THE TEXAS OBSERVER
A Journal of Free Voices August 8, 1980 75¢

THE ONION REVOLT

By Rod Davis

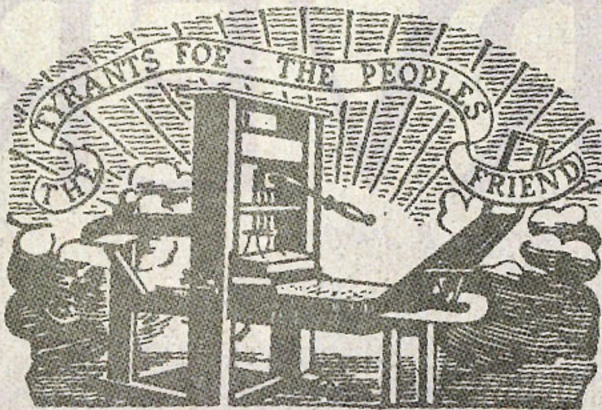
Hereford

The odor of the onions drifts up from packing sheds and the broad High Plains fields and hangs in the air all day, simmering with a maddening sweetness. It completely covers Hereford, a West Texas town of about 15,000 squeezed up beside a Santa Fe rail line and busting over with the busiwork of agriculture. Semi-trailer trucks clog Highway 60 beside the railroad tracks, grain elevators rise up next to the tin packing sheds like skyscrapers, the houses on the acceptable side of the tracks seem tidy and prosperous and outside the town the fields are full of corn, sugar beets, cotton, soybeans, fat feedlot cattle, and onions.

The onions have changed Hereford. They have changed the High Plains. As the area became an agricultural oasis after World War II, sucking up water from the underground aquifers to nourish the onions and the other vegetable crops, a northward migration of thousands of Mexicans and Mexican-Americans gradually pumped 60,000 Hispanics into the High Plains. Their purpose was always precise: harvest the crops, don't made trouble. Every season the Hispanic workers have fulfilled this function. They have stooped in the hot fields 10-12 hours at a stretch picking up the onions or beets or potatoes or cucumbers and have lived in the *barrio* labor camps where rats should not be housed and they have lost their bladders because they could not urinate in the fields. They have been faithful. They have been very, very poor. They have worked as individual laborers at the whim of some of Texas' largest corporations. They have been serfs.

As of June 24, 1980, those days were over. In a series of wildcat strikes among the 8,000 acres of summer onions being

INSIDE Draft Protest Begins . . . Mutscher Fading . . . Anderson Is On . . .
Sacking SALT II . . . Coup at A&M . . . The Death of Henry Miller



The Texas OBSERVER

PUBLISHER, RONNIE DUGGER

© The Texas Observer Publishing Co., 1980

Vol. 72, No. 15 August 8, 1980

Incorporating the State Observer and the East Texas Democrat, which in turn incorporated the Austin Forum-Advocate.

EDITOR Rod Davis
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Matthew Lyon

STAFF ASSISTANTS: Jenny Abdo, Beth Epstein, Susan Reid, Bob Sindermann Jr.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Warren Burnett, Chandler Davidson, John Henry Faulk, Eric Hartman, Jack Hopper, Molly Ivins, Maury Maverick Jr., Kaye Northcott, Laura Richardson, Linda Rocawich, Paul Sweeney, Lawrence Walsh, Alfred Watkins

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS: Keith Dannemiller, Roy Hamric, Hans-Peter Otto, Alan Pogue, Bob Clare, Phyllis Frede, Russell Lee

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS: Berke Breathed, Jeff Danziger, Dan Hubig, Ben Sargent, Mark Stinson

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.

BUSINESS MANAGER Cliff Olofson

The Texas Observer
(ISSN 0040-4519)

Editorial and Business Office
600 West 7th Street, Austin, Texas 78701
(512) 477-0746

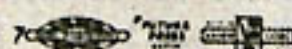
Publisher's Office
P.O. Box 6570, San Antonio, Texas 78209
(512) 828-1044 after 4 p.m.

Published by Texas Observer Publishing Co., biweekly except for a three-week interval between issues twice a year, in January and July; 25 issues per year. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas.

Single copy (current or back issue) 75¢ prepaid. One year, $18; two years, $34; three years, $49. One year rate for full-time students, $12. Airmail, foreign, group, and bulk rates on request.

Microfilmed by MCA, 1620 Hawkins Avenue, Box 10, Sanford, N.C. 27330.

POSTMASTER: Send form 3579 to: 600 West 7th Street, Austin, Texas 78701.

Cover photo: Jim Steiert 

harvested in June and July, Chicano farmworkers joined walkouts led by the Texas Farm Workers Union, an aggressive labor group that splintered from the United Farm Workers Union in 1975 because the UFW under Cesar Chavez was too busy concentrating on California. Striking workers in the High Plains asked for 60 cents per 53-lb. bag of onions, toilets in the fields, water, and the right enjoyed by every other labor union in America except farmworkers, the right to have a union.

The strike continued about six weeks, the length of the onion season. It was not universal and did not shut down all the fields and did not involve all the workers. But it put the Fear into the cartel of a dozen or so growers who control the market and it pushed the average wage in the fields up to 55 cents per bag. It did one other thing. It demonstrated to Chicano farmworkers the power of collective action. It also triggered a frenzy of repressive paranoia among the mostly Anglo growers and farmers, but that also will unite the farmworkers. Hereford today feels like Mississippi in 1963. Only this time it is not just civil rights but an economic revolution that is being sought.

Huelga

The first confrontation of the High Plains strike occurred just after 7 a.m. on Tuesday, June 24, when Jesus Moya and a handful of other TFWU organizers met a crew of 200 workers preparing to harvest a field contracted to the Howard Gault Co. about five miles west of Hereford. Positioning themselves along a public road at an entrance to the field, the TFWU set up a picket line and Moya, using a jerry-rigged loudspeaker attached to his bashed-in yellow van, began a peppery exhortation asking the workers to hold out for 60 cents per bag instead of the proffered 45 cents.

Moya's rationale, as every worker knew, was that 45 cents was simply not enough. At 45 cents per 53-lb. bag, a worker must fill seven or eight bags per hour just to meet the federal minimum wage of $3.10, which does, contrary to popular myth, apply to farmworkers. Some very strong workers can harvest more than eight bags per hour, especially if their children or wives are helping and using the same social security number, and if the onions are big; but the crop this year, hurt by the drought, is poor. The onions are small. Most workers can clip and sack only four or five bags per hour at best, in some cases only two or three. The average effective wages in the fields is estimated by the TFWU at $1.85 per hour.

In addition, Moya explained in Spanish, workers ought to have sanitary facilities and they ought not to have to carry their own water to the fields. Nor should they be subjected to the hundred and one indignities of the Texas farm labor system, which include swindling, beating, loan-sharking, eviction and legal intimidation as regular means of worker control. But especially, said Moya, workers ought to get a fair wage for what may be the hardest physical labor currently practiced in America.

The workers, their shirts buttoned up and hats in place against the sun, listened. No one had ever told them this on the High Plains fields before. Even the foreman, or *troquero,* who hires the crews on a contract with the grower, couldn't believe it. The *troquero,* Alejo Aguillon, first tried arguing with Moya about the economics of the market and how the farmers were facing a bad year. Alejo even pleaded with Ed Tuddenham, a lawyer from the federally-funded and locally detested Texas Rural Legal Aid office in Hereford who was present to advise the TFWU or migrant workers in the event of arrests or legal troubles. But Alejo got nowhere and his employer, Gault, would not up the wage.

The workers struck. Instead of entering the field, most of them followed Moya into Hereford for an impromptu caravan demonstration past the row of packing sheds on New York Avenue and then into the downtown business district, a quaint

Jim Steiert

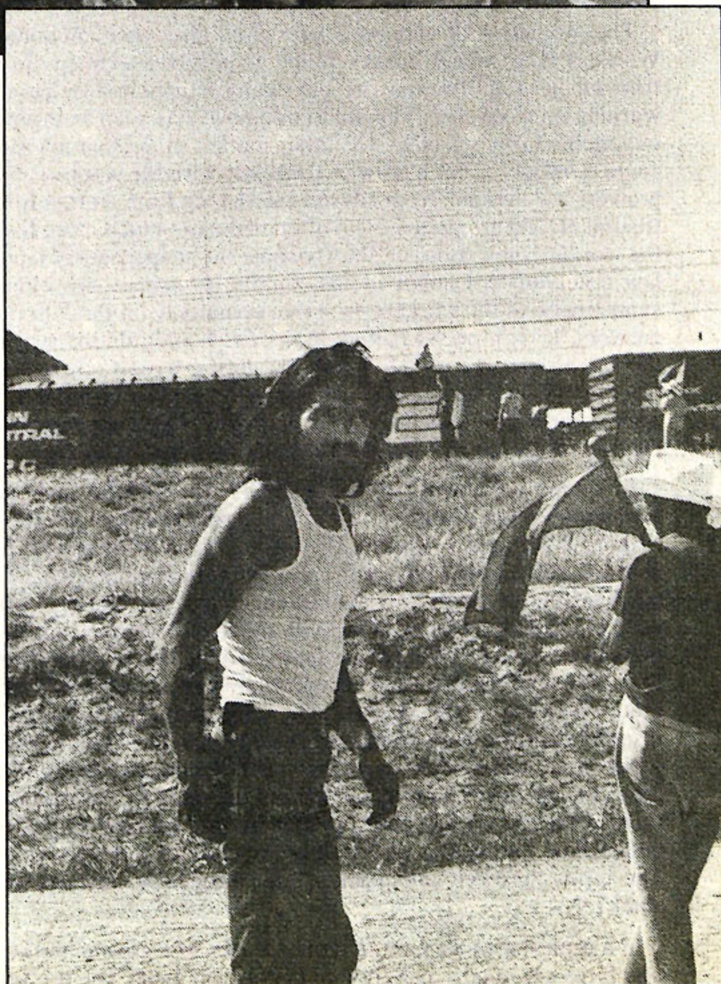
Above, Ed Tuddenham (l) of Texas Rural Legal Aid discusses the strike with workers.

At right, Jesus Moya, TFWU organizer, during picketing near a Griffin and Brand packing shed outside Hereford.

few blocks half of which cater to Spanish-speaking persons. Hereford had never witnessed such a spectacle: a hundred Chicanos of all ages led by a union organizer who looks like a muscular Jesus Christ and talks like Ché Guevara. It was sheer jubilation and a good day. But things would get tougher.

The Law

After the first strike, 15 High Plains growers and two growers' associations, the Harlingen-based Texas Citrus and Vegetable Growers and Shippers, Inc., filed suit in the 222nd state district court of Judge Wesley Gulley seeking $6,000 in damages on behalf of the Howard Gault Co., whose field was the first one struck (and which bore the brunt of the strike action). The suit also asked for a temporary injuncton against a broad spectrum of union activities, including the use of pickets any closer to each other than 50 feet. Named as defendants were TFWU, TRLA, Moya, Tuddenham, and two other individuals. They were accused of "conspiracy" to foment a work stoppage and sundry other violations. The growers were especially anxious to attack the TRLA. Since opening an office to handle the legal problems of migrant workers two years ago, the TRLA, funded by the Legal Services Corporation, has been cordoned off from the Anglo community as though it were a breeding ground of lepers. Through filing not very dramatic lawsuits for minimum wage claims, housing and health care discrimination and illegal detention of Hispanics, often against local government bodies, the TRLA has become *the* force of social change for Hispanics on the High Plains. As such, it is a direct threat to the power



Rod Davis

structure. The growers' lawsuit thus had more in mind than redress of the immediate strike, but in its zeal it may have exposed an unexpected vulnerability, of which more later.

Representing the growers in the suit was the Hereford firm of Saul, Smith and Davis. Roland Saul is the district attorney of Deaf Smith County. Jerry Smith and Don Davis are assistant district attorneys. While the practice of private law by publicly-funded attorneys on behalf of private citizens in a case ostensibly at least touching official responsibility is not illegal in Texas, it is, in the words of one attorney, "ironic."

On June 30, Judge Gully granted a 10-day injunction on an *ex parte* basis, meaning the defendants weren't notified in time to present arguments. Deaf Smith County Sheriff Travis McPherson, a three-piece-suited impressario who once described himself as "proud to be redneck," immediately enforced the injunction, and although there was no brutality by deputies, organizing efforts were hamstrung for several days. Antonio Orendain, president of the TFWU, called the injunction " the most unconstitutional action ever taken against farmworkers in Texas." Subsequent legal action indicated he was right. TRLA attorneys promptly moved the case to federal court, where Judge Mary Lou Robinson immediately ruled in favor of dropping of the 50-foot rule. Ten days after the injunction was issued, another U.S. Dist. Court Judge, Halbert O. Woodward, allowed it to expire completely.

Court action was not the only means the growers used to respond to the strike. Within days of the first action by the TFWU, landowners put up "No Trespassing" signs at every private road entrance, which meant any one who ventured onto the property could be arrested without further warning. Deputies and Texas Rangers were much in evidence, mostly photographing demonstrators and making sure picketers did not cross right-of-way lines.

The subtleties of economic pressures also were mounted. Workers who joined strikes found themselves evicted from their labor camp dwellings or physically intimidated by goons working for *troqueros*. The use of *troqueros* has been an ingenious method of controlling the labor market in agriculture. Because a *troquero*, not a grower, contracts with the workers, the growers are immune from lawsuits stemming from worker mistreatment. The *troqueros,* who often make not much more than the workers they contract, thus become the scapegoats of labor law crackdown. Caught in the middle, *troqueros* are either sympathetic to the workers, or, more commonly, in thrall to the growers. If their crews mutiny in the fields and join the strike, the *troqueros* are impelled toward hiring a new crew and blacklisting known strikers. Firing people or discriminating against them for union organizing activities is of course against the law; but what the law does not know it cannot correct.

In attempting to organize the fields, the TFWU and the farmworkers faced a further set of tiered relations with growers, making it difficult to deal with the final source of economic control. As farming has become a corporate enterprise, the mechanisms of corporate management and accounting have been planted in the fields along with the hybrid seeds. Corporations like to create layers of insularity. Doing this enables them to achieve tax breaks, lop off unprofitable subsidiaries and operate empires. In the onion fields, corporate structuring has inspired complex farm-to-market systems, the most common of which are: independent farmers under contract to corporate growers, and farms directly owned and operated by the growers themselves. At the top of the system are the packing and shipping sheds, the biggest of which are operated by the growers. The terms "grower" or "packer" are frequently interchangeable.

In a typical arrangement, a farmer leases to a grower/packer who hires a *troquero* and crew to harvest the field. The grower takes the crop and delivers it to the packing shed, where it is sold to a receiver, who either is a retailer or who sends the crop to a retail outlet. The grower totals up all the costs of the crop, subtracts the cost from the market price, and splits the gross profit with the farmer according to whatever terms they've worked out. Typical costs in a 50-lb. bag (the 53-lb. field bag is reduced to 50 lbs. for the market) of onions are: 45-60 cents for harvesting, 13 cents for the foreman's wages and social security, 1½ cents for the truck foreman, 9 cents for loading and 20 cents for hauling. The packer charges about $1.90 to rebag and sell the onions. The grower and farmer also share, about 50/50, the costs of planting, which can run about $650 per acre. There's also a 20 percent "shrinkage" loss in getting the onions from field to market. Obviously, eliminating the farmer from the transaction means more profit for the grower; but the grower in that case also accepts more risk for a poor crop.

In good years, there's enough profit for both farmer and grower. A very good year would see a yield of 1,000 bags of onions per acre and a market price of $10 or more per bag.

This year, yields are 300, 400 bags or less, say the growers. The market price to the retailer is $4-$6. According to the Texas A&M Agricultural Extension Service, a yield of 300 bags per acre must fetch a market price of $5.32 for a farmer to break even. On a 400-acre yield, the break-even point is about $4.60.

If then, the onion crop, for the fifth year running, promises to be an economic loser, launching a drive for higher wages is bound to stir up arguments that there just isn't enough money to go around. Which is precisely what the growers are saying. There should be a distinction — a small farmer complaining that he's barely hanging on and can't grant a 10-cent wage increase is one thing; the same line from a firm like Griffin and Brand, the largest vegetable grower in Texas, simply doesn't ring true.

Regardless of the market economics, however, there is the law. Minimum wage is minimum wage. If farmers or growers can't pay enough per bag to enable workers to make $3.10 per hour perhaps they should switch crops. Forcing farmworkers to artificially subsidize the unprofitability of the onion market is neither just nor smart. It can't last. Whether that means wages, and the retail price of onions, must rise, or whether onion-picking machines will eliminate human harvesters, as was the case with potatoes, the *status quo* cannot continue. Everybody knows that.

But even that is not the reason the Hereford strike has provoked such resistance from the growers. As Bill Weeks of Texas Citrus and Vegetable Growers and Shippers, Inc., an association domniated by Griffin and Grand philosophy, said, "Okay, 10 cents a bag isn't that much.. We just don't want the union to come in and toot its horn." Or, quoting Howard Gault, whose firm after repeated strikes went up to 60 cents per bag and to 90 cents in one very poor field, "These people have always been happy here. Now these outsiders (the union and TRLA) have stirred everything up. Now put that pencil down and listen to me . . . . Once we used these people for the potatoes. Now we use a machine. It's going to happen to onions, too. That's how these outsiders are going to help those workers. There won't be any jobs at all."

This intransigence is based on the history of labor as interpreted by the big growers. "Texas has never liked unions and Texans don't want to be in them," said Weeks who, coming up from Harlingen, curiously refers to the Valley neighbor TFWU as an "outside influence." Weeks doesn't believe collective bargaining, from which farmworkers are specifically excluded in the Taft-Hartley Act, is needed in the fields. "As a worker, you have the prerogative of asking for a better wage and if the boss doesn't pay, you can quit and go somewhere else," he explains. Weeks also insists workers can pick at least 10 bags an hour. As for poor housing and working conditions in the fields, Weeks offers a standard grower sentiment: "It's all relative.

When you go to where these people call home, and then you go to where they are here, you see they're better off up here. That's why they come."

A Hereford grower said that the poor conditions at the labor camps are the fault of the people who live there. "They just don't keep the places up. They tear the screens out and break the doors . . . . I guess maybe they don't have a pride of ownership like we do."

The Union

While the lawsuits were being filed and the union organizers dismissed as outsiders, or worse, the organizing continued. The TFWU set up headquarters in the annex of a Catholic church in the San Jose labor camp just outside Hereford. The headquarters room is about 20-by-20 feet with a single desk, two folding tables, a few chairs, a water cooler, a telephone and an ever-changing cast of onlookers and volunteers.

The modest office befits the union's modest circumstances. Because neither federal nor state law requires growers or farmers to collectively bargain with farm laborers, organizing among farmworkers is a frustrating business. Even if single strikes can be mounted, there is no way to force a grower to negotiate a contract. Growers may, and do, refuse to recognize the union (either TFWU or UFW), hire strikebreakers, and pit one group of low-paid workers against another. The TFWU has worked hard to obtain collective bargaining legislation for Texas similar to that in California, where UFW contracts are now widespread, but efforts have failed in a legislature dominated by conservative and rural interests. A new bill will be presented in the 1981 session.

Under the utter vacuum of law to assist in organizing, the TFWU proceeds in fitful starts. It does not accept dues from members on Orendain's theory that until a contract with the TFWU can be obtained — none has been so far — dues shouldn't be collected. Financing for the union thus comes from grants and donations. The money is very meager, keeping up a skeleton staff of organizers paid as little as $150 per month for gruesome 12 to 18 hour days. In the past, the TFWU, based at San Juan, has received funding from the Catholic church, but that support has weakened. A three-year grant of about $80,000 annually recently was turned down by the Church, and the TFWU says the rejection came because of the influence of the UFW, which likes to paint the TFWU as too radical and too "red" to take on the business of organizing. But it is the TFWU which is forcing the strikes, galvanizing the workers, advancing what it sees, clearly, as a class struggle.

Orendain is an intense veteran of the American labor movement. His black hat and drooping mustache are his trademarks, whether directing the High Plains strike of 1980, a 1979 strike in Raymondville in South Texas, last year's march of farmworkers from the Valley to Austin or other actions. Orendain is considered to be very cool, very wise and very committed. A friend and colleague of Chavez in the UFW since 1950, Orendain's painful 1975 break was testimony to his stubborn insistence that the needs of Texas farmworkers cannot be subordinated to those of workers in other states. It is not that Orendain has no sympathy for California workers — quite the contrary — he simply sees the struggle as requiring more than one front. Everyone outside the two unions views the split as a tragedy and hopes it can be resolved. But the unions no longer trust each other and, questions of strategy aside, much bad blood must be turned good before a coherent and unified farm labor movement in Texas will be realized.

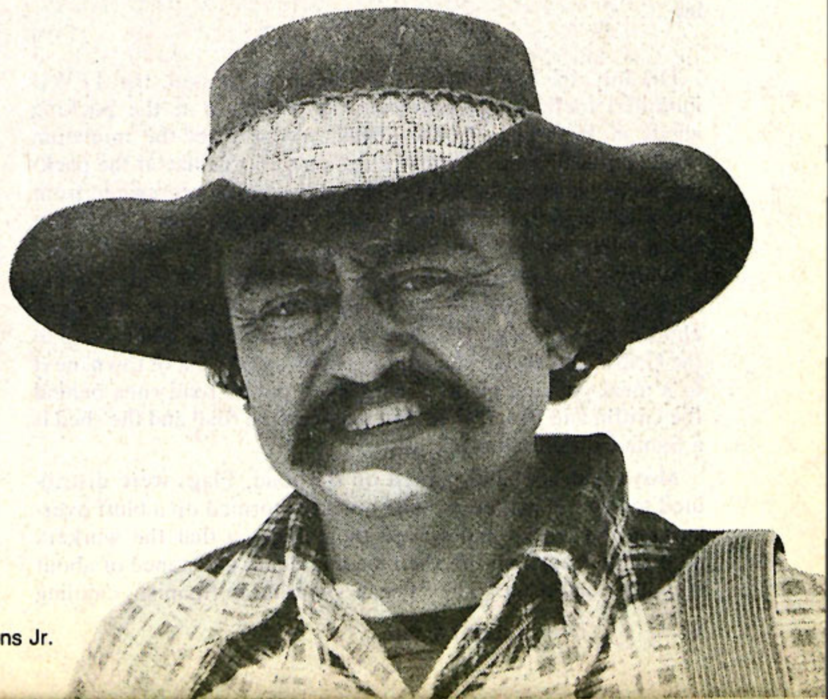
Action

Under the direction of Orendain and his principal Hereford organizer, the 32-year-old Moya, a Chicano activist from California with roots deep in the social revolution of the 1960s, the High Plains strike consisted of a series of tactical, guerrilla-style skirmishes. As in good guerrilla action, tactics were adapted to the increasingly sophisticated response of the growers.

Initially, Orendain and the other TFWU organizers would meet with the workers in the labor camps at night, discuss the need for better pay and other union issues, and decide which field to "hit" the following day. But as the strikes drew increasing attention, it became less possible to pinpoint the next day's

Sign advertising wage increase in an onion field west of Hereford.

Antonio Orendain, TFWU president.



John Spragens Jr.

field of operation. More than 8,000 acres of onions were under harvest in the area, but not every field was ready every day, and not every field that was ready got picked every day. Thus the growers, in an effort to outsmart the strikers, began concealing the fields to be picked until the morning of the day of work. By week three of the strike, TFWU organizers were rising at 3 or 4 a.m. to follow workers to the fields. Even then, the fields had to be along a public road or the picketers would be arrested. At best, the union was able to picket one good field each day. Two if they were lucky and had enough volunteers.

Martha Owen, a TFWU paralegal, described a typical action midway through the harvest:

"We went out about 4 a.m. The field was near Dimmitt and it wasn't by a public road, so the TFWU couldn't go in. We sat around until noon waiting to follow the people to the next onion field. When they went, we drove up and waved the flags around. Nobody went into that field.

"Moya talked to the workers. They were making 50 cents but the onions were real small. So everyone stood around. There were two crew leaders and they were going to work opposite sides of the field. One crew leader was a jerk. The other was real nice. We were waiting for word from the contract grower (La Mantia, Collum and Collier) about getting 60 cents. Word came back no. The workers who were there, left. Moya said no other workers should come into that field, and no one did, except the Texas Rangers to take our pictures.

"We went home. The next morning we were back at that field by 5 a.m. Some new people came. We shouted "Huelga! Huelga!" but there was a gate around back and the workers went in there. I guess it was a limited success."

As the strike continued, wages inched up in isolated settlements to what seemed an area average of 55 cents per bag. Concessions on other issues, such as sanitation, were negligible, although the TFWU said the Gault Co. agreed to provide toilets in some fields. No contracts were signed.

On July 15, the strike received encouragement from Bishop L. T. Matthiesen of Amarillo, who in a letter to the *Hereford Brand* said, "Recent events . . . have again raised the moral questions of just wages and acceptable working conditions for farm workers, as well as of the right of growers and packers to a fair return on their investment.

"While recognizing and reaffirming the right of owners to a fair profit, we once more assert the right of laborers, including farm workers, to a just wage and to decent working conditions, including the right of workers to form a union, if they wish to do so, to help them achieve these goals through collective bargaining . . . ."

On July 16, with most of the fields harvested, the TFWU modified tactics, concentrating on picketing at the packing sheds in Hereford. At the sheds, workers get the minimum wage, but little else. It is more difficult to organize at the packing sheds because the workers are more easily segregated from the union organizers, but the sheds, which do not skip around in the pre-dawn hours, are much easier to hit.

Wednesday afternoon, July 16, after rising at 4 a.m. to look, without success, for a field, Moya rallied a dozen workers and children and traveled the short distance from the labor camp to the Griffin and Brand shed along Highway 60 west of town, next to a meat-packing plant. An unpaved public road runs behind the Griffin and Brand shed, but between the road and the shed is a Santa Fe railroad track.

Moya and his band parked on the road. Flags were distributed to several picketers, who quickly stormed up a bluff overlooking the tracks and waved their flags so that the workers across the tracks on the shed loading dock, a distance of about 50 yards, could see. They began shouting in Spanish, cajoling and taunting and pleading for the workers to walk out. "The children are amazing, man," said Moya, "they're really political." He turned on his loudspeaker and began a harangue, much like a filibuster, except he wasn't in a cool Senate chamber. He was in 101 heat and dust from the road clouded up every time a car, usually bearing a deputy or a company official, passed.

After 10 or 15 minutes, two officials from the Santa Fe railroad drove up. One, a middle-aged man wearing a white hard hat, told Moya the picket line would have to be pulled back about 20 yards from the bluff toward the road. "That's our right of way and you're trespassing," he said.

"It's not posted," replied Moya.

"Yes, it is." The man pointed to a sign about 50 yards down the track. It had been freshly planted that day or the previous one.

The Santa Fe man then informed Moya he had asked for a Texas Ranger to come and enforce the trespassing limit.

Instead, Moya ignored the threat. He berated the Santa Fe man for not showing solidarity with the TFWU. "The struggle of the railroad workers went on for a long time, man. Now you should be working with the farmworkers . . . ." The man walked away. Moya returned to the loudspeaker: "Anything which hurts one worker hurts all workers . . . . Workers should stand together for each other . . . ."

During this, Deaf Smith County deputy Phil Sciumbato stood by taking notes. Sciumbato once narrated an anti-TRLA ditty called "The Ballad of Travis McPherson," dedicated to the sheriff. "You carpet-baggers are not gonna win . . . I am for Truth, Justice and the American Way, so get out of Hereford, TRLA," the song said. It was in response to suits filed by the TRLA to prevent McPherson's office from illegally detaining *suspected* aliens who, according to the song, live here in a country "they don't even deserve."

Sciumbato explained that the sheriff's office was attempting to keep things cool, which was true. The only "incidents" during the strike were caused by two farmers near Hart. One ran his pickup down a road filled with picketers and sprayed them with anhydrous ammonia gas. He also sprayed a couple of Castro County deputies, who busted him. In the other incident, a farmer opened his pants before a group of female farmworkers and was charged with indecent exposure.

Given the attitude of most Anglos in the area, the only explanation for the lack of police harassment on the picket lines would seem to be that it was judged best to keep things very quiet and out of the consciousness of outside media or federal meddlers. Both LULAC (League of United Latin American Citizens) and the American GI Forum early in the strike asked the government to monitor the area. Justice Department examiners visited but found nothing to report, which suited Sheriff McPherson just fine.

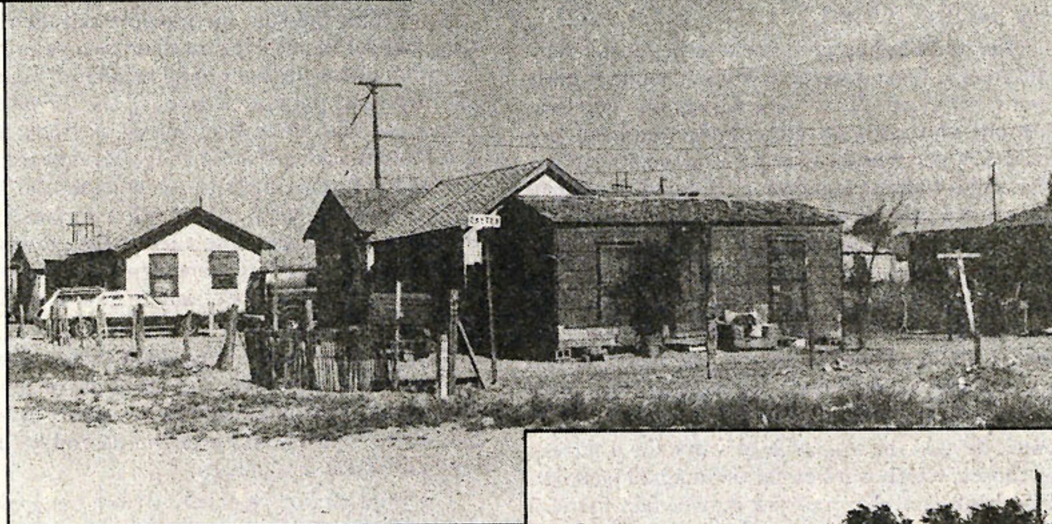
As Sciumbato was surveying the area, Moya conferred with other TFWU organizers and decided mass arrest would serve no purpose. He called the picket line back to the Santa Fe right-of-way. The children reluctantly obeyed, taunting the railroad official, "Why you wearing that hat? You afraid to show your bald head?" Their vigor was sobering.

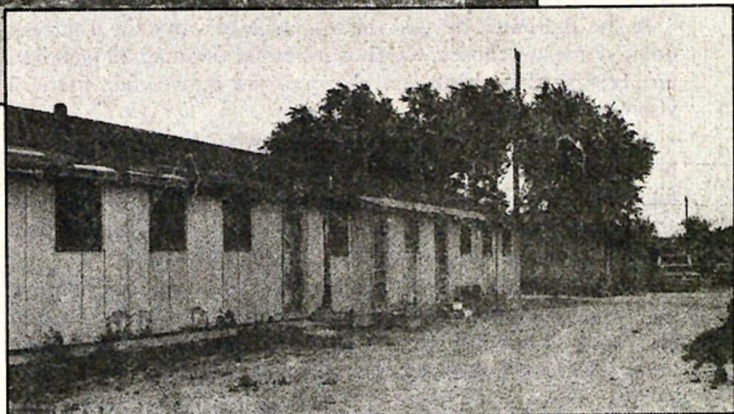
Moya kept up the picketing at the new line for another hour, then, without talking any workers out of the shed, returned to union headquarters. The picketers dispersed to their quarters.

The Camps

In some ways, the story of the strike is not in the fields but in the labor camps. The nomenclature itself is indicative.

The San Jose Camp at Hereford has a special distinction. The open bay barracks in which families crowd for space were originally built in World War II and housed German and Italian prisoners of war a few miles away. The barracks were torn off





Left, children at the Dimmitt labor camp; center, a house at the Hereford camp; right, former POW barracks used to house migrant workers at Hereford.

Photos by Rod Davis

their concrete pilings and moved across fertile cotton fields to the new site along the highway to Dimmitt several years ago.

The San Jose camp is home to about 1,000 persons. Some stay only during the harvesting season but others, known as seasonal workers, base in Hereford and spend much of the year following America's growing seasons from Florida to the Valley to Washington state.

The more fortunate laborers live in wooden or slab houses scattered around the six or seven block area which comprises the camp. Some of the houses have a small patch of lawn, a fence to keep the dogs out, and flower boxes. In front of most of the houses are reasonably new pickup trucks or cars. "People say, 'If the workers are so bad off, why do they have such good cars?' They *have* to," one resident said, "or they can't get to the harvests."

The worst structures are the barracks, long, dull firetraps, ugly, set amid unpaved streets. Probably the only way to exist in them is to work so hard all day you could collapse anywhere at night.

At one end of the Hereford camp is the Church, and next to it is the health clinic, where physicians from Amarillo come in several days a week to help the local nursing staff. The clinic is usually full of women and children. Men go only if they absolutely cannot work.

Not working is the worst thing that can happen to a migrant or seasonal laborer, which is another factor weighing against the success of the unionization effort. A worker who joins the strike sacrifices a day's wages, which, small though they may be, are more than he makes pleading for social justice. Such questions are more intense than those faced by 90 percent of middle class America. Talking strike is one thing. Striking — taking action — that is something else.

The camp boasts its own life. From one edge, at night, the Hereford skyline — grain elevators, packing plants, feed mills — butts up against the flat horizon. As the day ends, the laborers trickle back in and there are the sounds of radios, a few guitars, children and dogs. It isn't a raucous place. There is no energy for the nightlife in harvesting season.

Perched at the edge of Hereford, the camp has no city water, city sewage, city electricity. Until a HUD grant last year, the camp's only water came from a polluted well. The camp is owned mostly by slumlords, although some seasonal workers have scraped up enough to purchase the houses. According to those who have seen both, living conditions for laborers in the High Plains are worse than in the Rio Grande Valley. An explosion would seem in order. But it is quiet.

If the camp at Hereford is a hodgepodge of hovels and plaster and dirt, the camp at Dimmitt [*Obs.*, Feb. 29] is a 1980 concentration camp. It is publicly-owned, managed by the Castro County Housing Authority and funded by the federal government through the Farmers Home Administration. Rayford Smithson, director of the housing authority, has acknowledged striking tenants, including a woman, in the course of disputes over rent and debts.

The Dimmitt camp consists of brown concrete block units aligned in stark rows separated by pitted parking areas. A high fence encircles the compound and a sign, quite illegally, ad-

vises, "No Trespassing."

Law hasn't always meant much at the camp. Stories of overnight evictions, beatings and even murder tumble forth from those who have lived there. In a recent instance, a family returned one day to find their apartment hosed out and water standing a foot deep. The family had been working for a crew not affiliated with a powerful *troquero* who lived in the camp. The TRLA has filed suit on behalf of several workers subjected to discrimination, eviction or exclusion from the facility.

Entering the Dimmitt camp is considered a risk. A Department of Labor inspector assigned to enforce the minimum wage law in the Panhandle says he prefers not to broach the camp at night, and not much in the day. TFWU's Moya also has reservations, but goes in anyway. When the children in the camp see Moya, they yell, "Huelga! Huelga!"

The tenants in the multi-family units seem to be mostly transient, staying 4-6 weeks. Felix Salazar of Mission came in early June with his wife, a 10-year-old son and 8-year-old daughter. For a one-bedroom unit with no air conditioning and few amenities he paid $79 per month, plus a $50 deposit. He has come up for the onion harvest eight years running to supplement his social security income of $272. He is 73.

"This year it's been pretty hot," he said. "I worked in June but only made $75. This month I got a little more, but not enough. I don't think I'll come next year. I had $200 when I got here but I had to spend it to live here and they don't pay right away in the field." On Wednesday, July 16, he had returned from six hours work. He said he does it "to make a little money to buy clothes and send my kids to school."

In the old days, he said, he was able to work for a grower doing domestic chores, which were easier on him and paid better. But he came back last year and the grower had found a younger helper.

Raymond Perez, 18, came to Dimmitt from Big Spring with his five sisters, a brother, mother and father. He has done so for four years. He said he started about 5 a.m. each day this year and returned at six, stopping only for lunch, carrying his own water because it was not provided in the fields.

This year was a bad one and Raymond was anxious to move on to Carrizo Springs and then Florida. As he spoke, he cradled his hands under his armpits either to comfort them or hide them. They were red meat raw, blistered, peeling.

"The onions were so little," he said, "I worked five hours today and made about $5."

"How do you feel when you come home?"

Raymond considered the question with a mixture of humor and contempt. He answered matter-of-factly. "I'm tired."

"Too tired to do anything else?"

"No . . . but I'm . . . I get tired."

The Long Season

With the end of summer, the expectation of the landlords and growers and political powers of the High Plains is that the revolution will dissolve. Expectation is perhaps not the right word. Hope is better. They hope it will go away, that all the outside agitators will be gone and massah'll be able to run the farm again. "You won't write anything to keep this stirred up, will you?" beseeched one grower.

The hope seems slender, even poignant. But it is also tragic and stupid and reactionary. Time does not stand still, not even in West Texas. Already Chicanos have attained a place on the Hereford school board and, with 55 percent of the city population, they are destined to gain seats, sooner or later, on the town council, the county court. They will do so through direct and forceful challenge, because the shortsightedness of the economic elite, led by the corporate growers, admits no alternative. Nobody in control is giving away anything.

In that sense, the *patron* mentality which insists on uncompromising resistance to the union and other social changes insures precisely the conflict and ultimate defeat the growers hope to avoid. It does this in two ways: first, by polarizing the community along racial lines, giving the workers and other Hispanic residents a sense of solidarity against a common foe; and second, by promulgating a bunker atmosphere among growers which has and will produce foolhardy actions based on anger.

A good example of grower folly may be found in the filing of the June lawsuit. Although shorn of its anti-strike injunction, the remainder of the suit, seeking $6,000 in damages, remains in contention. Which is exactly where the defendants, the TFWU and TRLA, like Brer Rabbits in the briar patch, want it; and exactly where the growers do not.

After filing the suit, the growers and their attorneys realized they had set themselves on their own petard; the nature of the litigation opens the door to all manner of countersuits, financial inquiries and publicity. Already the TFWU and TRLA have responded with three legal moves, the most important of which is a motion asking federal Judge Woodward to order elections among the farmworkers to see whether the TFWU qualifies as their bargaining agent. The motion derives from a provision in the mass picketing statute cited in the growers' suit which says that in any proceeding stemming from the statute, the court is authorized to order elections to prove or disprove a union's claim to representation.

In a separate action, the TFWU has filed a counter claim against the growers accusing them of conspiracy to violate the civil rights of the union and farmworkers by attempting to deny freedom of speech and peaceful assembly. The counter claim seeks $150,000 in damages.

The third motion ricocheting from the growers' suit asks the court to require growers to enter contract negotiations with the TFWU as the best means of resolving the dispute.

Beyond these actions, there is the probability of motions from the TRLA or TFWU seeking financial data in order to respond to the growers' claim for damages. Such information could open the books of some major agri-corporations, providing grist not only for the union but for journalists and the government. Had the growers reacted to the strike with more deliberation and less knee-jerk anti-unionism these legal tactics might not have been possible.

The TFWU, meanwhile, has found volunteers in Hereford to keep open the office at the San Jose church annex. Although field organizing activity tapered off with the end of the onion crop, the TFWU office will continue educational and agitation programs designed to reach workers for subsequent seasons. Orendain and Moya will travel around the state through the fall evaluating the possibility of other strike campaigns, for example in the peach orchards of North Central Texas. The spirits, if not the finances, of the TFWU have been lifted by the strike.

As this is being printed, and being read, the exploitation — there is no better word — of farm labor in the fields of Texas continues, shifting from crop to crop. Perhaps, as some believe, the resolution will not come until machines have taken over. Perhaps that would not be bad. Perhaps it would be better if no one ever had to spend his or her life bent double in a hot field for wages that may total as little as $1 per hour. But that time is not here. For now, the tragedy of the farmworker continues, unabated, very nearly unnoticed, except through actions such as the High Plains strike.

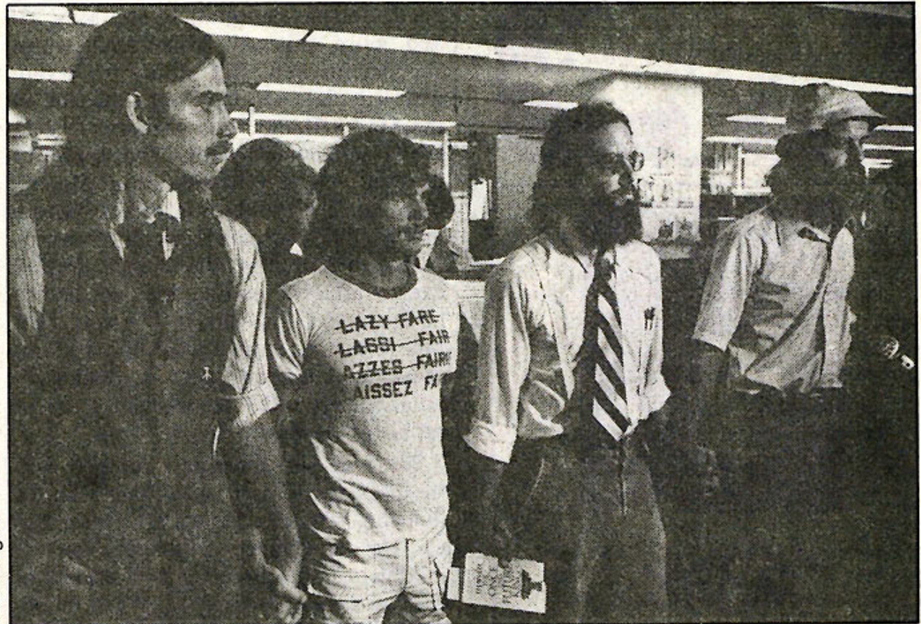
Think, eating your next salad, who might've picked the lettuce, where they might be sleeping, whether their children have gone supperless. Ask your legislator how he or she feels about giving farmworkers collective bargaining. Note how many times you hear someone say how much better off the Mexican workers are here than across the border. Then act. The onions are foul with crime. □

Journal/

Registration Begins

Shortly after noon on July 21, four men entered the main post office in Austin and linked arms in front of the counter where draft registration forms were being handled. Outside, a small group of anti-draft demonstrators chanted, "Hell no, we won't go!" Inside, members of the news media, several deep, crowded around the men, thrust microphones and cameras toward them and listened while the four, in turn, denounced the draft registration that had begun earlier that day.

At the center of the crowd, two 20-year-old construction workers, Chicanos from California temporarily in Austin to build a highway bridge over the Colorado River, stood silently filling out draft registration forms. When the four protesters were asked by officials to move so that the hardhats could hand in their forms the protesters refused. With hardly another word spoken, officers of the Federal Protection Service's Special Operations Response Team swiftly wedged through the crowd.



Alan Pogue

Draft protesters just before arrest in Austin.

"Go get 'em — move 'em outa there," said one postal employee watching from behind the counter.

"I wish I had a hand grenade to throw in there," said another.

"They ought to be killed," added another. All three employees refused to give their names.

The federal officers quickly wrestled the protesters into a side hallway and handcuffed them. Shouts of "No kicking! No kicking! Go peacefully!" rose from the crush. The confrontation was over in a matter of seconds. And the four men — Hugh Stearns of College Station, Stephen Cook Jr. of Leander, and Tom Chaisson and William Stribling, both of Austin — were charged with disorderly conduct and obstructing public access. They were later released on personal recognizance bonds of $500 each by U.S. Magistrate Phillip Sanders.

Elsewhere on the first day of draft registration protesters staged non-violent demonstrations and picketed post offices in Dallas, Houston and San Antonio, as did thousands across the U.S. The nation's 40,000 post office stations are expected to register some 4 million men during the initial 10-day registration period for 19- and 20-year-olds.

Coup at College Station

In the aftermath of the removal of Jarvis Miller as president of Texas A&M University, one thing is clear: someone wanted Miller removed quickly. Beyond that, there are few clues. Both Miller and the board of regents which demoted him from president to assistant to the chancellor July 10 are saying little. Most of what is known is based on the record of Miller's three-year career as president and the reaction of various Aggie groups to the high level shuffle.

Miller was brought in as president in 1977 under the chancellorship of Jack Williams. With the regents' approval, most of the control of the vast A&M operation was transferred from the chancellor to the president. In 1979, Williams resigned. Miller seemed heir apparent, but, instead, the regents named Frank W. R. Hubert as chancellor. Almost at once, Hubert began drawing the lines of control back to his own office and away from Miller, on the general theory that the chancellor would control A&M's service agencies and out-of-town campus while the president would run the College Station campus. Jack Williams had entertained a similar notion.

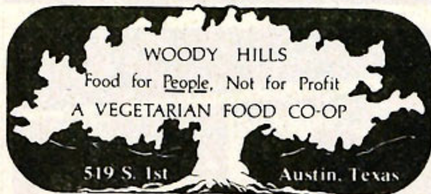
What brought matters to the events of July 10 has never been clarified by the regents. Why remove Miller as president because of disagreements with Hubert only to make him Hubert's assistant? Are the regents in fact in control? If so, none of their recent actions make sense in terms of personnel management.

Perhaps the regents have at least concluded their search for the right people to run the university, but if so, the process has come over the rare public dissent of the A&M alumni. Meeting in Dallas the Sunday after Miller's demise, the board of directors for the alumni association declared the regent's action "Ill-timed, ill-conceived, and effectuated without any planning or thought of consequence." The following week, seven student leaders, including the student body president, signed a similar statement supporting Miller.

These unusual displays of dissent also call into question a statement from A&M regent Clyde Wells that he had received "numerous complaints from people in different parts of the state" about Miller. The alumni association said it had received no complaints at all.

The timing of the Miller ouster may

Personal Service — Quality Insurance
ALICE ANDERSON AGENCY
INSURANCE & REAL ESTATE
808A E. 46th, Austin, Texas
459-6577



Friendly Spot Ice House
Live music Friday
and Saturday
1001 S. Alamo, San Antonio

River City Inn, Bar & Grill
1100 NORTH ST. MARY'S STREET, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS 78215
(512) 223-6283 (512) 226-9189
Motel Rates from $15.00
Pool, Downtown
24hr Restaurant
And next door . . . . .
San Antonio Country
1122 NORTH ST. MARY'S STREET (512) 222-8273
Cocktails from 7 A.M.
Happy Hour 2-7 P.M.
Game room, TV,
Disco Dancing
9 P.M. nightly.
Two discos and
after hours till
4 A.M. Fri., Sat.,
& Holidays.
Outdoor patio,
Free parking.

stem from two possible causes: Miller's refusal to shake hands with graduating coed Melanie Zentgraff [*Obs.*, May 23] and, more sinisterly, Miller's lukewarm support for Sen. Bill Moore of Bryan, who was defeated by Kent Caperton in the May 3 Democratic primary. Regent Wells acknowledges that the Zentgraff incident was a consideration in Miller's removal. The backlash from Sen. Moore and his allies is more difficult to assess. Although Moore is a lame duck, he still exerts influence and he does not like to be crossed. (It is said, by the way, that Moore might return to Austin as a lobbyist and that he may also be looking for an appointed office from which to carry on his noble work.)

The man who must now contend with the president's post at A&M is Charles Samson, who, like Miller, is a career Aggie. He's an engineer with a side interest in athletics — he's currently president of the Southwest Conference. When the regents announced his appointment as "acting" president, Samson said, "I am very pleased and appreciative of the confidence they have in me, and I respect that trust." Given the recent record of that confidence and trust, Samson would be wise to enjoy the office while it's still his.

Greg Moses

Anderson, Third Parties File Petitions; Citizens Party Fails

William R. Robertson, chief legal counsel for John Anderson's presidential campaign, says enough signatures have been collected on petitions in Texas to put the Illinois congressman on the November ballot here regardless of expected challenges from the State Democratic Party or the Carter-Mondale campaign. Anderson's Texas campaign leaders submitted more than 80,000 voter signatures to Secretary of State George W. Strake, about twice the number of signatures needed to qualify the independent candidate.

According to Samuel Guiberson, Anderson's state coordinator, roughly one-quarter of the signatures fail to meet the necessary validation requirements because of missing voter registration numbers. A number of the signatures may not qualify because of improper addresses.

After an initial look at the petitions, Robert Beckel, coordinator of the Carter campaign in Texas, said there were "registration numbers missing" and "address discrepancies." Beckel also said that if Strake, a Republican, validates Democratic signatures "he will be challenged."

Attorney General Mark White, a Democrat, has said Democratic signatures are not valid. Strake disagrees and has said he will accept them [*Obs.*, June 20] but will not accept Republican signatures on the theory the GOP presidential primary was binding and the Democratic one wasn't. The nearly 4,000 volunteers who collected signatures for Anderson were instructed not to sign up GOP voters.

Robertson says if Democratic signatures were subtracted from the petitions, Anderson would still have "several thousand" valid signatures over the 40,719 that he needs. He says more than half those who signed were independents registered in neither of the two main parties.

Robertson said he didn't know how much a legal challenge from the Democrats would cost the Anderson campaign in Texas. The Democrats are said to have allocated over $200,000 nationally for legal fees for ballot access challenges.

Garry Mauro, executive director of the State Democratic Party, said he's not sure whether a challenge would be initiated by the state party or whether it would come from the Carter-Mondale campaign. He added, "It's the sloppiest petition drive I've ever seen. And I've been involved in a number of them."

Libertarian Party organizers in Texas, meanwhile, have turned in petitions with 55,000 voter signatures on behalf of their presidential hopeful Ed Clark, a Harvard Law School graduate and former gubernatorial candidate in California. They estimate 33,000 of the signatures will qualify.

To get on the ballot, third parties must show support equal to 1 percent of the vote in the 1978 governor's race, 23,697 signatures. The Libertarians, who have never before been on the Texas ballot, paid workers about 50 cents per signature.

The Socialist-Workers Party also con-

cluded its ballot access campaign, submitting roughly 30,000 signatures to the secretary of state's office for validation. The Socialist-Workers, whose presidential nominee is Clifton DeBerry of California, have fielded candidates in Texas the last eight years.

The Citizens Party failed in its petition drive on behalf of presidential candidate and environmentalist Barry Commoner and vice presidential choice LaDonna Harris, an American Indian activist and wife of former Sen. Fred Harris, D-Okla. Organizers for the Citizens Party, hampered by lack of funds, submitted only 15,000 of the necessary 23,000 signatures.

Much Ado About Mutscher

Politically, Washington County has always been a comfortable home for Gus Mutscher. Granted, many people were a little baffled when the former House Speaker was pardoned of his bribery conviction and appointed judge of the county by Dolph Briscoe. But just the same, Briscoe's action only reinforced the feeling among local residents that Mutscher had been a scapegoat for someone bigger in the Sharpstown Scandal and that he was due a favor or two. Lately, however, the legislator-turned-county judge has stirred up new disgruntlement and the word is out that Mutscher may have begun yet another fall from grace.

The fall might be traced to 1978, about the time the Brenham Jaycees were choosing a speaker for their fall fish-fry. The man they picked was a Republican contender for governor, Bill Clements. By October, Clements was in a heated race with Democrat John Hill, and although the Jaycees thought they had an understanding with Clements that the dinner was not a political forum . . . well . . . he came down pretty hard on Hill. And Mutscher, a Hill supporter, came down on the Jaycees. Hot words and hard feelings fueled election fires until Clements took the county and the state by surprise.

Since then, not a single candidate endorsed by Mutscher has won. Those felled along with the Mutscher banner have been Sen. Bill Moore of Bryan, Curtis Fuelberg, a candidate for state representative, and LeRoy Schroeder and John Sommers, two incumbent Washington County Commissioners.

The two commissioners, and Mutscher, caught the wrath of county taxpayers after the commissioners court voted in closed session not to allow new agricultural valuations on farmland. "The commissioners court remained adamant in their position in the face of rulings from the State Property Tax Board that the new valuations must be allowed," says John H. Stanley, tax assessor for the County's Burton Independent School District., "And they persisted until people only had two or three weeks time to apply for the new evaluations."

Stanley says the tax controversy is an example of Mutscher's "contrariness." He adds, "It just doesn't ring true of what people expect of public officials, and the result is that two commissioners are out of office."

Stanley is Mutscher's most outspoken critic in Washington County and he has publicly invited the candidacy of anyone competent for the job of county judge. Others may agree with Stanley, but they are not as eager or as blunt. Mutscher doesn't come up for re-election until 1982 and, as one source said, "Two years is a long time. Gus still has a lot of backers and the money people haven't abandoned ship. He still says he has a race or two in him."

Although big money and the old guard are important, so far Mutscher has alienated not only rural taxpayers and the local Jaycees, but the city of Brenham as well. For instance, Mutscher helped defeat a proposed occupancy tax on public lodging places when the city tried to raise revenue to help promote Brenham as a tourist attraction. Mutscher, incidentally, owns the Coachlight Inn, one of two public lodges in Brenham.

"People couldn't understand why Mutscher was opposed to the tax," one observer commented. "It would have been levied mostly on people from out of town and would have been spent to bring more tourism."

Another example of Mutscher's waning popularity was his involvement in a long squabble over local ambulance service. Mutscher proposed that a private hospital handle the business, but his plan was ridiculed and defeated. The city and county finally worked out their own solution, several months after area funeral

classified

FREEWHEELING BICYCLES. 2404 San Gabriel, Austin. For whatever your bicycle needs.

BOOK-HUNTING? No obligation search for rare or out-of-print books. Ruth and John McCully, ARJAY Books. (512) 263-2957. 2500 River Hills Road, Austin 78746.

JOIN THE ACLU. Membership $20. Texas Civil Liberties Union, 600 West 7th, Austin 78701.

THE MOCKINGBIRD ALLIANCE of Houston needs your donations to fight nuclear power. Send your money to: Mockingbird Alliance, 4600 Main, Suite 207, Houston 77002. For more information, call (713) 520-7506.

AMSTERDAM CANTOS Y POEMAS PISTOS by Ricardo Sanchez, Texas and America's outstanding Chicano poet. The Chicano mind/spirit encountering Europe. In English and Spanish. Available Sept. 1979. $3.50 paper. Place of Herons Press, Box 1952, Austin 78768. Write for our list.

COMMUNITY ORGANIZERS—ACORN needs organizers to work with low and moderate income families in 16 states for political and economic justice. Direct action on neighborhood deterioration, utility rates, taxes, health care. Tangible results and enduring rewards—long hours and low pay. Training provided. Contact ACORN, 503 West Mary, Austin 78704, (512) 442-8321.

BACKPACKING - MOUNTAINEERING - RAFTING. Outback Expeditions, P.O. Box 44, Terlingua, Texas 79852. (915) 371-2490.

THE SAN ANTONIO Democratic League meets the first Thursday of each month. For information, call Jim Bode at 344-1497.

THE LONE STAR SPUR is a sleek looking spur that slips into the groove right above the heel of your cowboy boot. No straps needed. Perfect for either honky tonkin' or riding. Specify man's or woman's model. $20. Lone Star Spur Company, 3420 Mt. Vernon, Suite #1, Houston 77006.

Classified advertising is 30¢ per word. Discounts for multiple insertions within a 12-month period: 25 times, 50%; 12 times, 25%; 6 times, 10%.

THE COMMODORE HOTEL
On Capitol Hill
Owned and operated by Texans
520 N. Capitol St., NW
Washington, D.C. 20001
(202) 628-2300

low-key, patient, attentive to your situation—member firm with RELO complimentary nationwide home locators—member brokers in all major cities
ED BENNETT
(512) 837-2030 / (Res.) 459-8492
10102 N. Lamar, Austin 78753

JBGoodwin
Company

Saferway Cafe in Austin
Serving the Finest in Natural Foods
·organic salad bar
·sandwiches·soup·teas
·fruit smoothies·shakes
·International Vegetarian Meals
8th and Rio Grande - Mon-Sat 11-9

STEPHEN F. AUSTIN HOTEL
Comfortable rooms in an historic setting at reasonable rates. Meeting and banquet facilities. Free parking.
BOIS D'ARC CAFE Restaurant and Coffee Shop
STEPHEN'S Cocktails in Quiet Atmosphere, Happy Hour, Live piano entertainment
Cafe Balcon New outdoor French Cafe Lunch, Supper & Cocktails
Located 3 blocks from the Capitol
7th and Congress, Austin, Texas
Reservations and information 512/476-4361

PAC LAW
Representation, Counseling, & Litigation for Political Action Committees on all PAC matters in the Capitol
(512) 476-8885
Dowling & Wilson Attorneys-at-Law
812 San Antonio Street Suite 206, Austin, Texas

Scholz's
A Texas Tradition Since 1866
No games, no gimmicks, no loud music. Just good conversation with the most interesting people in Austin. And the best of downhome cooking.

1607 San Jacinto Closed Sundays 477-4171

Journal/

homes announced they would stop driving emergency vehicles.

There is much talk in Washington County about getting a new judge in 1982, but few are assuming anything foolish. One county commissioner-elect, who won largely because of disaffection with Mutscher, says he has no comment for the record. After all, he points out, he'll have to work with Mutscher for at least the next two years.

Greg Moses

Truth 1; Justice 0

On Monday, July 14, Larry Creed, a 37-year-old municipal surveyor employed by the streets department of Corpus Christi, reported for jury duty in federal court. A jury was needed for a three-count drug indictment case scheduled to begin the following day. During selection, Creed and others in the jury pool were questioned by U.S. District Judge Owen Cox, who asked if any of the potential jurors had doubts about passing sentence in a drug case. Creed responded he did.

He told Cox he thought drugs were more a medical than a criminal problem. Assistant U.S. Attorney Robert Berg picked up the questioning. Creed expanded on his views, telling the court he thought the case was a waste of time and taxpayers' money.

Creed's candor galled Judge Cox, who slapped Creed with contempt of court and sentenced him to 24 hours in the Nueces County Jail without setting bond. Creed spent 21 hours locked in a cell.

Said Cox in a written ruling committing Creed to jail, "He made certain statements and remarks during jury selection . . . which were in the court's opinion highly improper and in contempt of court."

One courthouse observer commented, "It was his [Creed's] attitude more than anything else."

Civil liberties attorneys were left pondering a possible suit on behalf of Creed, but were hard pressed to find any recourse in the bizarre case. □

"When there is nothing over the intellect it usually is tyrannical."
–Flannery O'Connor

Decisions, Decisions. What can I do about Draft Registration?

Once more the youth of our nation are faced with agonizing choices:

- If I register, will I be drafted into the army?
- Am I prepared to kill a fellow human being?
- Will I fight in a nuclear war? A war without winners?
- Am I willing to fight for oil? To quell inner city riots?

THE AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE, a Quaker organization, helped thousands of young men all across the country during the Vietnam war with support, counseling and information about alternatives to the draft. Now our phone lines are choked and our mail heavy with letters like this:

> Dear AFSC,
> Is Congress planning to draft us to fight the Russians? I am worried, upset, angry, concerned. I will not go to war to fight for oil. Should I pay my fall tuition? Maybe I'll be drafted by then. Please send me information pertaining to my youth problem. Can I register as a conscientious objector?
> Sincerely,
> Todd Lewis

AFSC needs your help to respond to this overwhelming need. Send us a contribution today.

TO: AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE
1022 WEST 6TH STREET
AUSTIN, TEXAS 78703

YES, I WANT TO HELP WITH SUPPORT AND DRAFT COUNSELING

$ ______________ Here is my contribution.

☐ I will write to Congress opposing the military draft.

☐ Please send me more data on the AFSC Draft Information and Counseling Project.

NAME ______________

ADDRESS ______________

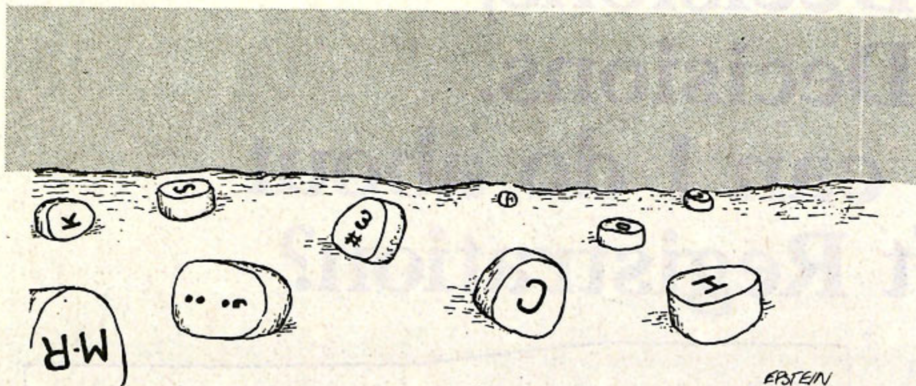
CITY ______________ STATE ______________ ZIP ______________

Contributions to the AFSC are deductible for income tax purposes (164EA)

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE
1022 WEST 6TH STREET
AUSTIN, TEXAS 78703
(512) 474-2399

Books/



Breaking the Mold

By Phillip Johnson

THE UNDESIRABLE JOURNALIST. By Gunther Wallraff. 180 pp. The Overlook Press: $10.

THE GREAT SHARK HUNT. By Hunter S. Thompson. 602 pp. Summit Books: $14.95.

THE RIGHT STUFF. By Tom Wolfe. 436 pp. Farrar Straus Giroux: $12.95.

At a recent conference of Investigative Reporters and Editors, Inc., James Polk of NBC News told a little story to illustrate an ethical question. Once, in the course of conducting an exposé, Polk had needed financial information about his quarry — the kind of information that isn't available to individuals, let alone inquiring reporters. So Polk had blithely told bank officials he was from RCA, which was technically correct, since RCA owns NBC. The bank leaped to the conclusion that he needed information for a credit rating — the kind of inquiry banks do respect — and Polk got his story.

This anecdote drew considerable comment. Many of the assembled reporters condemned Polk's fudging of the truth outright. Others suggested specific, finely drawn ethical lines which should not be crossed — and then debated whether Polk had crossed them. The propriety of being anything less than immediately candid and forthcoming in announcing one's presence as a reporter — and thus by extension the necessity of playing meekly by the gentlemen's rules — was a chief topic of anxious conversation for the remainder of the conference.

Consider, by way of contrast, the behavior of Gunter Wallraff, a German reporter who has spent the last 15 years locked in a battle of wits and political will with the government of the Federal Republic that would be enough to send Woodward and Bernstein scurrying back to the safety of the suburban beat. When Wallraff set out to expose German collaboration with fascist elements in Portugal, he disguised himself as a representative of a right-wing German organization and visited the stronghold of the Portuguese reactionary movement in Northern Portugal. He successfully infiltrated the movement, forcing himself to chat cheerfully with terrorists about bombing newspaper offices and murdering progressives, and gained access to the highest levels, all the while dealing with people who would have killed him in a moment had they guessed he was a reporter.

Wallraff managed to invite General Spinola — the fascist leader who had already sponsored a couple of abortive coups — to visit Bavaria for a secret summit with the "President of Germany." He then (just imagine trying to explain this to the typical American managing editor) persuaded a friend to pose as the "President." Incredibly, Spinola and his entourage swallowed it whole, flying to Germany for a clandestine meeting with the "President," where they spilled their plans for a third coup attempt, for which they had the backing of right-wing German politicians. Wallraff's 1976 story thwarted the coup, humiliated Spinola, embarrassed some of Germany's leading figures and exposed a lot of people, including (of course) the CIA.

Much of society may have slept through the Seventies, but for journalism they were a time of ferment. Beginning with the Pentagon Papers escapade and the *Washington Post's* ouster of the Nixon Administration, the trade was swept with giddy if self-delusory feelings of power. Thousands upon thousands of would-be muckrakers flocked to the banner, and journalism became one of the glamor professions of the decade. It also began to take itself very seriously, and the proper role of the reporter became a matter of earnest debate, both within newsrooms and without. By decade's end, reporters had become celebrities and broadcasters had become superstars. And by decade's end the predictable backlash had set in, with the Supreme Court hacking away at the First Amendment in an effort to puncture journalism's newfound puissance.

Through all the change and upheaval, however, the nation's managing editors and other true believers in the code of conventional journalism could cling to their rock of sanity, a fortress from which to fight off the courts on one hand and an increasingly demanding and suspicious public on the other: the doctrine of objectivity. Harried editors and reporters could always claim to be playing by a rigidly defined, entirely neutral and explicitly ethical set of unchanging rules which excused them from responsibility for the events they reported. Just give us the facts, ma'am, they could say, and don't blame us if you don't like the news — we're only doing our duty by reporting "objective reality."

This is why the sober, industrious newspeople gathered for the IRE conference exhibited distress signals at Jim Polk's ever-so-slightly innovative methods. The doctrine of objectivity requires that the reporter's technique be invisible and his conduct unobtrusive. A great many people in the profession are very, very threatened by anything which calls into question the safe stance of passive propriety. The Pope does not cling to papal infallibility more fervently than the average managing editor embraces objectivity as the true faith. Keep to the straight and narrow, professionally speaking — balance your quotes, always include the ritual denial in the third paragraph and keep yourself out of the story at all costs — or you'll be lost in the moral wilderness where the pen is not mightier than the fang. Not all of the assembled reporters at the conference were critical of Polk's approach — some had certainly taken greater liberties. What was typical of the profession, though, was the common concern over locating the boundary.

But the Seventies also witnessed the rise of some fourth-estate apostates, which is part of the reason that the nation's managing editors are so nervous

---

Phillip Johnson is a freelance writer living in Eugene, Ore.

these days. Defenders of professional purity found themselves mysteriously threatened by writers who not only violated the doctrine of objectivity, but, far worse, actually refused to take it seriously.

Tom Wolfe had by the late Sixties raised the banner of the "new journalism," whose practitioners not only tackle exotic subject matter and take stylistic liberties but presume to describe what their subjects are thinking (try using facts established in the public record to justify *that* to a Grand Jury). Fortunately, though, Wolfe showed no inclination to dirty his spats by treading in the political realm, and he and his literary progeny thus could be relegated to the pages of high-toned magazines where they would pose little threat to the foundations of the old journalism.

Hunter S. Thompson pushed further, becoming something of a national culture hero through the wildly anarchic practice of "gonzo journalism," in which the reporter is an essential participant and agent provacateur in the story, unabashedly crossing and recrossing the frontier between fact and fiction (which, given the often crazed state of the reporter's mind, becomes an irrelevant distinction). In many ways Thompson's aggressively funny iconoclasm was simply a drug-soaked permutation of the classic the-emperor-has-no-clothes school of journalism, but it proved to have a self-limiting quality; by demonstrating conclusively the madness of American politics, Thompson helped convince millions of readers (and, apparently, himself) that politics and the entire sphere of public affairs are no longer worthy of attention. Gonzo journalism thus had an impact on social styles and attitudes of mind, but little on the profession. Thompson eventually wandered off to sell his notoriety on the celebrity circuit.

Less amusing, but more structurally threatening, is the growing practice of "advocacy journalism," in which the politically inquisitive reporter makes no bones about the reality that class and corporate interests are part of the story. As more and more newspapers and magazines are swallowed by corporate conglomerates, while increasingly educated and politically savvy reporters are at the same time becoming more and more eager for notches on their pistols, a brand of journalism that questions the system itself begins to look more and more like a radical insurrection in the ranks, at least to those manning the battlements of objectivity. These objectivists would refer to Wallraff as a "leftist journalist."

Through a pleasant coincidence in publishers' timing, milestone works in the new, gonzo and left-political varieties of journalism all appeared at the end of the decade. Taken together, the collected works of Wallraff and Thompson and Tom Wolfe's latest and most artful *tour de force* form an interesting testament to an insurrectionary struggle that was taking place even as Woodward and Bernstein became gossip-column fodder and Baba Wawa became a national joke.

Gunter Wallraff, the grimly purposeful agitator, and Hunter Thompson, the legendary rakehell, have several things uniquely in common. Each takes pride in his role as an "outlaw journalist." Each has evolved a personal brand of journalism in which the reporter is necessarily a participant, each frequently misrepresents himself to fool his subjects, and each is something of a journalistic trickster, stirring up trouble, outwitting the adversaries he attempts to expose and occasionally (especially in Thompson's case) outwitting himself instead.

But in style and preferred subject matter, they could not be more different. Wallraff is essentially a guerrilla. His motive is to expose the ruling class to the working class; journalism to him is a weapon. He seeks "to deceive in order not to be deceived — to break the rules of the game in order to disclose the secret rules of power." Wallraff's exploit in exposing the Spinola affair is a bit more colorful than most of his other stories, but in method it is typical. He posed as a sympathetic government official to reveal a plan among major industrialists to build up quasi-military security forces. He worked as a reporter for *Bild,* the right-wing rag which is the best-read paper in Germany, to reveal exactly how it distorts the truth. He has taken numerous unappetizing jobs to reveal the conditions under which people are actually forced to work in bringing about the "German miracle." He had himself arrested in Greece, and was tortured in prison, so as to document the abuses of the military junta then ruling that country. Even to us jaded, battle-wise journalists who like to pretend we've seen it all, Wallraff's achievements are absolutely astonishing.

The hell of it is, *The Undesirable Journalist* is far from a great read. Wallraff is no writer, in the sense of one who cares deeply about language or even about telling a good story. He cares only about exposing vital information; despite his well-nigh incredible adventures, he scarcely deigns to furnish us with an anecdote. The writing is brusque, matter-of-fact. It is also sprinkled with editorial asides presenting a basic class-struggle analysis of the subject at hand. These are designed, without condescension, for instruction of a working-class readership. And Wallraff does reach the German working class; surveys have shown that a majority of workers knows something about his work, and many who read nothing else have either read Wallraff or know the substance of his exposes at second-hand through their trade union papers.

One other similarity between Wallraff and Thompson: they outrage conventional editors, and can only be published in the more adventurous, usually left-wing journals.

The actual subject matter of the articles reprinted in *The Undesirable Journalist* will be of limited interest to most American readers, except to bring us the depressing knowledge that Germany has gone proto-fascist again. But imagine the impact if we had similar reporters working inside the oil or nuclear industries, for instance, or revealing to us what the Ford managers really say in private about the Pinto.

Gunter Wallraff is a key participant in his stories, but his purpose is simply to serve as a catalyst. Hunter Thompson, by contrast, injects his artfully demented personality into situations, preferably extreme situations, just to see what develops. His assaults on Las Vegas, presidential politics, the Kentucky Derby and the Super Bowl were one of the chief spectator sports of the '70s; *Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail '72* is a seminal work for a generation of disaffected journalists.

The Great Shark Hunt collects fragments from Thompson's three published books, plus virtually everything else he ever wrote, from relatively (only relatively) straight background pieces for the *National Observer* and even one for *The Nation* in the '60s to his infamous semi-endorsement of Jimmy Carter for *Rolling Stone* in 1976. The collection confirms that Thompson hasn't really done anything but imitate himself since about 1973. It also confirms that far too frequently he *is* his own story, forgetting to tell us anything important about what's going on around him, that he descends regularly into the depths of self-indulgence, and that he uses words like "savage" and "twisted" much too often.

I have read a lot of reviews of *The Great Shark Hunt*. For the most part, they make some of the above points, tut-tut about Thompson's decadence and recent tendency toward self-parody, and proceed to write him off, and condescendingly at that. My reaction to these critics is a rather strong one; should they fall into my hands, I would not hesitate to use them for sharkbait.

For a few years back, Hunter Thompson performed (the *mot juste*) some of the best journalism that has ever

Distinctive dining
in an atmosphere
that is relaxed and casual.
Choose from this cargo list:

Hawaiian Chicken

Alaskan King Crab

Mahi Mahi

Australian Lobster

Teriyaki Beef

New York Strips

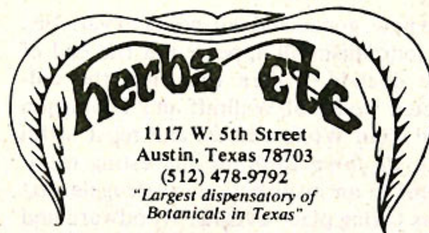
Prime Rib

Ratatouille

Salad Buffet

pelican's wharf®

Austin • College Station
San Antonio • Temple • Corpus Christi
Victoria • Port Aransas • Tucson



HALF PRICE BOOKS
RECORDS • MAGAZINES

ATTORNEYS

Overcome the high cost of down-time on your legal secretary.
Let us type your motions, appeals, contracts, and other legal documents.
We can type from your rough drafts or tapes.
Our work is flawless, professional, fast, and economical.

Foreign language typing available.

477-6671 504 W. 24th St.
Austin, Texas

Copy-Rite.

been written anywhere. At the same time, he wrote some wonderful, very American fiction. These achievemnts took place simultaneously, often on the same page. Not that Thompson ever succeeded perfectly at what he was trying to do. On the contrary: one of the best things about the present collection is a heretofore unpublished essay, intended as jacket copy for *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas,* in which he explains why the book is an example of *failed* gonzo journalism. The pure gonzo journalist should record his impressions just as they come to him in the midst of a scene he himself has created. The impressions are the story — gonzo journalism happens at the point where a sensibility and a trained ability to observe intersect with language, the result being transmitted onto the page without reflection, analysis or, at times, decent syntax. Thompson may have failed in this obviously insane, dionysiac quest, but he did find a special literary form, partaking of journalism, fiction, the essay and hysterical raving.

Hunter Thompson represented something beautiful, a writer who had truly *found his voice.* He also told us a remarkable amount of truth, which is what journalism is supposed to be about, and he told us truths that could never have been uncovered by a writer working any other way. Those few years when he was at his peak were worth the ride; even if he never writes anything else worthwhile and spends the rest of his life as a character in *Doonesbury,* I for one never will disown him an inspiration. I just wish Thompson's genius could be grated onto Gunter Wallraff's dogged heroism and driving political passion.

In the same essay cited above, Hunter Thompson makes some highly revelatory comments about Tom Wolfe and his "new journalism." He doesn't knock Wolfe as a writer; on the contrary, he argues that Wolfe is really just an extremely good journalist, who does what journalists should be doing so much better than everyone else that what he does seems new. "Wolfe's problem," writes Thompson, "is that he's too crusty to participate in his stories. The people he feels comfortable with are dull as stale dogshit, and the people who seem to fascinate him as a writer are so weird that they make him nervous." Thompson has captured perfectly the difference between Wolfe's brand of journalism and his own emphasis on participation. But I think he's wrong about Wolfe being a classic journalist. I think instead that Tom Wolfe is basically a novelist.

Hunter Thompson uses transparent fiction as a means of reporting on certain essential realities of the American ex-

perience while keeping himself out of jail. Tom Wolfe uses reporting as a means of creating highly detailed social novels. He once wrote an essay — I don't remember where or when — attacking contemporary writers of fiction for abandoning their primary duty of bringing their readers the news (note the root of "novel"). Social observation is dead in the contemporary novel, Wolfe sniffed, so we journalists will have to do it instead. That's the key to Tom Wolfe — he is really a latter-day Dickens or Trollope.

The Right Stuff certainly does what journalism should do. There is more to be learned about the U.S. space program from this book than from all the conventional news stories ever written since the founding of Project Mercury in 1958. But that is incidental to its author's purposes. *The Right Stuff* is instead a brilliant exploration of social attitudes, of national mythology, of macho and male bonding. The subject matter — what I really want to say is the plot — concerns the astronauts and the space program, but the theme, the book's reason for being, is the "right stuff," Wolfe's phrase for the mystic ingredient in the American success myth. Wolfe has done a tremendous amount of reporting in order to gather material for this book, but the final product is a seamless fabric in which the process of creating is invisible. *The Right Stuff* reads like a novel, which is no coincidence. Tom Wolfe is also a genius, but his new journalism is in reality almost antithetical to Thompson's gonzo approach.

Reading these three books together, at least for one who cares about journalism, is like a deep draught of a powerful but mercurial drug. There is a glow of excitement at all the possibilities for journalism these authors hold forth, followed by a stale sense of depression as the reader drifts back to the mundane world and looks again at the mediocre stuff that clutters up most newspapers and newsmagazines. Tom Wolfe's interests are becoming more refined and more aesthetic; Hunter Thompson does indeed seem to be uncommunicative these days; and Gunter Wallraff constantly is suffering death threats and government court suits. If the insurrection against objectivity and gentlemen's rules is to continue into the '80s, journalism will need more Wolfes, more Thompsons, more Wallraffs. □

"What's happened to the American people that they have this absolute desire for obedience to authority?"

Ramsey Clark
June 11, 1980
ABC News

Life Insurance and Annuities
Martin Elfant, CLU
600 Jefferson St., Houston, TX 77002
(713) 659-1212
SunLife OF CANADA

Create a positive first impression with your next paper or report. Complete your project with one of our inexpensive bindings to create your own special effect. Remember, first impressions can have lasting effects.

Ginny's Bindery Services
Austin, Texas
108 Congress
2021 Guadalupe
2700 W. Anderson Lane
Call 476-9171 for details

Copying is our middle name but not our only service
Ginny's Copying Service, Inc.

Printers — Stationers — Mailers — Typesetters
— High Speed Web Offset Publication Press —
Counseling — Designing
Copy Writing — Editing
Trade — Computer Sales and Services —
— Complete Computer Data Processing Services —

*FUTURA PRESS AUSTIN TEXAS

FUTURA
512/442-7836 1714 South Congress
P.O. Box 3485 Austin, Texas 78764

(Advertisement)

Surrender to Whom?

Commencement Address*
College of Liberal Arts, University of Texas, May 1980
By Cliff Grubbs
(First of Two Parts)

Thank you, Dean King. Ladies and Gentlemen, graduates of the class of 1980, my colleagues . . .

> *I hear new news every day, and those ordinary rumours of war, plagues, fires, innundations, thefts, murders, massacres . . . spectrums, prodigies, apparitions . . . monomachies, shipwrecks, piracies . . . peace, leagues, stratagems, and fresh alarms. A vast confusion of vows, wishes, actions, edicts, petitions, lawsuits, pleas, laws, proclamations, complaints, grievances . . . paradoxes, opinions, schisms, heresies, controversies . . . treasons, cheating tricks, robberies, enormous villanies in all kinds, funerals, burials . . . tragical matters.*

Surely anyone hearing these impressions for the first time may infer that they were intended to be a summary of the "new news" in our day and time, during the intellectual anarchy of the last quarter of the twentieth century.

A sense of uncertainty in the times, of anarchy in the course of events, of personal identity often lost in a world that has seemed to go mad — it is all there, this sense of our day in another time.

For the lines I have read were not written in the year 1980, but rather more than 350 years ago by Robert Burton, the Vicar of St. Thomas' at Oxford, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* published in 1621. And then as now there was a profound uncertainty about the future of things to come.

By the year 1621, the older vision of Western Christendom — One God, One Church, One Europe — lay in terminal ruins; the witch mania seemed to have no end in sight; the devastating Thirty Years War had just begun; and the trial of Galileo in Rome for his scientific heresies was only twelve years away. The first Western clock had run down on the Middle Ages, while the dawn of modern science and mathematics, although stirring in a new West, only added to the uncertainty of the Vicar's years.

For it was a time between two Western epochs — amidst the ruins of the Age of Faith and at the threshold of the modern era — between the execution of Giordano Bruno in Rome in 1600 for his religious heresies and the publication of Isaac Newton's *Principia* in England in 1687, the great harvest year of classical mechanics.

And yet, the new vision of those who argued that the sun was not circling the Earth only seemed to violate the very foundations of human experience, calling "all in doubt" John Donne wrote only ten years before the Vicar.

> *The element of fire is quite put out.*
> *The sun is lost, and th' earth, and no man's wit*
> *Can well direct him where to look for it.*
> *And freely men confess that this world is spent. . . .*
> *'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone,*

mourned the poet in the year 1611.

Such were the doubtful moods of the Vicar and the poet during the first quarter of the seventeenth century — at the end of the Age of Faith in Western Europe.

And so now also today in our own time, it is often said that we too live at the end of an age — at the end of the age of Western scientific certainty, its reason and enlightenment, which followed the Age of Faith. It is said that we too live between ages, amidst the intellectual ruins of the age of certainty and on the threshold of a new "consciousness" or "third wave" to come.

It is not my intention today, however, to offer yet another scenario of things to come, building imaginary technological castles and scientific wonders in which the futurologist often takes refuge from the hard realities of things as they are. For all too much of this modern escapism is merely apocalypse in reverse.

Rather, I would like only to comment on *some* aspects of the age of Western certainty, and to make some suggestions, little more, about a philosophy of personal living during a time of increasing *un*certainty.

II

So to begin here, what about the age of Western certainty? What about the 300 years, roughly from 1650 to 1950, when the Western heirs of Pythagoras became the masters of the globe? What about the American solution mystique, the old conviction that all social problems can be solved? Where did all that promise come from?

One may surely agree that little certainty about the future can be found in impressions of the Vicar, reporting the news in 1621. For quite to the contrary, that was a depressing time for many thoughtful men and women in Western Europe. There seemed to be no way out of an old regime that had begun to repeat itself to death. In Germany alone, 100,000 women would be executed for witchcraft during the seventeenth century.

And yet, even as the Vicar published his *Anatomy of Melancholy* in 1621, new and powerful forces were stirring in Europe. And by the end of the troubled seventeenth century, the potential destiny of the human race would be transformed more radically than it had been during the preceding 2,000 years.

Indeed only two years before the Vicar, Johannas Kepler had published his *Harmony of the World*, the first scientific formulation of the behavior of the solar system in all history (contaniing his third law). For the first time since the ancient Babylonians had begun to chart the heavens, this Jobe of Western astronomy had finally got it right in the year 1619.

Within another nineteen years, Descartes published his analytical geometry, giving wings to Euclid and opening the high road to the calculus. The same year, 1638, brought the publication of Galileo's major accomplishments in terrestrail mechanics — dividing the universe in half with Kepler. Then, moving on, Christiaan Huygens published his mathemetics of centrifugal force — the simple link between Kepler's heaven and Galileo's earth.

But by 1687 it was done. Newton had invented the calculus, unified the conceptions of Kepler and Galileo, formulated the law of universal gravitation, and published the *Principia* — the masterpiece of the age of scientific reason and, through its power and enlightenment, an impressive argument for the rising *certainty* of the Western world.

And why not? — one might ask. Within rather less than eighty years, the Christian heirs of the Greeks had invented more science and mathematics than had been invented during the entire preceding history of human civilization, more than every line combined since the Sumerians. Logarithms, projective geometry, analytical geometry, theory of numbers, mathematical theory of probability, and the calculus and its powerful differential equations; the dawn of modern physics, astronomy, chemistry, cellular biology, pathology, medicine — the whole flood seem to come as if overnight. Not since the

* *Some details of the text were omitted during the reading on May 18.*

world enlightenment of the sixth century B.C. had human destiny been so fundamentally, irreversibly, changed.

Nor is that all to tell of the fateful seventeenth century. The century of Newton also brought the dawn of mechanical steam power for the production of work, transforming the Greek toy into a machine, a later modification of which by James Watt would partly drive the Industrial Revolution of the eighteenth century.

The seventeenth century also brought the consolidation of civil society, or the powerful accession of modern capitalism in Europe — the East India Company, the London stock exchange, the Banks of Amsterdam and England . . .

There was also a charming footnote to the seventeenth century that would have surely pleased the ancient Greeks. A small observatory was stuck up in a place called Greenwich Park, telling the past that the roads of time no longer led to Rome. Now they would lead from Europe, from the land of Newton and John Locke whose ideas would inspire the Wesern Enlightenment of the eighteenth century.

Thus in rather less than eighty years the uncertainty of the Vicar was being replaced by a new philosophy of the world, a new *Western* construction of reality. Science, reason, enlightenment, progress — the morning thunder in the modern West.

For there were no ghosts in this new world machine, no unfathomable logos, no dark Manichean dualism, no angry Jehovah of the Old Testament, no Buddhist mystery to defeat the rational conquest of the universe — Vienna west.

Naturally, there were doubters among the new philosophers of "the light." Thee are always doubters. And yet, even the skeptical Hume warmed for a time to the high prospect of applying the new principles of physical science to the study of human behavior, while many of the *philosophes* dreamed of discovering the laws of human behavior, just as Newton had done for the physical universe. They dared to think that given these new laws, they could bring order to the world of the living, just as Newton had done for the heavens. It was surely a mighty undertaking, generously conceived. And today the heirs of that undertaking are known as social and behavioral scientists, the new experts who replaced the older Christian bishops.

But the drift of my remarks today is not concerned with the mixed accomplishments of the new scientists, nor with the very uneven fortunes of the Enlightenment in Western Europe. For the rather unbelievable seventeenth century also brought the English colonization of the New World, laying the foundations for what was destined to become the United States — the brand-new window in the West that would open just at the "right time" in human history.

Harvard was founded in 1634, the first university in the New World; while only three years later in the Old World, Descartes published his magnificent geometry, throwing open the road to the calculus of Newton and Leibniz, the most powerful single tool for the exploration of the physical universe in all human history. Thus it *all* came on line for this New World.

Just think of it: in the same year the first Watt engine was being installed to drive an iron works in the Industrial Revolution — in the same year Joseph Lagrange was composing his monumental work in mathematical physics — in the same year Adam Smith was publishing his *Wealth of Nations* — in the same year, 1776, the nigh noon of the Western Enlightnment, the Declaration of Independence of the United States was being written in the city of Philadelphia.

What a fateful historical conjunction all that: mechanical steam power, human magic, economic philosophy, and a political declaration worthy of them all. It was as if the gods of Ionia had reached forward about 2,000 years — to give it the go!

Nor was there any social delay with the new green light in the West, no hallowed patterns of life, no rotting economic aristocracy, no Mandarin civil service of the mind, no all-consuming religious trap.

Quite to the contrary as the very American John Adams wrote around 1800, "let every sluice of knowledge be opened and set a-flowing." And so it was, particularly in mechanics.

In 1807, the United States was operating about 5,000 cotton spindles. Eight years later, 500,000. The whole business was simply stolen from Europe and set to work, *running*. Around 1830, the North Americans also stole the railroad from Europe, and within only fifteen years had more miles of railroad track than all of Europe combined. "Lay the track first and build the road later," was the slogan in those green years.

The British boat builders said a steamboat could never cross the Atlantic. In 1819 the *Savannah* entered an Irish port under steam, and the harbor master thought the contraption was on fire. True, the American captain had not run the boiler all the way, but so much for the British!

Then too, the fast American clipper ships appeared with their concave bow, "riding on the water and not in it." These New Englanders could not even wait on the water.

> "I cannot better explain my meaning," wrote Tocqueville, "than by saying that the Americans affect a sort of heroism in their trading . . . America is a land of wonders in which everything is in constant motion, and every movement seems in improvement."

For this new American, "weighs anchor in the midst of tempestuous gales . . . spreads his sheets to the wind . . . repairs as he goes along . . . and what is not yet done is only what he has not attempted to do," wrote the very generous traveller from France in the year 1835.

But why not? — one might ask. How indeed could this North American fail given the cultural, political, mathematical, scientific, and industrial legacy of the West in making since the twelfth century — and given all that on a new continent bulging with natural resources in the salubrious climate zones of the world's economic geography? It would be difficult to miss, difficult to avoid a sense of manifest destiny in the world.

A bloody, dangerous, civil war, yes. But that war was not concluded to enslave men and women but rather to free them.

Long, hard hours of work in the early American mills and factory, hardly a labor of love. Yes, all that and more. But even Karl Marx, the European correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, wrote that the workers of Europe "felt instinctively that the star-spangled banner carried the destiny of their class." And then, never to forget,

> *give me your tired, your poor.*
> *Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free . . .*

And come they did to the Promised Land — about 32,000,000 souls during the nineteenth century and first quarter of the twentieth.

North was this new social creation of Western Europe to remain forever the pupil of the Old World. The last quarter of the nineteenth century brought a surge of American innovation from the mechanical marvels of Bell and Edison to the philosophy and psychology of Peirce and James — while by the year 1890 the United States was the largest producer of iron and steel in the world. No mistake about it: these North Americans were now absolutely on the world make. And when Herbert Spencer, during his visit to the United States in 1882, suggested to the New York rich at Delmonico's Restaurant that they might indeed be the higher primates in the survival of the fittest, it all seemed to make good business sense too.

Granted, there would always be individual uncertainty, even personal tragedy in the new social machine in North America. No particular individual was ever promised a thing. It has always been the curious property of American individualism (not to be confused with humanism) that the United States was never a denial of individual tragedy, but rather social. And little doubt about it, there was, even through the thick and thin of the nineteenth century, a rising tide of social certainty in this country.

For that matter, by the first quarter of this century, the only uncertainty Theodore Dreiser could find in his *American Tragedy* was the misadventure of a young man who had been swept off his feet by the glitter of riches, all of which hardly chills the soul, anymore than the happy, well-fed, ingenious American "war prisoners" called Hogan's Heroes today. *(To be continued)*

Bernard Rapoport, Chairman of the Board P.O. Box 208, Waco, Texas 76703
American Income Life Insurance Company

Dialogue /

Drama of Cantú

I have just finished reading Dick Reavis' remarkable piece on Mario Cantú [*Obs.*, July 25] and his recent hearing in San Antonio, and I felt compelled to offer a word of thanks. I regret to say that prior to reading Reavis' article I was entirely ignorant about Cantú, his work, or much of the political activity in South Texas that forms the backdrop of Reavis' short play.

That I was troubled and moved by Reavis' article is thus a tribute to his special skills and to the human drama that, through those skills, he was able to make real to one as ignorant as I. This one, brief, honest account has captured the melancholy truths of radical politics in our country: the earnest desires, the personal sacrifice, the too frequent subordination of individual, human relationships to the workings of the grand design; the pervasive sense of futility and the stronger will to persevere; the self-doubts alongside the cause that admits of no doubts; and through all of this, and sometimes despite all of this, the occasional triumph of the individual spirit.

And so I am grateful to Dick Reavis for this work that has rung so true and to the *Observer* that has brought it to me. And I am especially thankful for the *Observer*. Where else is one likely to find works such as this in these times?

Parker C. Folse III
Austin

Goldstein Okay

Regarding his generally interesting article on Mario Cantú [*Obs.*, July 25], Dick Reavis did an unfair thing in quoting himself this way in a question he posed to Cantú, "Why didn't you hire Gerald Goldstein, or some other Mafia lawyer?"

Here are some other questions Reavis could have posed:

"Why don't you hire Gerald Goldstein, one of the only three lawyers in San Antonio who, time after time, defended conscientious objectors during the Vietnam War?

"Or the lawyer, who, without pay, forced reforms of the Bexar County jail? Or the lawyer who, without pay, has taken free speech cases? Or the lawyer who, without pay, has defended consenting adults engaged in alleged 'deviate' sexual acts. Or the lawyer, without pay, who has stood with Maury Maverick, Jr. in defending alleged radicals?"

I introduced Gerald Goldstein to the U.S. District Court, the year he left law school. I would do it again, but this time I would know something I didn't know the first time around — Gerry is the best young lawyer in San Antonio on questions of liberty, and one of the best in the nation. Reavis did him wrong.

I am reminded of something that happened to my father right after World War II. We were just about to enter the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D.C., when his close friend, Vito Marantonio, the great radical New York congressman, came out the door.

"Hello, you little dago," my father said to Vito. His old friend instantly replied, "Maury, if you are kidding it's funny. If you are serious you are a son of a bitch."

Maury Maverick, Jr.
San Antonio

Required reading

Your editorial "Free Ramsey Clark" [*Obs.*, July 4] is one piece which I would like to see as required reading in all the schools, universities, factories, shops, police departments, prisons, military establishments and such; not forgetting the reporters' hangouts, wherever they may be. But, unfortunately, it'll not happen.

Your list of the countries affected by "the dark side of American foreign policy" didn't include Indonesia which as you may be aware had a "casualty" figure — mostly by politically inspired and approved murder in late 1965 — of nearly a million people, by one estimate. . . .

I think that your statement "The CIA, acting for the American people" is a little loose in meaning. To be more accurate, it should have been, "The CIA, acting as usual for the American industrial, corporate-military and multinational interests . . . etc., etc." I doubt if the CIA has ever acted for the American people in the true sense of the statement, or, worse yet that it ever will in the years ahead.

W. S. Keller
Lancaster, Ohio

Iran not that bad

I found the date, July 4th, a very inappropriate one for the "Free Ramsey Clark" piece. According to the author, we deliberately tried to carry out every possible sort of rascality in Iran; I do not accept this thesis. I agree completely that we should weigh our foreign policies very carefully in terms of their impact on the often helpless subjects of the countries we deal with. I do not believe we did the things we are accused of in the article.

No one claims that the Shah was a great instigator of democratic reforms; this is hardly the part of the world where this sort of activity has enjoyed much popularity or understanding. In all justice, however, the outrages perpetrated by SAVAK look pretty tame compared to what went on before in that part of the world and also compared to what still goes on today (I have heard no stories of SAVAK stoning anybody to death — apparently the Mullahs currently think this is all right).

The negative aspects of the Shah's rule were, I think, pretty well offset by the way he carried out land reform programs, made education and health care available in the countryside, and saw to it that at least some of the benefits of the oil prosperity filtered down to the common people. Raising the literacy rate to 40% looks pretty good to me; I don't know of any comparable achievement in this area.

I think it is a base thing to charge this country with the direction of the things SAVAK did or is being charged with doing. It is now easy to play Monday morning quarterback in relation to the things the Shah did (it is also easy to do this in looking over some of our past policies too), but I do not think it is at all fair to call him a mass murderer.

For all our faults, we are a nation that respects the law. Ramsey Clark was after all once Attorney General, and I am sure he was aware of the legal aspects connected with his attendance at the Tehran conference. I am sure that he has some ideas about how he may defend himself if he is prosecuted, and that he is reasonably sure that the proceedings, if any, will be conducted in a fair manner. I was not aware that he had been locked up and needed to be "freed."

Richard R. McTaggart
Colonel, U.S. Army (Ret)
Menard

Plague

Re Ramsey Clark in Iran [*Obs.*, July 4], we should bow our heads and beat our breasts in front of religious reactionaries who stone, shoot and assassinate at will? At most we should say, with Mercutio: "A plague o' both your houses!"

Ed Cogburn
Houston

Who wants Big Spring anyway?

It was with considerable alarm that I read the article [*Obs.*, July 4] "Three Days to Nuke City." After all, you had pinpointed Big Spring as a "Category II"

site on your map "Where The Bombs Would Fall." I have thought beyond the article to what we in Big Spring have to offer to the strategic offensive military counter force. We have a small State Hospital north of town on Highway 87, followed by a slew of greasy gourmet diners and fast food joints, ending with a small VA Hospital on Highway 87-South. We also have a deserted air base that is featured in a forthcoming flying saucer movie as well as the worst tasting water in West Texas. What, pray tell, are them Ruskies after?

Patrick G. Lawrence
Big Spring

One cheer for Bryant

Matthew Lyon's "The Democratic Fringe" [*Obs.*, June 6] was one of the most simplistic, unenlightening articles I have ever read . . . .

It seems to me that a much more interesting story would have charted John Bryant's brave and lonely struggle to achieve the speakership — remember, when he announced, Billy Clayton was a shoo-in and Gib Lewis was just another flunky for the lobby.

John Bryant is a classic good-guy representative. He fought the attack on the Consumer Protection Act; he supported Sunset and an equitable school finance bill. Unlike Craig Washington, Bryant does not support Bill Moore, Jack Ogg and Jim Nugent.

Texas voters missed their chance to elect a progressive governor when Bill Clements slipped by John Hill. We should hope that our state representatives, whether as a result of ideological belief or — ugh — "personal interest," make a better choice and select John Bryant as their next speaker.

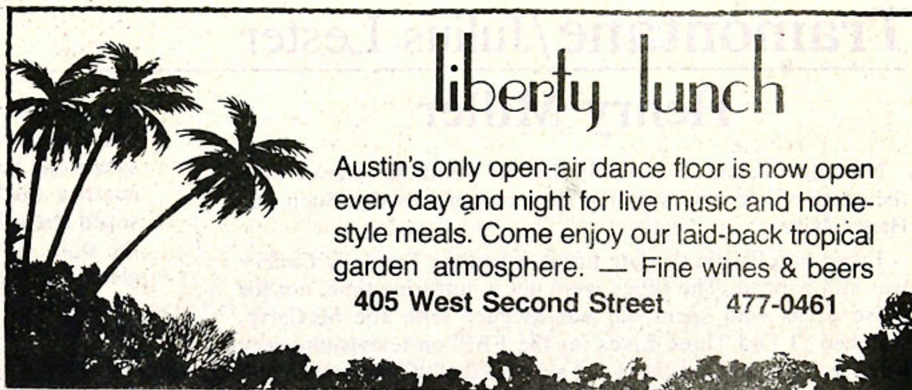
Greg Wilson
Austin

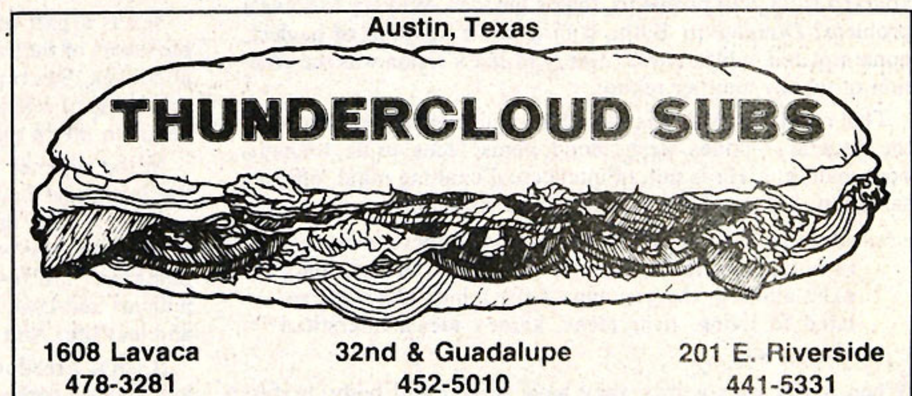
Bumper sticker philosophy

In your May 23 "Dialogue," Stan Beal reconciled his romantic and patriotic concern for necessary constructive change with a Vietnam era bumper sticker philosophy: "America — Love It Or Leave It." He captured my sentiments exactly, and I recalled the following bumper sticker response we had around Austin in the early '70's: "America — Change It Or Lose It."

Murray L. Cohen
Chicago, Ill.

(Continued on Page 24)





Tramontane/Julius Lester

Henry Miller

Nothing tells me so certainly that my youth has passed than the death of one who nurtured my years of growing. Such was Henry Miller.

I read him first in the late fifties, when the *Tropic of Cancer* was still banned. The fifties were not a nurturing time, not for those of us who spent our adolescence with Joe McCarty, watched "I Led Three Lives for the FBI" on television every week, were taught in school and at home that "Communism will bury you." For many years after, I could not put Russian dressing on a salad without feeling subversive. I wish I were joking, but I am not. Growing up in the fifties was to search for meaning in a time of fear and madness, and being black, the fear, the madness were imposed with special treats designed just for me.

Somehow I came to read Henry Miller, and in him I found someone who spoke not of security, but risk, not with caution but with sheer exuberance because he was alive. Henry Miller was one who was not afraid, who did not accept the principles of conformity and mistrust put forward in the fifties as the basis for the good life. "One's destination is never a place but rather a new way of looking at things," he wrote in *Big Sur and the Oranges of Hieronymus Bosch*.

It was "a new way of looking at things" that I so desperately wanted, a way that would enable me to regard myself with self-respect and love, though others might not. "To detach yourself from your problems, that is the idea. Why try to solve a problem? *Dissolve it!* Bathe it in a saline solution of neglect, contempt and indifference." Henry Miller's vision was the creation of wholly another reality.

That reality for Miller is rooted in an unashamed exaltation of the visceral — bones, flesh, blood, penis, feces, urine, toenails, body hair, etc. He is not an intellectual exalting mind, offering salvation through the dominance of abstractions.

> Ideas have to be wedded to action; if there is no sex, no vitality in them, there is no action. Ideas cannot exist alone in the vacuum of the mind. Ideas are related to living: liver ideas, kidney ideas, interstitial ideas, etc.

When Miller uses words, they have weight and body, texture and shape. They are palpable beings, reaching out to grab your hand, pull your hair and bite you on the neck.

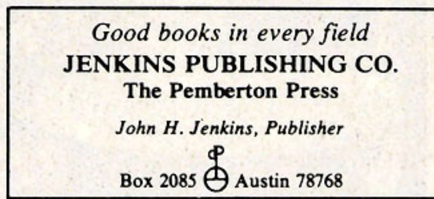
> The earth is not an arid plateau of health and comfort, but a great sprawling female with velvet torso that swells and heaves with ocean billows; she squirms beneath a diadem of sweat and anguish. Naked and sexed she rolls among the clouds in the violet light of the stars. All of her, from her generous breasts to her gleaming thighs, blazes with furious ardor. She moves amongst the seasons and the years with a grand whoopla that seizes the torso with paroxysmal fury, that shakes the cobwebs out of the sky; she subsides on her pivotal orbits with volcanic tremors. She is like a doe at times, a doe that has fallen into a snare and lies waiting with beating heart for the cymbals to crash and the dogs to bark. Love and hate, despair, pity, rage, disgust — what are these amidst the fornications of the planets?

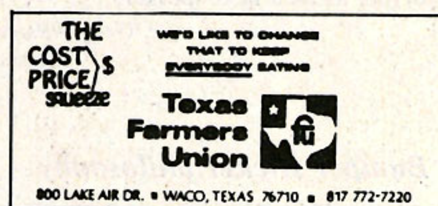
The above passage about the earth is one of many which exemplifies what is central to Miller's vision, namely, sexuality. The conservatives of the thirties who banned some of his books for being pornographic, and the feminists of today who would ban them for being sexist, seem unable to accept the centrality of sexuality to being fully human. Sexuality is the boldness of creation that began when God said, "Let there be light." Through sexuality I know that I am a part of all that is alive, from the damned mosquito keeping me awake to my ten-month-old son, who expresses his sexuality by using his six teeth to bite into my leg.

Sex is a part of sexuality, and both, Miller tells us, are expressions of the sacred. "Instead of talking about God, I talked about sex. Sex replaced God really, in a way. I have never lost this sense of religion." To hear such a voice in the fifties was to be given life in the valley of dry bones.

In the summer of 1980 I sit before my television and watch the faces and bodies of Carter, Reagan, Bush, Kemp, Baker, and all the rest, and once an evening, I explode and yell, "I am tired of sexless white men!" Sexless white men, which our politicians are (even the black ones), love death, and create policies and laws so that more and more people will have less and less life. And they call it freedom and democracy.

It isn't. Freedom cannot be separated from the capacity for joy, and joy comes only when sexuality is the fulcrum of living. No writer in American history expressed this better than Henry Miller. □





THE BRAZOS BOOK SHOP
803 Red River
Austin, Texas
(512) 474-9428
Literature and the Fine Arts
new and used books
Monday through Saturday 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.
Featuring Local Presses and Authors: Including Thorp Springs Press, Prickly Pear Press, Texas Circuit, Encino Press, Shoal Creek Publishers, Jenkins Publishing, Place of Herons Press, and many others

University of Texas Press
Post Office Box 7819
Austin, Texas 78712
Write for free catalog

ANDERSON & COMPANY
COFFEE
TEA SPICES
TWO JEFFERSON SQUARE
AUSTIN, TEXAS 78731
512 453-1533
Send me your list.
Name ____________
Street ____________
City ____________ Zip ______

The State / Matthew Lyon

Pass the SALT

Perusing the *Congressional Record* of June 27, I found that the day had been an ordinary one on Capitol Hill. From 10 in the morning until 3:41 that afternoon the U.S. House of Representatives had met and conducted business related to national air quality, priority energy projects, retirement income security, establishment of a Vietnam Veterans Memorial, and designation of July 1980 as "National Porcelain Art Month," among other matters. Longer discussions had taken place on the topic of various budget appropriations for the space program and the military. At the back of the *Record,* where legislators are allowed to insert extended written remarks, three anniversaries were observed. That day had marked the 100th anniversary of the birth of Helen Keller and the 10th anniversary of the Leningrad hijacking attempt. It was also, inauspiciously, the first anniversary of the signing of SALT II.

Rep. Thomas J. Downey, D-New York, recorded the only observance of the passing of the SALT anniversary. "Over the past years," he said, "we have sent to Soviets the loud clear message that if they do not behave in a way of which we approve we are going to continue to shoot ourselves in the foot."

Among the multitude tht has risen to defeat SALT II is a private, ultra-right organization called the American Security Council. The efforts of this well-funded group have included the distribution of a film entitled, "The SALT Syndrome." The film, which has been shown on television stations around the nation, is not so much a discussion of SALT as it is a misleading presentation on the U.S.-Soviet military balance. The inaccuracies in the film are so great and its message so inflammatory that members of the Department of Defense, the Department of State, and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency have been prompted to issue an analysis countering its allegations.

Henry Kissinger, Alexander Haig and several others appear in the film, including William P. Clements, Jr., former Deputy Secretary of Defense from 1973 to '77 before becoming the Governor of Texas in 1978. In the counter-analysis, reprinted in the *Record* at Downey's request, Clements gets corrected twice for statements he'd made while at the defense department. The analysis quotes first from the film and then supplies refutation.

"*Charges.* Clements: 'Every one of the U.S. defense programs that was promised in order to get SALT I has now been either cancelled, delayed or stretched out, and it puts us in the position of facing the threat of the '80s with equipment designed for the '60s.'

"*Facts.* No U.S. weapons program has been slowed by a political or SALT-related decision. MX is on schedule for initial deployment in 1986; Trident SSBNs will be on schedule by the delivery of the sixth boat in 1985, now that management and cost problems have been brought under control; the cruise missile programs are substantially on schedule. Minor delays in the cruise missile programs were due to technical problems. Given the complexity and size of major defense acquisition programs, there are invariably delays in deployment. The B-1 bomber was not put into production because an alternate — the cruise missile — was considered more cost-effective.

"*Charges.* Clements: 'History tells us that only the strong survive.'

"*Facts.* History tells us that the strong and the wise survive. The U.S. is already strong, but the most difficult task facing a strategist is to find some way to control the forces of one's opponent. No matter how many weapons the U.S. builds, strategic arms control is required in order to constrain the Soviet buildup. SALT II limits the Soviet threat to us, places some limits on the strategic arms competition, and enhances our ability to monitor Soviet strategic developments. At the same time it permits us to modernize our strategic forces as much as we need to and continues the negotiating process to create more limits on Soviet programs and nuclear weapons in general."

On the whole, I'd lie awake at night in the darkness of my room a lot more comfortably if I didn't have to rely on the wisdom of the Pentagon, but I'd prefer to rely even less on the wisdom of Bill Clements insofar as the future of the world is concerned. Take, for example, his recent announcement that he totally supports the development of the MX missile system — so long as none of the silos are built in Texas.

The reckless linkage of SALT to Afghanistan set the course of America's latest foreign policy that has taken us in a few short months from the boycott of the 1980 summer Olympics to the tragic debacle of the Iran rescue mission to reinstitution of registration for the military draft to what is currently the largest American military buildup since Vietnam. We have gone from Jimmy Carter's inaugural address four years ago in which he called for the total abolition of nuclear armament around the world to a mood in which we have now begun to make massive preparations for a Rapid Deployment Force to be sent into the Mideast on a moment's notice in order to defend U.S. oil interests there. Don't doubt that we are getting ready for war.

On July 1, in the Senate, a measure was introduced to reaffirm the provisions of the War Powers Resolution that require the President to consult the Congress before exercising military power. Speaking loud and clear against the restraining measure was Sen. John Tower, R-Tex. "The message this conveys is that we are timorous and we are indecisive and that we really want to be restrained in the use of our power. Even though our adversaries abuse the power that they possess, even though they are bolder to use that power, the message we send to the world is that we are restrained. We have been acting with restraint ever since World War II.

"And what has been the response to our restraint? We have been provoked many times over. We could have fought a pre-emptive war against the Soviet Union and wiped them out at one time when we were severely provoked, but we were restrained. . . . I am not prepared to send out that cowardly signal."

We ended World War II by dropping the atom bomb on the Japanese people, and to this day the United States remains the only nation in the world ever to use nuclear weapons against other human beings. Are we losing the restraint that would keep us from doing it again?

"We could have fought a pre-emptive war . . . and wiped them out."

Postmaster: If undeliverable, send Form 3579 to The Texas Observer, 600 W. 7th, Austin, Texas 78701

the legendary
RAW DEAL
Steaks, Chops, Chicken
open lunch and evenings
605 Sabine, Austin No Reservations

Dialogue / from page 21

The greater danger

Being a businessman and a farmer-rancher, there are periods in which my *Observers* stack up unread, and I have a backlog of reading to do. Thus I am tardy in writing in regard to John Stockwell's article, "On Company Business," [*Obs.*, June 20].

I have no doubt of Mr. Stockwell's sincerity, nor the veracity of his charges against the Central Intelligence Agency. I am quite willing to believe that, "any objective study of the CIA will appear as a litany of horrors," and I congratulate John Stockwell on his obvious possession of a very rare kind of courage.

I believe, however, that there exists an issue here that is perhaps more frightening than the willingness of red-blooded American boys to "lie, kill, cheat, steal, rape and pillage with the blessings of the highest." I submit that the acceptance, or the apparent immutable disregard of such actions on the part of the American people is a greater danger.

Here and now, on the very lip of a national election, where are the platform planks of *either* party that vehemently denounce those criminal acts of the CIA? Where is the great outcry of the public?

The media has bombarded our schools (I am also an ex-teacher) and our entire society with the idea that virtually anything can be justified with, "It's good business," or, "It's the American way," generally accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders. We become believers that those phrases are great truths handed down to us by some mystic figure from afar.

I submit that the Cocrots (Chamber of Commerce Rotary Club Syndrome) are ultimately responsible, if you except our individual gullibility and greed. For if it's good for business, the Cocrots can justify political corruption, bigotry, lies, theft, rape of the land, pollution *and* pillage. Then, with the Cocrots blessing, all of those things can immediately become the "American Way" and "happiness," and be widely accepted.

Shades of *1984*!

I salute the *Observer* and Mr. Stockwell, but, cynic that I have become, I fear that the public may decide that the CIA is "good for business," especially where oil is involved.

Neal Morgan
Nederland

More on banking

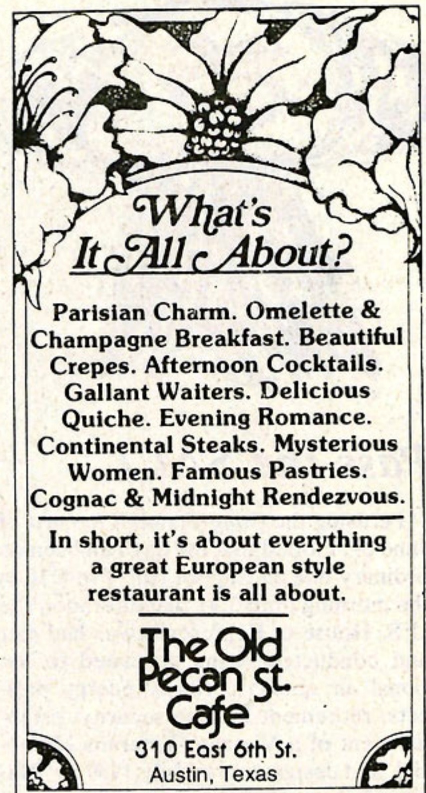
Regarding "Banking on Oil," your analysis of bank holding company growth [*Obs.*, July 4] failed to reflect on one of its leading causes. Inflation is forcing the sale of community-owned banks. The relationship between inflation and a bank's stockholders' equity requirements are simply forcing community-owned banks to sell out to the corporate holding companies.

There are statutory relationships between a bank's stockholders' equity and total loans. As inflation increases the amount of money in circulation, every bank's loans grow regardless of any growth in real value of those loans. This loan growth adversely affects these statutory ratios. The banking regulatory authorities then demand that the bank owners invest more money in the bank to increase its stockholders' equity. These demands must be met or the bank can be closed. There is, of course, a limit to the amount of money community members can invest into their bank. The rate of return from these additional investments is not an encouragement. When the limit is reached, the bank must be sold.

The economic reality of selling a community-owned bank restricts the potential buyers. If the total assets of the bank exceed twenty million dollars, the only potential buyers are corporate holding companies.

Truly, corporate oil is funding the acquisitions of community-owned banks, but inflation is the mechanism that is forcing the sales. Corporate America, big government and big labor are the originators and benefactors of the inflation that is destroying our freedom and our democracy. Only by encouraging the remaining community-owned banks to sell additional stock to their communities can this trend be stopped.

Lineaus Hooper Lorette
Austin



IF YOU ARE an occasional reader and would like to receive *The Texas Observer* regularly—or if you are a subscriber and would like to have a free sample copy or a one-year gift subscription sent to a friend—here's the order form:

SEND THE OBSERVER TO—

name

address

city state zip

☐ this subscription is for myself
☐ gift subscription — send card in my name
☐ sample copy only — you may use my name

••••

☐ $18 enclosed for a one-year subscription
☐ bill me for $18

••••

MY NAME & ADDRESS (if not shown above):

THE TEXAS OBSERVER
600 W. 7th, Austin, Texas 78701