

Summer Reading

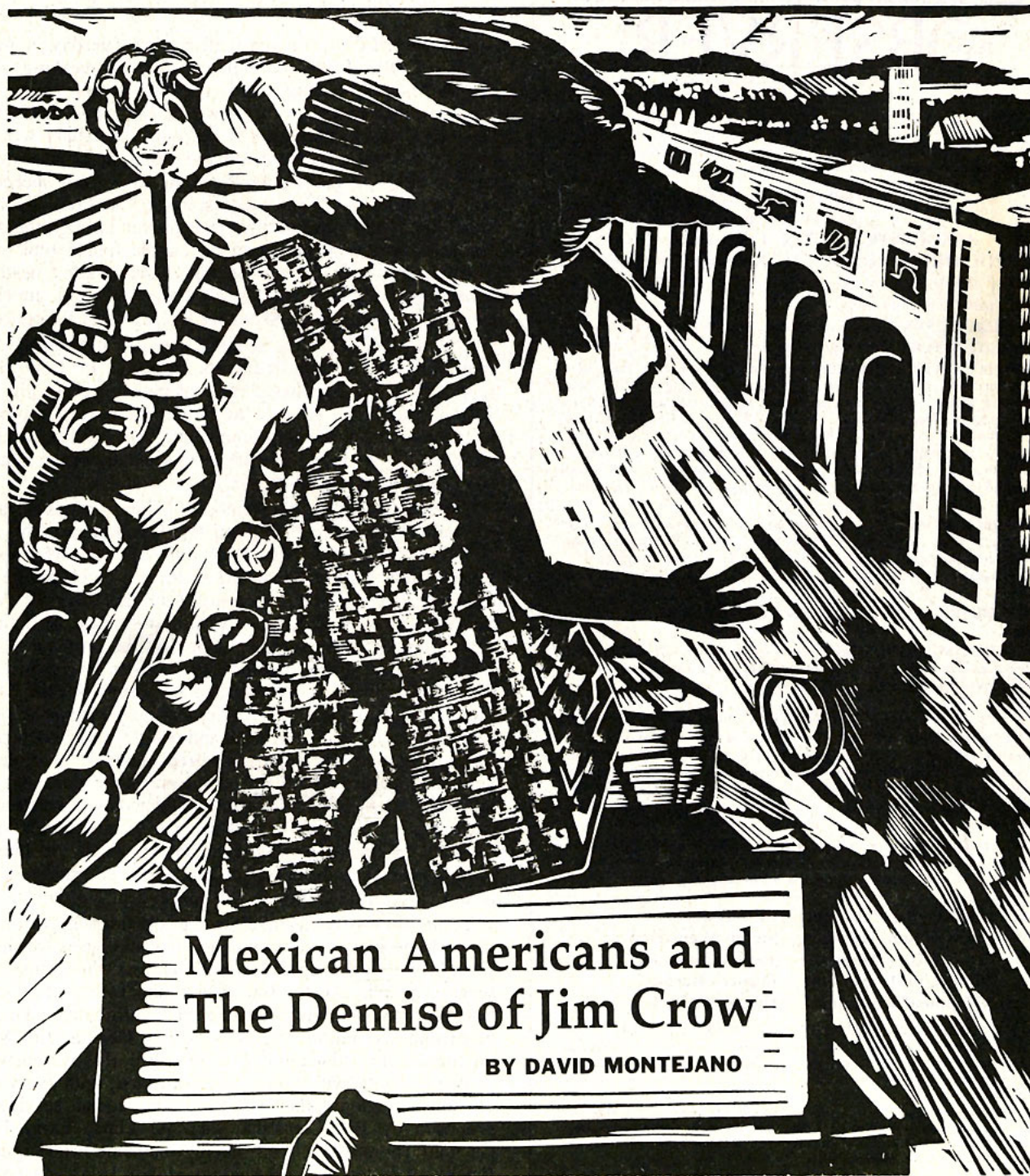
THE
TEXAS

OBSERVER

July 17, 1987

A Journal of Free Voices

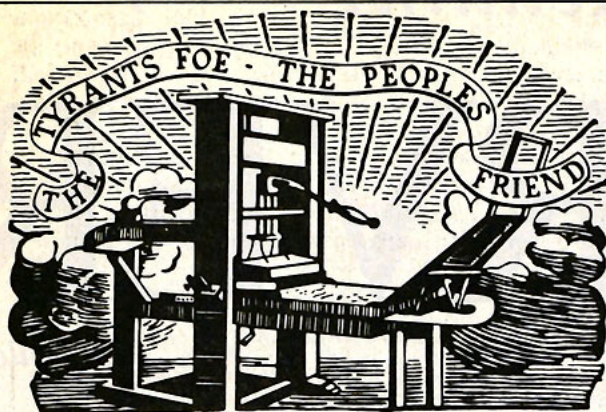
One Dollar



Mexican Americans and
The Demise of Jim Crow

BY DAVID MONTEJANO

Eric Avery



THE TEXAS OBSERVER

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A journal of free voices

We will serve no group or party but will hew hard to the truth as we find it and the right as we see it. We are dedicated to the whole truth, to human values above all interests, to the rights of humankind as the foundation of democracy; we will take orders from none but our own conscience, and never will we overlook or misrepresent the truth to serve the interests of the powerful or cater to the ignoble in the human spirit.

Writers are responsible for their own work, but not for anything they have not themselves written, and in publishing them we do not necessarily imply that we agree with them because this is a journal of free voices.

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EDITORIALS

Levantando La Voz

Than loongen folk to goon en pilgrimages
—Canterbury Tales

AT NOON on this particularly hot Tuesday in Austin, COPS President Helen Ayala is speaking at the capitol. Facing south, standing on the south steps, she overlooks an ocean of umbrellas and signs. Behind her, an elderly black man who is keeping a personal scorecard on a folded pink sheet of unlined paper leans forward and taps the previous speaker on the shoulder. "Your speech was real good but I didn't get your last name," he says. "Hobby," he is told. The lieutenant governor moves through the crowd and one more name is scrawled on the folded pink paper. Then the old man covers the top of his balding head with a handkerchief, to protect against the sun, and directs his attention to the next speaker that Helen Ayala introduces.

The incident belies the political sophistication of the 3,000 Interfaith organization members gathered in front of the capitol. But it is almost a parable of public accessibility. Had the old man more to say, the lieutenant governor probably would have listened. This immediate accessibility to elected representatives has become the signature mark of the Industrial Areas Foundations movement.

Three hours earlier 700 members of Communities Organized for Public Service (COPS) had left San Antonio. Six hours earlier the 300-member delegation of The Metropolitan Organization had left Houston. At three o'clock on the same morning twelve buses carrying 600 members of Valley Interfaith had left the Lower Rio Grande Valley. Half a dozen vans followed. And at nine o'clock on the previous evening 200 EPISO members climbed into buses in El Paso to begin the 1,300-mile trip to the capitol. From Austin, Austin Interfaith, from Victoria, from other smaller cities across the state, come diocesan, parochial and congregational delegations that are part of the ancillary organization of the Interfaith network. All are in Austin *levantando la voz*, raising their voice, as Ayala says. Raising a collective voice to redefine for a legislature becalmed in the mid-latitudes of a special session, the social services agenda on which the Interfaith groups have worked since their beginning: education, indigent health care, aid to families with dependent children.

Before the day ends and all except the few who will remain to work the legislature climb back into the buses for the ride home, two dozen speakers will address that same social services agenda. Austin Rep. Wilhelmina Delco on education, Fort Worth Senator Hugh Parmer on the difficulty and urgency of raising six billion dollars, Attorney General Jim Mattox on funding for education, Lt. Gov. Bill Hobby renewing a pledge to fight "with every ounce of blood, with every ounce of bone," against the education and social service cuts proposed by Bill Clements, then Al Luna, Larry Evans, Garfield Thompson. . . all making the same brief argument. Finally, it is left to San Antonio Mayor Henry Cisneros to provide some sort of emotional and rhetorical resolution to all of this and Cisneros delivers. Leaning into the microphone

Cisneros enumerates issue after issue and for each issue he insists "there's enough." Cisneros speaks with Jesse Jackson's sense of timing and feel for the crowd. "There's enough wealth in this state to educate our children," Cisneros shouts above the microphone. "The next ten days will decide whether we go forward or backward. And we've got to go forward for the little children." Even his critics are convinced. Then the crowd divides into the smaller Interfaith organizations, settles in under the pecans and oaks with local representatives before moving on to the capitol with their lists of legislators' office numbers. All of this, an entire afternoon, is executed with the same precision by which IAF leadership and staff executes its legislative agenda. Nothing just happens. Interfaith staff and leadership seem omniscient, lining up speakers, watching the clock, recognizing legislators deserving recognition. It is evident that if this special session utterly fails them, there will be another day, another pilgrimage, another legislature. "They are," David Montejano (whose book is introduced in this issue) will tell you, "our best hope for social justice."

TWO WEEKS BEFORE Interfaith came to Austin, the nation's largest Hispanic group convened in Corpus Christi. All seven Democratic presidential candidates and Republican Jack Kemp spoke to the 3,000 attending the League of United Latin American Citizens' national convention. What all of this was about is what José Angel Gutierrez once described as the "coloring of America." Jesse Jackson is waiting for the coloring of America: "We might not win next year," Jackson said in Corpus Christi. "But there's not only next year, there's 1990 when the census will be taken, then 1991 when legislative district lines are redrawn. . . ." And Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis is talking about the coloring of America. "*Una faccia, una razza*" Dukakis said (in Italian) to the conventioners in Corpus Christi. "One face, one race and I have a feeling that Hispanics, and Mediterraneans, are on the rise in America." Bruce Babbitt, the former Arizona governor who responded in fluent Spanish to the questions of reporters from the Los Angeles daily *La Opinión* understands the demographic equation: "A Democrat can't win without winning Texas and you can't win in Texas without the Hispanic vote." Every candidate, it seems, is after the imprimatur of the American Hispanic.

But Jack Kemp? How very much like Bill Clements did Kemp sound when he told an applauding LULAC audience: "The economists say people are undertaxed. Ladies and gentlemen, I would rather listen to the first 2,000 names in the Corpus Christi phone book [46 percent Hispanic] than the Council of Economic advisors who tell us we're undertaxed." And how much like a young(er) Ronald Reagan does Kemp sound when he says: "I'm against high taxes and bureaucratic tax forms and I intend to make the no-tax-increase a central issue in 1988. . . ." and "We can not turn our backs on a courageous democrat like Jose Napoleon Duarte." (Kemp also sounds like Reagan when he says things like: "My friends, our future lies before us." A likely place for a future.)

"We can be pro-English and pro-Hispanic at the same time," Kemp insisted. But no. You can't have it both ways. And neither can LULAC. They can not rail against Reagan and Clements, then elect a conservative Republican like Oscar Morán to lead their organization. Their leadership can't hold an audience captive for Congressman Jack Kemp then dismiss it and leave when Agriculture Commissioner Jim Hightower steps to the podium. And they can't stop farmworkers in the convention exhibition hall from explaining their table-grape and H.E.B. boycotts only because H.E.B. is a LULAC corporate sponsor.

In a section of his book that is not included here, David

Montejano observes that LULAC and the IAF organizations both benefited from leadership skills developed in the farmworkers' and *Raza Unida* organizations. And LULAC, though always a middle class and assimilationist organization, played an important part in the demise of Jim Crow, particularly in Texas. But to be relevant again, even in the twilight of the Age of Reagan, they will have to abandon their Mugwump *Mejicanismo*. *¡Ya basta!* The nation's largest Hispanic organization needs new leadership and a unified agenda.

L.D.

A Departure

After a year and a half with us, our layout artist Valerie Fowler has decided to spend more of her time and energy on her art career in Houston. We are sorry to lose her. Valerie has been more than just a reliable and talented staff member — she has been one of the rare workers who has been unflappable in the face of our unpredictable and idiosyncratic production schedule. We will miss her serenity and humor as well as her capable skills.

We expect to introduce our long-planned design changes this fall. Patrick Flynn, the highly regarded art director of *The Progressive* magazine, has agreed to work on the *Observer* facelift. Consequently, we are now looking for a new production-and-layout staffer who will be able to work with Flynn's design. We are looking for someone with experience in this field who will be able to give us a day every two weeks and who won't be shocked by *Observer* wages. Interested persons should give us a call soon at (512) 477-0746.

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The Question of Impeachment

WE DON'T MEAN TO BE beating a dead horse, but there is still much to be said about the governor and his SMU scandal. The Methodist bishops' report that was released June 19 is a remarkable document; it gives the fullest accounting so far of how a program of illicit payments to student football players at Southern Methodist University came to pass, and how Bill Clements was at the center of at least three years' worth of behind-the-scenes efforts to keep the program quiet.

The 48-page report is candid, stern, at times hard-hitting, and unquestionably damaging to Governor Clements. The bishops' narrative makes two things especially clear: it shows how tight was the control of SMU by Clements and a very small group of cronies, and it shows how lax were their ethical standards. The bishops meant for the report to clear the air, and the SMU establishment undoubtedly wants to put this embarrassment behind them as soon as possible. But the scandal is not going away — not yet.

Attorney General Jim Mattox announced soon after the report was released that he would follow up with his own investigation to see whether the behavior of SMU trustees — including Clements — violated civil or criminal laws. In addition, a small group of Democrats in the House stands ready with a resolution calling for the machinery of impeachment to be oiled up, just in case. Most House members seem to think it is too early for impeachment proceedings, but if Mattox's investigation shows that laws were broken — not just NCAA rules — the governor will be in deeper trouble.

Leaving aside those legal questions for a moment, there is no shortage of charges that can be made right now about the governor's ethics. Perhaps the most appalling lesson of the SMU affair is that Clements had no apparent hesitation about lying through his teeth to the press and the public. Clements' behavior, from the time he rejoined the SMU Board of Governors in 1983 until he was forced by the press to disclose his role in the SMU recruiting scandals this past March, is reminiscent of nothing so much as the behavior of the besieged President Richard Nixon at the height of the Watergate scandal. There are the furtive meetings between a small group of insiders intent on stonewalling . . . the conviction that some actions are "above the law" . . . and most of all, the chronicle of lies.

The bishops' report dramatizes just how outrageous Clements' public statements could become. After several pages about months of meetings and discussions among Clements, SMU President L. Don Shields, Athletic Director Bob Hitch, football coach Bobby Collins, and SMU lawyer John McElhaney, Clements sat at a table with those four people and told the NCAA in August of 1985, "I acknowledge our university's mistake. . . . None of us at this table had anything to do with this." In fact, Clements had had a discussion with SMU president Shields in November of 1983 in which he told Shields that he and the chairman of the board of trustees, Dallas businessman Edwin L. Cox, had already known that payments were being made to athletes. When Shields objected, Clements told Shields to "calm down and not be so self-righteous," in

the words of the bishops' report, and to "go run the university." Shortly after Clements told the NCAA that "none of us . . . had anything to do with this," he met with athletic director Bob Hitch and asked if there was a way to continue payments to players who were already on "the payroll." Hitch said there was. Clements said, "Then do it."

And yet when Clements was asked by a reporter in February of this year, after the NCAA had suspended the SMU football program, if he had anything to do with the payment schemes, he responded "Hell no. Absolutely not." A week later, having realized that newspapers were about to break the story, Clements admitted his role at an Austin press conference. He spoke of a "moral obligation" to continue paying the players who had already been promised money.

Just as interesting is the role of Clements cronies such as Edwin Cox (a Dallas oil man who also served on the board of Clements' drilling equipment company) and Robert Folsom (the former mayor of Dallas who was a member of the SMU governing board from 1976-1987). The bishops' report makes it clear that Cox and Clements pretty much ran the university and had numerous discussions about the payment schemes since 1983. Yet when Clements disclosed his role and said at least half of the board knew what was going on, reporters asked Cox if he was in on it. "I'll say emphatically it's not true," Cox said. Folsom's comment to reporters was, "I was totally not knowledgeable about the continuation of payments."

The bishops' report suggests otherwise. Cox knew about payments to SMU football players at least as early as 1981. Folsom was present at a meeting with Clements in March of 1985 in which a key booster told them they had "a payroll to meet." The report states unequivocally that Cox, Clements, Folsom and a few other top SMU people were all aware of the payments prior to August of 1985.

The SMU affair gives an unusual glimpse into that dangerous impulse among people in power who operate by the watchwords, "Don't let the public find out." These events were taking place while Bill Clements was the chairman of the board of governors, as well as a candidate for governor. Obviously, much of the explanation for why wrongdoing at SMU had to be kept hushed has to do with Clements' political ambitions.

This is also the question that needs more exploration than the bishops' committee gave. Their report revealed that SMU higher-ups were afraid to fire the athletic director and the head coach for fear they would tell all. So in December of 1986 — by which time Clements was Governor-elect — Edwin Cox, and two other members of the board of governors negotiated termination agreements that allowed the director and the coach (and an assistant) to continue to be paid for the length of their contracts. This decision to allot more than \$863,000 in SMU funds is now of concern to the attorney general, who is charged with overseeing public trusts. Was this money given with the condition that Clements' role would be kept secret? Was using money in this manner a violation of the trustees' responsibility? And did Clements have any part in the decision?

The governor denies that he was involved in the \$863,000 decision, or that he participated in a "cover-up." But, of course, his denials come cheap. There are some in the legislature who think that if this denial by the governor turns out to be false, there will be grounds for impeachment. Senator Hugh Parmer, D-Fort Worth, for one, says, "I would be most concerned if I found out that the governor actually participated in the paying of that hush money. It sure seems to me that would be a misappropriation of trusteeship funds — and that's a criminal violation."

Parmer suggests that if the attorney general follows a few of the threads of the bishops' report, we might see the Clements governorship unravel further. "As I've observed these government scandals occur," he said, "what you learn at the start is not necessarily all there is to know."

Perhaps the bishops' report doesn't tell us all we need to know about whether the governor broke the law, but it provides ample evidence that Gov. Clements is unsuitable for public office. He is unsuitable because he established a record of lying to the public. He is unsuitable because he can not be trusted to run an open government. His campaign for office was a fraud; how can his governorship be legitimate? And

why tolerate the kind of ethical judgement that Bill Clements has demonstrated? If we are now ready to disqualify public officials on grounds of sexual misconduct, as seems to be the fashion this season, why is it not just as grievous when a candidate lies his way into public office?

It would only do honor to the concept of "the public trust" for us to take these matters seriously enough to give them a full and open hearing in the House of Representatives. It may or may not lead to the impeachment of the governor. But to sweep this sordid affair under the rug is to say "Oh well. This is just how politicians are." That's the kind of attitude that puts — and keeps — people in office who should not be there.
D.D.

• DIALOGUE •

Required Reading

As someone in the business of knowing about cities, I found your special issue on Urban Texas (*TO*, 5/29/87) the single best collection of essays that I've come across in a long time. It should be required reading for all who want to know about what is going on. It will be required reading for my students. Keep up the good work.

Norman J. Glickman
Hogg Professor of Urban Policy
LBJ School of Public Affairs
University of Texas at Austin

The Charge: Austinitis

Your issue on urban Texas graphically demonstrated that the editors of the *Observer*, both past and present, despise big cities, and do not understand them. It is not possible to fully demonstrate this in a letter, but let me at least make a start.

A good place to start is with the concept of what constitutes a city. There are two huge urban areas in Texas: Dallas/Fort Worth (DFW, 1.5 million households) and Houston (1.4 million households). The next five largest urban areas combined (San Antonio, Austin, El Paso, McAllen/Brownsville and Corpus Christi) contain fewer households than either Houston or DFW. It takes a small town view of things to uniformly note the differences between Dallas and Fort Worth and to fail to note the many similarities. One gets little sense of how Houston and DFW dominate the state from reading the *Observer*. That is a defect which should be rectified.

Let us now turn our attention to what *Observer* editors have to say about big cities. Dave Denison recommends that for cities to survive they need to turn away from large buildings and large businesses to "weave together a new texture of small companies." If so, it is difficult to understand why he admires New York. Does anyone think that New

York, home of far more Fortune 500 corporations and skyscrapers than any other city, has done better in this regard than Houston? Molly Ivins criticizes Dallas for being self-conscious, apparently implying that people in other cities or Texans in some idealized past were otherwise. People all over urban America are "other directed" (worrying about what others think about them), as David Riesman pointed out several decades ago. Despite the closing observation that Dallas is a nice place to live, Ms. Ivins does not appear to evince an understanding of or liking for cities, in Texas or elsewhere. Rod Davis is the most direct about disliking cities. His lament about Austin is that it is becoming a city, instead of the university town it used to be — like Madison and Boulder. No longer, it seems, is Austin a liberal oasis in the conservative redneck desert. It certainly is nice that you enlightened Austin people deign to devote your time to publishing a magazine to educate us rednecks that populate the rest of Texas.

Cities are quintessentially about large businesses (please drop the affectation of "bidness"), big buildings, congested highways, sprawl, pollution, crime, and rapid change. The *Observer* editors and guest authors who lament these things reflect not a critique of Texas cities, but a dislike of cities. So, dear *Observer* editors, please put your Austin-induced myths of a golden age aside and begin to deal with urban reality. Too often what the *Observer* passes off as Populism is merely "a reactionary wail of protest for a passing way of life" (T.R. Fehrenbach).

The good old days in Texas were characterized by a rural society and dreadful poverty. The golden age in Texas began with World War II and it continues today. This period has been characterized by an enormous increase in population and movement within the state from rural to urban areas. Even with the explosive population growth in

Texas since 1940, about two-thirds of all counties have lost population. This golden age is characterized by big cities and urbanization, so it is time for the *Observer* to start focusing on Texas as it is instead of foolishly lamenting that it isn't like it used to be.

The *Observer* suffers from a serious case of Austinitis, a defect that can be overcome only by relocating the editors. One editor should be based in Houston and the other in Dallas. This is the only way the *Observer* can avoid crying in its collective beer about the good old days when Austin was still a nice university town like Madison, and such naive assertions as that the salvation of big cities lies in smaller businesses and buildings. It may also correct the sort of absurd imbalance that takes place now, where more coverage is given to the Department of Agriculture than to political events in Houston and DFW combined, and where news about Austin is wildly over-represented.

Stephen K. Huber
Houston

It's Great

Isn't it great to have Molly Ivins, the world's greatest writer, back ("Hello from Boosterville," May 29).

Only problem is she doesn't know how to spell bidniz.

Dick Henderson
San Marcos

Best Ever

It was well past dark when I arrived home to find that my mailbox had been knocked down by some drunk or prankster. I rummaged through the soggy contents and came across your "Urban Texas" issue.

Perhaps it was because I had just returned from a mini-reunion at one of Houston's struggling new jazz bars with a group of friends who had once lived here. Or maybe it was because I've recently been considering whether or not

anything good can come from our present troubles here in Texas. But I stayed up very late that night reading and contemplating what others think about our cities. For some reason, I believe that if we will let it, this crisis can make us understand each other a little better. It just may break down a few of the silly barriers and make us realize that we are all going through this together.

Thanks for your best issue ever!

John W. Rebstock
Houston

I Left My Heart . . .

Urban Texas is a subject I enjoy seeing explored; thank-you for the issue. I grew up in the cities of Texas. My parents moved south with the Korean war. I am an artist. I left Austin in 1981. I miss y'all very much. I miss the singing nights. The smell of dancing bodies. Talking to each other with ideas. I came back last year. The hills had been sliced up in a grotesque pretention of imitation of what some people admire about California. I'm out here taking Walker Percy's advice about getting the most ordinary job in the world and then being as extraordinary as one wants. In other words, there is choice involved in this business of being bourgeois or being something appropriate to the landscape.

Julia Ray
San Francisco

No Going Back

This is in response to a letter written by Martin Huan, Oklahoma City (TO, 5/1/87) regarding Ronnie Dugger's "tearful plea for teaching immigrants in language other than English." . . .

I am one of thousands born in this country who started school in the Rio Grande Valley of Texas as a monolingual Spanish student in the '50s. We were punished and humiliated by a school system which taught us English by "submersion" not "immersion." We learned very quickly, as you did Mr. Huan, to lose our accent and to discard our mother tongue. We learned to laugh at those who couldn't speak perfect English and even coined a word to poke fun at each other when we messed up — "chicanos." Little did we know then that this word would some day be used with pride to regain our cultural identity and language which we had readily relinquished in our zeal to assimilate and prove ourselves Americans.

We were children who did not know any better. We just wanted to make it.

Some of us did not. Rather than face the ridicule from friends and the stern disapproval of their teachers, many dropped out along the way.

We are adults now and many of us have vowed that our children shall never experience the humiliation and degradation which results from a systematic raping of a people and their language.

We are pro-bilingual instruction because it is an effective way to teach children without damaging their self-concept. The goal is always to learn English, it is the language of power in this country, but this can be achieved without throwing away a perfectly good language.

Furthermore, a second language is not a "crutch" but a valuable commodity in today's international marketplace. Most major corporations realize this and actively recruit bilingual people who can represent them with clients in countries all over this shrinking world of ours. You can find bilingual and multilingual people in the most respected and prestigious professions — some even speak with accents.

Mr. Huan, I am truly sorry that you do not mourn the loss of your primary language. All I can say is "*¡que lastima!*"

Ofelia de los Santos
Houston

No Speak English

English should be made the official language of Texas at once.

I work at a hospital switchboard and daily I get "No Speak English." Mexicans, Cubans, Greeks, Thais, Arabians, Indians and others seem to think "No Speak English" are the magic words. While I struggle to cope, I am slow in answering my signals. Consequently, I get chastised by doctors and nurses for being slow in answering.

If being loyal to one country only, and that country is the United States, is racism then I am a racist.

As a poor WASP who dragged a cotton sack in the hot sun, never knew plumbing until a teenager, never knew central heat or air until my thirties, I can only say you only improve your living standard by your own hard work and exhaustion.

Talk to me not about discrimination. As a WASP whose father gave money to his mistress and let his children go in need, as a mother of a crippled child who went hungry and without clothes to pay his medical bills, ask me not to be penalized for so-called normal people

to have their favorite language printed in dual with English or used in the classrooms.

Velma Shurtleff
Austin

The Flipside

With the exception of the May 15 issue (wherein you had an excellent insightful article on a secret government plan for apprehending and detaining Central Americans living in the U.S.) I've noticed a general decline in articles having to do with Central American issues. The injustices and human rights abuses there are a prime concern of mine about which I've missed seeing commentaries in your magazine over the last several months. So I've decided to discontinue my subscription.


Robert Harvey
Austin

See Texas First

After eight or more requests I've decided to renew. But I'm still distressed by the amount of space devoted to second-rate cultural topics coverage. Especially when so much is happening politically. I enjoy the "whimsy" and nostalgic pieces in moderation. But you're not primarily writing for Texas expatriates — like the Washington and New York exiles. Anyway, I'll try you again.

Tom McGovern
Lubbock

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LABOR AT THE CROSSROADS—II

BY GUS TYLER

This is one of the finest critiques of unionism that I have ever read. It is a chapter from UNIONS IN TRANSITION, edited by Seymour Martin Lipset, which was published and copyrighted in 1986 by The Institute for Contemporary Studies in San Francisco. The chapter is reprinted here, in installments, with permission. Observer readers wishing free copies of "Labor at the Crossroads" intact should write me at American Income Life Insurance Company, P.O. Box 2608, Waco, Texas 76797.

—Bernard Rapoport

In the 1980s, American unions were hit simultaneously by five damaging conditions: recession, governmental animus, the shifts from North to South and from goods to services, the influx of about a million newcomers (legal and illegal) per year. A second reading of history might have eased labor's anxieties, for each of these traditional causes of union enervation seemed to contain a self-correcting potential, the seeds of its own resurrection. If unions go down when the "cycle" goes down, then unions will go up when the "cycle" turns up. So the thing to do is to wait for "recovery," or better, to work for national policies to stimulate recovery. If an administration is hostile, the thing to do is get out the vote, to reward friends and punish enemies. If the economy moves from goods to services, the unions merely have to move — as they have done quite impressively — from goods to services. If jobs go South, the unions go South. If new breeds of immigrants enter the labor force, give them time (and some help) and they will ultimately organize — as did the Irish, Jews, Italians, Blacks, Hispanics. History's prescription for the traditional infirmities is to apply the tincture of time — with patient, persistence, and prayer.

Turning to this well-established household remedy would have been the natural thing to do. Instead the AFL-CIO chose the painful path, really two paths — one leading outward and the other inward. They chose the hard way — and with reason.

The 1980s are not the 1930s. Solutions that were valid fifty years ago are not valid — or equally valid — today because, in no small measure, the problems have changed. The differences that have developed over a half century are not quantitative alone, they are qualitative; they are not incremental, they are gross. On a global scale, there are changes under way that are profound, puzzling, and — in some cases at the moment — imponderable. Within the unions, changes are also under way — sly, subtle, unintentional, and insinuating changes — that are making unions much different from what they set out to be or what they presently believe themselves to be. To cope with the new realities, unions must look afresh at the world about and the condition within.

The 1980s are not the 1930s in at least three crucial ways. First, the robot is here; second, the economy is

global; third, the labor force is elusive. Put otherwise, the economy has undergone profound changes technologically, geographically, and spiritually. For unions, this means that their potential membership will be dispossessed by electronic gadgets, that governments will be less effective instruments for taming corporate power, and that those who are the working force will be more difficult to compose into an effective social force. The old premises of unionism — people with jobs, governments with power to regulate their domestic economies, and individuals with definable "careers" — will be shaken, if not shattered.

The essence of the committee's first report in August 1983, entitled "The Future of Work," was the newly developing role of the robot — although it was not stated that way. The opening sentence stated plainly: "Massive changes in the structure of the U.S. economy are under way." The key word to remember is "structure."

Unemployment in the future will be increasingly structural, not arising simply from an imbalance between production and consumption but from the displacement of persons by robots. "Technology is displacing workers and overturning traditional work patterns," says the report. "Industries and occupations are changing." By "technology" is meant "the new microtechnology with its information communications potential that is bringing change which is perhaps more revolutionary than the industrial revolution brought by the steam engine in the nineteenth century and the transportation revolution brought by the internal combustion engine earlier in the twentieth century."

Labor's fear is real despite its experience with automation that, contrary to many expectations, did not cause massive unemployment during the 1950s and 1960s. The reason for the fear is that the robot and automation may be kin but they are not the same. Automation provided muscle but not brain; it could handle big lots but not small ones; it worked well for some standardized operations on farms and in factories but was not particularly adept in stores, offices, banks, information processing, or designing. Because workers displaced by automation from farm and factory could find employment in the service sector, the percentage of unemployment in the total society did not rise.

But when the "chip" invades the service sector, then where shall the displaced go? "Robots in the factory, word processors in the office, scanners at the check-out counter, push-button banking, computers in the home, satellites in the sky," the report notes, "remind the nation of the pervasive impact of advancing technology."

Even public employment — about one-third of the service sector — is not likely to rush to the rescue. Budget-battered governments at all levels are more likely to fire than to hire more employees.

Part three of Gus Tyler's "Labor at the Crossroads" will run in the next issue of the Observer.

The Demise of Jim Crow

Texas Mexicans and the Fight Against Segregation

By David Montejano

The following is an excerpt from Anglos and Mexicans in the Making of Texas, 1836-1986 by David Montejano. The book will be published in August 1987 by the University of Texas Press. Copyright 1987 by the University of Texas Press. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publisher.

GREAT STRIDES in dismantling the segregationist order have occurred since the 1940s, but we — the generations that have lived through these decades — may not have a clear comprehension of the events we have witnessed. The more activist and “younger” of us may emphasize the critical place of the civil rights movement, believing that struggle and organization alone brought the old racial patterns down. Those with a more detached and “older” view may point to basic changes in economic and political structures as a primary cause. Both views contain persuasive elements but remain inadequate as separate explanations. The demise of segregation was not a simple reflex reaction to an opposition movement; it was also the result of fundamental shifts in economic and political conditions.

“Jim Crow” may appear to be an odd description of the situation of Mexicans in Texas. There was no constitutionally sanctioned “separate but equal” provision for Mexicans as there was for blacks. According to the prevailing jurisprudence, Mexicans were “Caucasian.” But in political and sociological terms, blacks and Mexicans were basically seen as different aspects of the same race problem. In the farm areas of South and West Texas, the Caucasian schools were nearly always divided into “Anglo schools” and “Mexican schools,” the towns into “white towns” and “little Mexicos,” and even the churches and cemeteries followed this seemingly natural division of people. This was not a natural phenomenon, however, but the cumulative effect of local administrative poli-

cies. In the farm districts, the result was a separation as complete — and as “de jure” — as any in the Jim Crow South. To emphasize these commonalities, I use “Jim Crow” to refer to a situation of nearly complete separation and control of blacks or Mexicans.

War and Industrialization

BEFORE WORLD WAR II, the urban situation for the majority of Mexicans was not vastly different from that found in the rural areas, in spite of some concessions. The urban Mexicans of Corpus Christi, San Antonio, and the bigger towns of South Texas, for example, attended school in relatively high proportions compared to rural Mexicans. Nonetheless, the public schools in these cities were segregated, businesses refused to serve Mexicans in places patronized by Anglos, and the Catholic churches conducted special services to prevent contact between Mexicans and Anglos. “Urbanization” merely signified the geographic expansion of segregation. Thus, as the “Mexican town” of San Antonio grew in the 1930s, new subdivisions on the Anglo side (such as the Jefferson and Harlandale areas) began to adopt restrictive covenants prohibiting the sale or rental of properties to persons other than of the Caucasian race — “implicitly excluding the Mexicans.”

Racial segmentation characterized the urban and industrial labor market across the state. In the oil industry, both Mexican and black workers received a lower wage (of several cents per hour) than did Anglo Americans in the same classification. The “Latin American” and black workers were not permitted to use the drinking fountains or the toilets and bathing facilities provided for Anglos. Nor were they permitted to punch the same time clock or receive their pay through the same window used by Anglos. A similar situation was to be found in the railroad industry.

In many cases job discrimination was not the result of management policy but of union policy. During the 1930s the great majority of labor unions (especially the skilled crafts) refused to admit Mexicans and blacks to membership, thus making their employment by management virtually impossible. The

only unions readily open to Mexicans in the early 1930s were “Mexican unions” like the Hod Carriers and Common Laborers Union.

In short, neither urbanization nor industrialization brought about the relaxing of race restrictions in the 1940s. Such relaxation as occurred had to do with the war emergency — with the need for soldiers and workers. Labor shortages opened job opportunities, military service presented many with training and experience, the need for stable relations with Mexico stimulated a drive to minimize discrimination, and the war emergency sanctioned such experimental measures as the Fair Employment Practices Committee.

These war-related necessities, however, did not require any real consensus, much less commitment, about a policy of nondiscrimination. The war years, in fact, saw a worsening of relations between Anglos and Mexicans in the Southwest. Increased discrimination, growing friction (including pogroms and police raids of barrios), and Mexican government irritation all reached new heights by 1945.

In rural Texas, Jim Crow conditions remained virtually unaffected by the war against Hitler and race supremacy, a situation that prompted Mexico to exclude the state from its international agreement regarding guest workers (*braceros*). The ban was not a “blacklist,” as Mexican Consul General Miguel Calderón politely put it, but “merely exceptional measures for protecting Mexican Nationals in view of exceptional circumstances prevailing [in] this State.” In 1943, in response to Mexico’s blacklisting, Gov. Coke Stevenson established the Good Neighbor Commission (GNC) and had the legislature approve a “Caucasian Race Resolution,” which forbade discrimination against “Caucasians.” Pauline Kibbe, the first executive director of the GNC, called on Texans to remember that the state constituted “a living laboratory experiment in American unity” on which the eyes of the Americas were focused; that Texas was “a test case to prove or disprove the validity of the Good Neighbor policy.”

In the cities, it also seemed that the war crisis would accommodate itself to previous employment patterns. According to one estimate, less than five percent of the Mexican American community in Texas was employed in war industry in the early 1940s. Those industries that did provide employment to Mexicans restricted them to common or unskilled labor jobs regardless of their ability or training. At San

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Photo by Shel Hershorn

Activists and farm workers marched from the Valley to Austin in 1966 to ask for a \$1.25 minimum wage.

Antonio's Kelly Field, where approximately 10,000 of 35,000 civilian employees were Mexican Americans, none had a position above that of a laborer or a mechanic's helper. This pattern was common throughout the Southwest. Federal investigations in the mining, oil, ship, and aircraft industries in 1943-1944 revealed that in a good many cases "Latin Americans" classified as common laborers and semiskilled workers were in fact performing skilled jobs at the lower rate of pay.

The weakening of labor barriers was due to direct federal intervention in the form of the Fair Employment Practices Committee (FEPC). Created by executive order, the FEPC was charged with the task of seeing that no federal agency or company doing business with the government discriminated against any person because of race, color, creed, or national origin. Field operations did not begin in the Southwest until 1943, and only then did Mexican labor begin to be integrated into the industrial plants. Carlos Castañeda, FEPC regional director for Texas, New Mexico, and Louisiana, stated that "the shipyards, the airship factories, the oil industry, the mines, the munition factories, and the numerous military and naval installations slowly, reluctantly, and with much misgivings, began to give the Mexican American a trial in semiskilled posi-

tions, and eventually in some skilled jobs."

These trials and experiments met general opposition from Anglo employees during the war years. In one dramatic episode in 1945, the oil union at Shell's Deer Park Refinery responded to the FEPC-ordered upgrading of three "Latin Americans" by going out on a wildcat strike in protest. Even within the FEPC administration, resistance to FEPC policy surfaced. Many staff members told Castañeda that when the war "was over the Mexican American would be put in his place."

Whatever appearance of "fair employment" and unity existed during wartime rapidly evaporated during peacetime. One Sam Smith of Sonora expressed the opinion of many in West Texas when he complained to Texas officials that he and his fellow veterans did not fight for "ill-smelling Mexicans" who were overrunning movie houses and would soon probably move into swimming pools, dancing places, schools, and cafés; they were even taking veterans' jobs. Thus, with the return of the normal labor supply and the withdrawal of such controversial wartime agencies as the federal FEPC, job discrimination against Mexican Americans returned in force. When the United States employment offices were turned back to the states in November

of 1946, they (in Castañeda's words) "relapsed to the discriminatory practices in general use before the war." Mexican Americans who registered for skilled jobs were never referred to the employers calling for such skills. The only openings to which the former U.S. Employment Service referred Mexican Americans were common labor jobs.

Some observers saw an overall attempt to destroy any economic or social gains made by Mexican Americans during the war years. The South Texas newspapers had begun a steady campaign against the Mexican and his "lawlessness." And every attempt by state Senator J. Franklin Spears of San Antonio to check anti-Mexican discrimination was defeated. With the entry of thousands of "wetbacks" in the mid-1940s, the ineffective Mexican ban and the accommodating Good Neighbor Policy no longer mattered. When the matter of funding the GNC came up, the legislature refused to give the commission any power other than that of research. After a few years of further emasculation, the GNC devolved into the international public relations arm of Texas government.

It was too late, however, to turn the tide back. World War II had accelerated industrialization and the flight to the cities and generally had shifted the principal arena of Mexican and Anglo

relations to the urban areas. The war had also exposed Texas Mexican soldiers to a world of greater freedoms and equalities, an experience that became especially important on the return home. According to Kibbe, "Latin Americans" who for years had tolerated discrimination "have acquired a new courage, have become more vocal in protesting the restrictions and inequalities with which they are confronted." A "new consciousness," to use Kibbe's words, was evident.

Factories in the Field

DESPITE THE APPARENT intransigence of Jim Crow in the rural areas, its social base began a gradual erosion before the repercussions of the war crisis. The massive migrations to the cities were the clearest sign of change — for these represented a displacement of two major classes, migrant laborers and small farmers. In their stead emerged the highly mechanized corporate farm, the basis of modern agribusiness.

Accompanying the decline in the number of small farmers was a decline in the size of the agricultural work force. During the 1940s and 1950s, competition for labor and labor flight to the cities continued to plague the farmer. For the farm worker, better wages and working conditions were sufficient motivation for migration to the cities or to fields in other states. On occasion, the excesses of Jim Crow moved Texas Mexican laborers to avoid entire counties, forcing federal and state farm officials to intercede in order to get the harvest picked. A farm labor official, for example, spent the entire month of October 1944 in Big Spring straightening out "difficulties." On the highway leading into the town, a constable had flagged down all migrant-filled trucks, instructing them not to stop in town under threat of arrest. The result was that the majority of the trucks did not stop in Big Spring; they didn't even stop in Howard County, and the farmers in that region experienced great difficulty in harvesting their crops. Such were the contradictions between economic needs and the social division of the farm order.

The farmers responded to these contradictions in ways that further accelerated the exodus of Texas Mexican laborers. On the one hand, farmers shifted to Mexican nationals who, unlike Texas Mexicans, could be recruited and removed at will. Thus, thousands were imported in the early fifties; thousands were deported during "Operation Wetback" in the mid-fifties; and thousands were imported again as *braceros* in the

early sixties. This shift in the labor source also made for more complicated migratory patterns. As Mexican nationals migrated into rural Texas, Texas Mexicans migrated to the West and the Midwest. In a sense, there was a "domino effect," as one migration reinforced the other.

On the other hand, farmers turned increasingly to mechanization as the solution to the labor situation. This trend had started in the 1930s and was accelerated by the unsettled labor market of the war and postwar periods. Thus, in spite of near-chronic labor shortages, extensive mechanization and improved techniques enabled farmers to increase productivity. Agricultural reports indicate that farm output increased nearly 40 percent between the mid-thirties and the late forties, while the number of farm laborers declined 40 percent for the same period. Only 550,000 laborers worked on Texas farms in 1949 compared to approximately 981,000 laborers in 1934. The number of tractors, on the other hand, increased from 98,923 units in 1940 to more than 250,000 in 1951.

The social base of Jim Crow eroded as farm workers moved to the cities and corporations moved to the farm. But the old-time growers still controlled the legislature.

By the 1960s, migration to the cities and large-scale mechanization had transformed the old Jim Crow order into a thin shell. In statistical terms, between 1950 and 1970 the number of Texas farms decreased from 332,000 to 214,000, a loss of one in every three farms. The number of those gainfully employed in agriculture declined even more sharply, from 446,000 to 195,000, or less than half of the work force in 1950. The "qualitative" changes were also apparent. In the Winter Garden, as Douglas Foley and his co-authors note in *Peones to Politicos*, their study of Frio County, local farm workers had been replaced by *braceros* and machines, whereas local grower *patrones* had been replaced by absentee owners and manager-lease operators. Few permanent workers were left on the farms and ranches, and those with permanent work in the canneries and packing sheds were under a very different wage-labor system, with much of the earlier paternalism and labor controls absent. Most of the new owners had few personal

relationships with their workers and did not expect to develop them. Moreover, the new absentee landlords had altered "the structure and solidarity of the Anglo community." The outsiders had little interest in running the local community or in solving ethnic conflicts. In short, with the widespread acceptance of scientific techniques and substantial corporate investment, the social base for agricultural production was no longer characterized by a society of "resident growers" and "cheap tractable labor."

Political Pluralism and the Urban Vote

IN THE 1940s, the increasing economic power of urban-based interests was not readily translated into political power. The emerging corporate elite were content to maintain a mutually beneficial relationship with growers. The growers controlled both houses of the Texas legislature, while the executive branch was virtually indistinguishable from the oil-insurance-banking-construction elite. In terms of political philosophy, the corporate leaders were not very different from their rural counterparts. In the pointed summation of Texas historian George Green, the corporate elite of the 1940s and 1950s were committed to upholding a regressive tax structure, anti-labor laws, oppression of blacks and Mexican Americans, and alleged states' rights. The state Democratic Party, under the firm control of growers and their corporate friends, embodied these positions.

Thus, for a while the rapid urbanization of the state did not matter, since conservatism, like so much else, left the countryside for a place in the cities. Jim Crow, in fact, seemed to be strengthened through "urbanization." Why not? Even as the businessmen began to take charge over economic and social matters, the conservative coalition remained intact. In the fifties, the major cities proved to be fertile ground for a score of archconservative organizations — minutemen, patriotic committees, citizen councils — all of which were dedicated to guarding against communists, atheists, and desegregationists.

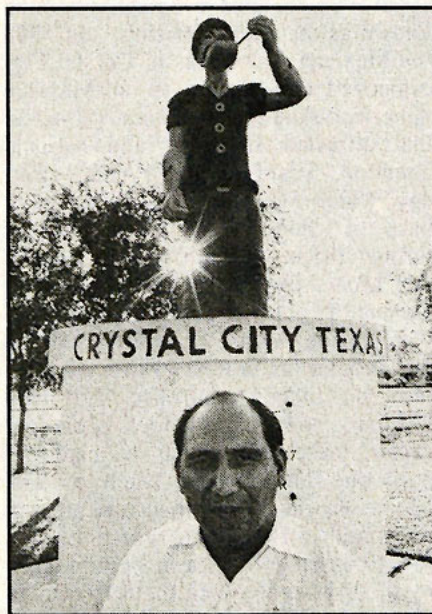
In such climate, the reaction to the Supreme Court's overturning of the "separate but equal" principle (*Brown v. Board of Education*) in 1954 was predictably furious. The preservation of Jim Crow against federal intrusion was clothed in patriotic and religious dress. Preachers, retired generals, and politicians all railed against the evils of desegregation. A petition of 165,000

signatures of people objecting to desegregation was presented to Gov. Allan Shivers. In response, Shivers placed three segregationist referenda (preserving school segregation, strengthening laws against intermarriage, and supporting local rule over federal "intrusion") on the ballot for the state Democratic primary (July 1956). These passed by an overwhelming four-to-one margin in the state. Sentiment in counties with large Mexican American populations, however, was sharply divided. Bexar, Kleberg, and Uvalde counties refused to put the referenda on their ballots; Webb county voted against the measures by an eight-to-one margin; and twelve of the sixteen counties where the referenda passed less convincingly (less than 60 percent approval) had significant Mexican American populations.

Encouraged by the overwhelming support of segregation, East Texas legislators introduced a dozen bills in 1956-57 that, among other things, would withhold state funds from integrated schools, would require integrationists to register with the secretary of state (known as the "thought permit" bill), and would prohibit interracial sporting events. South and West Texas members of the House, whose school districts were partly integrated, fought a delaying action in the 150-member House. But the first nine bills rolled through by votes in the neighborhood of 85 ayes to 50 nays, with some members abstaining. When the bills reached the Senate, the senators from the major Mexican American districts (San Antonio, Laredo, Brownsville, El Paso) with support from the senators from Austin and Seguin began a filibuster to block the bills. Led by Henry B. Gonzalez of San Antonio and Abraham Kazen of Laredo, the "filibusteros" managed to mobilize sufficient support to block all but two of the bills. Newly elected Gov. Price Daniel, who had campaigned on the promise that he would use all lawful means to avert integration, signed the segregationist legislation. Despite his signing, Daniel attempted to assure his South Texas "Spanish-speaking supporters" that the new laws could not be used to segregate children of Mexican ancestry.

After 1956 the race problem ceased to be a statewide factor in political campaigns and elections. In part this was due to the change in political guard that took place that year. Although supported by the same corporate interests, the new leaders — Lyndon Johnson, Sam Rayburn, and Price Daniel — were not as interested as the "Shivercrats" had been in maintaining a "red scare" mentality.

The renewed consolidation of a liberal wing within the Democratic Party (after its breakup during the McCarthy years) also helped to moderate the racist rhetoric in politics. A coalition of urban liberals, church groups, labor unionists, and minorities constituted the core of this faction. By the mid-1950s the "labor liberals," as they were commonly called, had developed a full-time leadership cadre, a fairly effective propaganda machine, an internal communications network, and a membership that thought it could win elections on occasion. Liberals began to challenge



Juan Cornejo, who was active in the "first uprising" in 1963.

conservatives aggressively, if not always successfully. The election of Ralph Yarborough to the U.S. Senate in 1957 (after Yarborough had repeatedly lost the gubernatorial race) was a sign of liberal tenacity and influence. Another serious challenge was mounted in 1960 when the Kennedy campaign, antagonized by the hostile Texas party establishment, turned to groups excluded from the party machinery — Mexican Americans, blacks, labor, and liberals. Kennedy's narrow victory in Texas (50.5 percent of the vote) demonstrated the strength of this urban coalition.

In spite of the rapid urbanization of Texas and the emergence of an important liberal Democratic faction, the rural conservatives were able to maintain tight control of the legislature. The key to such control was based on state constitutional limits on the number of representatives allowable per county and on pro forma redistricting, which had not significantly changed legislative boundaries since 1921. By the early 1960s, the counties containing the major metropolitan areas — Harris (Houston), Dallas,

Bexar (San Antonio), and Tarrant (Fort Worth) — were grossly underrepresented. They were limited to five House representatives and four senators, when equal representation on the basis of population would have yielded them 54 House members and ten senators. In this manner, the rural conservative bloc was able to contain repeated liberal challenges in the fifties and sixties.

The entrenched position of the conservative bloc was abruptly upset in 1965 when the U.S. Supreme Court (*Kilgarlin v. Martin*) invalidated the districting schemas for both legislative houses as well as the limiting provisions of the Texas Constitution. The stakes were clear. As the *Texas Observer* put it, "the country boys stand to lose out, but they still had the most power in the 1965 legislature and juggled everything that would juggle with purposes as transparent as a country boy's leer."

In the Senate, a split among rural representatives facilitated the transfer of six seats to the urban districts at the expense of the rural-based "old guard." Rural areas were reduced to 14 seats, urban-rural areas maintained their seven seats, and urban areas increased their number to ten. In the House, the conservative leadership was able to delay the impact of reapportionment for a few years. The 1965 plan, which gave the cities 16 members at the expense of rural independents, was thrown out in federal court in 1967. In turn, the 1967 legislature, more urban oriented than the previous House, accelerated the breakup of rural control by distributing nine more rural seats among urban and mixed urban-rural areas.

A review of changes in the House composition illustrates the shift in power to the urban and urban-rural areas. In 1961 the rural areas had 85 seats, compared to 35 for the four major urban areas. By 1967 the rural seats had been reduced to 63, a loss of 22 seats, while the major urban centers had gained 17 seats for a total of 52. In addition, the eight urban-rural areas increased their representation from 30 seats to 35.

In terms of legislation, the impact of reapportionment has been clear. After 1967, there were fewer legislators to support what urbanites consider rural prejudices. Legislation favorable to the urban areas has passed: the optional municipal sales tax, the creation of a state Department of Community Affairs, the location of new colleges and state courts in metropolitan areas, to mention a few examples. Farm-to-market roads have become less popular subjects of legislation while state highway programs have become more urban oriented. With

Photo by Bill Bridges

the increase of political power of organized labor in urban areas, the Texas legislature enacted a minimum-wage law. Another way of summarizing the impact: in 1956 the House passed nine segregationist bills by comfortable margins. In 1969 the House rescinded the legislation with no vocal opposition.

In sum, reapportionment was a major blow to the political strength of rural conservatives. Conservatism was by no means defeated — rather, the battle between conservatives and liberals had simply shifted to the urban front.

Through the 1950s and 1960s, despite some gains in the cities, the reign of Jim Crow in the rural areas stigmatized all Mexican Americans as second-class citizens. As long as Texas Mexicans in the countryside and the city, of working-class and middle-class backgrounds, followed unrelated and independent strategies, no major challenge to the entire segregationist edifice developed. In the cities, middle-class organizations were not sufficiently powerful to gain more than symbolic rewards. Their isolation, moreover, was reinforced by condescending attitudes toward working-class Mexicans. On the other hand, labor activism without outside support tended to be easily suppressed. The record is filled with episodes of repression by employers and authorities and of lack of support (and sometimes open antagonism) from Anglo unionists, middle-class Mexican Americans, and Catholic clergy. So long as these divisions remained, and middle-class and working-class organizations worked separately, nothing substantial was gained. What changed, on the urban side, was the emergence of an impatient middle-class organization willing to work with labor union activists. This "event" accelerated the demise of Jim Crow and introduced the process to the rural areas.

In 1967 the Viva Kennedy campaign, responsible for the John Kennedy victory in Texas, demonstrated the pivotal significance of the Mexican American vote. Just as important, the campaign demonstrated to Mexican American activists that the hold of conservative Democrats on local South Texas politics could be broken. As an organizational attempt to continue the momentum of the Kennedy victory, the Viva Kennedy campaign was transformed into a political coalition composed of Mexican American leaders from the established organizations (G.I. Forum, LULAC, and so on). The coalition was called the Political Association of Spanish-Speaking Organizations (PASSO).

FROM ITS FOUNDING PASSO was split along moderate-militant lines, a tension that frequently erupted into open conflict at meetings. The moderates and conservatives favored gradual progress using established avenues, whereas the liberals urged more direct action and involvement in local issues. After a brief and inauspicious year of moderation, PASSO regrouped in 1963 under the aggressive liberal leadership of Albert Peña, Jr.

PASSO, along with the Teamsters, became involved in Crystal City in 1962-1963 in what eventually became known as the "first uprising." In 1963 the Mexican Americans of Crystal City organized and elected an all-Mexican American slate to the city council, a feat that attracted statewide and national attention. Teamster and PASSO strategy, which called for utilizing the large base of cannery and farm laborers through the small Teamsters union at the Del Monte cannery, was successful in turning the political structure of Crystal City upside down. To a large degree this success lay in the fact that the local elite no longer controlled the main economic strings of the local economy; rather, these now lay in the hands of corporate agribusiness, such as Del Monte. Local management did attempt to intimidate Del Monte workers active in the campaign but these were blocked by the local union with the help of high Teamster officials. One of the more dramatic incidents came on election day when Del Monte suddenly announced that it was going into overtime and that its workers would not have time to vote. Unable to change the company's decision, Teamster organizers placed an urgent call to their national president, Jimmy Hoffa, who in turn notified Del Monte headquarters in San Francisco that there would be action against the company. Management assented, and the Del Monte workers were allowed time to vote. The mobilized Mexican American majority defeated — "overthrew" is not an excessive term — the long-established rule of the Anglo minority. As a symbol of what was possible in South Texas, the event far outweighed the takeover of a community of 9,000. It symbolized the overthrow of Jim Crow.

The repercussions of Crystal City widened the division between moderates and militants within PASSO. In general the moderates were against the Crystal City involvement and against working with labor unions. By 1965 PASSO's middle-class membership, dissatisfied with its militancy, had largely dissipated. This defection by the moderates

permitted the remaining PASSO members to take a further step and become directly involved in labor organizing.

PASSO members in Starr County had been talking about a farm worker strike for years when Cesar Chavez and the National Farm Workers Association struck the Delano (California) grape vineyards in 1965. The result was a wildcat melon strike in June 1966 against eight major Starr County growers. Virtually all of the picketing and boycott activity was aimed at La Casita farms, a huge integrated corporate operation that strikers called the "General Motors" of Valley agribusiness. The wildcat strike appeared doomed from the start. The general lack of preparation and coordination was a serious problem, but what made this a moot point was the breaking of the strike by Texas Rangers, Starr County deputies, and imported Mexican labor. In an insightful comment, a Valley banker suggested that the labor organizing efforts would have been more effective and strategic if they had been directed at shed workers, for the shed operators, not the growers, controlled the marketing of produce. Shed workers could also be an efficient point for mobilizing farm workers, as the Crystal City "uprising" had demonstrated.

Although the Valley strike failed, it succeeded in catalyzing the Chicano civil rights movement in Texas. The farm worker cause, while the lead element in this movement, was for most of the urban Mexican American population important in a symbolic sense; it ignited a broad resentment among all classes of the Mexican American community. Different agendas and energies were set off, some moderate, some militant. The high school youth boycotted their schools in Del Rio, Uvalde, Kingsville, Alice, Abilene, Pharr-San Juan-Alamo, Laredo, and Robstown, to mention only a few places. College students organized countless protest marches and meetings and provided new ideas and directions as well as energy and impatience. Even the usually proper middle class became radicalized, as they protested employment practices, boycotted companies (at one meeting they burned their Humble Oil credit cards), and filed lawsuits against social inequities.

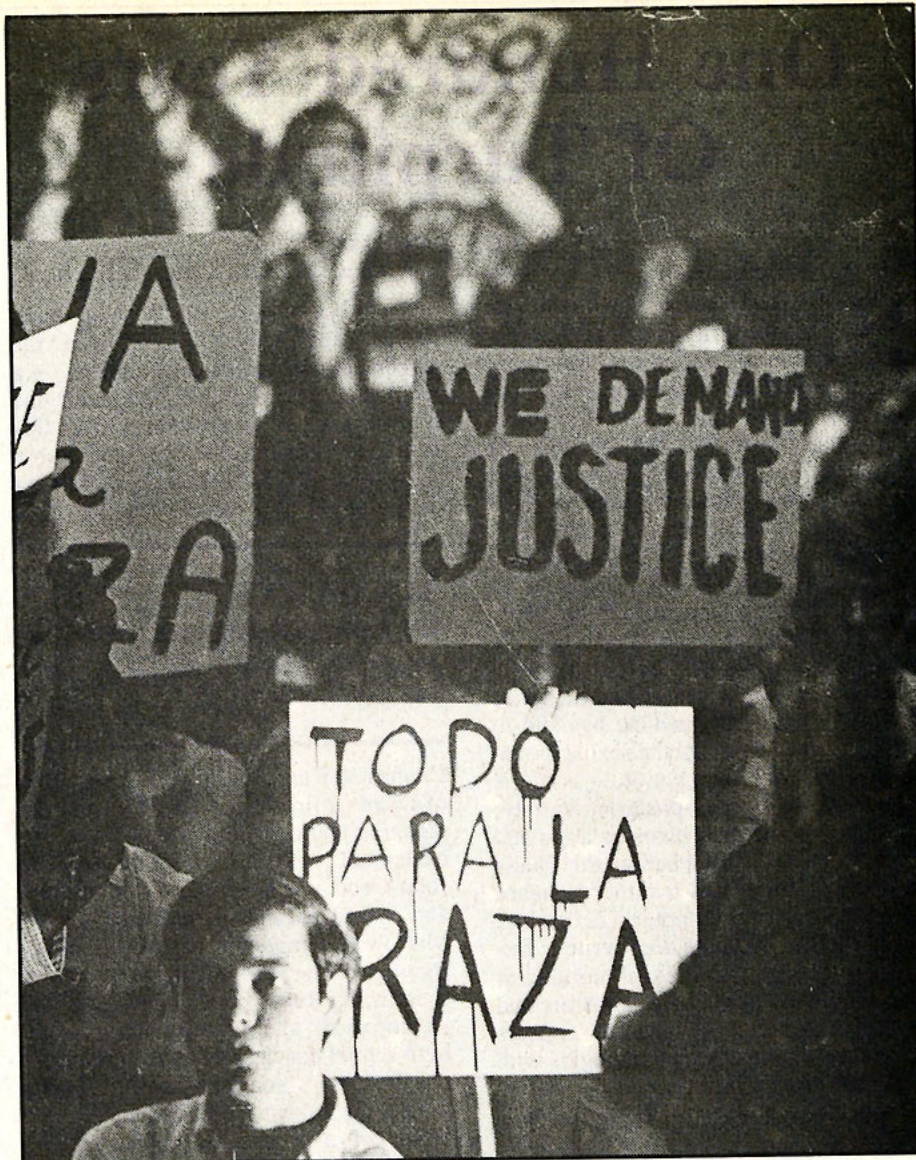
By the late 1960s, this movement was seriously challenging the dual structure of rural society. While the protest of the 1950s had focused on the cities, that of the 1960s was centered in the countryside. The major political events of a decade revolved around the farm worker strikes in the Lower Rio Grande

Valley and the formation of a populist-nationalist party known as El Partido Raza Unida (The United People Party) in the Winter Garden region. The electoral take-over by Raza Unida of Crystal City and Zavala County in 1970 — the “second uprising” — stunned the state, frightened the Anglo residents of South Texas, and prompted Gov. Dolph Briscoe to denounce Zavala County as a “little Cuba.”

In short, the social movement of the 1960s and 1970s accelerated the dismantling of the repressive social order known as Jim Crow. In its place were planted the seeds of a new ethnic order, one that is still being defined and molded. Much remains to be studied, for the Chicano movement was a complex collection of groups with various agendas and strategies, some of which were carried out with partial success. One of its more successful goals — one that the League of United Latin American Citizens (LULAC) had articulated in the 1920s — was the “opening up” of universities for Mexican American youth. LULAC had long called for this action, arguing that the Latin American people would be “uplifted” once they had more doctors, teachers, lawyers, and professionals of all types. The strategy essentially called for an expanded middle class. Such expansion may prove to be one of the more significant results of the great unrest of the sixties and seventies. Even the student activists were, in a sense, the cutting edge of a middle class frustrated by the narrow ethnic limits of the old Southwest. The militants among them succeeded and thus disappeared; in their wake, they left a modest booty of business and professional opportunities, the very stuff of LULAC dreams.

Shaping the Present Order

IN THE 1970s the legacy of segregation was still evident, especially in rural areas. The town of Ozona in West Texas illustrates the stubborn and uneven career of Jim Crow for Mexicans. In this town, drugstores were closed to Mexicans until the late 1940s; restaurants and movie houses did not open to Mexicans until the early 1950s; hotels were exclusively reserved for Anglo patrons until about 1958; barber and beauty shops were segregated until 1969; and in the early 1970s, the bowling alley, cemeteries, and swimming pools still remained segregated. Ozona, unfortunately, was somewhat typical of the Texas pattern. According to a mid-sixties study, nine of the eleven southwestern cities in which Mexican Americans were most rigidly segregated



Chicanos rally for justice, 1960s.

were in Texas. In descending order of magnitude, these were Odessa, Corpus Christi, Dallas, Lubbock, San Angelo, Houston, Wichita Falls, San Antonio, and Austin.

The civil rights movement, nevertheless, was making some headway. In 1968 San Antonio and Corpus Christi joined Austin in adopting an open housing ordinance. And in the following year, the legislature set about the task of erasing the segregationist laws passed in 1957. In May 1969, the House and Senate passed five bills and sent them to Gov. Preston Smith with little dissent. The bills, introduced by San Antonio Representative David Evans and carried in the Senate by Joe Bernal, also of San Antonio, removed statutes that had provided for segregated schools, had empowered cities to enact segregation ordinances, had required railroads to provide separate coaches and facilities, and had banned sports events between persons of different races. *De jure*

segregation had ended in Texas.

Important questions remain to be addressed. What does the demise of Jim Crow signify for ethnic politics in the South and the Southwest? More to the point, what new forms of accommodation and control exist today? The answers rest, as this sketch has suggested, in a new order where Anglo business interests and those of the Mexican American middle class constitute the major political axis shaping contemporary ethnic relations. As political intermediary and broker for the Mexican American community as a whole, the Mexican American middle class has secured the role it has always aspired to. Anglo-Americans have by no means retired from political activity but, as Clark Knowlton suggests for El Paso, the pattern of race and ethnic relationships is beginning to resemble that of some eastern cities where the old Yankees, although retreating from local politics, still retain economic control. □

File photo

One Hundred Years Of Turpitude

By Louis Dubose

BOREDOM. Not your common post-modern urban/urbane detachment but something more traditional like the heavy and stultifying boredom of the small town. The brand of boredom that drove women of literature like Eustacia Vye and Emma Bovary to old fashioned adultery drives the women of *Texasville* to a frenetic promiscuity. Adultery is a concept too judgmental, a word too ponderous to describe what is happening in the beds, hot tubs, and cars (the latter squarely beneath the only traffic light in town) of Thalia, Texas in a year when the price of West Texas Intermediate has slid to \$8.89 a barrel. Most of the sexual movement — it's not quite action — is of the standard missionary-position variety. Though one incident involves a toe and occurs in a car parked behind the Thalia post office, all of this is rather standard fare. McMurtry does not, in *Texasville*, write erotica. What he does write is frequency. The practical sexual morality of the AIDS generation just hasn't arrived in the second book of what now appears to be the Thalia trilogy that begins with the *The Last Picture Show*.

What has arrived in Thalia — now largely recognized to be McMurtry's hometown of Archer City to whence the Associated Press dispatched a reporter and photographer upon publication of *Texasville* — is urban culture. For years now, McMurtry has admittedly been leaving Cheyenne, arguing that the literary future in Texas that really matters lies in the big city (*TO*, 10/23/81). Yet a goodly number of Texans still live in small towns. So as Mohammed wouldn't come to the mountain, the author here brings the mountain to Mohammed. And this mountain of urban culture arrives in the form of big money, satellite and compact discs, jaccuzis, VCRs and BMWs, and drugs. (For those who confuse technology with civilization *Texasville* is a cautionary tale.) Most of the characters — cast — of *Picture Show* have remained in Thalia. The Quixotic trinity of Duane, Sonny and Jacy is drawn together by a series of incidents and accidents. Duane, the roughneck hero of the earlier novel, has made and lost millions in the oil patch, Sonny is a benignly insane Rotarian success and

owns most of the town's small businesses, and Jacy, retired from the screen, is like Quixote's Dulcinea — a woman more ideal than real until she is drawn out of seclusion. And as this is a post-sesquicentennial and not a post-modern novel, there is something of a plot. It involves the dissolution of

TEXASVILLE

By Larry McMurtry

New York: Simon & Schuster, 1987
542 pages, \$18.95

Duane and Karla's family, the resolution of Duane's financial difficulties and the planning and consummation of Thalia's centennial celebration. Here, too, is John Cecil, the peripatetic homosexual and former English teacher; Lester Marlow, a congenital banker; Abeline, *Picture Show's* womanizing whiskey roughneck; Ruth Popper, the wife of the stereotypical and secretly homosexual high school coach and Joe Bob Blanton, the preacher's son who has left Thalia to become an evangelical pedophile and editor of a newsletter called *Child's Play*. There are more: sociopathological, homicidal children, maybe Willie Nelson, a dog named Shorty with something of a voice in the novel's third person narrative and a larger than usual number of McMurtry's Texcentrics. Yet even before the centennial celebration occurs, regular McMurtry readers or moviegoers recognize that almost no one in Thalia has aged well. This is, when all is said and done, the saddest lot of small town Texas folks. Like the citybillies who have moved to Houston or Dallas only to find their unhappiness more complicated, most of Thalia's citizens can't even seem to be even modestly happy in 1986.

FIFTY-FIVE CHAPTERS into *Texasville* it appears that McMurtry has taken a page from the greatest American novel of our time: "It seemed," the omniscient narrator observes, "that it had only taken the country one hundred years to become completely crazy and also completely sad." And when Duane and Jacy are

cast as Adam and Eve in Thalia's ambitious historical pageant, it becomes evident that McMurtry's Macondo is finished, that an apocalyptic ending will surely follow the allegorical genesis in the rodeo arena. But no, when a last days' storm arrives, blowing the centennial wagon train off course, burying centennial mini-marathoners and the town in tumbleweeds and turning the governor's helicopter south toward home, it's too early in the book to be more than a portent of the end and: "Adam and Eve walked hand in hand out of Eden, toward the bucking chutes."

Neither the patriarch nor matriarch has reached sixty, both remain sexually active and perhaps deserving of forty or so more years of moral turpitude. Yet this might be more than the most dedicated McMurtry reader can endure. And it might be more than McMurtry's characters can endure. For like the inhabitants of Garcia Márquez's Macondo, all seem destined to live within their own impenetrable walls of solitude. Because to live in Thalia is to live without emotional intimacy. Jacy, returned from the expatriate's life in Italy, loves the memory of her lost son. Duane thinks, at times, that he loves his wife Karla. But essentially this is a novel without passion, without love. All of the intimacy is brief and physical. Two decades of marriage are arithmetically reduced to "three thousand first-rate fucks." The protagonist's son shares an older mistress with his father and is only a marriage or two away from becoming, in the words of the Homer and Jethro song, "his own grandpa."

There is not even filial love. Duane feels something in relation to his eldest son Dickie — whose name describes in a small phallic way an important element of his Freudian persona. Like the children of Lake Wobegone, all of Thalia's children are above average. But most, and particularly the pre-adolescent twins of the protagonist, are sociopathological brats that relate to one another — and the world — in harsh monosyllabic sexual insults. In the pre-adolescent fiction of Judy Blume younger characters serve as vehicles for a brand of disparaging humor that provides young readers a certain necessary justification for their own feelings of resentment toward younger siblings. McMurtry's caricatures of children and adolescent adults serve a similar purpose. Yet these are not the annoying little pranksters of Blume's world of fiction. They are, rather, sociopathological little nihilists bent on destruction whenever it serves the purposes of their own amusement. Just

say no to children, the author seems to be saying.

The children are only a symptom of the general decadence that has befallen small-town Texas. Generation has led to degeneration: "the old model had been shattered. The arrival of money had cracked the model; its departure shattered it. Irrationality now flowered as prolifically as broom weeds in a wet year." God is still in the Baptist church but all is not right in Thalia. Not even traditional religion has held the line against degeneration. Thalia's Baptists are now sectarian "Byelo-Baptists" and it's not likely that even their tent-preacher pastor, Reverend G.G. Rawley, understands or cares about the meaning of the prefix.

Urban life, and particularly decadent urban life, in rural Texas takes its toll on people. But it is hardest on the women who are the more complex and fully realized characters in *Texasville*. Men here are still occupied as breadwinners. Women of new money, which is about the only money in hard-scrabble Thalia — travel to Dallas and spend a thousand dollars to help pass the time. Or, sit around on redwood decks pouring Stolichnaya and grapefruit juice from Neiman-Marcus thermoses. There are no careers, the running of most households has been relegated to hired domestics and there is just too much time. Local amusement for most women includes something of a sexual surveying of the hometown stock most of which is fairly deficient. After a time all of this marketplace

incestuousness creates confusion.

"He don't know about us, if that's what's worrying you," Suzie said.

"That's not what's worrying me," Duane said. "Everything's what's worrying me. Did you know Jenny thinks she's pregnant by him?"

"Sure," Suzie said. "That's okay with me. Dickie will make a great daddy."

"Yeah, but now Jannie's pregnant by Lester," Duane said. "They're hiding out in the courthouse. Bobby Lee thinks he's in love with Nellie. Junior's involved with Billie Anne, and she's still married to Dickie. Now you wanta marry Dickie, and you're not even divorced from Junior. It's too much."

And it is too much. Will this play in Peoria? Or, for what it's worth, in Archer City? I doubt it. Art here is not imitating life. And in most small Texas towns there's not the time nor the energy for life to imitate this art. But this is a good, even if overdone, satire of small town immorality. And the centennial rodeo arena pageant that includes the creation and the temptation of Adam (who accidentally breaks his ribs), the battle of the Alamo (which by the third performance refuses to fall), an enactment of each of the century's major wars and the breaking of sixty-thousand-dozen eggs reads suspiciously like a send up of the Texas sesquicentennial. And perhaps raises a few questions about exactly what it was that we were celebrating last year. Remember the sesquicentennial?

More and more McMurtry is looking like a Methodist Woody Allen and north

central Texas is his Manhattan. His recent Texoma novels — when completed — might be collectively named "Goyboy in the Land of His Youth." Not much tragedy in this, the second one, but there is a nice mix of pathos and humor. Sam the Lion's cafe has been replaced by a Dairy Queen and the last picture show is pornographic and received — via satellite and disc — from Sweden. I don't think that Mr. McMurtry actually believes that he is writing Literature when he does this sort of thing. Some will argue that he has made his contribution to what he describes as a very short list of important Tex-lit when he published his first two novels, *Horsemen Pass By* and *Leaving Cheyenne*. He's won his Pulitzer and this recent novel looks more like the work of a journeyman writer: the plot is helped along by convincing dialogue and there is greater authorial control of narrative voice than in, say, *Terms of Endearment*, a novel that seemed an exercise in dramatic perspective. *Texasville* has been on several best seller lists for a while and with a little luck will sell more copies than Michener's *Texas*. And it will probably be read which is more than can be said of Michener's ponderous tome. Buy a copy and take it to the beach. Or on the plane next time you're flying to one of the two other coasts where the author spends most of his time. Understand that you're not buying what Gore Vidal refers to as "quality lit." And if you miss the book, well, you can just wait for the movie. □

Coming of Age in Texas

By Ann Vliet

TEXAS LITERATURE is booming these days. At gatherings of the local literati kudos are commonplace, universities sanction the industry with symposia, national attention is no longer reserved for the chosen few. Wherever you look it's fiction in the fast lane. So it's ironic that every time the hoopla dies down the conversation turns to *Summertime*, a simply very honest, slightly awkward first book by

a young man nobody seems to know, who still lives on the farm he was born on, and who understands trouble on the land so well nobody can put the book down.

SUMMERTIME

By David L. Fleming

Fort Worth: TCU Press
410 pages, \$22.50 (\$12.95 paper)

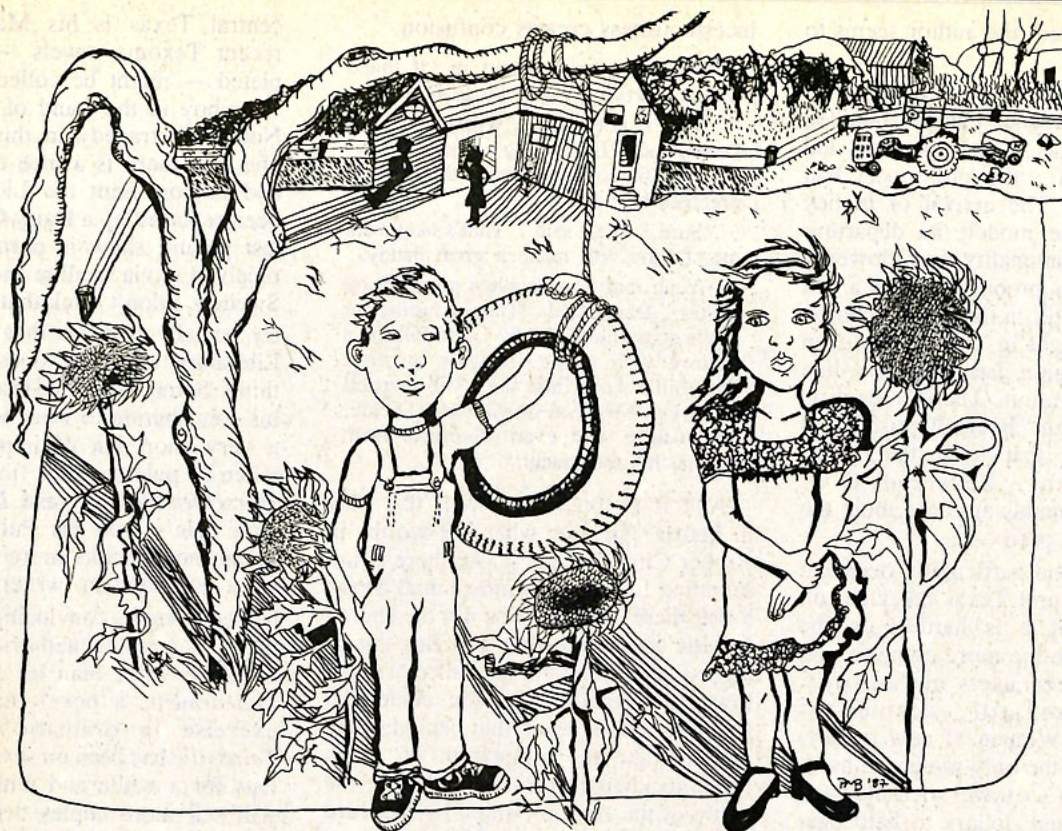
One can't help wondering, looking at David Fleming's *Summertime* and thinking back to Brian Wooley's *Some Sweet Day*, why such books seem to get under

our skins and stick with us longer than better-crafted fiction. Why they seem to matter so much. It may be partly because there is something about them that speaks to the residual sense of "family" in us — a very real, deeply mythic tug that won't let us rest until its disruptions are straightened out and unity restored. It may have to do simply with the proportion of innocence to evil.

Like *Some Sweet Day*, *Summertime* is a coming-of-age story in which a fine young boy has to come to grips with some pretty nasty realities. In Fleming's novel, these realities spring not from parental abuse, but from change — the changes growth brings, the changes weather can make in land and its people and in their whole sociological structure, the change one displaced, angry person can make in a community, the change change itself makes in our lives.

The story is that of one summer in the life of Ricky, the youngest of a closely-knit farm family whose land is threatened by the 1950's seven-year drought. The various strands of the plot

Ann Vliet is a writer living in Kyle. A similar version of this review recently appeared in the Philadelphia Inquirer.



— the various losses and threats that the young Ricky will have to worry about that hot, dry summer — unfold slowly and indirectly through the surface scrapping that makes up the texture of farm family life, even in its monopoly games:

Carol acted like she was going to kiss Gerald, and he nearly fell off the bed. Rebecca laughed in that way she had. It was a high fast laugh, and it always made me laugh to hear it.

"Come on," I said. "Where's the money, Banker?"

"I'd get it if I could keep this whore off me."

Carol slapped Gerald in the side and I was glad. "You'd better watch it," she said.

Fleming's ear for dialogue and eye for character-revealing actions are extremely acute. Reported through the spare, declarative sentences of Ricky's ten-year-old voice, phrases and patterns are recycled until we know these people like our own siblings. Gerald, Ricky's older brother, whose mean streak keeps the entire family on edge, is always making "pooty" noises, plaguing Ricky by calling him "queer," not keeping his dirty feet off the beds. His 18-year-old sister, Carol, bursting with unused sexual energy, pets on Ricky until he adores her, then cannot explain away her "betrayal" with a boyfriend.

THE RELATIONSHIPS between the children and their parents, relatives and neighbors, individ-

ually and collectively, are as real as weather, and constantly impel the novel forward while setting it solidly in a time and place. Down the road at the dusty, flyblown store, Mr. Norman lets the boys work the cash register and gives them advice on life and drouth along with their orange Nehi's. Ricky's fascination for the hot-tempered, big-boned German neighbor and his hallucinating wife takes us into their highly-ordered, if disrupted, home. A Mexican migrant worker's bilingual cussing ability is one of several traits the cocky Gerald finds to admire and imitate.

Perhaps the most intriguing portrait in the book is that of the little neighbor girl, Rebecca, whose relationship with Ricky is as moving as any adult love story. Their honest vulnerability and interdependence in the face of adult insensitivity (her parents ignore her, uproot her, and then stand by like cowards while she is assaulted), demonstrates keenly the impassable chasm between adult and child cultures. But when the bond between Ricky and Rebecca skids into a wall of silence we see how fragile human trust can become even among peers.

Ricky's third desertion comes from Gerald (my nomination for the most fully realized character in Southwest literature), who becomes more interested in growing up (his wooing of the trashy daughter of a malevolent neighbor is an initiation story in itself) than

in "playing kid's games just to keep your stupid face happy."

Left to his own devices, Ricky has time not only to tongue his aches but to sense the fomenting evil in the unbreaking weather and in the surrounding neighborhood, time to stumble on a Snopeslike murder and to carry the burden of silence that imposes. Fleming's remarkable empathy with child trauma, his understanding of the way it operates by indirection, by displacement, is as strong as his ability to evoke jarringly real characters. He uses both to bring all the plot strands together in a climax that brings even Gerald into line.

The bumps and starts of maneuvering this plot through its slowly shifting psychological changes may annoy the reader accustomed to well-paced climatic builds. At times there is a "too-muchness," especially of thematically parallel events. But despite its home-grown, 'first novel' faults, perhaps somehow even because of them, *Summertime* is a haunting book. Its author seems to be blessed with a certain farm-bred integrity that won't be satisfied until the truth has been hauled up to the surface and pinned to the page.

And maybe *that* goes a long way towards explaining why *Summertime* is causing such a stir. Serve it up how you will, truth never seems to go out of fashion. □

Women and War

By Martha Boethel

IN THE COMBAT ZONE and *Nurses in Vietnam* are oral histories documenting the experiences of American women in Vietnam during the war years. The books are remarkably similar in purpose, tone and substance. Both set out to give voice to the women whose roles in, and perspectives on America's involvement in Vietnam have been largely ignored by this country.

Both collections focus on "ordinary lives made extraordinary," as *In the Combat Zone* editor Kathryn Marshall puts it, rather than on political analysis or accusation. (Marshall states in the first sentence of her introduction, "there is no single position on the Vietnam War in this collection"; Dan Freedman, who, with Vietnam veteran Jacqueline Navarra Rhoads, edited *Nurses in Vietnam*, writes, "I do not want this book to be viewed either as an anti-war statement or as an apology for the war.") Nor does either book claim to represent the experiences of *all* American women who worked in Vietnam, though *Nurses*... is admittedly much narrower in focus. *Nurses*... includes only the narratives of nine Army nurses, while Marshall interviewed nurses, nonmedical military personnel, Red Cross workers, and other civilians. The women in Marshall's book are also more varied in their racial backgrounds.

Whatever their differences, though, the two books feel the same. They reflect, with similar clarity and intensity, the two experiences most women perceived overwhelmingly in Vietnam: destruction — of bodies, lives, landscapes, cultures — and their own amazing competence and power. And both books mirror the shared fate of most women upon returning home to America: silence, dissonance, displacement, invisibility, and the slow, monstrously painful process of reclaiming their lives and histories, of accepting, then making sense of, the pain.

The image seems contradictory — American women in Vietnam. America's Vietnam — the 'Nam of wire service photographs, of *Platoon* and

Apocalypse Now, of "the Wall" and VA rehab centers — seems a male domain, a male tragedy. Yet perhaps as many as 55,000 American women worked "in country" during the war years. They were military and civilian; they were nurses, air traffic controllers, decoders,

IN THE COMBAT ZONE: An Oral History of American Women in Vietnam

Edited by Kathryn Marshall

Boston: Little, Brown, & Company
270 pages, \$17.95

NURSES IN VIETNAM: The Forgotten Veterans

Edited by Dan Freedman and
Jacqueline Rhoads

Austin: Texas Monthly Press
164 pages, \$16.95

cartographers, journalists, social workers, secretaries. Some of their names are on the Wall. Some of them have health problems or children with disabilities caused, in all probability, by Agent Orange. A few were captured by the North Vietnamese. Many still feel haunted by Vietnam.

How do we consider the Vietnam experiences of American women? Do women have war stories, battle scars? Are they entitled to their pain (and to the healing that comes with confronting that pain)? These are questions many of the women interviewed in these two oral histories have asked themselves. Cherie Rankin, who worked with the Red Cross, tells Kathryn Marshall: "My pain didn't make sense to me. I had always minimized my experience in Vietnam. I always told myself, 'Hell, you weren't a guy. You weren't fighting. How can your experience have been so tough? You don't have any right to feel that way!'"

Such perceptions have been reflected in — and reinforced by — the government, many veterans groups, and society at large. Ann Powlas, an Army nurse, talks about the American Legion:

The older vets have no respect for any

women vets. What they don't understand about Vietnam, though, is that there was no rear — the VC was everywhere, even in the hospitals. But a lot of people feel like, well, if you weren't out in the bush fighting, you're not a real veteran. And, for a long time, that was how I felt about myself. (Marshall)

Women went to Vietnam with little knowledge about the country, the war, or the conditions they were to face, and with no training in survival skills. (A former Red Cross worker remembers having a choice between Korea and Vietnam. "I really wanted to go to Vietnam — Korea was cold, and after the long winters in Wisconsin I had no desire to be cold again.") The military and the Red Cross sent women over dressed in tight skirts and high heels. Jacqueline Rhoads (the Army nurse and co-editor of *Nurses in Vietnam*), remembers arriving during a rocket attack: "So here I am with my dress uniform, stockings, shoes, and skirt, and suddenly I'm lying down on a cement pavement at Tan Son Nhut wondering, 'My God, what did I get myself into?'"

Another woman, riding from the Saigon airport to her first hospital assignment, looked out at a street corner and saw a Buddhist monk immolating himself: "He was just sitting there crosslegged, on fire." Lily Adams was on a transport plane when all the male passengers suddenly dove to the floor. After a few minutes they got back up; one of the men explained to her that the plane had been hit, but everything was okay:

And at that moment I realized that these men were trained to survive in a war zone but that I was not — that I could get killed. And that if I died it was going to be the Army's fault. The Army never taught me anything — I mean anything. Nothing. Everything I learned about surviving I learned from the men. (Marshall)

Women learned to live with the war, with the shelling, the sudden helicopter landings to avoid rocket attacks, the possibility that the barber, a cleaning woman, a group of small children, might be the enemy. "I was amazed at how routine war could become," one Army nurse says, "the skirmishes, guns going off all the time, alerts, the Cobras working off in the distance." Some stopped heading for the bunkers during night attacks; instead, they would "pull the mattress over us and get under the bed. You just got used to sleeping that way, right through the rocket attacks."

What did women do during the war? About 80 percent of military women were nurses. They worked in field hospitals all over South Vietnam, all the way up to the Demilitarized Zone. They

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worked in triage, surgery, intensive care, tropical diseases wards, burn wards. Some nurses had to open each body bag as it came in from the field, to determine the cause of death. The human destruction the nurses saw was overwhelming. One woman remembers a GI hospitalized with malaria: "He told us, 'I don't know how the nurses stand it. I have never seen so much sickness and death and dying and gross mutilation as I have seen in this hospital, and I have been out in the field for almost a year.'"

Few nurses, even the older, experienced ones, were prepared for what they saw. For many, the only way to cope was to go numb. Some used alcohol, drugs, or sex as an anesthetic; most simply pushed down their feelings and focused on the needs of their patients. Jeanne Christie, a Red Cross volunteer, explains, "You learned to smile and cry at the same time, until you finally built up a facade and could literally look at somebody dying and smile like Miss America." (Marshall)

If women had not had doubts about the war before, they soon began to wonder what it was all worth. (One Army nurse, says, "It took me only about a week to realize that the war was wrong.") It was virtually impossible to care for the wounded and dying — sometimes there were hundreds of incoming wounded in a single day — without questioning the purposes, the sanity, of the war. Hospitals reflected all the contradictions of Vietnam. An American GI, his legs and arms blown off by a mine, might be shipped in on the same medevac flight as the North Vietnamese soldier, also wounded, who'd planted the mine. Civilians, many of them children, were brought in, napalmed, mutilated by either side. Many American soldiers were wounded by friendly fire. You could always tell, one nurse recalls, "because American artillery created the worst wounds." As the war wore on, more and more wards filled with drug patients.

Perhaps most painful was the issue of "playing God." Thanks to the military's sophisticated evacuation system and to the medical skills of the corpsmen, nurses, and doctors in Vietnam, far more American soldiers survived massive wounds than in any previous war. "We were so damn good at what we were doing, we could save almost anybody," a nurse explains. And they *wanted* to save everyone — yet, in triage, choices had to be made. Sometimes the choice was whether to let one man die so four others could get adequate care. Sometimes the question was "what the hell you saved them for." Army nurse Jeanne Rivera remembers:

Some of the casualties we got in were just incredible. We had one young man come in who'd been hit by a claymore mine. We had to take both his legs, one arm, half of the other arm. We had to do his head . . . we did neurosurgery, abdominal surgery, and he lived. Now there's one that I prayed, I prayed that he would die. I hated to have to send him home to his mother that way. (Freedman and Rhoads)

At the same time, Vietnam was "the ultimate in nursing experiences." Nurses used all their training and learned new skills almost daily; they worked as colleagues with the doctors; they exercised responsibility far beyond that assigned to nurses here in the States. A surgical nurse recalls, "My left hand would function as a surgeon and my right had the function of a scrub nurse. I had to learn to do everything with one hand that I used to do with two."

Half the oral histories in *In the Combat Zone* as well as those in *Nurses in Vietnam* focus on the experiences of military nurses. But women worked in many other capacities in Vietnam as well, and few, if any, remained distant from the war. *In the Combat Zone* includes powerful reminiscences by journalist Anne Allen (who adopted two Vietnamese children), a member of the Army Engineer Corps, civilians who worked in Vietnamese hospitals and rehab centers, and several women from

the Red Cross's Supplemental Recreational Activities Overseas (SRAO) program. SRAO women moved from one military unit to another, providing recreation for the troops; as one former worker explains it, "Recreation was the mechanism to help them communicate. . . . Some people believe we got paid just for playing cards, but basically I think I got paid for doing therapy."

Whatever their jobs, the women who had contact with soldiers personified American womanhood to the men. "We were their homes, their sisters, their mothers, their wives, their girlfriends," says SRAO worker Jeanne Christie. "We were reminders of what they had lost and what they had to continue on for." Soldiers would seek them out to talk, to agonize over things they'd done in the field, even to show off their war trophies — ears, scalps, penises preserved in jars. Another SRAO worker remembers:

There were no barriers. . . . Guys would come up and talk to you about the most incredible personal stuff, from diseases to lovers. Guys would come back from R&R and show you pictures of their prostitutes. With pride. I remember — it's funny to think about it now — covering pictures of their prostitutes with contact acetate. Covering them so they wouldn't get wet when they were out in the bush. (Marshall)

Though most men treated the women with great respect, rape and violence at the hands of their countrymen were real concerns. Soldiers pushed to the edge of sanity by the war, men drunk or on drugs, were dangerous. Women were raped ("the military was very nasty about it, and naturally it was always the woman's fault"); one nurse was stabbed to death by a GI.

In spite of the dangers, and no matter what they did in 'Nam, most of the women in these books characterize their experience as "wonderful" as well as "horrible." Vietnam was a "high," "a thrill a minute." Friendships were intense; *everything* was intense. Women had power and respect as well as



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responsibility. "The incongruities are what made it so crazy," one woman explains. And those incongruities were only heightened once the women returned home.

Coming home to "the World" was as difficult as anything many women had endured in 'Nam. "The first six months at home, I just wanted to go back to Vietnam," says Jacqueline Rhoads. "I wanted to go back to where I was needed, where I felt important." A former SRAO worker recalls, "Things didn't make any sense. . . . At home I felt I was a totally inept boob." Like male veterans, the women didn't fit in. No one wanted to hear what they'd been through. Adjusting to a normal working life, to television, comfort, even safety, was hard. "When I came home to Phoenix," remembers former Army

nurse Deanna McGookin, "the young boy down the block had a car that backfired all the time. Every time it backfired, I was on the floor and under the bed." (*Freedman and Rhoads*)

Some had a harder time than others. Many women continued to feel numb; they pushed away the feelings and memories year after year. One woman didn't speak to anyone about Vietnam for 14 years. Military women who stayed in the service seemed to have less difficulty. They could find other vets to talk to; they felt cushioned somewhat from the country's pervasive antimilitary sentiment.

One way or another, though, they have all had to deal with their memories. Therapy, talk with women and men who've shared similar experiences, our society's gradual acknowledgement of

the humanity of those who served in Vietnam — all have helped with the thaw, the arduous process of sorting out feelings, faces, losses, gains.

So women, too, are reclaiming their Vietnam experiences. Some of them are organizing via the Women Veterans' Information Network, the Vietnam Women's Memorial Project, and other groups. They admit, however, that "you . . . pay a price for your memories." Images and flashbacks surface unbidden, and they can be overwhelming. Becky Pietz, who worked as a Red Cross hospital social worker, says, "Think about it too hard and you get kind of desolate: no direction, no purpose, no reason to get up in the morning." Jeanne Rivera concludes, "I sometimes think of [Vietnam] and it's just like a flash. I'll think of it and I say, 'My God, why did I send him to his mother?'" □

Visions of Houston

By David Theis

if Houston is some form of mirage. But he extends that metaphor through the course of his slim book, informing us as he goes along, how he finds life in a mirage.

AS MUCH AS EVER, Houston clamors for recognition. What a to-do we've seen over the opening of the Wortham Theater and the Menil Collection, our supposed collective nosethumbings at the city's ill fortune and poor image. Our two newest institutions are bejeweled soapboxes from which we shout out our cries of *hey, we're still here* to a world we secretly fear doesn't care if we are or not. That is, when it comes to artistic expression, Houston's gaze remains fixed resolutely outward toward that so-damned-hard-to-impress world. Maybe that's because we're a city of transients, and the world outside Houston remains our real home. Or maybe we're just too young, as a city and inhabitants alike, to know the value of self reflection, of looking inward to find out what Houston is really like, rather than how we wish the world would agree to see us.

Maybe it takes a literate visitor from a much older culture (no, not New York) to show us what we're missing.

Wolde Ayele is a young Ethiopian. He attended architecture school at UH in the early and mid '80s, and his pocket-sized, handsomely produced book *Mirage* is his shot at answering the questions — what is Houston, who

is Houston? He attempts to define the city by contrasting it with other, older cities, mainly Mexico City, where he also lived, and to a lesser extent, his native Addis Abba, and the description of the city he comes up with, especially in his central metaphor, Houston as mirage, should do more to make

MIRAGE

By Wolde Ayele

Houston: Hothouse Press, 1987
65 pages, \$6.00

Houstonians feel at home in the described, civilized world than any dozen *Tangos Argentinos* at the Wortham.

Not that Ayele pats Houston uncritically on the back; at times he makes it out to be the hell on earth we have to admit it often is. Rather, it's the fact that he, the traveled, enlightened foreigner, has bothered to take a penetrating look and compare us in some meaningful way to what he's seen elsewhere.

Ayele is, of course, by no means the first out-of-towner to see the downtown skyline rising gleaming from the bayou lands and rub his eyes in disbelief. Maybe he's not even the first to wonder

Lately, the idea of Houston as some sort of monumental mirage has gained prominence in my own mind . . . Words such as illusory and unattainable are often associated with mirage phenomena. On certain days at certain times aspects of Houston confront one with as much temerity as an apparition. Despite the grand schema of things one is not quite convinced. It seems as if, from the overheated pavements, rise visions of unparalleled magnificence. It's really too much. That's when I want to hide, or turn around and run away, or descend from the clouds onto solid ground.

What this means, of course, is that we live in an always surprising, slackly defined, unexpected spot in the middle of nowhere. What is there in the deserts of El Campo or Sealy that suggests some thing like Houston is near, that Houston is even possible, let alone inevitable? From Ayele we get the sense the city was snatched only incompletely from the marsh wilds.

It requires a consistent effort to keep the wild at bay. At this moment in time Houston triumphs, but I think of . . . ruins . . . The moment someone decides it's not worth the effort to hold back whatever threatens the city, then it will all be gone. In places where weather is more amenable to human existence . . . man need not worry so much. But Houston is at the very brink. Nature really does count. All throughout the city there are empty plots of land which seem as yet untouched by the hands of man . . . The heat is legendary, and rightfully so. It is Red Sea heat, without the beneficence of soothing breezes and languid lifestyles.

David Theis is a freelance writer who lives in Houston.

With his intimation of proud Houston's final defeat, a conquest at the hands of forces more primal than the price of oil, and with his unique voice, ancient and young, amused and alarmed, Ayele says the things we'd be least likely to get on our own. For all the Mayan temples the well-traveled Houstonian might catch on his way to Cozumel, what can we know in our heart of hearts of ruins, decay, any kind of cultural tragedy at all? (By the way, what is that Mayan pyramid doing on the top of the under-construction building on the west side of downtown?)

In his discussion of Houston's infamous weather, and its equally calamitous lack of public meeting spaces, Ayele attempts to go beyond insightful description of the city and prescribe a few cures for our lack of truly public life.

I don't know how serious Ayele was when he suggested "Every September, at the onset of the first cold front, there should begin a cult of the Feast of

Deliverance. Citywide celebrations should mark the occasion." But what a great idea. Instead of imitating the Mardi Gras of a culture ruled by a different, kinder climate, why not say here in Houston we have the good sense to drop to our knees in gratitude for the first northern air, and so live and die in some accord with the nature that ought to sustain us, even if begrudgingly?

Perhaps (a little) more seriously, Ayele addresses the single greatest hole in the Houston psyche.

All great cities have been responsive to the needs of their audiences, their inhabitants, by providing places where the community can congregate to witness events or while away the time . . . Houston faces the danger of remaining only a magnificent backdrop for some monumental drama unless a stage is quickly provided where the play can begin.

A year ago April we got a taste of

how potent a satisfaction this public congregating can be at the Rendezvous Houston extravaganza. If the city ever realizes its plans for converting the Buffalo Bayou area to a truly public space, Houston may have taken the first step toward letting the play Ayele has in mind begin, and toward becoming a place where he, and likeminded others, might live in, rather than pass through. Paradoxically, with the public space begins the private life of the city.

This is a wonderful book, illuminated by qualities seldom associated with our rambunctious city, such as modesty and soft speech. It is crammed with wonderful detail, as when Ayele describes watching Mexican workers hand wash the pink granite base of the Republic Bank with soap, or when he recounts his bus encounters with some of the lost souls that haunt our streets, his voice is at once humane and reserved, funny and grave. This must be among the best writing ever produced about Houston. □

• POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE •

✓ Attorney General Jim Mattox acknowledged in June that his investigation into Gov. Clements's role in the SMU scandal has a certain political risk to it, with regard to the next race for the governorship. "Bill Clements has already said he's not running again," Mattox said to the *Dallas Times Herald*. "If he was impeached, I wouldn't be the person named governor so it does me no good politically to get involved in this." The person who would be named governor in the event of the ouster of Clements is, of course, Lt. Gov. Bill Hobby. Both Mattox and Hobby have let it be known they intend to seek the Democratic nomination for the 1990 race. Several columnists have noted a historical parallel: Hobby's father, William P. Hobby, Sr., became governor in 1917 due to the impeachment of Gov. James "Pa" Ferguson.

Woof!

✓ Gov. Clements, for his part, has tried to portray talk of impeachment proceedings as merely an attempt by Democrats to make political noise. "There are some partisan feelings being expressed. You know, people in that category that are very partisan see an opportunity to bark and make noises and they do. That's to be expected."

✓ He's just not a details man. The legislation that Gov. Clements added to the call of the special session that would reduce out-of-state tuition at the UT

Health Science Center at Dallas is the same bill that the legislature already passed and the governor already vetoed. Clements inadvertently vetoed the bill after the first session, unaware that its passage was required before Dallas businessman H. Ross Perot would contribute \$70 million in scholarship money to the program. Perhaps the governor will sign it this time around. In those regular sessions there are just so many confusing items to deal with.

✓ If you were to sign up for public housing today in Fort Worth you would find 3,500 other applicants on a list ahead of you. Your chances of getting a unit within a few years would be better there than in Houston but essentially, admission to public housing is closed. A new plan by the Fort Worth Housing Authority to sell tax free bonds to be retired by reduced rent payments by low income tenants could provide some help, according to Jane Martin of the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*. Martin's report was a page one news feature that made a compelling case for Fort Worth's working poor who are forced into "line at the public shelter." Some 8,400 people (two percent of the population) live in public housing in Fort Worth. Fort Worth Housing Authority Director Michael Hanratty told the *Observer* that the most recent family-occupancy units to be constructed in Fort Worth were built in 1964 and the last project for the elderly was purchased in 1974. All other

expansion of public housing since has come through the issuance of Section 8 certificates and vouchers to allow individuals to rent in the private market. The tax exempt bond proposal that comes out of Hanratty's office would provide housing for families earning about \$13,000 per year. Rental units built with the bond money would realize a small profit that would be used to acquire other properties or reduce rents in existing units. No housing authorities in Texas have yet used tax free bonds as a source of funding. Nationwide, only Reno, Nevada and Arlington, Virginia, have employed the approach.

✓ Rev. Jesse Jackson joined the fight to stop the demolition of 2,600 West Dallas public housing units by the Dallas Housing Authority. Jackson, according to the *Dallas Times Herald*, said: "It is truly obscene that \$7 million would be allocated to make people homeless." The \$7 million figure is the amount that some have estimated will be required to raze the project (TO, 6/12/87). Jackson spoke to a crowd gathered earlier this month at the West Dallas project. The Dallas Housing Authority is under court order to demolish 2,600 of the 3,500 units in the housing project. Rev. Ralph Abernathy of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference had also spoken against the demolition in May. Jackson spoke in Dallas on July 6.

✓ It's not easy work but someone's got to do it. Rep. Sam Johnson, R-Plano, decided, for half an hour in early July, to protect our state's children from the dangers of publicly funded kindergarten. "Sending children off to kindergarten before they are ready can harm them. They are being pushed too hard too fast. They are under stress," Johnson said in an impassioned speech on the House floor as he tried to gather support for his amendment that would have eliminated funding for full day kindergarten in public schools. Johnson had hoped to cut kindergarten classes back to a half day to allow children more time to learn at home, at their mother's knees instead of wasting afternoons "sleeping with their teachers." Before Johnson's amendment went down 89-54 he admitted that what he proposed was "a money-saving thing pure and simple." The half-day kindergarten amendment would have cut \$67.5 million from the proposed \$39.6 billion state budget.

✓ How about a peripatetic press conference? First Rep. Bill Ceverha, R-Dallas, held a press conference and nobody came. This, he reasoned, because the capitol press corps was across the hall listening to Attorney General Jim Mattox. Ceverha then positioned himself strategically at the door of the AG's conference room and as Mattox answered his last question announced that Tito Chingunji, anti-Marxist freedom fighter from Angola, was available to the rapidly departing press. The room emptied and the old freedom fighter, well, he just faded away as Ceverha hurried to the floor to cast his vote on cutting public kindergarten funding in half.

✓ The Attorney General is becoming more vocal in his criticism of the state's leadership. At the LULAC convention in Corpus Christi he warned against public officials who had been "vaccinated with the democratic needle" only to behave like it didn't take. After his July 1 capitol press conference he decried the appointment of Republicans to positions of leadership in the Democratic House and Senate.

"For the first time, in a significant way in Texas, we do not have strong Democratic voices in leadership positions. We have Hobby and Lewis and Clements, none of whom speak with strong Democratic voices," Mattox said.

✓ Why isn't Jesse Jackson electable? It's obvious, according to Republican pollster Lance Tarrance. Talking to *Houston Post* reporter Jerry Laws on the

July 1 Houston debate, Tarrance said that it has to do with photogenics. And Jackson isn't photogenic "for obvious reasons."

"The three that came off as least photogenic were Jackson, for obvious reasons. Simon may be the smartest man in terms of raw IQ of anybody in that group, but he does not have the photogenic presence to convey that. And thirdly was Babbit, who looked almost superficially theatrical," Tarrance said. Tarrance never elaborated on *obvious reasons*.

✓ Rep. Senfronia Thompson, D-Houston, with the help of unlikely partner Rep. Foster Whaley, D-Pampa, successfully passed an amendment to the appropriations bill in July to abolish the Texas Commission on the Arts. In effect, the amendment would deny the arts state money as well as federal money, because the TCA serves as a channel for matching federal funds.

Thompson explained her bill in terms

of hard choices: "I had to make a choice to cover child protective services or the arts." However, only \$2.7 million of the \$6.7 million in savings will go to help victims of child abuse.

The House debate focused on the issue that state money for the arts is welfare for the wealthy. When asked where money for the arts should come from, Thompson urged patrons "to solicit funds among their rich buddies." "Back in my district," she said, "we don't ask for money to make quilts, we do it on our own."

Texas Arts Commissioner Aaronetta Pierce warned, "I promise you, if we don't get public funding, the arts will be only for the wealthy. Public funding is essential for the accessibility of the arts for all the people." □

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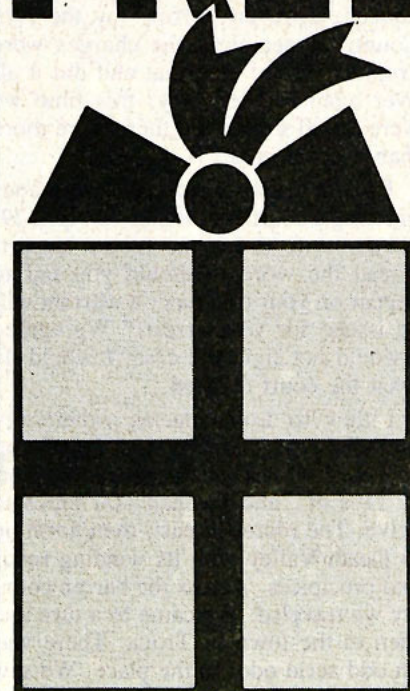
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• AFTERWORD •

On Trial in Nevada

By Lawrence Egbert

IT SOMEHOW SEEMS important to tell the story of my crime and how I went to court and how I was found guilty. It dates back to last September, when a number of us broke off from the annual meeting of the American Public Health Association in Las Vegas, and staged a protest demonstration at the Nevada site for nuclear weapons testing. The principles of the demonstration were simple: testing bombs is bad for the health of workers at the test site and it is bad for *our* health to make bombs and prepare for war. It should be clear from the psychiatric point of view that this is not war we are preparing for, it is genocide. Therefore, we stated that the Nuremberg principles applied: it is a crime against humanity to prepare for international genocide.

So, doctors and nurses, public health workers and friends, demonstrated in the desert and over 100 of us stepped onto the U.S. Department of Energy lands and were arrested for trespassing. This is a misdemeanor. We were handcuffed

after being warned to leave the federal reservation. We were carted off in buses 60 miles north to Beatty, Nevada, and booked. Thru an "error" by the Nye County prosecution, the charges were dropped, so we went out and did it all over again in February; this time we were 2,000 strong and there were more than 400 arrested.

Back in Dallas, I received a summons ordering a court appearance on April 29. As my wife drove me to the airport, I read the words "Should you fail to appear on your trial date, a warrant will be issued for your arrest." We agreed I would not fight the case; I would do what the court ordered.

I flew to Los Angeles, where my brother lives. The next day, I woke up at 3 a.m. Court was supposed to start at 11 a.m., and we had 400 miles to drive. The route led east, then north up to Death Valley with its winding roads and precipices. Across the barren country we traveled. We came to a turn and then to the town of Trona. There was an odd acrid odor to the place. We saw factories and more factories, plopped down in the middle of nowhere. Kerr-McGee factories, chemicals, huge piles

of white stuff which looked like slag near a coal mine except for the color and the smell. My eyes burned as I pumped gas into the car. The attendant gave me directions to Beatty: straight ahead 100 miles.

I was early for court. The judge was a woman who had to come to the Beatty court because the regular justice of the peace happened to be the father of the police lieutenant who had made the complaint against us. Beatty is a tiny village. I went in and listened as they tried two others like me, only they were from Oregon. It was a typical court room, I suppose, drab with a sign telling us we were in the court of the State of Nevada, the judge sitting impassively in her robes behind her elevated dais, the prosecuting attorney quizzing the police lieutenant who had booked us in February.

I sat and listened carefully, since I would follow soon. The man from Oregon was defending himself as I was about to do. He asked to introduce a statement that told why preparing for international genocide was a crime and preventing this crime called upon the laws of God, presumed higher in rank than the laws against trespassing in the State of Nevada.

The judge reminded him that he had agreed not to debate the prosecutor's Motion in Limine. Our friend from Oregon was confused. The Motion in Limine was, is, very clear. The case was to be decided on whether or not he had crossed a line on the road and

was warned about trespassing, not *why* he crossed. But, he said, "this is the whole point!" The judge was very patient, reminding him that the prosecuting attorney had done a lot of legal homework which she had read and the gentleman from Oregon had not. Did he wish his case to be continued in November when she would have had time to study the matter? No, he did not wish to return in November. Well, then, he could not present his moral arguments about why he had done what he had done!

After a break, he tried again to tell the court his reasons for his actions and the judge refused again very patiently. There was no one else there except a few other defendants. No TV, no radio, no newspapers. A lonely, sad, quiet, intelligent man trying to tell the world why it should not be blown up and no one was there to listen. He struggled for words but the judge was adamant. The Motion in Limine meant not talking about what he felt or believed, no other laws of church or Nuremberg. She didn't say all that, just quietly reminded him several times that he had to stick to the trespassing in Nevada charge. He shuddered and mumbled, "but that's what I came out here to say" and then his voice broke. He was pronounced guilty and fined \$10 in court costs. He was told he would have six months to pay and he wandered aimlessly out of the courtroom.

IT IS ODD how hard it is to be mad, I mean really angry, at the system and at the same time not be mad at the people who are cranking out their work protecting that system. Most of my friends are law-abiding citizens who pay their taxes, don't cuss too much or get drunk often. Now, how can you get mad at them and tell them that we're organizing the end of the world as a recognizable place for our grandchildren to enjoy? Try fingering someone with that heavy stuff, especially a cooperative and thoughtful judge in Beatty, Nevada! She was defending the laws the State had created for trespassers on private property. She was carefully avoiding testing moral dilemmas related to genocidal behaviors on the part of her government. Her work protected the bombs and the process of testing. So, should we be mad at her or the clerk or the snappy, pushy DA? Or should I not instead be angry with myself as I pay my taxes for this?

It was my turn. I agreed that what the police lieutenant had said about the two previous defendants applied to me. The judge said O.K. Then she asked

about the Motion in Limine business; did I agree to dropping any arguments that there were higher laws or that I was there to prevent people from destroying themselves? I said I disagreed but not strongly enough to return to Beatty in November. She looked puzzled and then asked, "Well, are you then changing your plea to guilty?" I said, no. We stared at each other. She said, "That's confusing." I had agreed that there were no higher laws to be discussed but then said I was not guilty even though I had admitted to entering the testing reservation. I felt sorry for her but all I could find to say was, "That's your problem." She resolved the problem quickly. Guilty of the charge of criminal trespassing. Was there anything which I wished to enter as a plea for clemency in sentencing? No. Sentence was payment of court costs, \$10. Was I a doctor? Yes. Could I pay the \$10 immediately? Yes. That was it.



Dan Thibodeau

I know that I had planned to do just what the court ordered, no gymnastics to challenge the court or push them to do something other than what they planned but it certainly felt foolish. The judge started planning the afternoon with the DA and didn't even bother with the ritual of all rising for the judicial departure. I wandered out into the sunlight.

I drove south to the test site. There it was, nothing to see, just a simple narrow road off into the mountains where, 15 or 20 miles away, they did the testing in deep pits drilled into the ground. The cattle guard gave it the appearance of an open range. The barbed wire has small signs saying no trespassing. Underneath it says — I couldn't resist writing this down — "Unauthorized carrying, transporting, or otherwise introducing any dangerous weapon or explosive or other dangerous instrument or material likely to produce substantial injury or damage to persons

or property ——— is prohibited." No mention of the defense of the country or democracy, just protect the property and personnel of the Department of Energy. There was a Rent-a-Can there for the demonstrators' use. The debris around the gate reminded me of previous demonstrations — a few beer cans, the usual cigarette butts, but also there was an old diaper. The children are in on this too.

There was nothing to do and a storm was building up with huge ferocious clouds piling up over the mountains. An occasional truck rushed into the test site and I had to assume someone was around watching the gate but all that was visible was the beautiful empty desert mountains with the cloud formations becoming more and more ominous. I got into the car to leave as the thunder crashed, the lightning blasted at the mountains and clouds dumped a deluge.

Las Vegas was the same except it was drenched with the rain storm. The same gambling casinos, the same places to get married immediately, the liquor stores every block almost, and the well-advertised brothels. Great place to test bombs nearby!

I know they will proceed with the next test as scheduled. I know that my trip had absolutely no effect upon whether or not the next test or the test after that will be done. And now I am listed as a criminal. And why? Why try to invoke the laws of Nuremberg about genocide? Why the tiresome trip, the anxiety of the courtroom, the feelings of frustration and sympathy, the shudder of a fellow human being? Why do we write so many letters to our people in Congress? Why do we perform so many lectures in church and temple and school? Why carry signs and share vigils in front of Carswell Air Force base? Why constantly bring up the subject of war and peace? Why do I give people so much advice about unlearning the old rationalist, practical, military way of business as usual for philosophy in life? Why take courses in nonviolence and study the life of Gandhi or Martin Luther King, Jr.? Why sing songs of peace and pass out leaflets?

You will have to answer these questions for yourself, dear friend. All I will answer is that I am doing my best. I tell you though, it feels like my father is around close by as I remember the days when he was assisting in preparing the prosecution of war criminals in Nuremberg so many years ago. But I know also, my friend, that we are going to have to do an awful lot more than this if we ever hope to stop the arms race. □

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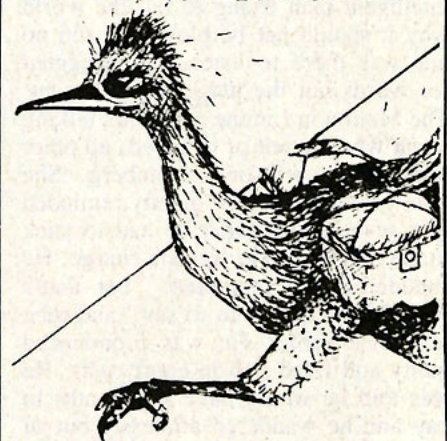
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