you say your name was?" he asked.

"You don't talk tonight," said his judge, "unless you talk about Chicano rights." Gonzalez, still polite, said he could not honor that request. "We're not requesting, we're demanding," said the judge.

As this kind of thing continued, Gonzalez flared: "One thing I never take from anybody is shit. To hell with you. Screw you. You think you're gonna scare me!" A large youth came from his right flank, doubling a fist, and Gonzalez told him, "You get your big ass over there and don't stand on my right, or else I might have to knock the shit out of you." All of them rose and moved toward him.

The judge proclaimed, "We find you guilty, and you are a traitor." Gonzalez responded, "Well, you're a little dumb shit. We have a saying in Jalisco, *Como amigo soy amigo. Como Cabrón soy tu padre*."

The judge, Gonzalez believes, could not speak Spanish and so did not understand this meant, "As a friend I am your friend, as a son of a bitch, I am your father," but the girls in the group did and left. As the others followed them out, the judge told him, "All right, you better look out. Tonight we'll be back."

At the auditorium building that night there were picketers with signs saying "Gonzalez, Go Home" (misspelling his name). Finding the entrance blocked by two of his badgerers, Gonzalez said to the biggest of them, "*Piojos, háganse a un lado, aquí viene su peine*" (Lice, step aside, here comes your comb). They stepped aside.

Inside there were some demonstrators, an audience of about 20, and no reporters.

One of Gonzalez' "jurors" leapt on the stage, tore out the plug of the mi-

crophone, and threw the mike aside. As a young man reached back as if to hit Gonzalez, he said, "I see a gun — the guy has a pistol." At once Gonzalez said to himself, "Oh, shit, this is a different ballgame." Looking at his tormentors more carefully now, he concluded that four of them had guns, and they seemed to be hopped up on something.

One of the armed men, Gonzalez says, was "a scrawny little black with peroxidized red-tinged hair." To him directly Gonzalez said, "Hey, son, I've got you picked out. You may kill me, but I've got you picked out to go with me, because I'll kill you first." The fellow was never more than 25 feet away from him, Gonzalez says. "I meant it, and he knew it, even if they had riddled me I'da had enough strength to get to him and strangle him. I felt I could communicate to them what I felt through him because I felt that that kid would *know* I meant what I said. I meant it. That's exactly the way I felt."

The professor in charge and Gonzalez discussed whether to bring in police, but Gonzalez thought that would start the intruders shooting. The professor went outside and consulted the security officers, but returned and told his wife that the officers had agreed they should not come in "because the congressman's life is at stake. The congressman is in mortal danger."

The lady had been faint, anyway, and Gonzalez had her fake a swoon. The professor and he then helped her out, moving very slowly. A chair was thrown and nicked Gonzalez' ear. They were rushed, and all three were spat on. But they made it.

Outside, Gonzalez walked, "sauntering," to the Faculty House and got inside just as something shattered the window beside the door. He says \$3,000 damage was done to the building by the mob outside. He was looking for "a piece of iron" to defend himself with when the police arrived.

Charges were filed against a student and the chairman of La Raza Unida Party of Colorado, but not against any Texans. If any of the people Gonzalez suspects did advise the Colorado group to act against him, there would be the further question whether they intended what happened. But Gonzalez' continuing belief that some of his critics in Texas promoted the Boulder disturbance is still important in his attitude toward the Chicano movement in this state.

Backwash

For instance, Velasquez was invited to speak last year to the congressional Hispanic caucus in Washington, but Gonzalez protested his being listed as a

sponsor of a speech by his enemy, and the invitation was withdrawn. Gonzalez says he did not object to Velasquez speaking and that the decision he would not speak was made by the chairman of the caucus; but Bernal contends that Gonzalez was putting his personal problem with Velasquez ahead of the welfare of the Chicanos nationally.

The Southwest Voter Registration and Education Project, which Bernal calls "the institution that Willie created," has voter registration campaigns going in 125 cities and an annual budget of \$325,000. The Project has aggressively litigated against gerrymandering of all kinds to disfranchise Mexican-American voters; Velasquez says the Project has been currently suing, settling, or negotiating with 47 counties in disputes concerning redistricting and election fraud. Velasquez rolls off dazzling figures on the progress of Mexican-Americans in overall voter registration and in the election of mexicano officials. As Bernal sees it, "Willie is the No. 1 producer of information on voter participation and voter registration . . . The need was so great, in spite of the barriers Henry put up, the organization has flourished."

"Even the foundations tell me of Henry's sometimes brutal descriptions of what he's gonna do if they give me money," Velasquez says. "No," says Gonzalez, "I haven't lifted a finger against his Voters' League. I haven't ever discussed it with anybody who has to do with his funding," and he has no intention of doing so.

* * *

Watching his boss' conflicts with Peña during this tumultuous period was Gonzalez' aide, Albert Bustamente. At first Bustamente was just a caseworker, but "All of a sudden," Gonzalez says, "he would just camp out at my house," wanting to take him everywhere. The last year Bustamente literally carried Gonzalez' briefcase. Gail Beagle, the administrative assistant in the office, says Bustamente apparently was making lists of poor constituents Gonzalez helped and of his wealthy backers, too.

The press speculated that Bustamente would run against Peña, and Gonzalez demanded to know if it was true. Bustamente, knowing Gonzalez would disapprove, would not say, so Gonzalez finally had Beagle tell him he was flat fired.

This came out later, but not in time to help Peña, who had to run against a fellow who was making a big to-do about having been Gonzalez' aide for three years. Gonzalez stayed neutral, but as Bustamente says with a smile, "I was

(Continued on Page 15)

Looking at Chronic Disease: Are We Looking at You?

Looking at Chronic Disease . . . are we talking about you?

We all know — and fear — the life threatening illnesses: cancer, heart disease, neuro-muscular disease.

But what about a chronic disease? What about living everyday with pain, sickness, always aware of feeling ill, your mind trapped in that concern? What is it like to live every day half sick and half well, with health problems that won't go away?

Facts from the National Center for Health Statistics tell us that more than 140 million Americans — more than half of us — have a chronic illness. Twenty-four million people have arthritis; more than 13 million have some form of health impairment; 19 million have high blood pressure serious enough to disable them; 7 million have bronchitis; 6 million have asthma; 5 million have diabetes; 5 million have migraine headaches; and no one knows how many millions suffer from backaches.

In addition, 36 million have some diagnosable digestive disease and an equal number have all the symptoms of digestive disease, but no apparent organic problem.

How many of all of these millions suffer because of some dietary or nutritional deficiency or because of the stress and tension of daily living? Probably most of them. Did you know that 20% of all migraine headaches are triggered by certain food substances? Even varicose veins are caused to some extent, by the lack of fiber in the diet.

What we're saying is this: tens of millions suffer from chronic disease. Most caused by poor diet, insufficient nutrition, stress and tension. All of these causes can be dealt with. Answers will not be uncovered by research in some laboratory. They will come when patient and doctor begin working together to develop techniques for achieving and maintaining a relatively stable social and work life. To do that, to promote such a "normal" life, the patient will have to expend some real effort. *Dependence* on a physician produces little or nothing.

Too many people give up. Fighting chronic illness is difficult. Living without hope for a "cure"; living with the endless cycle of promise and disappointment is not

easy. The problem is that in chronic illness physician-specialists can't agree on treatment. And wouldn't you know it, those that they do agree upon are the most predictable, the most boring, and the most repetitive. *But they work.*

For instance, virtually every chronic illness rules out smoking. Every treatment stresses weight loss and a balanced diet. (No wonder. There are 40 million Americans who are more than 15 pounds overweight . . . more than half of those are obese). Almost all treatment for chronic illness insists on reasonable exercise to strengthen muscles or increase stamina. Heart patients walk miles; people with back pains do a variety of calisthenics; overweight people learn to exercise because exercise reduces appetite. *Yes, reduces it.* Did you ever try playing frisbee or jogging or riding a bike while eating a sandwich?

What else is important in treating most of these chronic illnesses?

Often massive doses of vitamins to correct nutritional balance. **Keep in mind that there is a difference between nutrition and diet. Nutrition is what your cells need to be healthy and productive. Diet is what you eat.**

Biofeedback helps. Yes, that "far-out" looking practice of being hooked up to an electronic machine that helps to control functions we think of as involuntary: breathing, heart rate, blood pressure, muscle tension. Yes, it works. And *anyone, anyone* can learn to use it and make it work . . .

We're not talking about dangerous drugs, or extraordinary treatments in a medical center, or surgery. Chronic illness can be handled when you learn about your own diet, nutritional needs and how to control your own life stresses. These are things you can do yourself. And we'll be here to help you do it.

It will take a little effort. But the victims of chronic illness who successfully cope with their difficulties, are the ones willing to take the time and make the effort.

In the opinion of many doctors, will and determination are more valuable than all the pills in the world.

Think about it.

If you have a health problem you would like to discuss with us, write us: HEALTH ADVISOR, c/o American Income Life Insurance Company, P.O. Box 208, Waco, Texas 76703. Describe to us the nature of your health problem, whether or not you have seen a doctor and what treatment or medication you were given. From that information, our specialist physicians will answer your letter and respond with advice and suggestions. Please limit your questions to problems concerning digestive or gastro-intestinal disorders.

Prepared by:
American Digestive Disease Society
and the

Bernard Rapoport Postgraduate Institute for Digestive Health



Bernard Rapoport, Chairman of the Board

P.O. Box 208, Waco, Texas 76703

American Income Life Insurance Company

Journal /

A Humbling Experience

New Republican congressman Jack Fields, who ousted Bob Eckhardt on Black Tuesday, got right to work pumping the correct hands around Washington, D.C., after his slim (4,000-plus vote) victory.

And while Fields went to some lengths during the campaign to minimize the impression that he was but a puppet of the Big Oil interests, who kept his campaign kitty topped off, one of those squiring him around and introducing him to all the important Washington biggies was none other than Jack Webb, a biggie himself from Houston's Gulf Resources and Chemical Co.

We trust all of Webb's introductions for Fields were at least arm's length.

Fields was also reported to have said about his toppling Eckhardt, the nemesis of Big Oil for many a session in Congress, that it was "a humbling experience."

Uh, 'scuse us, Congressman. B'lieve that ought to be an Exxon experience.

The GOP's Brazos County New Look

One of the places in which the GOP scored local inroads in the November election was the once secure, if conservative, Democratic bastion of Brazos county. Indeed, as a result of a bizarre political year, county politics have become impossible to predict even with 20/20 hindsight.

For a start, this was the first time in a century that Republicans have been elected to county offices. A quiet constable's election saw veteran Democrat E. W. Sayers turned out in favor of Republican Winfred Pittman, and Jeff Brown, a 26-year-old rising GOP star, was elected county attorney.

Those were normal elections. The real Brazos County-style contest, and a nifty Republican windfall, occurred in the race for a county commissioner's seat. The post had long been filled by H. L. (Bud) Cargill, a Democrat, but on Oct. 31, Halloween, Cargill was named in a 14-count indictment for alleged misconduct in office. He ended up pleading guilty to one

felony charge and was given a 10-year probated sentence which included a restriction against running for public office, like, say, on Nov. 4.

All of this started last September, when two county employees bought a camera during lunch one day and snapped photos that afternoon of county equipment in action on land owned by Cargill's brother. The employees took their pictures to Cargill's Republican opponent, Billy Beard, and to the Brazos County District Attorney's office.

Further investigation by Assistant District Attorney Jim James III and Bryan Police detective John Boyd resulted in charges that Cargill allegedly wrote several checks for work that was never done or to non-existent companies.

And Cargill had evidently cashed those checks himself. A special grand jury convened on Halloween Friday, just days before the election, and returned 14 indictments. (The regular grand jury was disqualified because Beard was a member.) Thirteen of the indictments were for felony official misconduct. One was a misdemeanor tampering charge. Within hours, Cargill pleaded guilty and accepted the terms of his probation.

In effect, Cargill admitted to the misuse of money paid to "AAA Hauling Company."

"That was a fun one," recalls one investigator. "First, Cargill told us that the company was connected with a AAA car dealer, then he said it was connected with a AAA cleaners, then he said he was sure it was a real company but he wasn't sure whose it was."

Cargill supporters rallied in good humor and printed a few baseball caps with "AAA Hauling Company" in block letters. And the County Democratic Party, stung by the prospect of a GOP shoo-in to their all-Democratic Commissioners club, asked the voters to elect Cargill anyway so that the county judge could appoint a Democrat in his place.

But the voters remained humorless. Beard beat Cargill two-to-one and became the first Republican to be elected to the Brazos County Commissioners Court in the 20th century.

The Cargill Halloween unmasking added another blow to Brazos County incumbents in 1980, the most notorious having been the upset last May of 32-year incumbent State Senator Bill Moore of Bryan. With Moore fell an era of

Democratic domination, but there is reason to believe neither Moore nor the GOP are entirely unhappy about it.

Moore has chummed up to the GOP since his primary defeat, accompanying Gov. Bill Clements and John Connally when they toured the county for Reagan. And when Moore's campaign sign came down from the shopping center property he owns, Billy Beard's campaign sign took its place.

Some credit for the new vigor of the GOP here also belongs to N. A. McNeil, unsuccessful Republican candidate for the Senate seat Moore lost to Democrat Kent Caperton in the primary. As County GOP chairman, McNeil recruited a large slate of Republican contenders for county races back in January, when talk was that Clements would be gone in a few years and the Republicans would come to their senses after their lemming act with Reagan. McNeil's seemingly futile efforts paid off.

The new Democratic senator from district five, Kent Caperton, can expect the Republican snowball to grow in the coming years, fed by strong Republican tendencies at Texas A&M and in the district's northern Houston suburbs. The Republicans who wanted McNeil to yield his candidacy in favor of a stronger media symbol will be back with a new deck after redistricting is completed.

Greg Moses

Reagan, Time and Time again

Evocative prose about politicians having been a surplus commodity the past several months, it perhaps was not strange that *Time* magazine was able to offer up not one but two purplish essays atop a photo of President-elect Reagan, in rolled-up shirtsleeves with the Statue of Liberty as a backdrop, in its election roundup issue.

In the Nov. 17th issue, which essay you read depended on which part of the newsmagazine's press run your copy came from.

Some Austin mail subscribers got an issue that carried on page 27 the headline "The Long Trail" above such *Timely* phrases as:

"On the hustings the Democratic

nominee carried the bright fire of his office with him. At last the air crispened and daylight grew scarce, clear portents that the long trail was nearing its end. When voting comes, can winter be far behind?"

When such blathering comes, can stomach burn be far behind?

That essay ended on this sentence, which might have come from a Hollywood publicist's pen:

"And in the end, it gave America Ronald Reagan standing gloriously alone." For heaven's sake. We thought Nancy was ALWAYS there.

Apparently some *Time* editors found the original version of this essay unworthy of the entire run, for later copies sold in Texas carried the headline "America Decides" and a completely rewritten essay a bit less fawning and worshipful.

"The rippling effects of Nov. 4 will be felt for years," the new essay wisely, if somewhat lamely, concluded, "yet (yet?) it all stemmed from choices made in a voting booth, that unique envelope of solitude. This peaceable allocation of vast power was, as ever, the most remarkable aspect of Election Day."

Time Senior Editor James Atwater said that while the magazine's editorial offices were a madhouse during the production of that issue, and he doesn't remember precisely the chain of events

that led to the switching of essays, he said he suspects it was done in the course of changing the photos on the ensuing several pages to provide an updated election day package. "Somebody just decided to run it through the typewriter again," he said.

"You could pursue it further," said Atwater, "but I don't think it would be worth it. There's no more to it than that."

So that was it. It all stemmed from choices made in that unique envelope of prose punditry, the *Time* machine.

L.J.

No-Bus Solidarity

Both Texas senators, Democrat Lloyd Bentsen and Republican John Tower, joined the U.S. Senate majority which passed a rider to a Justice Department appropriations bill aimed at banning federal busing efforts. The November vote, 42-38, was the first signal from the Senate, soon to be controlled by the GOP, that things are going to be a little different from now on. The amendment prohibits the Justice Department from initiating any desegregation suits which would require busing, and was tacked onto a \$9.6 billion budget for the Justice, Commerce and State departments, a sneaky way of heading off a presidential

veto. The House has approved similar language in a separate measure. Behind it all were two of America's great humanitarians, and Carolinians, Sen. Jesse Helms, R-NC; and Sen. Strom Thurmond, R-SC.

Civil rights lawyers note, however, that the action will not affect existing districts nor will it bind court action brought by private parties, which is usually the way integration comes anyway. But there was a decidedly symbolic meaning to the vote. Really, it's all black and white.

Hot Off the Press

Since we passed along word in our last issue that Brother Bob Bullock is going after a third term as state comptroller, we're more or less obligated to officially state that Lt. Gov. Bill Hobby will seek another term in 1982, the 10-year anniversary of his election to the post. A few other politicians have been murmuring about the lieutenant governor's slot, but no one has announced yet. It's probably the most useless job in the world except for one specific task, presiding over the state Senate, which is generally held to be one of the most useless organizations in the world — except to the corporate lobbies who control it. □



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Gonzalez . . . from page 11

able to handle that end . . . I carried his briefcase for three years and I looked and learned." Had he made lists? "I knew them. What else do you do? Certainly it helped me."

Peña says that Frank Sepulveda, who runs the market in San Antonio, told him he spent \$40,000 for Bustamente. Peña thinks that, plus a remark he had made about the communist Angela Davis, did it. He'd been asked if Davis should be allowed bond, which she had been denied, and he said she should, whatever her beliefs. "Bustamente said, especially in Spanish, that I should spend more time representing my precinct and not defending known communists," Peña says. "In my opinion I was McCarthyized."

In 1978 Bustamente became the Bexar county judge. On the walls of his office are signed pictures from such politicians as former Gov. Dolph Briscoe and U.S. Sen. Lloyd Bentsen. A sage Chicano politico here says of Bustamente, "he's a catch-as-catch-can, he goes with money and power. I don't think anybody's got him in their pockets."

* * *

In his account of his response to accusations against him within the locally liberal Catholic hierarchy, one glimpses Gonzalez raging under siege during this five-year guerilla war of words. He heard, he says, that Father Henry Casso had been saying he'd turned his back on the Mexican or had forgotten the West Side. "I confronted him in a theater. He came up effusive — those treacherous guys," Gonzalez said. Though Casso denied saying such things, "I wouldn't shake his hand and I wouldn't let him embrace me."

Gonzalez also says that the late Archbishop Robert E. Lucey of San Antonio agreed with Father Casso to the extent he spread the opinion, "'Oh, Henry Gonzalez has turned his back on the Mexican-American.'" At the time, Gonzalez recalls, he said, "I have yet to see Archbishop Lucey in the shadow of Our Lady of Guadalupe on El Paso Street, and he lives on Hollywood Park, so who has turned his back on the West Side? The day I see Archbishop Lucey saying Mass in Our Lady of the Guadalupe, that day I'll listen to what he has to say about that."

No Quarter

In the five years from 1968 to 1973, then, this was the scene among Mexican-Americans in South Texas — not the marching-together camaraderie of a vanguard minority, but the vitriolic

divisions of charge and counter-charge, bite and bite back, physical walk-outs and emotional blow-outs. Fundamental disagreements about how to proceed politically, differences of status and purpose, and the blood-laden wake of the Vietnam war left the Mexicanos, as it left the whole American progressive movement, sad and exhausted. The Chicano leaders who did battle with Gonzalez have not forgiven or forgotten, and neither has he.

"He's been the key person that has demoralized progressive leadership" among Chicanos, Willie Velasquez says. "He has been very influential, very influential, among people that I know would want to take progressive stands, but don't because of fear of the wrath of Henry. By the threat of using his power, he has made the Mexican-American community take much more moderate positions than it should. . . ."

"I personally feel that Henry feels that if there's a problem he hasn't solved, he feels it isn't a real problem. He's offended at the thought there could possibly be something he hasn't addressed and solved in the last 20 years."

"He's has been very detrimental to the Chicano movement and probably has been the biggest deterrent," Bernal believes. "The white Establishment males don't have to put us down when they have him to do it. He can go along with some things that keep him a liberal, and he fights for some causes the liberals can go for, and yet fight the Chicanos. In fighting Chicanos, many moderate-type Hispanics will follow him, for they, too, want to cater to what they consider to be the ruling class."

"In fighting the Chicano, he doesn't lose any of the white labor support — especially the red-neck element in the AFL, Teamsters. . . . He runs roughshod over the city council and the Bexar legislative group. He's got control over them. Nobody wants to antagonize him, incur his wrath. He's in a very empowered position. Very few dare to go against Henry. . . ."

"The Anglo liberal doesn't understand the internal battles of the Chicanos," Bernal continues. Opposing Chicanos, Gonzalez would not lose the Anglo liberals, "but on the other hand he would gain great favor from Anglo conservatives, to whom he could say, 'Hey, you've got me, and you may not like my pro-labor ways, but if you don't like me, you may have to deal with them' — the Chicano equivalent of the Black Panthers or the Stokeley Carmichaels." Then the white conservatives may all of a sudden say, "Hey, Henry's not so bad." Henry, by putting down Chicano militants, has gained a lot of support. . . .

"It was always Henry the nice guy blasting me, Albert, whoever, in the movement. So that Henry in a sense gained politically at the expense of his fellow Chicanos. . . . He has strengthened his position at the expense of a lot of the other potential leadership in the Mexican-American community, one, by not ever supporting any of them, and two, by engaging in political warfare against them. . . . He created barriers for the movement. . . . To me, he has provided us the greatest disservice, because he has stultified the growth of potential leadership in its most natural way. . . . San Antonio could have very easily had its first Mexican-American mayor many years ago."

Bernal believes Gonzalez does not want other Mexicano politicians challenging his own role. "He has never endorsed another Chicano for another office," Bernal says. "That's commented over and over in any Chicano campaigning for office — you don't antagonize him, and you don't expect him to help you."

Shaking his head at himself, Bernal remarked, "In a sense I've stayed away from him since Del Rio. I may be foolish saying these things. I might be running against Tom Stolhandske (for county commissioner, precinct number two, in 1982). Anyone who criticizes Henry has got to suffer for it. . . . He's very vindictive against anybody who says anything about him."

Gonzalez does not see how anyone could expect him to have stood for Torres' letter circulated among 40 of his fellow congressmen. "What is the nature of the (alleged) vindictiveness, as exemplified by what specific acts?" he asks.

He makes a distinction between the validity of decrying fear of a machine politician and fear of the kind he is. A sheriff or county commissioner, with a whole slew of law enforcement, park, and road employees at his command, can carry out an act of revenge directly, but Gonzalez says he has never had such power.

Opposing Torres, for instance, he's giving, to whatever extent he has it, his "moral and political influence to John Gatti vs. Torres. Now who can assure me it's there? I can't unless I have done other things the people approve. The power is wielded by the voters and it has to be. I have never understood the *Light* saying I'm a patrón. If I knew I could really wield that power, ooh would I have moved in a couple of elections! . . . Political pulling power is not to be equated with definite concentrated organizational pulling strength."

Besides, he says, he forgives and forgets. Peña opposed him in 1953, but the next year came to him to make a liaison, and he told Peña (Gonzalez remembers), "When I won, shit, I forgive. I'm happy I won." At the height of the Gonzalez-Chicano tempest, Pepe Lucero "was aligned with those guys," Gonzalez says, yet Lucero became head of the revenue sharing office. "He wouldn'ta been there if I'da been vindictive." Frank Moore, President Carter's head of liaison with Congress, had come to him and asked, "Henry, what do you want?"

Neither, Gonzalez says, did he campaign against Bernal or Peña in the elections they lost. "I did not go in and get Albert Peña," he says. And he could have told Bernal, "I'm gonna get you, I'm gonna work against you in your next election." I didn't and he knows I didn't. . . . If I'm ever against a man he's the first one to know it. I never do it behind-hand. I go all out for or against — I never go half-way."

If he obtains satisfaction concerning a grievance, Gonzalez says, he comes to terms. "What am I gonna do — perpetuate an enemy? No." After his confrontation with Alaniz, he says, he could have squeezed Alaniz out of his job as attorney for the San Antonio school district. "(Willie) Elizondo put it up to me," Gonzalez says (Elizondo being the power on the board). "I told him it was strictly his business. . . . Nobody can say that, even in the bitterest denunciation of me. I've never got anybody's job. I made up my mind that no matter what the provocation, I'd never do that."

And, he says, "I have never wasted one second or a fraction of it indulging in a hatred. I find it very hard to hate people."

What about Bernal's point that Gonzalez has profited among Anglo conservatives from slamming Chicano activists? "I have never felt more uncomfortable than when people who have been opposing me start saying things complimentary to me. I ask myself, 'What have I done wrong?' But when did I receive their help and compliments? Can Joe Bernal tell me? At no time did those people proffer help and come in."

"What Mexican have I stopped?" Gonzalez asks. "The only one I have ever gone in and interfered (against) was Pete Torres." Shaking off the various criticisms, presented to him by the *Observer* in a review of 15 or 20 minutes' duration, Gonzalez exclaimed, "These are like a bunch of snakes. What they resent, really, in me, is that I have not involved myself in their crawfish politics — *la ley del cangrejo* . . . They say I don't help Mexicans. In effect nobody

defeated them but themselves."

And has he not helped all Mexican-American candidates in San Antonio by having become the biggest vote-puller the West Side has ever known? He recalls that Peña acknowledged in 1956, when he was elected, that if Gonzalez hadn't been on the ballot, he, Peña, would never have won. "Isn't that saying that I've helped other Mexicans?" Gonzalez asks.

* * *

Bernal criticizes a statement Gonzalez made recently, which was: "I don't believe in special favors for minorities. I don't buy all this crap about undoing the injustices of the past 100 years. As long as we have our freedom, we're okay and we have what is needed to live and to flourish."

"What he's saying," Bernal believes, "is that because I don't need help, the minorities don't. While I may feel personally that I don't need any of those crutches, when I look at the Chicano community I say we need some structural changes to give us an equal edge . . . It makes you a big macho, a first-class macho, 'Hey, that's great, you don't need any help.' You know who loves you for that. The conservative Anglo, who's got it all . . . I commend Henry that all he needs is freedom, that he doesn't need crutches. That's fantastic. But that means you're already there."

His point, Gonzalez says, is, "We're in a free country where we can struggle for the redress of grievances. We're winning. We're not totally oppressed. I'm not saying it's all over. Not, 'Oh, I got mine so everything's fine.' That isn't true and that isn't fair."

Bernal had predicted Gonzalez would slam him around in response to Bernal's remarks. Gonzalez did — and he did not conceal the steel. For instance, Gonzalez points out that Bernal was elected to the legislature with GGL support and that conservative strategist Bob Sawtelle mapped out his Senate campaign — as if to prove Bernal is not so pure. Gonzalez also attributes to Bernal's Anglo principal at one stage of his schooling a remark that he was bitterly prejudiced and felt racial matters intensely. "You don't exude hatred," Gonzalez says.

Gonzalez' most substantial self-defense is his counter-charge that there is a tendency on the Chicano left toward anti-gringo racism that is just as racist as any other racism, and that is what he's been opposing.

Even in his present district he has many Anglos; poverty, on a numerical basis, is four times more frequent among Anglos than among the minorities, he

says. "We're either all children of God or we're all stepchildren. At the point they began to say, 'He's against us,' I said to them, 'God, you don't expect me to prove loyalty after all the bloody battles all these years.' Some of them seem to think equality is doing wrong. I say no. We cannot have equality in imitating racism without losing the moral right to fight for equality. 'Kill the gringo!' More than equality — we want to get even. It's true also of the black. At that point I say 'Count me out.'"

He believes he has been consistently anti-racist, and his conception of racism is penetrating. Early in his career, when a fellow mexicano told him he had his vote as long as his name was Gonzalez, the candidate replied that he was not running on that basis. When Gov. Price Daniel asked him for "a list of some good Latin-Americans" to appoint, Gonzalez said, appoint to what? Whom to appoint was a personal, not a racial question: Gonzalez could think of one Latin-American Daniel had appointed who "hated blacks." Or suppose the man Gonzalez thought best for a certain job was named Jones? "Sir, I can't give you a list," he told Daniel. "I really don't understand you," he recalls the governor responding — "I need your help here." Nor did Lyndon Johnson understand when Gonzalez went through a similar episode with him, in the White House.

Speaking of Gonzalez and those who share his view on this, Gail Beagle said, "We're very strong integrators of culture, of civil rights, and we feel that people are going backwards when they advocate a separatist movement, Gutierrez replacing Anglo with his own injustice. Nothing is accomplished by replacing one power structure with another."

When he was fighting segregation in the Senate, Gonzalez says, "the biggest criticism I got was from Mexican-American leaders who said, 'Henry's puttin' us in with the nigger.' A few years later it's 'Henry's turned his back on the Mexican.' How do you think I feel?" No, he says, "The test of fairness is after I obtain power, not when I seek it. Is your justice better than the Philistines'? If it isn't, haven't you lost the moral right to preach justice? I think so. What did he do? That is the test . . ."

"Have I cloyed? Have I become intimidated? Have I become a tired old liberal?" Gonzalez asks.

"Shit, I see where I'm speaking out. Today segregation's passé . . . Events have changed, issues have changed. All right, so I'm not a radical because I don't say 'Kill the gringo.' Would I ever have said it? So I'm not a radical because I don't say 'Viva Castro.' Would I ever have said it?" The label "radical" was

placed on him, Gonzalez said. "I didn't think it was radical to stand up for the Constitution. It happened to be radical in the context of the times."

U.S. Rep. Bob Eckhardt of Houston once said to him (Gonzalez recalls), "Do you know that your voting record and mine are identical?" Gonzalez replied, "Bob, mine is a little superior. Even you didn't vote on repealing 14-B (of the Taft-Hartley law). I did. — Sure, our voting record is going to parallel, Bob. What surprises me is that you would be surprised."

Nor does the San Antonian stand down to the former congresswoman from Houston, Barbara Jordan. It wasn't he, Gonzalez says, who testified as a character witness for John Connally at Connally's trial (at which Connally was acquitted on a charge of bribery). And, Gonzalez says, when Jordan's voting rights act extension provided that to be protected, a minority had to have 5 percent or more of the population, this sanctioned *de facto* deprivation of the rights of those in smaller population blocs, and Gonzalez voted "present," not "aye."

A Mexican in America

"I have a theory," Joe Bernal says. "I think where he trips is not in the larger community — he's with the liberals, basically for human rights and that type of thing. However, there's something psychological in the man. His family escaped the Mexican Revolution because they were pursued by the revolutionaries, the people who became the Partido Revolucionario Institucional, the PRI. Seeing Mexican revolutionaries, he trips emotionally — I think he sees the same element in La Raza Unida and anybody who starts getting militant — he trips."

Spanish antecedents of the congressman's settled in Northern Mexico in the sixteenth century, and Gonzalez is proud of this fact, as readers of this study know. "Few Chicanos I know would allow themselves to be solely classified as Spanish," Bernal says. "We recognize the facade when certain Anglos try hard to not offend us by condescendingly referring to us as Spanish. He relates to being Spanish, rather than mestizo or Indian. He relates to being of a literate class. Thus, I would classify him as having descended from an elite ruling class in Mexico."

Bernal, a student of the Mexico Revolution, sees it, in general, as a takeover of power from the Spaniards by the mestizos and Indians, led first by Father Hidalgo, then by Benito Juarez, "a full Zapotec Indian," and third by people like Pancho Villa and Emiliano Zapata. If an American transferred the situation into

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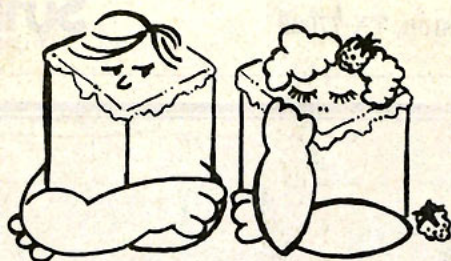
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the United States, he says, "you could clearly see a race and class pattern, Henry belonging to the dominant Spanish class, the landowning class.

"I also recognize Henry as a first-generation American, which is very different from most Chicanos. I feel very secure in being American — I'm a fourth-generation Texan. I don't think anybody could send me back to Mexico. I go there as a tourist. I think Henry has a fear of antagonizing the Anglos. When he politics, more often than not he doesn't antagonize the Anglo, he antagonizes the Chicano."

Bernal exemplifies his theory of Gonzalez in a discussion of who one's heroes are. "In the Chicano movement," he says, "some of the heroes we cite are the heroes of the revolution in Mexico — and heroes here such as César Chavez we can connect very easily with Hidalgo, Juarez, Zapata, because they supported the same class of people. When you stand behind all the revolutions in Mexico, you stand behind its heroes, who include Indians.

"When Henry filibustered in the legislature [on segregation in 1957] — I give him a lot of credit — but he was a universal man then, he was quoting philosophers from a Greek and Roman background, and early American history. But I doubt that he would make any references to the Hidalgo, the Juarez, and the Zapata heroes. Henry fits very well among the Anglo liberals in being a universal man. The reference we make in the Chicano movement is to the Zapatista philosophy of being with the people and the Indianist philosophy of relating to the lowest classes getting their rights. When you've defined your heroes, you've pretty well defined your stance."

When Bernal was a senator he held a job as executive director of the Guadalupe Community Center on the West Side. The center received United Way funding. Gonzalez sent a letter to the center's board chairman relating complaints he had heard that Vista workers who were being housed upstairs in the center were producing militant literature. "He was going for the jugular," Bernal says. The predominantly Anglo board members investigated and exonerated the workers and the staff of any misdoing, but in their report they made a complaint of their own that connects in Bernal's mind with his theory about Gonzalez.

In Bernal's office he had a portrait of Juarez and a motto, *El respeto al derecho ajeno es la paz* (To respect the rights of others is peace). His assistant had displayed on the walls of his office

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portraits of Zapata and Villa. The board members noted the portraits of Juarez, Villa and Zapata and said the staff would do well lauding American heroes instead of Mexican ones.

Bernal recalls his angry response to his board members on this point. He reminded some of them that they made plenty of money out of the West Side, and that was fine; but they did not, he told them, understand or respect "the background and the culture of this community. Our historical background did not come in with the Mayflower. We came in from the South. — Our origins were from the South, mostly Indian and much less European." If schools could be named for Winston Churchill and Edgar Allen Poe, they could also be named for Juarez, Zapata, and Hidalgo. "The point," Bernal says, "was that symbolically we could live with heroes of both cultures." After that fine speech, Bernal recalls with a laugh, he lost six board members.

Gonzalez, Bernal has noticed, "constantly refers to himself as an American of Mexican descent," not as a Chicano. "To me," Bernal concludes, "Henry represents in the cultural sense the universal man rather than the nationalistic Chicano," and in Gonzalez' mind "all of those revolutionaries who threw my parents out of Mexico belong to PRI. And the PRI connects with the Chicano movement in this country — they're the same."


Gonzalez, told the salient features of Bernal's theory about him, circles it, appearing not to give it credence. "The English were pragmatic and phlegmatic, the French were so intellectual, the Greeks were so intelligent — they could advance an intellectual point at the same time they were contradicting it," he says. "Joe is just too convoluted and too abstruse. It's like these poor guys trying to evoke the battle cry of Zapata, 'Tierra, Pan,' or Castro's slogans for Cuba in West Texas. It just isn't realistic, it isn't true to life. I'm too simplistic in that philosophical realm. It seems to me it's far-fetched.

"I don't think there's a Chicano alive, born here and second and third generation, that can even truly be said to have Spanish as his primary language any more. Spanish is a secondary language among Chicanos.

"Secondly, I don't think that materially, consciously, or philosophically, he looks upon himself as Spanish, Indian, Latin, unless it's something that has been inculcated . . . It isn't there predominantly or naturally. I think Joe overlooks the pluralism of the group."

(Next: Conclusions)

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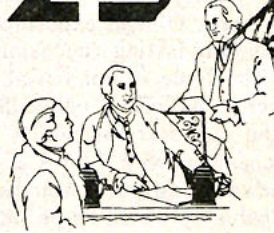
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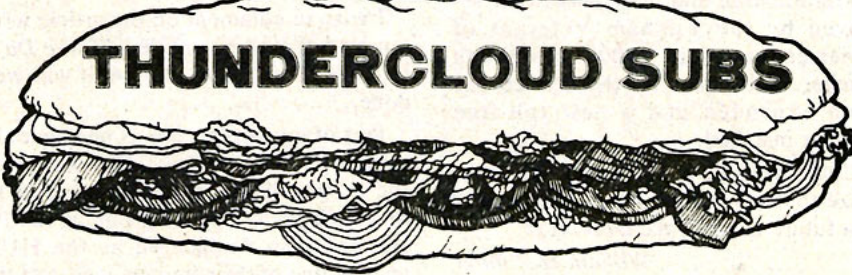
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Dialogue/

Agent Orange Hotline

In May, 1980, the Associated Press broadcast about two column inches on the establishment of an Agent Orange hotline for Vietnam veterans. As a Vietnam veteran with Agent Orange-related problems, I was lucky to catch the AP release and get on the right track for treatment.

Between May 1 and September 15, 1980, over 400 other Vietnam veterans in Texas read the item in local newspapers and responded to the toll-free number. However, the Veterans Administration estimates that approximately 161,000 Texans served in Vietnam during the years Agent Orange was in use. Side effects from Agent Orange exposure are serious and long-lasting (occasionally terminal). The issue is not trivial, but seems rather to be loaded politically in favor of the corporations which produced the chemical, with the VA assuming a "stonewall" posture. It would seem that more publicity would be propitious for those unknowing Vietnam vets in need of help.

Nationwide, in the same May-September time frame, over 10,000 calls for information and assistance were received by the Vietnam Veterans of America on their "800" telephone number. Subsequently, the service has been expanded and a new toll-free number installed.

Could you, as a public service, publicize the new hotline telephone number in a future issue of the *Observer*?

William H. Laufer
Houston

The new hotline number is 1-800-424-7275. We urge Vietnam veterans to call for information at once.

-Ed.

For the nonce

This delayed renewal is not the result of an oversight. Over the last few years my original commitment to the support of progressive institutions has been shaken by the increasingly faddish and anti-rational tone of your articles; the recent articles "disproving" the energy crisis and savaging a centrist Democratic president I found the last straw — you could as easily have been writing Reagan's campaign speeches.

Now, however, I find the situation changed once more. The election of a hard-core right-winger to the Presidency, armed with conservative to fascist majorities in Congress, puts us all in jeopardy. So we are for the nonce allies again.

The longer term prospects depend on you. If there is any realistic hope for the country, it must be in a revitalized liberalism, stripped of arrogance and muddle-headed faddishness, and as committed to truth as it is to reform.

Gary W. Bennett
Glenside, Pa.

Nuke Planning

I wish to comment on the article written by Jeff Kanipe entitled "Three Days to Nuke City." [Obs., July 4] It was well done.

Part of my perspective is nostalgic. In the early 1950's, my late father was given the responsibility for planning HUD's role in Crisis Relocation Planning (CRP). He was also designated as the HUD chief at one of the emergency sites of the U.S. government in the event of an attack. (For the exact location of these sites, call the U.S.S.R. embassy in D.C.). We even had a shelter in our house, which is located a comfortable 90

miles from D.C. and shielded by a 2,000 ft. range of mountains.

Mr. Kanipe's article did not touch on this point specifically but it is one that is important. "How are you going to get there from here?" The street and highway system of the U.S. has not been designed with rapid evacuation in mind. When the politically sensitive engineers selected the routes of the misnamed interstate highway system, they conveniently traded their concern for interstate transportation for intra-city, politically visible, transportation. Have you tried to drive lately on I-35 through Dallas, Austin or San Antonio at starting or quitting time? Or I-20, I-45, or I-81 as they plow through the cities that they supply with streets? This decision inspired the concept of the beltways most of which are very long parking lots. I do not know which is the longest, but I will nominate 466 around Baltimore and 610 around Houston with 435 around Dallas as possible alternates. (I would like to see a study of increased costs caused by the decision to "go through" rather than "around" cities. It must have been in the high billions).

I agree with Kanipe that three days' notice of an attack is at best a doubtful assumption. Remember Pearl Harbor! (?) Even if three days' notice was given, can you imagine the lines at gas pumps, supermarket checkout stands, not to mention the liquor stores? About the only means of moving the population of Houston out in three days would be to — in fact — drop the bomb. Of course, they would not survive, but they would be "moved."

Kanipe wrote of the problems in testing a CRP except via a computer simulation. In the late 1950's, my father drove all night to reach a civil defense command post located in North Carolina in an exercise. A new computer system was a major reason for the exercise. The computer got a "sick headache" and refused to participate in the week-long exercise.

B. Douglas Stone, Jr.
Professor, Business Administration
Texas A&M University
(Continued on Page 24)

CONTRABAND . . . from page 3

least 1,000 students or five per cent or more of the district's enrollment. To qualify, the district would also have to already be receiving state equalization money, marking it as a needy district with a growing population but a sagging or disappearing tax base.

As long as Texas accepts the money from the hands of adult refugees at the grocery counter and the gasoline pump, where

we all pay a share of taxes, then their children should be allowed to sit, free of charge, in a public classroom.

Otherwise, in the words of U.S. Dist. Judge Woodrow Seals of Houston when he found the illegal alien-tuition law unconstitutional last spring, "we are creating an enormous public cost, both financial and social, to be borne in the not-so-distant future." □

Advance . . . from page 2

incorporate the *Observer* and to recast its operation and range."

By expansion, we are talking about the harsh arena of magazine competition. There are perils. We must join serious philosophical, political and literary questions to the business parameters of demographics, market appeal, circulation, and advertising costs.

In exploring such areas, the fundamental nature of the *Observer* never will be altered. We will not care more for our revenues than for our thoughts or our readers. The issue is that now, in the face of what seems to be an impending dark age and the potential of nuclear war, the *Observer* must reach more than 16,000 or so people. I consider expansion not just a means to better the lot of the workers here, but as a way to offer the voice of the *Observer* as a critically needed antidote to the poisons of our society and the muzak news of the American media.

"We must go on breaking stories the commercial press won't," Dugger says, "giving the support of attention and sympathy to individuals and organizations that are cultivating new social and political ground; providing our readers, and ourselves, the issue-to-issue education, the learning, that the duty to report humanistically entails; helping the best people and the best groups know they are not alone, have friends, and can work together; holding politicians accountable; and reminding readers that there is the human way to see things — that everything *doesn't* come down to a buck, that commerce is not the same thing as people's happiness, that sunpower is better than oil-power, that Nature is our trust, to be respected and owned by us all."

Ronnie's letter asks for your financial support and your ideas. I endorse that. I also ask for your support in other ways. To you

who are writers, especially who have found in the *Observer* a place for your early work, the kind of stuff that propelled you into the slicks and the book contracts, will you not avail us of your talents again from time to time? The newspapers will not print what you really think. The other magazines have their formulas. We will advance, faithfully, the boldest slash of your ideas. We need you; more than that the people of Texas, condemned to an informational wasteland, need you. The same could be said for you who are professors who live in the world of thought. Translate it to words for the people. Give us something back. The *Observer* is the forum. Use it or have it no more.

So — the broader issue. What is the *Observer* to be? Do you still need it? Is it to be an adjunct to your guilty conscience or a force for structural change in American society?

My opinion is that in most endeavors comes a time when any step that is not a step forward is a step backward. I do not wish to see the *Observer* linger in death-in-life. I do not think that's what we're doing now: I believe we are engaged today in a serious attempt to shake out the minds of liberals and make them choose between a real desire to effect social justice and a hypocritical clinging to the placebo politics that has been permitted, intellectually, far too long. Anyway, that's what we're up to now and there is a need to continue, to do much, much more.

The *Observer* must stay exciting, fresh, stimulating, and, certainly, provocative and iconoclastic. We can do that. We — Dugger, Brammer, Morris, Olds, Sherrill, King, Ivins, Northcott, Walsh, Hightower, and so many cherished more — have been spending our bodies and minds in that service for a quarter century. We have kept this a place for your free voices. But the enemy, over the years, has grown. Now we must, too. □

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Illustrated by
Dan Sargent

H. Clyde Farrell
& Paul Kers

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Books/

By Jo Clifton

BUYING, RENTING AND
BORROWING IN TEXAS

By H. Clyde Farrell and Paul Kens
Texas Consumer Association, 260 pp.,
\$6.95 and \$10.95 (hardback)

My mother is of the opinion that everyone should know enough about common illnesses to do a little self-prescription. She keeps her Complete Medical Guide handy for consultation on measles, mumps and rheumatism. Such physical ailments are a part of life, much like the problems accompanying buying a house, renting an apartment and borrowing money. You shouldn't have to visit a doctor every time you catch cold; likewise, you shouldn't have to talk to a lawyer for every legal hassle. But there is no complete legal guide, so it's not easy to deal with such problems alone. There is, however, a new book that will help fill the void.

Buying, Renting & Borrowing in Texas, by attorneys H. Clyde Farrell and Paul Kens, is a handbook for non-lawyers on the rules of real estate, sales and borrowing money. Whether we like it or not, each of us gets involved from time to time with deeds of trust, rent deposits and credit-checking agencies. As consumers in a marketplace of generally well-informed real estate brokers, landlords, lenders and sellers of various products, we need all the help we can get.

Published by the Texas Consumer Association, *Buying, Renting & Borrowing* provides down-to-earth advice for Texans including:

- How to get back your rent deposit.
- How to save money when buying a new car on credit.
- How to file suit in small claims court.

Renters frequently encounter the problem of getting back their security deposit. The Texas real estate lobby has made landlord-tenant law extremely complicated, presumably to make it more difficult for tenants to exercise their rights. Farrell and Kens have simplified the law, giving concrete examples of typical situations. Here is one:

"Will's lease ended on August 31. Before that date, he gave notice that he was moving out, as required by the lease, along with written notice of the forwarding address to which his \$150 security deposit was to be sent. His rent was paid



Ben Sargent

through August 31, and he had caused no damage other than normal wear and tear. Will left on August 31, but by October 1 he still had not received any part of his security deposit. Will can sue for \$100, plus \$450, plus a reasonable attorney fee. Unless the landlord can prove that he did not act in 'bad faith,' Will should win the suit. If the landlord proves he did not act in 'bad faith,' Will can expect to recover only his \$150 deposit."

The authors also unravel the intricacies of buying a home, repossession, calculating the cost of credit and enforcing warranties. A number of methods of self-help are detailed, with form letters instructing the reader on how to demand his or her rights. In addition, the book contains a long list of consumer agencies specializing in various types of problems. The authors also give advice on how to choose a lawyer after self-help has failed.

Buying, Renting and Borrowing in Texas doesn't sound like the kind of work one picks up for light Sunday afternoon reading. For most people, reading about repossession or credit discrimination is less than scintillating — except when the car being repossessed or credit denied is our own. So for browsers, we should mention that the book is illustrated by Ben Sargent, ever-imaginative political cartoonist for the *Austin American-Statesman*. For Sargent fans, the cartoons alone would make the book worth buying. And for the rest of us, consumers who buy things that don't work, have landlords who refuse to refund our security deposits, and don't know a deed of trust from a security agreement, *Buying, Renting and Borrowing in Texas* is a must for self-protection. □

Dialogue/ from page 23

Best from Blackpool

Your vivid and sympathetic article about Blackpool [*Obs.*, Nov. 14] . . . was quite the best account I have ever read of a Labour conference.

The *Observer* is a very good paper.

Tony Benn, MP
Notting Hill
England

Dislikes Manley, Socialism

Speaking as someone who is married to a Jamaican and lived under the Manley government for four years, I must say that your editorial [*Obs.*, Nov. 14] is offbase. The responsibility for the "destabilization" of the Manley government lies with Manley and his party.

I was there, in the Peace Corps, when Manley's party took power. They immediately embarked on a program of non-productive giveaways for their own party followers. I watched Michael Manley, in a period of two years, turn his people from a gentle, multi-racial society into a polarized community in which a non-black Jamaican was considered not a "true" Jamaican.

You contend that the socialist Manley government was legitimately elected. During the 1972 elections, Manley and his Peoples National Party vehemently denied being socialist. He reminded the public that his father, Norman Manley, had personally forced the socialist wing out of the PNP during the 1930's. It was late in 1974 when suddenly Manley announced that the PNP was going to follow a socialist path, and that they had "always" been socialist. So, either in 1972 or 1974 he told a huge lie to the Jamaican people.

After the 1972 elections, the party itself took control of the governmental processes, replaced professional civil servants with party sycophants and attempted to silence all opposition by taking control of the two radio stations, the TV station, and one of the two newspapers. In the 1976 elections a state of emergency was called and opposition leaders were locked up in detention camps. Government vehicles were used

to transport PNP supporters from polling place to polling place to steal the election. The Jamaican people never had a chance until this election to vote for or against socialism.

During Manley's term the people were constantly flooded with invective about there being no place in Jamaica for capitalists and that those businessmen who did not like it had "five flights daily to Miami to choose from." (That being a direct Manley quote.) Private property was seized by PNP gunmen in the name of socialism, and JLP supporters were burned out of their homes.

Your theme of Edward Seaga being the puppet of the multi-nationals is absurd. Those very corporations worked with all their might to have Seaga removed as Finance Minister from the JLP government prior to the 1972 elections, because: 1) he was instrumental in presenting a long range plan to secure 51% Jamaican ownership in all corporations doing business in Jamaica; and, 2) his plans for a strict corporate income tax to be applied to social and educational programs for the masses in Jamaica. As a matter of fact, the multinationals funded the PNP heavily in 1972 because of Manley's promises not to nationalize the industries. What a laugh!

Your statement concerning the returning to the times of freewheeling corruption . . . natives living in hovels . . . with malnourished children sleeping dreamless . . . shows your complete lack of knowledge of Jamaica. Before 1972 Jamaica had the highest standard of living in the Caribbean (excluding the US possessions and the Dutch islands). Before Manley, there was no malnutrition or starvation outside of the horrible shanty towns of Kingston. Now the malnutrition is throughout Jamaica.

One statement that you had correct was about the unprecedented violence during the campaign. The increase in violence was caused by outside forces, but it was caused by the Cuban-trained commandos who led the PNP gangs against both the JLP and the police security forces. There were no fewer than eight full scale attacks on police stations, timed to coincide with attacks on JLP meetings. The most damning proof of the PNP's campaign of violence came to light when Roy McGann, one of the gov-

ernment parliamentary secretaries and candidates, was killed while leading an attack on a detachment of police who were monitoring a JLP meeting. Ballistics studies proved that bullets from Mr. McGann's registered firearm had killed one of the police corporals.

The dumping of the Manley government was not a racist victory for the CIA, but a grand victory for the Jamaican people. A victory that is still being celebrated from one end of the island to the other. They now have a leader who has proven his desire to truly work for an egalitarian society, and will not spend his time circling the world as a spokesman for Third World solidarity while his own people are home starving.

Jack L. Cooper
Corpus Christi

Mr. Cooper's response, though a sincere personal reaction, raises too many issues to go without comment. Of course there was turmoil and economic hardship during Manley's tenure. Every attempt at a transition to a socialist government involves upheaval - that is the nature of the operation. But, and here is the point, the economic scarcities were caused not by Manley's socialist ideas but by autonomous multinational reprisals from the U.S. and Europe. Numerous industries cut back production and the IMF and World Bank imposed severe constraints on loans to Jamaica predicated on a national austerity program Manley was unwilling to impose on his country. In addition, the U.S. State Department recommended a \$10 million cut in food aid to Manley's Jamaica. These terrible pressures from the multinational financial community helped wreck the Jamaican economy and set up Manley for a challenge by Seaga, who, whether or not opposed by the multinationals in 1972, is certainly their boy in 1980. This raises a logical deduction: if the corporations could plot to remove Seaga eight years ago, could they not plot to install him today? Of course they could, and did.

But the most serious aspect of the Jamaican "election" is that once again "liberals" are siding with imperialist forces within and without the U.S. in the historical domination of Latin American and the Caribbean. It does not matter when or whether Manley declared himself a socialist so much as that he has the right to do so without risking a crackdown by his Yankee neighbors. Self-determination includes the right to create a socialist economy. It is not the business of, nor in the interest of, the American people to say otherwise.

-Ed.