Southern Exposure

THE SMOKE RING

Politics and Tobacco in the Third World...

Lorraine Hansberry's:
"The Buck Williams Tennessee Memorial Association"

and more...

Black-Indian Community
Electoral Roundup

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1984 $4.00

Southern Exposure

Editors: Maxine Alexander, Christina Davis, Bob Hall, Marc Miller, Joe Pfister, Dee Dee Risher, Linda Rocawich, Michael Yellin

Design: Jacob Roquet

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The Institute for Southern Studies is a nonprofit, publicly supported corporation working for progressive change in the region. In addition to publishing *Southern Exposure*, the Institute sponsors a variety of research, education, and organizing programs. At the center of each is an emphasis on (1) building effective grassroots organizations with strong local leadership and well-informed strategies; (2) providing the information, ideas, and historical understanding of Southern social struggles necessary for long-term fundamental change; and (3) nourishing communication and understanding among the diverse cultural groups in the South. Write us for a free brochure on the Institute's activities.

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To reach possible new subscribers, we occasionally exchange our mailing list with other progressive organizations and publications. We believe you will have a keen interest in what these groups are doing, but if you do not want your name given to other groups, just drop us a note asking that your name not be included in future list exchanges. That's all there is to it.

What you said on our Reader's Survey. . .

*"**Southern Exposure** is excellent. There is no other magazine like it. I appreciate the commitment to truth and quality production evident with each issue. Keep up the good,* hard *work!"*

*"I read articles that surprise me. **SE** has no surprises. Given an issue, it is predictable — just insert the facts. Instead of just talking about the movement, let's start one.!"*

"It's the only genuinely populist and humanitarian periodical I know of in this region, and really seems dedicated to those who have spoken for human dignity, for egalitarianism, and for collective social action."

"Sometimes I feel like saying, 'Oh, lighten up!' "

"It's the only magazine I have continued to subscribe to. All we need is magazines this excellent in other parts of the country!"

This is just a sampling of the remarks from the 450 subscribers who returned our spring Reader's Survey. They have a lot to say — fresh comments about themselves, the South, and ***Southern Exposure***.

The most popular feature of the magazine is our "Southern News Roundup," with 78 percent of those responding saying they read it "always." We've reacted by expanding the Roundup. "Facing South" and "Voices from the Past" tied for second place. A surprising 56 percent of our readers never miss them, reaffirming that stories of ordinary individuals who exemplify traditional values inspire us all.

"Books on the South" was an unexpected third, and also prompted the widest range of opinion — 51 percent of you "always" read it, but more of you "never" read it than any other regular section.

You also told us what you want to see more (and less) of in ***Southern Exposure***, in no uncertain terms. Investigative reporting is what many readers applauded in comments — and what 69 percent of you want to see more of. Fifty-four percent want more oral histories, echoing the comments of one reader who finds our particular strength in "giving people a chance to speak." A smaller, but still significant 34 percent want less poetry and fiction.

It looks as though ***Southern Exposure***'s special issues are the favorite. Forty-two percent of you prefer them. Thirty percent like the general issues better, but 28 percent created a new category: they liked the combination of both.

What kind of people read ***Southern Exposure***? Most of you have been with us for a while — 40 percent have subscribed for more than four of our 12 years, and another 22 percent for more than three. Top uses of the magazine were as a regional news magazine (66 percent) and educational reading (61 percent); many of you also use ***Southern Exposure*** in your work (27 percent), or as an organizing resource (24 percent).

Though one of the things people like most about the magazine is the focus on the South, "Do you consider yourself a Southerner?" was the volatile question of the hour ("Hell, yes!" one reader rejoined). Sixty percent of you do. Several created new categories — "an Earthite," "an Appalachian," "I think I must have been in a previous life. . . ."

You are a very politically active group: 36 percent had voted in an election, written a representative in Congress, *and* worked in a campaign in the last year. Sixty percent participated in a community organizing project in the past year.

That's it for the statistics. You put serious thought into constructive criticism and ideas for special issues. You said what was on your mind, and had different, sometimes conflicting, opinions. We appreciate the time you took.

We are honored to be in your company. It can only make us better.

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Environmental career

Dear SE,

I am an 18-year-old college student from Earlham College. I had never read your magazine prior to my reading it here at our library, but I am very glad that I did. I just wanted to tell you that I am very impressed with your magazine! I am especially impressed with your article, "The Poisoning of Louisiana" (*SE*, March/April 1984). I believe that it is an absolute outrage against United States citizens to have to put up with such moneygrubbing pigs as Edwin Edwards! What the hell is his problem!? How can he live with himself? I am now very sure that I shall major in environmental law, because we need strong laws to put an end to such injustices. I don't know where these people think their food is going to come from? I love our environment and spending time in the country, and I am not alone. I thank you again for your concern and action.

— Robin L. Ullberg
Richmond, IN

SE behind the times

Dear SE,

In the News Roundup in the May/June issue you had a story about the Rural Electrification Administration (REA) that seemed to have been written in the early 1970s, at least in terms of analyzing the role of REA in the provision of electric power. The perspective might have made some sense then, and even more in the '40s and '50s, when there was a real struggle between the investor-owned utilities and the co-ops, but that situation has changed drastically today.

For years the co-ops fought for the right to become Generation and Transmission (G&T) utilities, as well as distributors of juice generated by others. They "won" that right via legal decisions that declared that the investor-owned sector had no right to monopolize "cheap" nuclear power then being constructed on a massive scale across the country. In fact, at that time, the investor owned sector, confronted with what were then very high interest rates, folded before the demands of the co-ops. The REA money was seen as a necessary evil that would allow the private sector to finance the expensive nukes at lower rates than they could enjoy in the private financial markets. If it meant that the co-ops could at last become G&Ts, so be it.

REA borrowing rocketed upward in volume following the creation of the G&Ts, like the Oglethorpe EMC here in Georgia. The REA, formerly a small banking operation, became a very large one, as would befit an agency financing nuclear power plants. This is the agency that has run up an $8 billion interest bill it can't meet, not the small federal friend of the isolated farmer who can't get his local utility to string a wire out his way. The REA-funded co-ops are partners in every way with the private sector utilities, and both parties are busy making unnecessary investments in power plants that will not be needed until well along into the next century, if then.

Forgiving the interest debt will simply encourage REA and the co-ops to continue this ruinous course of constructing plants that are not needed, ruinous because of the ultimate effect of those facilities on local electric rates, which must ultimately repay the vast sums expended on the plants. These circumstances bring forcefully to mind the words of James Russell Lowell's hymn, "New occasions teach new duties, time makes ancient good uncouth."

The REA has become a major mechanism in increasing electric rates because of its uncritical lending policies pouring money into co-ops for investments whether these are needed or not. Its simple abolition, forcing the co-ops into the private financial markets, would kill nuclear power construction, now. The battle to become G&Ts is over and the co-ops won. The battle to restrain them from bankrupting themselves and their customers (the same people in a co-op, after all) is now underway. The unfortunate thing is that all the past history of the co-ops is seen to be on the line, as per your item. What is really on the line is their history since the mid-'70s, a qualitatively different history of a qualitatively (and quantitatively) different institution.

— Neill Herring
Atlanta, GA

A simple truth

Dear SE and Jo Carson,

I think the best writing sometimes in lengthy magazines is the short one-page story. Your "Personal Story" by Jo Carson in the May/June 1984 issue is just that kind of story — quick reading, thoughtful, and relevant.

Storytelling doesn't have to be practiced only by master weavers. We all have our stories to relate. Thank you for reminding me of this simple truth. I had forgotten that deep sense of completeness and good feeling the last time I sat with close friends to share our stories of life. You can bet the next time I talk with a friend over a beer my first story will be about your "Personal Story."

— Jim Bryan
Raleigh, NC

Lack of funds

Dear SE,

Poverty, not disinterest, has caused a delay in renewal of my sub. I read a lot of publications, also work on one, but *Southern Exposure* is the one that consistently provides not just good writing, remarkable graphics, but also a feeling of connectedness to a movement for change.

I look forward to reading the *Elections* book (*SE*, Jan./Feb. 1984) as well as future analysis of Jackson's effect on the South. Would Julian Bond share with *SE* readers his reasons for not endorsing?

— Tom Robbins
New York, NY

READERS CORNER

Mississippi opens shelter for women

— by Elizabeth M. Makowski

Patricia Aschoff scoops an armload of freshly laundered baby clothes from the kitchen table as she walks by. "We knew there was a need," she says. "We all recognized that. . . . Violence, family violence, is so widespread, more than you'd ever think, and the victims, women and children mostly, so seldom have the resources to come to a place like this, a place where they feel safe. Still, we underestimated. We thought the need was limited — real, but limited."

Walking quickly into the den, she deposits the clothes on top of a blue vinyl hamper. "This is *not* supposed to be the laundry room," she says, "but we ran out of storage space. This is supposed to be the children's play area. That's what our welcome letter calls it. A place where one woman can look after several kids at a time, give each of the clients a break."

I follow her out to the patio, past another stack of clothes and a rolled-up sleeping bag to the sliding glass door. The number of clients has tripled since my last visit, less than a month ago. There are four women living in the rented bungalow now, and eight children, ranging in age from two to 15.

Patricia Aschoff is the director of Mississippi's Oxford-Lafayette Domestic Violence Project, which opened in 1983 with a half-time director and a volunteer resident manager. Despite many obstacles, not the least of which is money, the project has succeeded in providing temporary shelter for battered women.

The financial situation improved significantly in April 1984 when, after an aggressive lobbying campaign by advocates of the program, the Mississippi legislature appropriated $100,000 for statewide domestic violence projects (DVPs). There are now six shelters in the state. But private donations remain vital, not only because of the lack of steady and sufficient funding but also because some items — toilet articles, diapers, tampax — cannot be purchased with state dollars.

Each new client at the shelter meets with an intake worker who compiles basic information: income, number of dependents, and their reasons for leaving home. Then the client gets a welcome letter that outlines house policy and individual responsibilities. The welcome letter ends, "Don't forget us when you leave . . . share what you have learned with other women. It could make all the difference between a good life, and one filled with hurt and fear."

The move away from hurt and fear, and into a more independent life, is never easy. Unequipped to offer in-house counseling, the DVP does provide transportation and helps clients to obtain legal, medical, psychological, and, where necessary, welfare assistance. Many women manage, even within the maximum 30-day stay, to find housing, get financial aid, or find a job. By going through legal channels, some are able to return to their homes under court supervision.

Others just leave the home. Conditioned to internalize blame, they cannot help believing that somehow they deserve what they get. The contentment, even euphoria, they feel after taking the first step and finding themselves among people who care and listen, soon gives way. They begin to recognize the vulnerability of their position. Ninety dollars a month in child support for two children; $2.33 an hour, without tips, for working at the Pizza Hut. Everyone tells them that they are "worthwhile people," but no one will give them a chance to prove it, a chance to make it on their own. They begin to think their husbands were right. Nobody else *does* want them. His birthday will come and go, an anniversary; then one of the children will ask when Daddy's coming to visit. . . .

But there are success stories, like Kathy, who is already employed, going to AA classes twice a week, and working on her GED at night. When she hugs me, I notice a hint of perfume, a little blusher on her cheek. In her third week at the shelter, she has had time to regain her sense of humor, time to try on some of the makeup donated by the volunteers. When I recognize one of the toddlers, Joshua, Gloria's youngest, Kathy tells me, "He's better now. I think the therapy, or whatever you want to call it, helped." Both Gloria and Kathy, like most of the women who come to the shelter, left in the middle of the night with only their children and the money in their purses.

"Joshua's a lot better, really," says Kathy, leading me back to the kitchen for a cup of coffee. "Still acts up now and then, but not near as bad as he was." The day Joshua arrived, he'd been uncontrollable, biting everything: chair legs, tables, the arms and legs of other children. It was one of the things his father had taught him. Gloria, his favorite target, was a mass of red outlined teeth marks; one place on her thigh was without feeling where the nerve endings were permanently damaged.

Something had to be done, Gloria had agreed. Yet when Patricia forced Josh to sit in his time-out corner after a particularly vicious attack on another three year old, Gloria burst into tears. "I know he has to learn not to do it," she said. "I know that it's not only me now . . . there are other people around."

Kathy spoke up and corrected her: "You're a worthwhile person, too. He shouldn't bite you either. He has to learn not to do it to *you* either."□

Elizabeth M. Makowski is a DVP volunteer and a staff member of the Center for the Study of Southern Culture at the University of Mississippi.

SOUTHERN NEWS ROUNDUP

"Underground RR" provides sanctuary

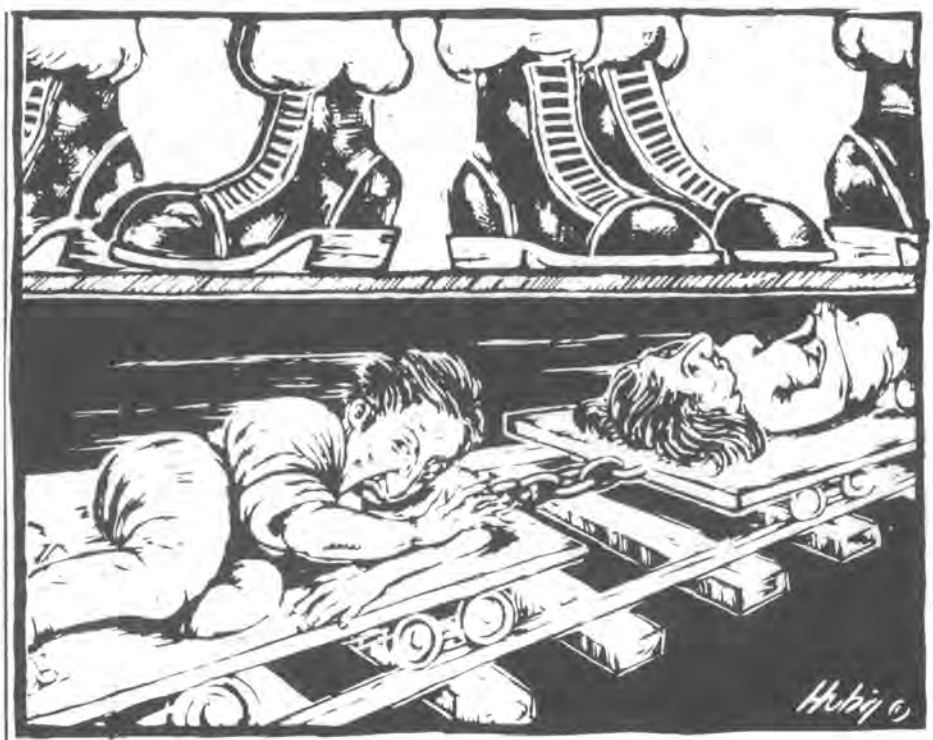


illustration by Hubig/courtesy PNS

There is a new "underground railroad" in the South, this one providing sanctuary to refugees fleeing persecution in Central America. More than 150 congregations in the U.S. have declared their churches and synagogues sanctuaries for Central American refugees, and the number continues to grow every week.

In an effort to crack down on the sanctuary movement, the Reagan administration has decided to prosecute those who are helping the refugees. Stacey Lynn Merkt, who works as a volunteer at a shelter for refugees operated by the Roman Catholic diocese in Brownsville, Texas, has become the first sanctuary worker convicted on charges of conspiracy and transporting illegal aliens. In February Merkt was arrested — along with two refugess, a Catholic nun, one child, and a reporter — while driving a car owned by the Bishop of Brownsville.

"If the government's purpose was to chill the movement by the arrests, it hasn't worked," said Bill Davis of the Christic Institute, the group that handled Merkt's defense. "Since Stacey Merkt's arrest, 50 percent more churches have joined the movement. No churches have backed down."

Merkt was found guilty of transporting aliens, and was given a 90-day suspended sentence, plus two years probation. Despite the light sentence, the Christic Institute plans to appeal the decision. "Our fundamental aim in defending the church workers," says Danny Sheehan, chief counsel for the defense, "is to establish that churches and synagogues have an absolute right to offer sanctuary and to demonstrate that it is the Reagan Administration, not the sanctuary movement, that is breaking the law. These trials will not end before we have documented the true extent of the persecution and political terror from which the Salvadoran refugees are seeking refuge."

The second case brought by the government, against another Texas sanctuary activist, Jack Elder, is scheduled for September, but delays are expected. In the third court case against sanctuary workers, this one in Tucson, Arizona, Phil Congar was set free by the judge without even a trial.

In each case, the government contends that the Central Americans should be classified as "economic" rather than "political" refugees. The U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) has denied the request of all but 274 of the 24,000 Central Americans who have requested asylum in the United States.

The Christic Institute bases its defense on both U.S. and international law. In the 1980 Refugee Act, Congress stated clearly that the government should take "full account of the civil strife in El Salvador" in considering the applications of Salvadorans for asylum.

During the Merkt trial, Brenda Sanchez-Galen, one of the Salvadorans arrested with her, testified that she fled upon the advice of Lutheran relief workers in the refugee camp where she was a medical assistant for the Green Cross, a nonpolitical relief organization similar to the Red Cross. She left soon after government soldiers killed one of her co-workers and mutilated the fetus in her womb. Sanchez-Galan testified that, "If I'm deported, I'll disappear from the face of the earth."

Other witnesses at the trial testified that officials at the INS office nearest the point where Sanchez-Galan entered the U.S. routinely arrest refugees who request asylum and initiate deportation proceedings against them. However, the judge instructed jurors to find Merkt guilty unless they were convinced she was driving the Salvadorans directly to the nearest INS station. The appeal of Merkt's conviction will charge that the INS office violates U.S. law by not accepting the applications of Salvadoran refugees for political asylum.

Sanctuary activists believe the government attacks against them will probably increase after the November elections; arresting church workers is an embarrassing political move, both at the polls at election time and in Congress where votes on Latin American policy are key.

Gay rights ordinance sparks backlash in TX

In what promises to be one of the most emotional political battles in Houston's recent history, anti-gay and pro-civil rights groups are squaring off for a January referendum calling for the repeal of a recently passed law which prohibits the city from discriminating against anyone on the basis of "sexual orientation."

The political power of Houston's gay community was demonstrated in June when the city council voted to ban discrimination against homosexuals in city jobs. That victory, however, sparked an angry protest not only from the Ku Klux Klan, bible-thumping fundamentalists, and the Republican Party, but from some black leaders as well.

Although the council reaffirmed its approval of the measure in August, opponents gathered over 63,000 signatures to force a referendum on the issue on January 19. The vote in that referendum will be the toughest to date for the gay community, which began organizing as an electoral force 10 years ago.

The influence of gay organizing, led mainly by the Gay Political Caucus (GPC), was clear in the 1981 mayoral election. Kathy Whitmire won that election despite tens of thousands of telegrams mailed to Houston voters just before the election which attacked her ties to the gay community.

The arguments for and against the resolution are fairly predictable. Republican County Chairman Russ Mather, who led the petition drive to repeal the law, says he is concerned about the resolution's impact on children and the family. "If we allow gays access to all public jobs, then we are going to have them in the juvenile section of our jails and in the Parks and Recreation Department where they will serve as role models for our children."

Proponents of the resolution, who have formed Citizens for a United Houston, say the ordinance is a civil rights issue and protects all city workers, not just gay workers. An aide to black council member Anthony Hall, who introduced the resolution, gave an example of how this would work: "In several city departments, a questionnaire, which everyone had to fill out prior to being hired, asked not only if you were a homosexual, but also if you were a swinger or if you engaged in extramarital affairs." That practice has stopped under the current administration, but could be reinstated if not outlawed.

The question now is whether the Citizens for a United Houston can convince the public — and especially black and Hispanic voters — that the issue is one of civil rights.

In related news, union workers in Tampa, Florida, missed an opportunity when their city decided not to become the first in that state to include a clause in their contract protecting gays and lesbians from employment discrimination. Supporters of the motion blamed stubborn city officials and inordinate publicity for killing the measure. Although the issue was discussed only briefly in a lengthy negotiating session, the *Tampa Tribune* made it a lead story in the August 2 issue.

***— Thanks to Ken Kahn, Bob Sablatura, and the* Texas Observer.**

Church may oppose detention center

The Roman Catholic church is expected to join the list of organizations opposed to the building of a processing and detention center in Oakdale, Louisiana, for people illegally entering the country. "I would be opposed to such camps, and the church would be very much against them," said Bishop Anthony Bevilacqua, the chairman of the U.S. Bishops Committee on Migration and Refugees, at a recent news conference.

Oakdale, Louisiana, is far away from those who support and represent potential deportees. This, says political analyst James Ridgeway, is one reason why the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) intends to locate the facility there: "The Oakdale facility represents a shrewd political move by the INS since it will not only house [2,000] aliens but be a center for processing as well. Administrative judges, investigators, and other officials will have their offices there, far removed from the sanctuary workers and defense attorneys in New Orleans and Houston," Ridgeway says.

Seeking to stop construction, on July 18, the American Civil Liberties Union and the Lawyers Committee for International Human Rights filed suit against the INS.

Bishop Bevilacqua visited a similar refugee camp in Brooklyn, New York, where he said, "It looked as if they were treating them as criminals, even though they were saying, 'They're not criminals.' "

Victories on voting rights on many fronts

Voting rights activists across the South now, more than ever, are using the federal courts as an avenue for seeking — and winning — an end to discriminatory electoral practices. The renewed Voting Rights Act (VRA) of 1982 is providing "a new standard and a more potent weapon to go after discrimination," according to Laughlin McDonald, American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) Southeastern regional director. Under Section 2 of the VRA, an action that results in discrimination on the basis of race can be grounds for a lawsuit; it is not necessary to prove intent to discriminate.

The renewed and strengthened VRA — including a 25-year extension of the provision requiring certain states to pre-clear with the U.S. Justice Department any changes affecting voting rights — grew out of an impressive national coalition. It is this coalition that is now pressing for reform across the South and the nation.

- **Georgia:** One of the first lawsuits in the massive campaign to systematically attack restrictive voter registration laws was filed in Georgia on June 13. The effort, coordinated by the NAACP's Legal Defense Fund (LDF), may lead to the filing of similar suits in as many as 20 states, including Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana, and South Carolina.

The Georgia suit, according to the Voting Rights Project of the Southern Regional Council, raises complaints about the underrepresentation of blacks in registration pools, the unreasonableness of the whole set of registration practices, and the high degree of local discretion in voter registration rules which persist in the absence of a coher-

ent policy.

● **Virginia:** In mid-July, the Virginia ACLU released a 60-page report, *Voter Registration Practices in Virginia: The Crazy Quilt*, detailing practices that restrict voter registration. "The laws [in Virginia] are some of the most prohibitive in the nation," says Virginia ACLU representative Chan Kendrick. Among the findings of the report: the majority of the 136 registrars are not open five days a week, and one-third are not accessible to the handicapped. As in Georgia, discrimination in Virginia often occurs because decisions on when and where people can register are mostly left up to the discretion of local officials.

Eleven Virginia cities with large minority populations may also be the sites for challenges under the VRA by the Virginia NAACP. Two examples where discrimination is alleged are in Emporia, where 40 percent of the population is black, but only one of the nine council members is black; and in Martinsville, where the population is one-third black, but none of the five council members is.

● **Alabama:** In Alabama, the LDF decided not to challenge registration practices because a new state law mandates the presence of deputy registrars in every precinct. Instead, voter registration activists filed a successful case to get more black representatives as poll officials. The court decided that not only county officials, but also the governor and attorney general were responsible for remedying that situation.

● **Arkansas:** A complaint is currently being drafted to counter discrimination resulting from the discretion of local officials. Examples of discriminatory practices of this nature include: Faulkner County, where Reuben Goss, the county clerk, says "I have been deputizing responsible people." Yet he declined a request from ACORN to deputize registrars to sign up voters in welfare lines because the welfare office was only three blocks from his office. On the other hand, he allowed members of the Moral Majority to register voters "because they do them right." Said Lonoke County Clerk Myrtle Finch, who had declined requests by several organizations to conduct voter registration drives, "I try to keep it in my office."

● **South Carolina:** The voting rights struggle has attacked not only unfair voter registration practices, but vote dilution as well. In recent months, South Carolina has been the site for several major — and long-awaited — decisions on voting rights. Blacks in Sumter won a victory in May after six years of litigation when a federal appeals court ruled that the county must end at-large elections. The first elections since 1976 will be held in Sumter in October under a new district plan.

And an even longer struggle was won in Edgefield County, when a federal judge ordered single-member districts for the five county council seats. Three of the districts have black majorities and two have white majorities. Under the at-large system, no black had ever been elected to the Edgefield County council although the county is about 50 percent black. The case, *McCain v. Lybrand*, began 10 years ago. (See *SE*, Spring 1981).

On a less positive note, elections for South Carolina's house and senate, both due to be reapportioned, will proceed with primaries in October and a final election in November. The reapportionment of the South Carolina senate has been especially controversial, and the current plan follows a lawsuit by the South Carolina NAACP and the ACLU.

The plan, as accepted by the federal courts and precleared by the Justice Department — as required by the VRA — leaves much to be desired. The ACLU's McDonald says, "This plan is not one that is racially fair. It protects white incumbents."

Despite the drawbacks of the new plan, change is coming to the South Carolina legislature, which elected its first black state senator since 1890 in a special election last year. Ten of the 46 new state senate districts have a majority black population; six have a population at least 58 percent black. Six white incumbents face black challengers in majority black districts, including Marshall Williams, a powerful 32-year Senate veteran and chair of the Senate Judiciary Committee.

For more information, see ***The Voting Rights Review****, a new quarterly publication of the Southern Regional Council, 161 Spring Street, NW, Atlanta, GA 30303.*

photo by Jennifer Warburg

ONE OF THE LESSER-KNOWN AND OFTEN-DENIED VOTING RIGHTS IS THE RIGHT TO ASSISTANCE IN THE VOTING BOOTH BY PEOPLE OF YOUR OWN CHOICE.

Southerners join up with mercenaries

Decatur, Alabama, may seem a long way from the conflict in Central America.

Not so, for on September 1, two U.S. mercenaries from an Alabama-based group calling itself, Civilian-Military Assistance, were killed while flying reconnaissance for Nicaraguan *contras* in Honduras. The two are Dana H. Parker, Jr., a detective from Huntsville, Alabama, and James Powell, a part-time flying instructor from Memphis, Tennessee.

The incident provoked a storm of international protest and raised questions about the role of the Reagan administration in encouraging the use of private organizations like Civilian-Military Assistance to sidestep congressional restrictions on the CIA and the Defense Department in the wars in Central America.

"We're not really mercenaries," says Tom Posey, Vietnam veteran and found-

er of Civilian-Military Assistance. "We like to think of ourselves as missionary-mercenaries. We do it for the cause."

Posey says the paramilitary group was formed last year to support the Nicaraguan counter-revolution and the Salvadoran army. CMA claims it is a grassroots organization funded only by small donations from the Decatur area.

The CIA employs hundreds of contract employees in Central America — most of them former or active duty military personnel, as well as mercenaries.

Despite CMA's — and other mercenary groups' — professed desire to remain independent of official U.S. personnel, it is now clear that they receive assistance from the U.S. embassy in San Salvador.

Interviews with the CMA leaders and inspection of documents reveal that the group has delivered military equipment and sends paramilitary teams to Honduras to train anti-Sandinista rebels.

"I have been a member of numerous right-wing groups all my life," Posey says, "but all they ever did was talk. We formed this group because we wanted to take the offense against communism." CMA has chapters in Huntsville, Memphis, and Birmingham.

On a recent Saturday, CMA hosted Alfonso Callejas, a director of the Nicarguan Democratic Force (FDN), largest of the three *contra* groups, who was coming to Decatur to give a speech at the Cuban-owned Mando's Pizza parlor. During a tour of Decatur the CMA showed Callejas, a former Nicaraguan vice-president under Anastasio Somoza, two secret sites holding military equipment for the FDN that was donated by nearby police departments and individuals.

Last January, a four-man CMA team went to Honduras at the invitation of General Gustavo Alvarez, then the country's armed forces chief. The four flew in a rented plane loaded with military supplies and a small cache of weapons. Honduran security forces took the goods for the *contras*, according to Posey.

Posey had contacted the U.S. Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms and the State Department's Office of Munitions Control for clearance before the trip. He has a customs form listing a .45 calibre automatic pistol, an M-1 rifle and 1,000 rounds of ammunition. He says each member of the team took two guns and 1,000 rounds.

Posey has since been issued a federal firearms dealers license, but an investigation is pending on possible violations of the U.S. Neutrality Act.

In Honduras, Posey discussed his operation with Captain Jorge Belardo Andino, of military intelligence. Then the team visited rebel installatiions and a camp along the Nicaraguan border where they met with anti-revolutionary leaders.

At the time Posey said he thought eventually it would come to "Americans fighting Americans" in the region. Referring to the scores of U.S. citizens helping the Sandinista regime, he said, "I'd love to draw a bead on one of them."

— *Pacific News Service*

Middle South "grand goof" set to open

The world's largest nuclear-generating unit, Grand Gulf 1 in Port Gibson, Mississippi, received a full-power license on July 31, clearing the way for commercial operations as early as March 1985. But the license, granted despite a Justice Department investigation into the falsification of training records, still leaves its owner, Middle South Utilities, Inc., loaded with trouble.

With more than a billion dollars invested, another Middle South plant, Grand Gulf 2, is only a third complete, and many experts believe it will never start up. The Mississippi Public Service Commission, which is now more critical of the excessive costs of nuclear power, is mounting opposition to the project. An elected body, Mississippi's PSC representatives have faced challenges in recent years from progressive candidates (see story on page 24).

At its $2.65 billion dollar Waterford plant near New Orleans, Middle South is experiencing even bigger headaches. Louisiana Power and Light Company, the operator of the Waterford plant, faces investigation by the U.S. Justice Department for alleged criminal misconduct. Opponents of the plant contend that the utility falsified quality assurance documents. And the granting of a license for a full-power start-up at Waterford is currently being delayed while the utility scrambles to correct 23 areas of possible safety violations found by a task force of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC).

Grand Gulf 1, five years overdue and 500 percent over budget, remains the biggest turkey of the bunch, earning the nickname of "Grand Goof" among its opponents. Representative Edward Markey (D-MA), chair of the House Interior Investigations Subcommittee, contends that "Grand Gulf has had more bugs than any other commercial nuclear plant of which I am aware." NRC commissioner James Asselstine says, "This is a case where the licensee has casually and carelessly approached fundamental safety problems. The public can't be left with a very good feeling about how the regulatory process works."

When Mississippi Power and Light (another subsidiary of Middle South) received a low-power license for Grand

SEEN ANY GOOD NEWS?

There's no reason to let us be the ones who sift through the press to choose the material to include in the Southern News Roundup. If you see a feature article in your local newspaper or a magazine that sheds light on what progressive Southerners are doing — or are up against — send it to us. Send the complete article, date and name of publication (with its address if possible) along with your name and address, and whatever additional comments or interpretations you care to include, to: Southern News Roundup, P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702.

photo by Tom Easley

DEMONSTRATION AT GRAND GULF DURING CONSTRUCTION. NOTE TORNADO-DAMAGED COOLING TOWER.

Gulf 1 in June 1982, several problems surfaced to cause a two-year delay in full-power licensing, among them: design irregularities, defective operating procedures, improper technical specifications, and problems with emergency generators. The granting of the low-power license was cause for complaint from Rep. Markey and from anti-nuclear activists in Mississippi who contend the problems should have been detected before the plant began operation.

NRC Chairman Nunzio Palladino defends the low-power license as necessary to debug the plant and says, "The NRC and the utility deserve some credit for recognizing the problems and correcting them." And James O'Reilly, head of the NRC Southeastern regional office, was quoted in the *Charlotte Observer* as saying the Grand Gulf operating staff was "examined to a degree not done before" and was found qualified.

Despite these assertions, the Justice Department is investigating evidence that training records at the plant were falsified.

Why, then, did Middle South receive the full-power license before the investigation was complete? The *Wall Street Journal* contends the NRC drew pressure from Middle South and its backers, including Louisiana Senator J. Bennett Johnston (D). Some of this pressure results from the amount of money at stake on the future of the Grand Gulf reactors. Due to the problems at Middle South's construction sites, the company's stock suffered a 20 percent drop over the summer. In addition, the company has had to renegotiate $2.5 billion in loans because of start-up delays. According to Floyd W. Lewis, chairman and president of Middle South Utilities, "a major portion of the world financial community, 49 United States and Canadian banks, 40 foreign banks, and 18 insurance companies" have a stake in the renegotiated loans.

Meanwhile, in Arkansas, the Public Service Commission there continues to wage a fight to prevent Middle South Utilities from charging Arkansas consumers for the company's new nuclear plants — plants it feels the state doesn't need.

VA prison officials exercise absurdity

"There's very little you can take away at Mecklenberg, so they are getting down to taking away radios and letters from mothers," says Marie Dean, founder of Victim's Families for Alternatives to the Death Penalty. When trying to describe the official repression Virginia's death row inmates are now experiencing at the top security Mecklenberg facility Dean adds, "It's an exercise in absurdity."

Imagine being held in total lockdown, in a cell for all but 24 minutes out of each week — time out to take three eight-minute showers. You are fed no hot meals and allowed to keep only 10 pieces of personal mail in your cell. These are the conditions under which Mecklenberg's death row inmates are being held. To alleviate the severity of the situation, officials are building 12 kennel-like runs, each five feet by 25 feet with chain link and razor wire fencing, in which the inmates will be allowed to exercise.

Readers may recall that in June Mecklenberg was the site of the country's largest break-out by death row inmates. And in August, inmates rebelled in protest against the conditions at the facility, took hostages, and then surrendered.

Responding to the worsening conditions of the inmates, a death row support committee has been set up by Virginians Against the Death Penalty. With five of the inmates now in the final stages of appeal, the group has its work cut out for it.

Meanwhile, since the last execution we reported, that of Carl Shriner in Florida, there have been four more names added to the list: Ivan Stanley, executed in Georgia on July 12; David Washington, executed in Florida on July 13; Ernest Dobbert, executed in Florida on September 7; and Tim Baldwin, executed in Louisiana on September 9. In North Carolina, the death penalty has become a campaign issue as the execution date of Margie Velma Barfield, possibly the first woman to be executed since the Supreme Court reinstituted the death penalty, is scheduled to die on November 2.

illustration courtesy CPF

Against the Death Penalty

The Institute for Southern Studies has just revised its Death Penalty Information Packet. The Packet contains 11 fact sheets, all reproducible. The items in the packet are: Lost Lives, a statistical portrait of death row; The Case Against the Death Penalty; Common Misconceptions About the Death Penalty; The Bible and the Death Sentence; Quotable Quotes; Surprising Facts About the Death Penalty; The Victims Speak; Perspectives on Crime; Public Officials Speak; Organizations Working Against the Death Penalty; and Graphics.

The Packets cost $2.00 each (inquire for bulk discounts) and can be ordered from DPIP, P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702.

The changing face of the American worker

For the first time since the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics started keeping records, white men no longer make up a majority of the nation's work force. And with women entering the labor market in greater numbers and the proportion of working people of color growing, the numerical superiority of the white male worker is expected to continue its decline.

According to Samuel Ehrenhalt, the labor statistics commissioner who released these findings, in 1983 white male workers made up 49.8 percent of the work force, down from 50 percent in 1982.

The South has led the nation in this trend, largely because of the higher percentage of black workers here and the important role women have played in traditionally Southern industries. The figures for the Carolinas demonstrate this. When South Carolina started keeping such labor statistics in 1974, white males held some 44 percent of the state's jobs. The figure in North Carolina for the same year was 45 percent. Last year, the number of white men working in South Carolina dropped to 37 percent of the work force, while North Carolina showed a drop of only one percent since 1974.

Upon releasing his findings, Ehrenhalt told the *New York Times*, "The numbers are very dramatic," and they demonstrate "a different world" for all workers.

RACIAL MAKEUP OF SOUTHERN RURAL ELECTRIC COOPERATIVES

State	Black Population in Areas Served by Co-ops	Total Number of Co-op Board Members	Number of Black Co-op Board Members
Alabama	21%	192	4
Arkansas	17%	178	3
Florida	10%	158	2
Georgia	26%	399	11
Kentucky	14%	186	1
Louisiana	28%	197	1
Mississippi	37%	201	0
North Carolina	22%	304	13
South Carolina	24%	221	11
Tennessee	14%	205	2
Texas	16%	645	8
Virginia	26%	149	6

Source: Southern Regional Council; based on documents filed with the federal government between 1981 and 1983.

A TWO-YEAR STUDY OF SOUTHERN ELECTRIC CO-OPS BY THE SOUTHERN REGIONAL COUNCIL FOUND THAT IN 12 STATES ONLY 2 PERCENT OF THE BOARD MEMBERS OF THESE CO-OPS ARE BLACK. THE POPULATION OF THE AREAS SERVED IS SOME 24 PERCENT BLACK.

Updates and short takes

A WOMAN'S PLACE? In Georgia's 65 percent black Fifth Congressional District the one white candidate, incumbent Wyche Fowler, won an absolute majority against his four black challengers in the August primary. The strongest opposition to Fowler came from the less liberal state representative, Hosea Williams. Fowler rated as Georgia's most progressive representative in a *Southern Exposure* survey of the current Congress. Apparently not a factor in Fowler's election was the fracas that resulted when Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young and Williams were reported by the *Atlanta Constitution* to have asked Alveda King Beal, a niece of Martin Luther King, Jr., to drop out of the race so she could stay home and take care of her family. Williams both denied the charge and apologized, while Beal claims Young said that her uncle was a sexist, too.

RATING CONGRESS. Guess which state scored best on the latest survey of the Congressional Education Associates' Congressional Ledger, which rates Congress on their support of legislation favoring black and Hispanic interests? West Virginia. Only one of the state's four districts is as much as six percent black, but high unemployment and a pro-labor set of congressmen gave West Virginia a better average score than any other state. "It only shows that members tend to score high if the socio-economics of their constituencies approximate those of the heavily minority districts," explained CEA president Gordon Alexander. The 20 key issues examined include: youth employment, job development, child-support enforcement, school-desegregation assistance, and health and nutritional programs. (For CEA's ratings write 302 East Capitol Street, Washington, DC 20002. For further reading see *SE*, February 1984, "The South in Congress," and "Progressive Network, Progressive Gains.")

HOBBY LOSES APPEAL. North Carolina labor leader Wilbur Hobby lost his appeal to the Supreme Court for a new trial, despite the fact that the justices

agreed he was discriminated against by the jury foreman selection process of the Fourth Circuit Court. Hobby is now serving out a one year sentence in a Lexington, Kentucky, prison hospital. In 1981 Hobby was convicted on fraud and conspiracy charges in his mishandling of CETA funds. Both he and his lawyers maintain he did nothing wrong and that CETA officials who approved his use of funds are culpable for their acts which landed him in jail. The Supreme Court's decision is considered significant in that although they found Hobby was discriminated against, they departed from previous decisions by refusing to right the wrong and give him a new trial.

In related news, almost the same day that Hobby went into jail a famous labor leader who was also sent to prison on politically related charges, Boyd Ellsworth Payton of the Textile Workers Union, died in Charlotte, North Carolina. Payton and seven others union members were charged with conspiring to dynamite a power station at Harriet-Henderson Cotton Mills during a 1959 strike.

LOUISIANA SUPPORTS D.C. Louisiana is the 15TH state to ratify the DC Voting Rights Amendment which would allow citizens in the nation's capital to elect two senators and one representative. Louisiana becomes the first state in the South to do so. If 22 more states approve the amendment by August 22, 1985, the measure will become law and Washington will finally get a voice in Congress.

SRP LEAKS TRITIUM. Du Pont's Savannah River nuclear weapons plant registered its biggest leak of radioactive tritium oxide gas ever on September 2. Plant spokesperson Cliff Webb estimated the release at 50,000 curies — a release of anything more than 10,000 curies is considered significant by Du Pont. Officials maintained that workers and nearby residents faced no threat from the radioactive gas. This is the fifth significant leak at the weapons plant in the last 10 years.

Are you worth at least $400,000,000?

This list is drawn from *Forbes Magazine*'s survey of the 400 richest Americans. We only give those living in the South who are worth over $400 million; but the *Forbes* list goes down to $125 million. About 15 percent of the total list make their home in Texas — usually thriving off oil or real estate. Another 15 percent live in California, and ranking first is New York with 20 percent of the super rich. The key to joining the list, in case you wondered, is luck: have the good fortune, literally, to be born into a well-endowed family.

Hunt Family #1 Dallas, TX	$5.6 billion	H.L. Hunt's "first family," heirs to Hunt Energy, Placid Oil; also in real estate, agribusiness, commodities, luxury hotels, sports teams
Perry Richardson Bass and four sons Fort Worth, TX	$2.5 billion	Oil, investments, real estate, hotels, developed from legacy left by uncle Sid Richardson
Sam M. Walton Bentonville, AR	$2.15 billion	Founder and 41% owner of Wal-Mart chain of 615 discount stores
Cullen Family Houston, TX	$2 billion	Heirs to Quintana Petroleum fortune of Hugh Roy Cullen
Barbara Cox Anthony and Anne Cox Chambers Atlanta, GA	$1.2 billion	Share 97% of Cox Enterprises — newspapers and broadcasting — inherited from father James Cox
Hunt Family #2 Dallas, TX	$1 billion	H.L. Hunt's second family, heirs to Hunt Oil Co., real estate
H. Ross Perot Dallas, TX	$1 billion	Founder, CEO, and 48% owner of Electronic Data Systems, plus oil, gas, real estate
George P. Mitchell Houston, TX	$1 billion	Mitchell Energy & Development founder: oil, gas, real estate development
Lykes Family Tampa, FL	$1 billion	Heirs of Lowell Tyson Lykes: cattle, shipping, insurance, banking, real estate, citrus, steel
Cyril Wagner, Jr., and Jack Brown Midland, TX	$900 million	Partners in Wagner & Brown Oil Properties and Canyon, Inc. (aeronautics, plastics)
Kleberg Family King Ranch, TX	$750 million	Heirs to King Ranch fortune: cattle and oil
O'Connor Family Victoria, TX	$750 million	Heirs of Tom O'Connor, finder of one of the most productive oilfields in Texas
Temple Family East Texas	$650 million	Timber, paper products, 13% of Time, Inc.
Jackson T. Stephens and Witton R. Stephens Little Rock, AR	$600 million	Brothers with investment banking, oil, and gas interests
June Bancroft Cook Sarasota, FL	600 million	Heir to Dow Jones & Co. fortune
Jack Kent Cooke Upperville, VA	$600 million	Real estate, cable TV, publishing, sports teams
David B. Shakarian Bal Harbour, FL	$530 million	Founder and 80% owner of General Nutrition chain of health food stores
Paul Mellon Upperville, VA	$500 million	Son and heir of financier Andrew Mellon
Winthrop Paul Rockefeller Winrock Farms, AR	$500 million	Inheritance; son of former Arkansas governor
Trammel Crow Dallas, TX	$500 million	Real estate: one of the biggest landlords in U.S.
Roger Milliken Spartanburg, SC	$450 million	Milliken & Co., one of largest U.S. textile firms
Davis Family Jacksonville, FL	$417 million	Heirs to Winn-Dixie fortune
O. Wayne Rollins Atlanta, GA	$410 million	Founder and 44% owner of Rollins, Inc.: real estate, oil & gas services, media
Allen E. Paulson Savannah, GA	$410 million	Founder, Gulfstream Aerospace Corp.

The basics of basketry

— by Connie Toops

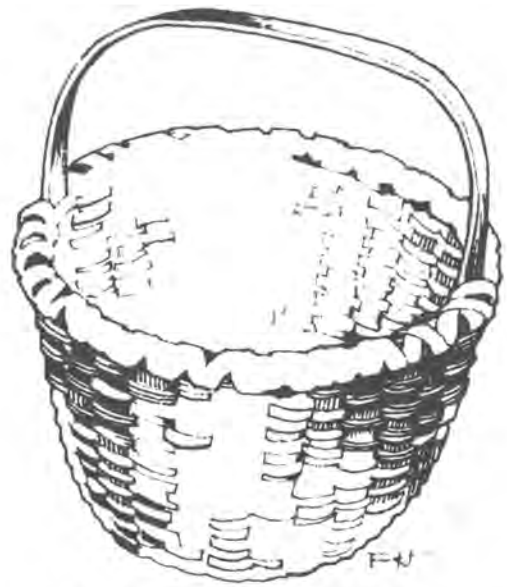


Illustration by Frank Holyfield

FLORAL, Ark. — "So you want to make a basket?" the old man in bib overalls muttered as he spilt another bolt of white oak. "You'll have to learn to cuss and chew tobacco."

When he's not tending his farm near Floral, Arkansas, Wayman Evans, 72, demonstrates basketry at the Ozark Folk Center, a state park which preserves regional traditions of pioneer life. More than 60 years ago, Wayman's father taught him to make the sturdy round oak baskets which have become his trademark. By word of mouth, at craft exhibits, and through an occasional newspaper interview, Wayman's fame has spread. Now people come from all over to watch him work.

"I can't teach you nothin'," Evans insists. You'll have to learn by doin'." So I joined a dozen others under Wayman's watchful eye for a week-long course in the basics of basketry sponsored by the Folk Center.

Monday morning he shooed us into the woods. "You've got to find the right-sized tree with no sore spots on it," he instructed. We scouted for white oaks approximately eight inches in diameter, clear of branches for the first three or four feet. Evans was nearly twice the age of most of us, but as he scrambled over the hills, selecting trees, directing the cutting, and hauling off the logs, we were hard put to keep pace.

Each weaving strip and rib in an Evans basket is hand made. Wayman halves the oak log again and again by driving steel and wooden wedges into it. Once the slice of oak is thin enough — eighths or sixteenths of the original log — he splits it once more, guiding the direction of the crack with pressure from his strong hands.

Using a drawhorse (a low bench with handles on both ends), Evans removes the bark and pares the wood to a uniform thickness. Then he inserts a knife at the top and splits the slat in two. Each half is divided several more times until at least 16 strips have been pulled from it. These pliable "splits" will be used to weave the basket.

The splits are dressed by trimming the rough spots, splinters, and uneven thicknesses away. Wayman lays a razor-sharp knife on his knee. Deftly he pulls a split against the blade. "See how easy that is," he says. "Why, you could hang this for flypaper. It's so slick the flies would slip off and break their necks."

We quickly learned there was a knack to dressing splits. Sometimes our knives sliced clear through them. Band-aids began to appear on fingers and thumbs. Still we found contentment in the unhurried pace of the work, the rich, fresh smell of oak, and the smooth, clean splits we produced.

Wayman, who moved to Arkansas in the 1950s, regaled us with tall tales and memories from his youth in the Blue Ridge of northern Georgia. "I cut my teeth on an ax handle," he told us. "I sold cookstove wood when I was six. Made my first basket when I was seven."

Needing more weaving splits, I sat at the drawhorse, slowly dressing another slat. My strokes were clumsy and unsure as I sensed Wayman's eyes measuring my progress. Finally I asked him to inspect the piece. "Well, it's not too bad," he mumbled. "But at the rate you're a-goin', it'd take two weeks to shave a mouse with a razor!"

Outside I cut more ribs from a short piece of oak. This was a delicate process; if I sheared too little or too much from the blank, the basket wouldn't curve properly. Gingerly, I struck the oak with an ax. "Damn," I mumbled as the sharp blade sliced deeper than I intended. An open pouch of shredded tobacco appeared under my nose. "I see you've learned the first part," Wayman commented wryly. "Are you ready to chew?"

By Friday each of us had nearly completed a basket. Wayman inspected the handles and rims, explaining that they give a basket its strength. "This basket should last a hundred years," he said, holding one he had woven. "That's probably more than you or I will."

Earlier I had seen Wayman invite a customer to stand on the rim of his basket while Evan lifted it — and the customer — high off the ground by the handle. I had no doubts about the basket's strength. "You'd better not have anyone stand on yours," Wayman teased, looking at my finished basket. "But you could probably learn to make a basket in four or five years if you keep at it," he added. Coming from Wayman Evans, I said to myself, that's mighty high praise!□

Connie Toops is a freelance writer living in Harrison, Arkansas.

RESOURCES

The Rating Games

How Does the South Stand on Progressive Issues? asks the title of a new pamphlet published by the Southeastern office of the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC). To find out, AFSC has analyzed Congressional voting records on a variety of issues, broadly defined as military policy, foreign affairs, civil rights, energy and the environment, and labor, health, and human services. Members of Congress are also listed by their standing in the eyes of the American Civil Liberties Union, Council for a Livable World, AFL-CIO's COPE, League of Conservation Voters, National Women's Political Caucus, and PeacePAC. No discussion of findings is included, but it's a handy reference and a nice complement and corroboration of the analysis recently published in *Southern Exposure* (Jan./Feb. 1984). A copy of the pamphlet costs $1; bulk rates available. Write AFSC Southeast Regional Office, 92 Piedmont Avenue, N.E., Atlanta, GA 30303. Incidentally, a more detailed version of the *SE* Congressional ratings and analysis was printed separately, and some copies are still available. Send $2 and ask for "The South in Congress" pamphlet: P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702.

Singing Our Songs

A few friends have asked lately whether *Sing Out!* is still around: they hadn't seen it in a while, their letters weren't answered or were returned by the post office, whatever. Well, folks, *Sing Out!* lives. Pete Seeger recently sent us a couple of new issues of this periodical bible of the folk music world, founded by him and friends Woody Guthrie, Paul Robeson, Lee Hays, Alan Lomax, and others in the 1940s. It's as good as ever: words and music to new songs and old, meaty articles about music and musicians, record reviews, columns of news and opinion, annotated listings of festivals and music camps. As always, more subscribers and more donations are welcome. A subscription costs $11 a year (four issues): Box 1071, Easton, PA 18042.

For Southern Women

A "preview issue" of *Southern Feminist* appeared in our mailbox early this summer, and a welcome appearance it was. A newspaper for feminists (who are defined here — across the bottom of page one — as people "who believe that women should have political, economic, and social rights equal to those of men") who live across the South, from Virginia to Texas, it's a 16-page tabloid with a broad focus. You'll find much political news (including a state-by-state roundup of key races and a piece by NOW president Judy Goldsmith on why NOW endorsed Mondale), interviews (including one with Sonia Johnson on why she is running), herstory (a profile of Jeannette Rankin), and sports, the arts, health and fitness, books, and more.

Founders are several women in Athens, Georgia, headed up by editor Sharron Hannon; they want to build a Southwide network of women's, peace, and civil rights groups and like-minded individuals to ensure good coverage of the whole region. And of course they'll need subscribers and advertisers, as well as writers and photographers, to survive. Send $10 for a charter subscription; write for ad rates: P.O. Box 1846, Athens, GA 30603.

You Could Look It Up

Names, addresses, phone numbers; activists, organizers, groups — the nuts and bolts of networking and coalition-building. Some folks in Atlanta have compiled a model of the genre for their hometown, called *Shake It Up, Baby*. It lists progressive activist organizations according to interest: for example, civil rights, labor, hunger and the rights of poor people, sexual politics, and so forth. Brief annotations and an index are included by compilers Mark Reeve, Kathie Klein, and David Pascale. Send $4.50 to Shake It Up, Baby, P.O. Box 1731, Decatur, GA 30031. Sets of address labels in zip code order are also available at $20 per set.

On a national rather than local scale, but a "narrower" topic — if peace can be said to be a narrow concern — we also recommend the *American Peace Directory 1984* from the Institute for Defense and Disarmament Studies. About 200 tightly packed pages of group listings, indexes, and cross-references. Included are national peace groups, peace-oriented educators' groups and educational programs, local peace groups, and local chapters of national groups. Order from a bookstore or from the publisher, Ballinger Publications, 54 Church Street, Cambridge, MA 02138; $12.95/$28.00.

Progressive Education Service of the South publishes a directory of Southern progressive periodicals, annotating 130 newsletters, newspapers, and magazines grouped by topic areas — such as health, environment, black concerns, farm concerns, labor, and more. The directory is updated every few years; the most recent came out in 1982. Listings include addresses and phone numbers, frequency of publication, subscription prices, and other relevant information. The cost is $2: Progressive Education, P.O. Box 120574, Nashville, TN 37212.

Finally, the 1984 edition of the directory of sellers of organic produce and products is just out, and it includes a lot more Southern sources than the last edition. Send $9.25 to California Agrarian Action Project, P.O. Box 464, Davis, CA 95617.

SAN FRANCISCO

Airport "peons" spark unique law

— Joseph Blum

Those who work in "invisible" jobs at airports across the country have watched their work disappear as non-union contractors move in. But in San Francisco, writes Pacific News Service correspondent Joseph Blum, unions have managed to push through a novel law which may well help stop this practice.

Bulletin Populaire/CPF

In a series of raids early in 1983, state investigators discovered that 23 janitors cleaning the San Francisco Airport (SFO) were being compelled to work under a system of forced servitude. This was only the most dramatic example of union workers being replaced by contract laborers at the nation's fifth largest airport. The incident convinced local union leaders that they could no longer bargain in good faith with the airlines, and led to the passage of a unique city law controlling wages paid at the terminal.

The janitors — all Koreans, most without papers and unable to speak English — were discovered to be completely controlled by their employer, World Services, a Houston-based contractor. Investigators for the California Underground Economy Detection Unit and the city Human Rights Commission found that workers were forced to sleep on the floor of two condominium apartments owned by World Service's president I.S. Sone.

Transported to and from the airport in company-owned buses and vans, they worked 12-hour shifts, six and seven days a week. Room and board were deducted from their wages, which were already considerably below the legal minimum. The Human Rights Commission reported that World Services had "total control" over the janitors, who were "unable to seek other alternatives." World's "mode of operations is to freely move its mobile Korean work force back and forth across the country," the report went on.

Korean airport workers had been brought in to San Francisco from other cities to replace more than 90 union workers when World Services won a contract from American, PSA, and Western Airlines by underbidding the previous contractor, a unionized firm, by more than 50 percent.

The Airport Coalition, an amalgam of all the trade unions representing SFO workers, was so outraged by these disclosures that they sought legislative protection. The resulting ordinance, signed in the spring of 1984 by Mayor Dianne Feinstein, is believed to be the first in the nation designed to put a halt to union-busting contracts which have become prevalent in airports across the country. Under the law, workers employed by private businesses at the city-run facility will be paid the "prevailing wage."

The law has upset the local business community. The Bank of America, which is headquartered in San Francisco, called the measure "extremely dangerous," and said it "jeopardizes the economy of the city." Alan Wayne, legislative coordinator of the Air Transport Association (ATA), which represents all major carriers operating out of SFO, called the ordinance, "simply a proposal to socialize all non-union employment at the airport." Giving the city the right to dictate wages and working conditions in private concerns, he wrote, "is contrary to our most basic precepts." ATA chief counsel James Meeder called the new ordinance "revolutionary."

The inflamed rhetoric reflects the growing tension between management and labor over those who work at the lowest levels in the deregulated airline industry.

Labor's problems at SFO surfaced in late 1981 when the airlines, in a series of cost-cutting moves, began firing workers, canceling long-standing contracts with unionized firms, and slashing wages and benefits. The majority of those most severely affected by the cutbacks do not work directly for the airlines, so their disputes are not so visible. Many clean planes or handle baggage and freight. Others, like skycaps and security guards, are more visible but not vital to operations. Most are employed by contractors who bid competitively. And an over-

whelming proportion are black, Hispanic, or Asian.

Security guards were the first to feel the pinch at SFO. United Airlines, the airport's largest employer, canceled a long-standing contract replacing 100 union workers, who were paid $5.50 an hour, plus benefits, with employees earning a flat $3.35 an hour. Skycaps were next, losing their few cents an hour over minimum wage and all fringe benefits.

With the crowning example of the janitors, the Airport Coalition mounted their campaign for a city ordinance covering all SFO workers. This meant dealing with Mayor Feinstein, who not only has veto power, but has enough influence to make or break most legislation before it reaches her desk. She consistently opposed collective bargaining for public employees, and held firm against city workers in 1976, when they struck against a cut in retirement benefits and some wages.

However, in early 1983 the mayor was vulnerable and needed solid labor support as she faced a recall election and wanted to bring the Democratic National Convention to the city. The San Francisco Labor Council knew this and flexed its muscles by asking support for its agenda, including backing of airport workers. When Qantas, the Australian carrier, fired more than 100 unionized machinists and contracted out its ground services, the mayor denounced the "latest airline to join a rampage of union-busting," and asked the city attorney to draw up an ordinance.

The proposed legislation went through nine months of heated hearings and nine rewrites, but the city now regulates private businesses with employees working on projects which receive no public funds. Under the ordinance, firms operating at the airport — with a few exceptions — must offer wages comparable to those paid a majority of workers engaged in similar work in the area. Employers who fail to comply can be fined, lose their contracts, or be disqualified from doing further business at SFO.

While local labor leaders are pleased with the new law, they point out that it does nothing to restore hundreds of jobs already lost at SFO. Still, they believe such legislation would make union-busting less attractive at airports everywhere.□

Joseph Blum is a union member and freelance writer who has written for ***The Nation****,* ***The Progressive****, and a number of California publications.*

ISRAEL/PALESTINE

Women work for peace and justice

— Terry Galpin-Plattner

Earlier this year, Israeli and Palestinian women spoke together in the United States under the auspices of Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and the American Friends Service Committee. The following interviews, which appeared previously in Peace and Freedom, *were conducted by Terry Galpin-Plattner, who is a member of Denver WILPF, the National Middle East Committee, and Denver AFSC Middle East staff.*

West Bank Palestinian Rita Glacaman teaches biological sciences at BirZeit University on the West Bank and works with rural women's health clinics. Tammi Berger, a Sabra Israeli, teaches literature at Tel Aviv University, is on the staff of the progressive publishing house MIFRAS, and shares leadership in the Israeli Committee in Solidarity with BirZeit.

What is the most crucial issue facing Israeli and Palestinian women today?

Berger: In Israel, it's difficult to separate social from political trends. In the early days, women's role was more equal, and women worked very successfully side by side with men. But for a while now, Israeli society has been moving in the other direction. As Israel increases its emphasis on military policies, the role and status of women are naturally affected because so much national energy (including over 60 percent of our national budget) is directed toward the military. Thus, the military occupation of Lebanon, the West Bank, and Gaza is draining national resources that should be used in improving the quality of our domestic lives, including women.

Glacaman: For Palestinian women, it is our struggle for national survival in the face of Israel's attempt to acquire land without people. This problem faces all Palestinians — men and women alike. It's difficult to speak about feminism and goals for women separate from our concern for national survival. Palestinian women suffer from the effects of the occupation more than from male domination.

How has the war in Lebanon affected your respective societies?

Glacaman: For men and women alike, Israel's invasion of Lebanon and the massacre proved to us that Israel is out to destroy Palestinian people, as well as our political and social infrastructure. It be-

Sojourners/CPF

came clear to us once again that we Palestinians have to rely on ourselves to solve our own problems. Moreover, the war showed us that the world still doesn't understand that Palestinians cannot be annihilated simply by militarily attacking the PLO, which remains for us the central symbol of our social, political, and cultural identity. Palestinians saw clearly that U.S. policy is out to control the Middle East by annihilating the PLO and installing a puppet government in Lebanon that will serve U.S. interests, rather than the interests of the Lebanese people. You know, the massacre really shocked us, and it took people on the West Bank and Gaza months to figure out what to do next. But there's a new movement emerging now with a ferocious determination to rebuild our institutions in order to survive as a people. Finally, there was another new realization — namely that there are two kinds of Israelis. It was amazing to see large numbers of Israelis opposing what their government was doing in Lebanon — 50,000 Israelis demonstrated in Tel Aviv within one week after the invasion.

Berger: The invasion of Lebanon brought important changes to Israeli society. It was the first time the Israeli government couldn't justify adequately what it was doing, and it was viewed as unnecessary by many Israelis. For the first time, Israelis doubted their government — over 60 percent support withdrawal from Lebanon. Israelis have not forgotten that for 11 months before the invasion there was a ceasefire agreement by the PLO and the Israeli government, and not one bullet was fired on the northern border of Israel. A growing number of Israelis are realizing that while their attention and energies were directed toward the war in Lebanon, there was a big push by the Israeli government to increase the number of Israeli settlements on the West Bank. They're feeling somewhat duped by this. As our economic situation worsens [projections are for several hundred percent inflation this year], an increasing number of Israelis realize just what military policies and the expansion of the settlements are costing them in daily terms.

What kind of links are there between West Bank and Israeli women?

Berger: Most contacts are carried out through the peace movement (Peace Now or the Committee for Solidarity with BirZeit) which includes men and women. One other example is an Israeli group called Women Against Occupation, which emerged right after the invasion. It meets frequently with West Bank women and sometimes holds press conferences to draw attention to important happenings, especially the conditions of West Bank prisoners.

Glacaman: As far back as 1968 progressive Israelis and Palestinians were in contact with each other, although much contact was individual because of the difficulties involved. It has recently grown in number and includes groups as well as individuals. The policies of the Likud government begun in the late '70s polarized the situation which resulted in the formation of the Committee in Solidarity with BirZeit, a group of Israelis formed to protest the severe effects of military occupation on Palestinian institutions and educational life.

Can you describe the West Bank Women's Committees and how they work?

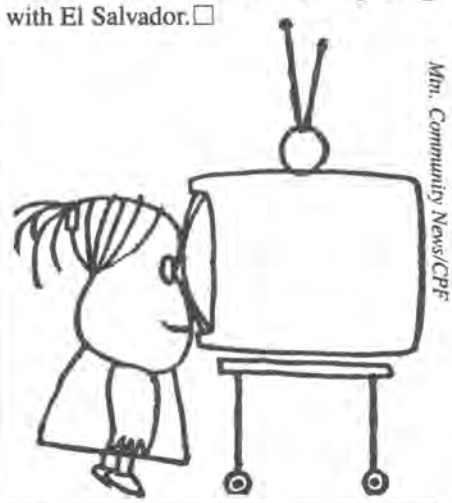
Glacaman: They are what we call the "New Movement," which is a result of the experiences of the early occupation. The earlier model is the traditional "charitable" one created by our mothers, which unfortunately was concentrated in the cities, neglecting the rural areas. The centralized nature of these charitable groups left them an easy target for the military occupation. The New Movement has broadened women's participation beyond the urban areas, spreading out to become grassroots organizations. Thus, when the military government closes a women's center now, the work continues because it is broad-based, both socially and geographically.

It has been shocking to realize the extent to which basic needs in health care, literacy training, and vocational training have not been met. These are the areas the Women's Committees concentrate on and this work directs women's participation toward the mainstream of our national development. It's a very exciting development and will not be easily broken down by the military occupation.

What can we in the U.S. do toward a peaceful, stable Middle East?

Glacaman: I would like to encourage people in the U.S. to go beyond the usual images and stereotypes of Israelis and Palestinians by learning as much as possible about us. Get first hand contact, visit the Middle East to learn about these things directly. As we've toured all over the U.S., we have seen very little unity on these issues, even among the peace movement here. Greater unity and concentration of efforts are essential in working toward these goals.

Berger: If people in the U.S. want to see peace in the Middle East, they must recognize that present U.S. policy is harmful to Israelis and Palestinian Arabs as well as to U.S. citizens. It appears that the U.S. wants to dominate the Middle East, rather than to help realize a stable, self-determined region there. U.S. people must act on that recognition, just as they did with Vietnam and are currently doing with El Salvador.□



Mn. Community News/CPF

WISCONSIN

Getting respect for saying no

Women TV-watchers in Madison, Wisconsin, are getting the message that it's okay to say "No" to a man.

According to *Her Say* and *New Directions for Women*, they are getting that message through a unique new advertisement being shown on three commercial stations. In the ad, a young woman says, "The men I like, like to listen to me. . . . They respect what I have to say, and when I say 'No,' they hear me. And they don't have a problem with that."

The ad, funded by a federal grant to the State Division of Health, will be aired throughout the state as a public service announcement if it's judged a success in Madison.□

A TRADITION OF FREEDOM
Black-Indian Community

BY WILLIAM LOREN KATZ

Illustration from An Authentic Narrative of the Seminole War

In a year-long celebration that started on July 13, 1984, the people of Roanoke Island — its name emblazoned on books, T-shirts and silver commemorative medallions — will celebrate and sell to tourists the proud notion that U.S. history began with an English settlement in their spot in what is now northeastern North Carolina. And special made-for-television dramatizations depict the arrival of the British settlers as a glorious event and their first dealings with the indigenous people as benign and peaceful. Cultural events throughout the state announce the occasion of "America's 400th Anniversary."

As citizens of a relatively new nation with a short history, Americans leap at famous firsts and revel in antique events. Assuredly our earliest ventures, properly studied, can reveal motives and character in pure form. A study of the first colony on these shores could yield insights into the nature of colonization and teach us how and why a nation developed. Our schools spend much time studying our first colonies, but they use this time to teach children simple object lessons in their white ancestors' flinty determination to survive and prevail. If the children are of African or Native American descent, they learn that their ancestors lost badly and ingloriously, but that it was all for the best anyway.

The historical record does not support these patriotically tailored conclusions. The British newcomers to Roanoke Island in 1584 taught a classic lesson in the destructive nature of their love of possession. Over the disappearance of a silver cup, the Roanoke pioneers roared out of their tiny enclave, muskets and torches in hand, to destroy their neighbors' village and crops. This blazing display of European possession-mania cut the colony off from the one local source of help. When the Spanish Armada severed the settlement's connection to British ports, it withered and died and Roanoke Island became famous in history as "the lost colony."

In light of this ugly story of first colonization, most school texts prefer to begin U.S. history with another English colony, Captain John Smith's Jamestown in 1607. Captain Smith arrived with an overload of failed aristocrats selected by a London joint-stock company and settled on land owned by the Algonquin

Those citizens inclined to mourn the loss of the white pioneers of Roanoke Island or Jamestown can take heart from the brave heritage bequeathed by the dark freedom-fighters who fled San Miguel de Gualdape and by the Native Americans who took them in as sisters and brothers.

Confederacy. Trouble began for Smith when the newcomers refused to plant, build, or otherwise exert themselves. Iron revolver in hand, Captain Smith ordered the lazy gentlemen to "work or starve." Time and again the English colonists were rescued from starvation through the generosity of the Algonquin Confederacy which provided bread and corn. The foreigners responded by refusing to share their new European agricultural tools with the Natives and soon hostilities broke out.

At Roanoke Island colonization collapsed completely. At Jamestown what collapsed was the "work ethic" of the Europeans. No wonder some historians decided that U.S. history does not begin until the arrival of the hard-working Pilgrims aboard the "Mayflower" in 1620. Leaping over major events does avoid some unpleasant conclusions about early white motives, character, and success.

But if the first foreign colony on U.S. soil is worthy of study, then another contender for this title deserves consideration. Less than two generations after Columbus first landed in 1492, and while his son Diego was governor of Hispaniola in Santo Domingo, a European colony was started on land destined to become as much a part of the United States as Virginia or North Carolina. No one seems to want to celebrate or even mention its fascinating story and this is unfortunate, since it offers a feast of insights into some founding errors that still dog our trail.

In early June 1526, Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon, a wealthy Spanish official in Hispaniola, "aspired to the glory of discovering some new land, and making it the seat of a prosperous colony," and founded a colony at or near the mouth of the Pee Dee river in eastern South Carolina. Six decades before Roanoke Island, eight decades before Jamestown, and almost a century before the "Mayflower" landed at Plymouth Rock, Ayllon brought 500 Spanish men and women and about a hundred African slaves ashore to build his American dream. Ayllon's effort has been overlooked, perhaps because most people prefer to believe that life began here with the arrival of creamy-skinned, English-speaking Anglo-Saxons living under British law, or perhaps because of its tragic fate — death by mismanagement, disease, and slave revolt — and the settlement's unique rebirth in the woods.

Illustration from An Authentic Narrative of the Seminole War

Time and again the English colonists were rescued from starvation through the generosity of the Algonquin Confederacy which provided them with bread and corn. The foreigners responded by refusing to share their new European agricultural tools with the Natives and soon hostilities broke out.

Ayllon began preparing for his North American venture in 1520 by sending Captain Francisco Gordillo to locate a good landing site and build friendly relations with the Natives. Instead, the captain teamed up with a slave trader, Pedro de Quexos, and, while failing to survey a site or build good relations with anyone, the two Europeans captured 70 men and women and brought them back to Santo Domingo as slaves. Ayllon was apparently unimpressed with their claim to have named a river "St. John the Baptist" and to have cut Christian crosses in a few trees; he was irked at their seizure of Natives. This last action was brought to the attention of a commission presided over by Diego Columbus, and the Indians were declared free and ordered returned. No record shows that the order was carried out, but Ayllon, to make amends with the grieving Natives whom his emissaries had decimated, dispatched the slave-trading Quexos who started the trouble.

Ayllon also retained one prisoner, Ferdinand Chicora, for his personal use and trained him as his new world guide. He took Chicora to Spain to help him win a royal *cedula* with stories of a giant king and many attractive provinces. Ayllon agreed to convert the Natives and promised his monarch that no enslavement of Indians would be permitted.

With this contradictory record as backdrop, Ayllon prepared for his adventure in North American colonization. After many delays his fleet of three large vessels sailed from Puerto de la Plata in early June 1526 carrying about a hundred horses, a hundred Africans, and about 500 Spaniards, including physicians, sailors, and three Dominican missionaries. Mishap and disaster dogged the enterprise as it landed on the wrong coast, lost a ship, and Chicora deserted. Other Native interpreters, seized by

Quexos on his second exploration, also quickly deserted, an indication of the involuntary nature of their service.

Determined to succeed, Ayllon pushed his forces until they came to a great river which was probably the Pee Dee. Selecting a location in a low, marshy area, Ayllon ordered his band to camp and named his colony San Miguel de Gualdape.

When Ayllon ordered the Africans to begin building homes for the colony, he launched black slavery in the United States. The nearby Natives kept away. They had every reason to fear the foreign whites. The men who had recently stolen 70 of their relatives were now arriving with Africans as slaves. The newcomers came to exploit land and people for private gain and to press for conversions. By contrast, the Natives lived harmoniously with nature, sharing huge weather-insulated pine homes that slept about 300 people.

The newcomers, however, quickly slipped into disaster. Disease and starvation ravaged the colony and internal disputes tore it apart. The river was full of fish but few of the colonists were well enough to fish. A raging epidemic took many lives and before housing was in place winter winds blew in.

Ayllon himself grew ill and died on October 18 after having named his nephew, Hohan Ramirez, as governor. Since Ramirez was in Puerto Rico, the leaderless Spaniards divided into factions, drew swords, and marched into howling winds to arrest and sometimes execute claimants to the colony's leadership. Spanish survivors claimed that in the midst of their tribulations the Africans began setting fires, and Natives sided with the slaves and made trouble.

In November, the colony's weakest month, some Africans rebelled and fled to the join the Natives. "This insurrection was, no doubt, instigated by the Indians, in resentment against the whites for encroachments upon their lands," wrote Joseph C. Carroll, the first U.S. authority on slave rebellions. However, it is possible that the Africans needed no prodding from anyone to take this opportunity to reshape their lives free from the dying European community.

The surviving 150 Spaniards, no longer able to face a freezing winter without shelter or their labor supply, packed up and left for Santo Domingo. San Miguel de Gualdape, the first European colony on U.S. soil, was a total failure.

But in the unplanned way that history meanders and careens, a new community emerged in the woods that also included foreigners — Africans. The older settlement had been unable to withstand the explosive black drive for liberty. Those citizens inclined to mourn the loss of the white pioneers of Roanoke Island or Jamestown can take heart from the brave heritage bequeathed us by the dark freedom-fighters who fled San Miguel de Gualdape and by the Native Americans who took them in as sisters and brothers.

In the distant South Carolina forests, two and a half centuries before the Declaration of Independence, two dark-skinned peoples lit the fires of freedom and exalted its principles. Though neither European, nor white, nor Christian, they became the first settlement of any permanence on these shores to include people from overseas. As such, they qualify as our true ancestors.

There is no way of knowing how long they remained free of European intervention, for within a century the march of foreign conquest would reach their lovely forests and streams. But while this community lived, it provided the world with an example still neglected today.

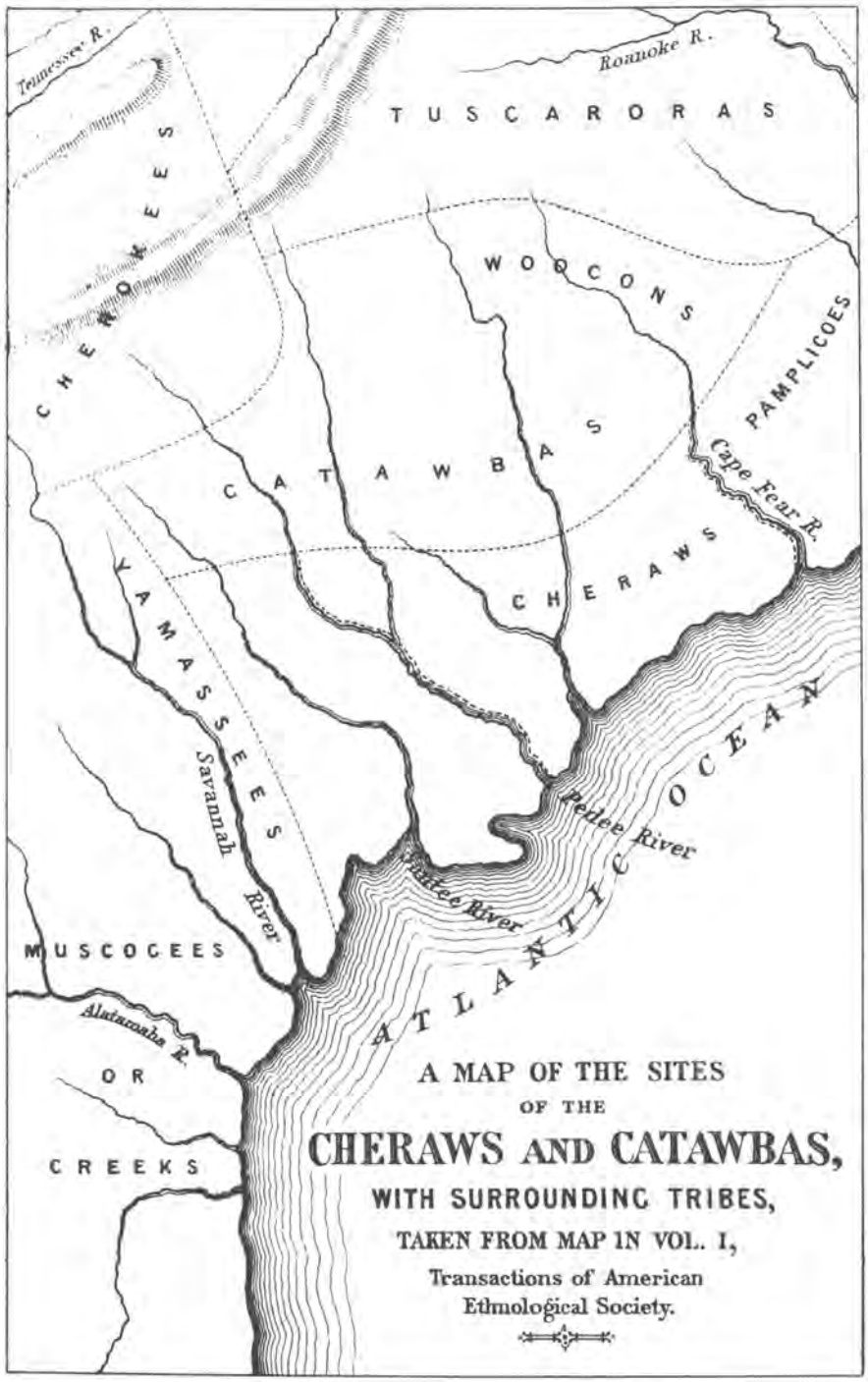
The story of the slave rebellion that led to a red-black community at the dawn of our history in the United States reminds us that Native and African people combined their blood, identity, and military resources to defeat common foes in communities throughout the Western Hemisphere. From the Great Dismal Swamps in the Carolinas through the mountainous spine of the Americas in Central America and from the Caribbean islands to the jungles of Surinam and Brazil, this blood friendship and alliance flourished. It did so in the face of the full

illustration courtesy William Katz

The refugees from San Miguel de Gualdape and their Native American allies proved that our vaunted democracy did not march into the wilderness with buckled shoes and British accents. They were the first on this continent to practice the concept that all people — natives and newcomers alike — are created equal.

legal, military, and violent repressions of the major colonial powers. Today more than one-third of black U.S. citizens have Indian ancestors.

The refugees from San Miguel de Gualdape and their Native American allies proved that our vaunted democracy did not march into the wilderness with buckled shoes and British accents. They were the first on this continent to practice the concept that all people — natives and newcomers alike — are created equal and are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Theirs is a story worth remembering and worth teaching our children.□



LOCATION OF MAJOR INDIAN COMMUNITIES ALONG THE SOUTHEASTERN COAST IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, AS PICTURED IN *HISTORY OF THE OLD CHERAWS*

William Loren Katz is the author of several books on African American history, including ***The Black West: A Documentary and Pictorial History.*** *Sources for this article include Justin Winsor's* ***Narrative and Critical History of America,*** *published in 1886, and Woodbury Lowery's,* ***The Spanish Settlements Within the Present Limits of the U.S., 1513-1561,*** *published in 1901. The article is excerpted from a forthcoming book,* ***Black Indians: A Hidden History*** *that will be published by Atheneum Publishers of New York in 1985. Used with the author's permission.*

THE GOOD, THE BAD, THE UGLY

12 SENATE SEATS UP FOR GRABS

By Linda Rocawich

Party control of the U.S. Senate is once again at stake this November, and 12 of the 13 Southern states have Senate seats on the line. So much national attention is focused this way, as the Democrats try to win enough seats either to give President Mondale a working majority of Congress — or to deny a second-term President Reagan the compliant Senate he has enjoyed since 1981.

The 12 Southern seats are now evenly split between parties. No currently Democratic seats seem to be in serious danger, but four states, including Texas and Tennessee, where Republican incumbents are retiring, could switch. Nationally, six seats must change hands for the Democrats to regain control — or five if Geraldine Ferraro becomes the Senate's presiding officer, with power to break a 50-50 tie.

The major political gain accruing to the Senate majority is, of course, control of committee chairs and staffs and the resulting power to shape legislation. Progressive voters must view a Democratic victory with a wary eye, at best, given that the likely chairs of two-thirds of the committees are Southerners, and many of them don't look like major improvements on the Republicans they would replace. Some turnovers would be fairly good news for progressives, of course, but they should not labor under the illusion that they will have things their way in Washington if the Democrats regain power.

Democrats in **Texas** have given progressive voters the most exciting opportunity, by nominating Lloyd Doggett for the seat being vacated by John Tower after 23 years in office. A 36-year-old former University of Texas student leader, Doggett has represented Austin and environs in the Texas Senate since 1973. He has been on the side of poor people, minorities, women, tenants, labor, consumers, and anyone else with a power disadvantage. And he doesn't just vote right; he makes things happen. He is responsible for the passage of some good legislation — notably the state's strong sunset laws — but, Texas politics being what they are, he earns greater credit for killing or diluting bad bills. He is one of a small group of progressive senators who sometimes get results just by showing up in their filibustering shoes.

Just before the primary, the *Texas Observer* called his positions "nearly ideal," and its January endorsement said, "There is no better debater on the floor of the Texas Senate, there is no harder worker, no one more thoroughly prepared, no one more principled, and no one more creative in passing legislation or blocking it." The point is stronger coming from Doggett's opponents. Says *Texas Business* magazine: "Although a born crusader who strongly believes in government activism, the Austin senator's personal cool and brilliantly incisive mind have allowed him to avoid both the political irrelevancy and the flash-in-the-pan success that are frequently the lot of crusaders. Rather than being odd man out in the Senate, Doggett has been remarkably effective on behalf of his causes and constituents."

That's what progressives need in the U.S. Senate.

Unfortunately for them, however, the Republicans also have a candidate. He is Phil Gramm, and he presents as clear a choice as voters are ever likely to get. A right-winger from College Station (where he used to teach economics at Texas A&M), Gramm was the Boll Weevil Democratic congressman who sponsored, and led the floor fight for, the Reagan budget in 1981 (known as Gramm-Latta). His services to the GOP included carrying the inside news of closed-door Democratic strategy sessions straight to the White House; he was so disloyal, the Democrats stripped him of his Budget Committee assignment when they organized the House after the 1982 elections. Gramm promptly resigned his seat in January 1983, filed to run as a Republican in a special election, and returned to Congress in February. In the words of a recent Tom Wicker column, he is a man "further right than whom you can't get."

Money is important here in Texas, where there are 15 million people to reach and distances prevent personal campaigning in every nook and cranny: expensive media campaigning is essential. Gramm's and Doggett's expenditures were close to even for the primary season, but Gramm was already running against Democrats with the $3.7 million he raised before June 30, while Doggett was using his $3.1 million to win a very tight three-way primary and run-off. (He defeated Boll Weevil Kent Hance by a margin of 1,345 votes out of about a million cast in the run-off.)

Gramm's politics give him access to big money, and he is expected to outspend Doggett by as much as two-to-one. Once the Democratic establishment recovered a bit from the significant defeat Doggett handed it in the primary, he began to get help. Most notably, Senator Lloyd Bentsen and House Majority Leader Jim Wright began working the Democratic money markets for him, and Doggett should have enough for a strong September and October campaign.

Through the summer, however, Doggett held back — a few rallies and speeches, but little else — and many of his supporters are getting exasperated at the way he let Gramm control the terms of debate. The only issue Gramm is discussing is gay rights. Doggett could have acknowledged his position in support of lesbian and gay political activists and then addressed any one of a dozen issues that should make him more attractive than Gramm to the very people Gramm thinks he can woo with a gay-baiting

"smear." Instead, Doggett kept responding, weakly and defensively, to Gramm's ranting. Doggett has always been a scrappy fighter in the Senate, and his backers wish he'd start campaigning that way.

LLOYD DOGGETT

photo copyright © 1982 by Alan Pogue

The popular wisdom gives rural west Texas and the affluent suburbs of Dallas and Houston to Gramm. Doggett is conceded large margins in the cities, except for a couple in west Texas, and nearly all of the black and Mexican-American vote, which delivers south Texas. That leaves the white voters of rural east, central, and north Texas — conservative but very Democratic by tradition; theirs are the hearts and minds that will determine the outcome. Their rural conservatism is what makes Gramm think he can win votes by gay-baiting and wrapping himself in a cloak of Reaganite patriotism. But economic issues — especially Reagan's disastrous farm policies — should be much more important to them, and Doggett can have their votes if he gets that across.

Doggett's primary victory was the second upset of traditional Democratic politics in two years. In 1982 a group of politicians running for mid-level statewide offices, led by Jim Hightower and Ann Richards, organized and registered the progressive grassroots and got out their votes: Mexican-Americans, blacks, poor people, labor, feminists, small businesspeople, family farmers — a rainbow coalition. (Yes, that's what they called it; see *SE*, July/Aug. 1982.) They campaigned firmly on ideas — populist on economic issues, liberal on social issues — and they won with up to 58 percent of the votes. The months of September and October 1984 will tell whether Lloyd Doggett learned their lesson.

More of a certainty for Democrats is the race in **Tennessee**, where Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker is retiring, probably because he found out in 1979-80 how hard it is to run for president if you're also helping to run the Senate. One of Tennessee's biggest political names in this century belongs to Albert Gore, who served 18 years in the Senate and 12 in the House, and it is Albert Gore, Jr., who seems likely to win Baker's seat. First elected to Congress in 1976, Gore has been a popular congressman from the same middle Tennessee distrist his father represented, and he ran without opposition in 1982.

Republicans would have had a tough time beating Gore no matter what they did. And what they have done has not helped. A three-way battle for the August 2 primary was raging, when the National Republican Senatorial Committee jumped the gun in June and endorsed front-runner Victor Ashe, a state senator from Knoxville, and sent along a large monetary gift. One of the other candidates was so outraged that he pulled out of the GOP primary and filed as an independent. He is Ed McAteer, a Memphis man who heads the Religious Roundtable and thus has strong support from the New Right. One paper has predicted he might get as much as 8 percent of the vote in November, and nearly all of those votes are subtracted from Ashe's total, not from Gore's.

What kind of senator will Gore be? His voting record in the House puts him among the most progressive Southerners. When *Southern Exposure* rated the Congress earlier this year, he scored 75 percent (*SE*, Jan./Feb. 1984). Ratings by other groups show he is strongly progressive on economic and social issues, yet conservative to moderate on foreign policy and military spending.

The battle of the network stars is all the rage in **North Carolina**, where Senator Jesse Helms is running against Governor Jim Hunt. This is the most closely watched race in the country, since it pits the Congressional figurehead of the radical right against an attractive, moderate, "New South" politician with enough strength to win, given the right circumstances and a bit of luck. Polls taken in 1983 showed Hunt with as much as a 20-point lead, but the race has closed to a dead heat.

Campaign spending here is a wretched excess. *Before* June 30, Helms spent $8.8 million and Hunt spent $3.9 million, and neither had serious opposition in the primary. The total will be around $22 million, the most expensive Senate race in history and an unprecedented saturation of the airwaves in a state with only five or six major media markets. In mid-August the *Raleigh News & Observer* reported that Helms had already aired his television spots 11,000 times, while Hunt's had run 4,000 times, for a combined total of 125 hours of viewing time. Hunt, with less money to spend, is holding back most of his TV budget for the final two months.

This is another race with a clear ideological choice between two candidates. Helms takes the classic positions of the religious right, which seeks to force its own brand of morality on everyone else, and pushes them to extremes, including racism, anti-semitism, and virulent anti-communism. Hunt has been progressive on many social issues, including equal rights for blacks and women; he is a

mainstream booster of North Carolina business, industry, agriculture, and "growth" in general. If elected, he would probably vote like a middle-of-the road Democrat, less conservatively than most other Southerners in the Senate.

Substantive issues separate these men, but most are getting badly blurred in this campaign. Helms has thrown up a home, family, apple pie, just-us-folks smokescreen, and tried to make Hunt look like a position-switching professional politico whose only permanent commitment is to success at the polls. Some of his TV ads detail Hunt's alleged changes of position or accuse Hunt of having no position at all. Other ads go the celebrity endorsement route. Last fall, it was Tom Landry spots during "Monday Night Football." This summer it was Charleton Heston, worried that without Jesse in the Senate the communists will overrun Mexico. And so on. Hunt has also hit hard, trying to portray Helms as a dangerous extremist. One particularly graphic TV ad links El Salvador's far right — the death squads and leader Roberto D'Aubuisson — to Helms, D'Aubuisson's "best friend in Washington." The spot opens with a shot of piled-up bodies of death squad victims.

In the first of five planned debates, Hunt accused Helms of failing to support the tobacco program, of all things, and attacked him more convincingly for not supporting social security and arms control and for being so right-wing he is even out of step with Ronald Reagan on foreign policy. Helms wore his folksy Uncle Jesse hat and counterattacked with vague attempts to portray Hunt as inexperienced in foreign and national domestic affairs and reiterated the side-switching charges. Asked by the press for opinions afterward, various "political experts" gave the edge to Hunt but couldn't say what effect the debates might have on voters.

Hunt has also begun to deflect the great non-issue of this campaign: out-of-state money. Helms began accusing Hunt of raising money from labor union PACS and New York liberals with Jewish surnames in radio ads more than a year ago, and has kept up a barrage of such complaints. But the only Senate candidate in the country who has raised more political action committee money than Jim Hunt is Jesse Helms.

According to an analysis of campaign financing in North Carolina by the Institute for Southern Studies, a shocking number of Helms's largest individual contributors are leaders of the most extreme anti-semitic, anti-black, far right groups operating in the nation today and yesterday. The names include the Hunts and Pews of Texas, the Millikens of South Carolina, the Coorses of Colorado, who collectively pour millions of dollars into what is earning the reputation of "mainstream" New Right. More disturbing are the names of the head of the Illinois Ku Klux Klan, the Texas coordinator of the stridently anti-semitic Liberty Lobby, the national treasurer of the Pioneer Fund (which funded research to "establish" the genetic inferiority of blacks), the co-owner of the John Birch Society's weekly newsmagazine, trustees of the National Right to Work Committee, and a horde of $1,000 donors who were also key contributors to Gerald L.K. Smith's Christian Nationalist Crusade.

Without mentioning any of these names, Hunt leaned toward Helms at one point in their first debate and unexpectedly challenged him on the geographical source of his money: "I want to ask you right now tonight, would you join me in a pledge to accept no more money from out of state? . . . I'm ready to shake hands with you on that, if you'll do it. Will you?" Helms ducked the question, and there was no moratorium.

What about the voters? Political scientist Paul Luebke notes that Helms's margin in 1972 was 123,000 votes; in 1976, 110,000 votes; and that there are 125,000 more registered black voters this year. But there are more than three times that many new white voters, and the Right is sponsoring an aggressive registration and get-out-the-vote campaign in the state. Luebke believes that Helms will have trouble repeating his 1978 success in the urban counties surrounding Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, and Raleigh.

Thousands of rural white voters will probably swing the contest: for 12 years they have been voting for both Hunt *and* Helms. Now they will have to decide, unless they sit out the race in disgust over the dirty advertising and big-bucks campaign to which they've been subjected. In late August, Steve Schewel of the *North Carolina Indpendent* described "How Mondale Can Win in North Carolina," and his analysis is also true for Hunt: the Democrats will get 95 percent of the black vote statewide, and that means they need 40 percent of the white women and 35 percent of the white men, with the ratio of turnout for all groups also being a key factor.

Mississippi's legacy of racism is still an overriding factor in its politics, and this year's Senate race is good evidence of that. Republican Senator Thad Cochran won office in 1978 with only 45 percent of the vote because independent black candidate Charles Evers garnered 23 percent, splitting the non-GOP vote with the white Democratic candidate. Thus Cochran was considered highly vulnerable to a challenge by a Democratic candidate who could unite white and black Democrats, and party officials thought they had such a person in William Winter. Winter, a popular governor from 1979 to '83, had been a strong vote-getter (61 percent in his gubernatorial race) with biracial support.

By early September, however, Cochran was leading Winter by 23 points in the polls, and a group of black political activists once again threatened an independent candidacy, this time by Greenville attorney Johnnie Walls. They say Winter secured black support in the past with many promises he failed to keep.

JIM HUNT

photo by Alma Blount

They also say the Democratic Party in Mississippi simply doesn't deserve black support because of the double standards it continues to maintain, expecting blacks to unite behind white candidates and doing little or nothing to help black candidates with white voters.

In a late August meeting with party officials, the dissidents laid out 17 demands. Among them: that the state drop its legal challenges of civil rights and voting rights litigation, that at-large elections and run-off primaries be abolished, that the party hire a black field organizer for each of the five congressional districts, that the party spend at least $9,000 on voter registration projects in the Delta district where black state legislator Robert Clark is running for Congress, and that the party put $25,000 into Clark's campaign. They got a cool reception and no promises; soon afterward, however, the national party purchased the services of high-powered political consultant Bob Squire for the Clark campaign, and William Winter began a series of radio ads backing Clark and said television spots would follow.

In early September, Walls dropped out of contention and called for party unity. But it still appeared more and more likely that Thad Cochran, a solid conservative Reagan Republican, will be going back to the Senate in January.

Democratic Senator David Pryor of **Arkansas** enjoys a comfortable lead in his bid for re-election, with late summer polls giving him about 57 percent. But that's closer than it was a few months ago, and Republican candidate Ed Bethune, a conservative congressman from the Little Rock area, has campaigned hard and claims he is narrowing the lead even more. Political observers in both Arkansas and Washington say they are keeping an eye on this race but don't believe Pryor is in real danger.

David Pryor is half of the most progressive Senate delegation from the South (Dale Bumpers is the other half). He won his first term in 1978 with 77 percent of the vote, and he remains popular. The Reagan campaign is doing well here, but Arkansas voters are considerably more progressive than Ed Bethune. It would take a re-occurrence of something like the 1980 Reagan landslide to elect Bethune, and that does not seem likely. In fact, it was no landslide here; Reagan won Arkansas's electoral votes with only 48 percent of the popular vote, edging Carter out by only a few thousand ballots.

Contests in other Southern states do not seem to be in doubt. **West Virginia** Senator Jennings Randolph is going home to retire in January, after a political career that began with his election to the New Deal Congress in 1932. His seat is bequeathed to Governor Jay Rockefeller, who has the Democratic nomination and a giant lead in the polls. Republican Arch Moore, who has been taking turns in the governor's mansion with Rockefeller for years, might have run a good race, but he chose to run again for governor instead. The GOP Senate candidate is John R. Staese of Morgantown, the scion of West Virginia wealth based in minerals, steel, and newspapers.

Senator Sam Nunn of **Georgia**, a conservative Democrat who won office in 1978 with 83 percent of the vote, is running for re-election. No one is betting a nickel against him, since he hasn't done anything to disturb the people who elected him. His forte his military policy, and the defense lobby thinks so highly of him they have given him a 95 percent score on the National Security Index. (Armed Services Committee Chairman John Tower scored 100.) The Republican candidate is Mike Hicks.

In **Alabama** Senator Howell Heflin is also feeling secure. He first won office in 1978 with 94 percent of the vote, and 1984 polls show him to be nearly unbeatable. Heflin's voting record isn't much more progressive than all but the most conservative Southern Republicans. On the other hand, the Republican candidate is Albert Lee Smith, Jr., a former one-term House member whose main contribution was the invention of the Family Protection Act. This bill, which *Southern Exposure* renamed the Fundamentalist Christian Nuclear Family Enforcement Act (*SE*, Fall 1981), died an unmourned death a couple of years ago.

Senator Warren "Dee" Huddleston of **Kentucky**, also a typical Southern Democrat, is another incumbent shoo-in. He didn't relax until former Governor John Y. Brown, the Kentucky Fried Chicken king, decided not to run, after much speculation that he would. Huddleston is considered safe from Jefferson County (Louisville) Judge Mitchell McConnell, who is trying to blame Central America's troubles on him. Huddleston voted for the Panama Canal Treaty, and McConnell sees a simple progression from there. . . . A July poll showed Huddleston ahead with 67 percent. If the Democrats retake the Senate, the tobacco industry will not have to worry about the friend they lose in Jesse Helms. Dee Huddleston was Helms's right-hand man in saving the subsidy program, and he is in line to chair the Agriculture Committee.

Louisiana also has a safe incumbent in Democrat J. Bennett Johnston, a Southern conservative whose *Southern Exposure* rating of 29 percent barely edged out Mississippi's John Stennis for worst Southern Democrat in the Senate. At this writing in early September, no Republican has announced for the September 29 primary, which is open to anyone from any party. If Johnston gets a majority there, which seems likely, he will run unopposed in November.

Two Republican seats are among the unendangered. **Virginia** Senator John Warner had a winning edge only two-tenths of a point above 50 percent in 1978, but all Democrats prominent enough to put up a serious challenge — most notably Governor Charles Robb — decided to stay away from this race. The Democratic candidate is Edythe C. Harrison, a Jewish woman from Detroit who formerly represented Norfolk in the state legislature. She is known for hard-hitting campaigning and debating, but she lacks a statewide base of support and the political establishment finds her, in the words of one observer, "too acerbic and too liberal" to win in Virginia.

South Carolina is Strom Thurmond country. There was a little flurry of mid-summer excitement when Jesse Jackson changed his legal residency back to his old home state and publicly pondered an independent candidacy, but he quickly backed away. Thurmond, who has held public office here since 1932, is still incredibly popular with white voters, who make up 72 percent of the voting-age population, and he uses his office to open doors in the federal bureaucracy for a core of the state's black leadership. No one thinks Melvin Purvis, a white minister who narrowly beat black newspaper publisher Cecil Williams in the Democratic primary, has a chance to win. Thurmond, who has softened his position as the inflexible symbol of Jim Crow — he was the Dixiecrat candidate for president in 1948 — remains a bedrock reactionary with an overwhelming lead in the polls. He will be 87 when this new term is finished. Maybe *then* he'll retire.□

*Linda Rocawich, a **Southern Exposure** editor, lived in Lloyd Doggett's Texas Senate district for eight years.*

POLITICAL CHANGE AMONG THE MAGNOLIAS?

BY ROBERT S. McELVAINE

Very possibly, the answers to the two most important political questions of 1984 — who will win the presidency, and which party will control the Senate — will come from the South.

A little-noticed election for Mississippi's Public Service Commission (PSC) this past November sheds some light on the likely answers to both these questions and at the same time provides a glimpse of the political changes some see taking place in Dixie.

By early 1983 it was clear that the Democratic nomination for the PSC would be won by Michael Raff, then director of the Mississippi Legal Services Coalition. Raff would not be the choice of central casting at a Hollywood studio for a role as a Southern politician. Born in Iowa and raised in Kansas City, Raff was a Catholic priest who became active in the civil rights struggle in Mississippi. He became head of the Mississippi Council on Human Relations, eventually left the priesthood, and later married.

A "Yankee," a civil rights activist, and a Catholic — three strikes and you're out. This was certainly the case not long ago. But Michael Raff represents a new breed of that old Southern political type, the populist. In his nearly five years with the Legal Services Coalition, Raff became a champion of consumers and the poor by taking legal action against unjust utility rate increases. Appealing to the poor and lower middle class voters of all races, Raff easily won the Democratic primary.

The likelihood that Raff would be elected to the PSC, which is facing requests for massive rate increases from the telephone company in the wake of the AT&T break-up, and from Mississippi Power & Light to pay for its ill-conceived Grand Gulf nuclear plant, was not at all pleasant to utility interests or their Republican allies. If they were to defeat Raff, they needed a candidate with great name recognition. Virtually the only available Republican who met the requirement was Jackson city commissioner Nielsen Cochran, Senator Thad Cochran's younger brother. Even though the PSC would seem to be a dead-end position for a Republican who must anger either voters by supporting rate increases, or his Republican financial backers by opposing them, Cochran was persuaded to run.

Cochran had no expertise in utility regulation; his sole experience in the

field was to vote, as a member of the Jackson City Council, to increase water rates in the city by 37 percent and sewer rates by 95 percent. His background was more in the area of baseball, which he had played professionally. Still, Cochran had ridden his brother's name into political office twice in Jackson, and Republicans had reason to hope he could do it again.

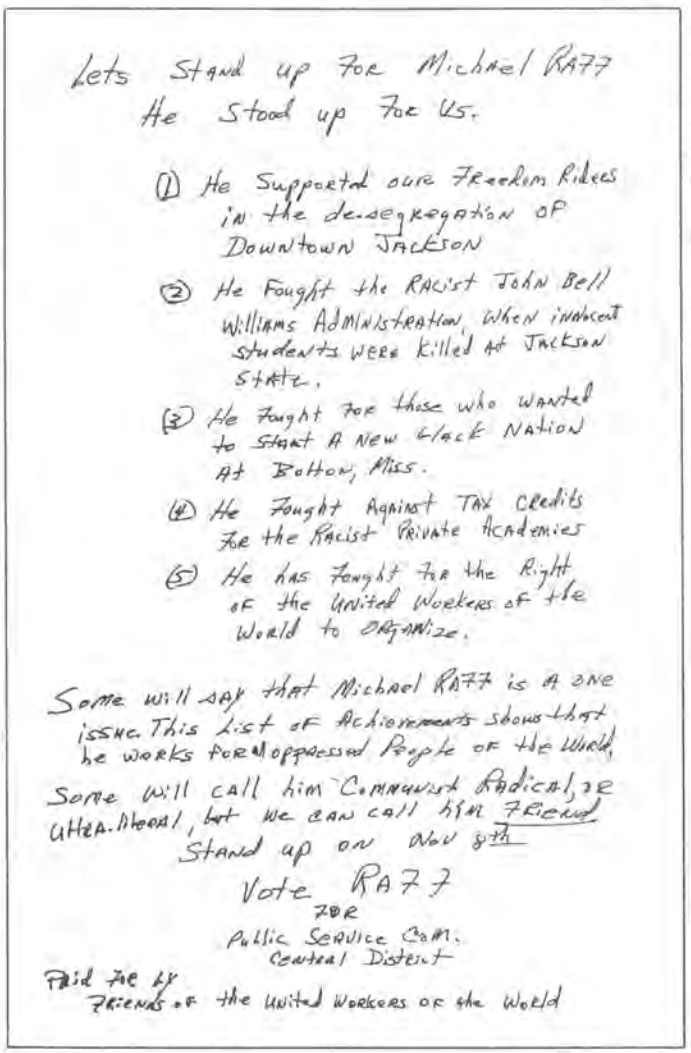
In contrast, many voters were aware of Raff's prominent role in successfully filing suit against utility rate increases on behalf of consumers. In the summer of 1983 electric customers in Mississippi received a $75 million rebate as a result of one of Raff's suits. If Cochran was going to win, his strategists believed, he would need to find some way to cloud the issues and mislead both poor whites and blacks.

Cochran's campaign was rough and dirty. For several weeks before the election, crude handbills mysteriously appeared on the windshields of cars parked near white churches on Sunday mornings. They listed a series of "radical" things that Raff had allegedly done, such as: "He supported our Freedom Riders in the desegregation of downtown Jackson," and "He fought against tax credits for the racist white academies." At the bottom of the sheet were the words: "Some will call him Communist Radical, or ultra-liberal, but we can call him Friend. Vote Raff for Public Service Com. Central District. Paid for by the Friends of the United Workers of the World." No such organization exists.

Whispering campaigns were also launched, charging that Raff's wife was a nun whom he had "had to marry." (In fact, she was a Baptist, and their first child was born two years after their marriage.) Other rumors spread in areas where voters were likely to be swayed: Mrs. Raff was black, Raff was a homosexual and a communist, one of his campaign aides was a "communist Jew from New York," or worse still a "*liberal* communist Jew from New York."

These lies took their toll. Less than a week before the election, the Neshoba County *Democrat*, a weekly newspaper in Philadelphia, printed an editorial saying, "During the past week it has come to our attention that the Democratic nominee, Michael Raff, is most definitely *not the candidate to vote for in the race for public service commissioner.* . . . Because of information that has come to us in the past week about Michael Raff, we would be remiss if we didn't ask people not to vote for Raff, and we're asking that with every ounce of persuasion that we possess." The editorial went on to say, "But we're in the difficult position of not being able to state the reasons at this time." The editor later told Raff that he was misled, but because another edition of the paper would not come out until after election day, the damage could not be undone.

No link between Nielsen Cochran and these libelous stories has been proven, but two of the principal refrains of Cochran's campaign were that people should "look into Raff's background," and that Raff was "not one of us."


Lets Stand up for Michael RAFF
He Stood up for Us.

(1) He Supported our Freedom Rides in the desegregation of Downtown JACKSON

(2) He Fought the RACIST John Bell Williams Administration, When innocent students were killed at Jackson State.

(3) He Fought for those who wanted to start A New Black NATION At Bolton, Miss.

(4) He Fought Against TAX Credits for the Racist Private Academies

(5) He has Fought for the Right of the United Workers of the World to ORGANize.

Some will say that Michael RAFF is A one issue. This List of Achievements shows that he works for all oppressed People of the World, Some will call him Communist Radical, or ultra-liberal, but we can call him Friend
Stand up on Nov 8th
Vote RAFF
FOR
Public Service Com.
Central District
Paid for by
Friends of the United Workers of the World

THESE HANDBILLS MYSTERIOUSLY APPEARED ON CARS OUTSIDE WHITE CHURCHES: NO SUCH ORGANIZATION AS THE FRIENDS OF THE UNITED WORKERS OF THE WORLD EXISTS.

As the race progressed, Cochran's backers began to see that dirty tactics aimed at undercutting Raff's support among rural whites were not going to be enough to bring Cochran victory. Something had to be done to cut into Raff's overwhelming black support. On the morning of the election, black students — who had been hired by people posing as Democratic Party workers — appeared in front of polling places in black precincts across the district. They handed voters a gold sheet bearing the legend, "The Official Democratic Sample Ballot." On it were listed correctly all the Democratic candidates — except in the Public Service Commission race, where Neilsen Cochran's name appeared in place of Michael Raff's.

Some 25,000 of the phony ballots were distributed. They were traced back to a hotel room in Jackson which had been vacated; the people responsible for the deed were gone. One of the people seen distributing the bogus ballots was identified as a Cochran aide at city hall.

The election itself was one of the closest in Mississippi's history. The outcome remained uncertain for more than two weeks after the balloting. In the end, Cochran was declared the winner by 563 votes out of the more than 230,000 cast. Many observers believe that the false

ballots had a decisive impact on the results. For example, in the two predominantly black precincts in Madison County — where the phony ballots were widely distributed — the difference between the total number of votes cast for the Democratic gubernatorial candidate Bill Allain and those cast for Raff was 49 percent in one precinct and 55 percent in another. A normal "drop-off" of votes cast for the offices at the top of the ticket and the lesser offices located toward the bottom is in the range of 20 to 30 percent. In these same two black precincts, Cochran *gained* 75 percent and 90 percent respectively over the total number of votes cast for the Republican nominee for governor, Leon Bramlett. This indicates that a substantial number of voters were confused enough by the sample ballots to cross party lines and vote for Cochran.

In Madison County as a whole the dropoff in votes between Allain and Raff was 31 percent while Cochran received 8 percent fewer votes than did Bramlett. If those rates held in the black precincts where the misleading ballots were handed out, Raff would have received 358 additional votes, and Cochran 78 fewer: a net shift of 436 in Raff's favor, nearly erasing the total statewide difference between the two in just two precincts. Similar results were recorded in dozens of other black precincts where the phony ballots were distributed.

The significance of this election, however, goes beyond the gutter politics that Nielsen Cochran's backers used to steal victory. His brother's campaign tactics are likely to have a negative effect on Senator Thad Cochran's bid for re-election. And the elder Cochran's careful attempts to separate himself from the more conservative elements of the state Republican Party may be undone (see article on page 20).

Beyond the statewide effects of the PSC race is the larger question of the direction of Southern politics. The Raff-Cochran race is one of the many blades of grass in the Southern political breeze suggesting that the South may no longer be as conservative as conventional wisdom says.

The years following the Voting Rights Act of 1965 have seen Southern politics fundamentally altered. The old populist dream of bringing the poor together across racial lines may finally come to fruition. In recent years biracial Democratic parties have been built in most states of the old Confederacy — and they have been winning their share of elections.

This coalition was particularly striking in the 1983 Mississippi PSC race. Raff's two strongest groups of supporters were blacks and poor rural whites. He won handily in the rural, heavily white counties of east-central Mississippi, traditionally Wallace country, as well as in the overwhelmingly black counties of the Delta region. Most notably, Raff won

MICHAEL RAFF

photo courtesy Robert McElvaine

Neshoba County by a comfortable margin. Twenty years ago, Neshoba became famous as the place where civil rights workers James Chaney, Michael Schwerner, and Andrew Goodman were murdered. Raff took the county despite the misleading innuendos of the county's only newspaper and the strong opposition of retiring PSC member Norman Johnson of Philadelphia (the county seat). When Neshoba whites vote for a civil rights activist accused of being a communist, who also happens to be a Yankee and a Catholic, a genuinely "new" South seems to be emerging.

Biracial coalitions have managed to elect progressive white candidates against heavily financed conservative Republicans. In the summer of 1981, a special election was held to fill Mississippi's fourth Congressional district seat, which had been vacated by Republican Jon Hinson. Wayne Dowdy, then the little-known mayor of McComb, spoke out strongly for renewal of the Voting Rights Act and won a startling upset victory. Dowdy repeated the win by a much wider margin in 1982.

The biracial Democratic coalition was also instrumental in helping Bill Allain win the governorship in 1983, despite one of the dirtiest campaigns in the annals of American politics. As most readers are aware — since this is the sort of Mississippi story the media enjoy featuring — three prominent, wealthy, right-wing Republicans financed a series of well-publicized charges that Allain had engaged in homosexual acts with several black male transvestite prostitutes. One of the men behind these charges was Billy Mounger, the Jackson oil man who has bankrolled the campaigns of several right-wing Republican candidates. Thanks in large part to overwhelming black support, Allain won a relatively easy victory. (Some of the transvestites who made the charges against Allain have since said they were paid to lie.)

But there are limits to how far the biracial coalition in the Mississippi Democratic Party will go. While sufficient numbers of white Democrats are willing to join with blacks to elect progressive whites, it remains to be proved that whites will do the same for black candidates. One test of this will be Robert Clark's second attempt in November to be elected Mississippi's first black Congressman in more than a century.

The 1983 Public Service Commission race is over, but not forgotten. Although the seat was stolen from him, Michael Raff had no suitable remedy available under state election law. One result is that there will be a big push for election law reform in the next session of the legislature. When it became clear that Cochran would be declared the winner, Governor Allain appointed Raff as director of the Governor's Office of Human Development, where he now oversees state programs on aging, children, the handicapped, energy, community services, and volunteers. As a result of the controversy surrounding the disputed election, Raff has become a household word in Mississippi, and his political future looks bright.

Just what directions that future will take remains uncertain at this time. Raff says that he is likely to seek elective office in the next statewide elections in 1987, but he has not yet determined for which office he will run. □

The populist dream of bringing the poor together across racial lines may finally come to fruition. Raff's two strongest groups of supporters were blacks and poor rural whites.

The Official Democratic Sample Ballot

General Election
November 8, 1983

Governor
William A. (Bill) Allain ..... ☒

Lieutenant Governor
Brad Dye ..... ☒

Secretary of State
Dick Molpus ..... ☒

Attorney General
Ed Pittman ..... ☒

State Treasurer
Bill Cole ..... ☒

Auditor of Public Accounts
Ray Mabus ..... ☒

Commissioner of Agriculture and Commerce
Jim Buck Ross ..... ☒

Commissioner of Insurance
George Dale ..... ☒

Highway Commissioner 1st Central District
Sam W. Waggoner ..... ☒

Public Service Commissioner 1st Central District
Nielsen Cochran ..... ☒

District Attorney 7th District
Edward J. (Ed) Peters ..... ☒

County Attorney
Joe B. Moss ..... ☒

Sheriff
J.D. McAdory ..... ☒

Chancery Clerk
Pete McGee ..... ☒

Circuit Clerk
William E. (Bill) McKinley .. ☒

Tax Assessor
Mike Barnes ..... ☒

Tax Collector
Rex McRaney ..... ☒

Coroner
Robert D. Martin ..... ☒

Supervisor, District 1
Walter L. Dennis ..... ☒

Justice Court Judge District 1
W.N. (Bill) Patterson ..... ☒

Constable District
O.P. (Sonny) Jordan ..... ☒

Senate, District 2
Con Maloney ..... ☒

House of Representatives, District 67
Hillman Terome Frazier .... ☒

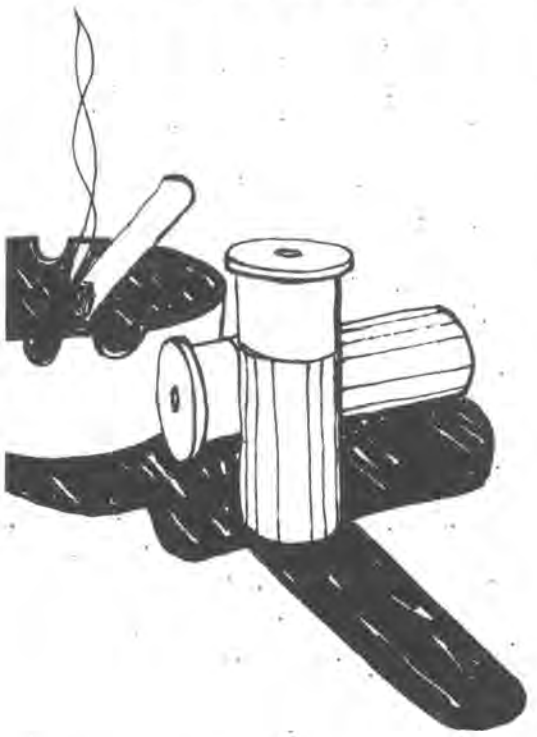
PAID FOR BY FRIENDS OF BETTER DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT
RONNIE ROSS CHAIRMAN

27

25,000 COPIES OF THIS PHONY "OFFICIAL BALLOT" WERE HANDED OUT ON ELECTION DAY: INSTEAD OF MICHAEL RAFF'S NAME, REPUBLICAN COCHRAN'S IS LISTED IN THE PSC RACE.

Robert S. McElvaine is professor of history at Millsaps College. He is the author of ***Down and Out in the Great Depression: Letters from the "Forgotten Man"*** *(University of North Carolina Press, 1983) and* ***The Great Depression: America, 1929-1941*** *(Times Books, 1984).*

The Buck Williams Tennessee Memorial Association



by Lorraine Hansberry

Written in the late 1950s, "Buck Williams Tennessee Memorial Association" is an excerpt from the uncompleted novel All the Dark and Beautiful Warriors, *on which Lorraine Hansberry worked intermittently, between plays, until her death in 1965. Buck Williams, depicted here, is the father of one of the principal characters, Fred-Boy, who has gone North years before. Over 300 pages of the novel will be included in a forthcoming collection of Hansberry's fiction.*

1.

Soon his legs would begin to ache from the squatting, but that would be another hour. The old man shifted the shotgun across his knees and rested it against his left thigh as his right hand moved over the worn familiar fabric of his overalls towards the rear pocket. At last he felt the bulge of the pouch.

His eyes continued their trained vigil on the darkness ahead of him, the darkness ahead where the road was. It was growing cold. He should have put on his old saw-jacket, but he couldn't take a chance on going back now. He let his eyes look for a second towards the house and then moved them quickly back to the road. Still nothing.

He swore a little, feeling some of the tobacco slide out of the edge of the paper. It was hard, he thought, for a man to roll his tobacco with one hand. Hard for a man to hold a shotgun and roll a cigarette.

It was bad about being alone. He thought it just like that: it was bad being alone. At the meeting he had talked different. He told them what he thought they should do and they said no, and that should have been that in his mind. But it wasn't — it would have been better if somebody *had* come. He didn't like the being alone. He told himself not to start thinking about it. Mustn't think nothing like that. That would make it too hard. A man couldn't have them kind of thoughts and do what he had to do. But what was there to think about?

Well — he could think about all that went before. Them years that was life. Them years when you just lived and lived and maybe sometimes threatened to do it. . . . No. Don't talk about it. I mean don't be thinking about it. Or next thing you know you be done dropped this shotgun and run for hell out of here.

2.

The ache began to creep into his hips. Pretty soon both legs would have that goddamned old crackily feeling in 'em. Just like somebody done stuck me with a

million pins. Sons-o-bitches, why don't they come! Naw — come on, Buck Williams, you know sho' as Jesus lived, you ain't wanting them crackers to show. You know it. You wisht to God they'd all go do something tonight — anything *but* come driving down this road tonight. God in Heaven I wish it.

He had decided on his physical position and his tactical strategy with care and meaning. He wasn't sure himself how long ago he had first decided how he would meet this night. Maybe it had been yesterday at the meeting when they had taken the vote to get out of town and he had made the speech about the menfolk staying and showing their manhood; but maybe it had been before that, the day they went to the voting — the day he had marched into town between Ziah and Willy to the voting. Maybe it had been while he had been dropping the little card in the slot. He didn't know. Still he had decided carefully — that *he shouldn't be in the shack*. You could hold 'em off longer like that; but then they would set fire to the house and roast him like a pig.

No, out in the open would be best. Soon as the first ones got out of the car he would open up — if they was close enough. If they weren't he'd get as close as he could and then let 'em have it. Then when they had spotted him — two of them should be gone by then — he'd move over to the right behind that old stump and with luck get maybe one more. Then they would be on him all right.

That's when he was going to do it.

That's how come he had to remain squatting unless they waited too long — man his age couldn't get up from a sitting position fast enough. And he had to be able to move fast. To *move*, that was what would be important. They got to see that I ain't just defending myself. That I'm moving in on *them*. They got to run a little bit from me tonight before they gets me. Buck Williams grinned a little in the darkness and told himself again, "Yeah, Old Mistuh Cracker got to run from *me* — just this once!" He laughed aloud.

He shifted the shotgun and took turns working the fingers of each hand. They were trying to stiffen up in the cold. I'd be me one mad nigger if these old hands of mine was to act up tonight. He worked his hand vigorously. I'm still using that word. Good thing Fred-Boy ain't here to hear it. Sitting here, waiting to die 'bout this thing, and still calling m'self nigger. Lord have mercy, we some peculiar folks. Sho' wish Fred-Boy was here. Don't know what kind of man it is though wisht his kin to go along with him when his time come like mine sho' comin' tonight. Still — I wisht he was here. Maybe — maybe I just want him to know what his old man is really like. Now, that's crazy. Am I sitting out here waiting to get my head blown open 'cause I done made up my mind about some things — or because I just want to show off in front of my boy?

He worked his fingers. I guess it's some of both. Maybe he get the letter — maybe he won't. I guess it be in the colored papers though.

Somehow he'll know what happened. I wonder who

illustrations by Sam Cooper

going to bury me — and where? Maybe won't be no burying. Maybe they'll just leave me here to rot. Folks might be scared to come over and give me a decent burial. Spec' that ain't the worse. This my land, reckon whatever's still good in this old body be put to good use in this here land. This my land. Maybe my body belong right here. Right here on this spot. Have my blood in it then — my flesh too. My land. Maybe Fred-Boy come back here someday with that gal he so crazy 'bout and dig in this land and me and him make things grow in it again. Maybe so.

Buck Williams, you old black fool. What you sitting here thinking them kind of thoughts for? Well, what I suppose to think — what is any man suppose to think when he know he be just waiting for his time? Think about the crackers I'm going to kill me tonight — ain't that what I'm supposed to be thinking about, glorifying in? I guess so. It ain't very satisfyin'. Oh — I'm glad about it, I'm going to enjoy it in my way. But killin' is killin' and there ain't but so much that's satisfyin' in it. I ain't never killed nobody before. Done talked about it aplenty all right. All my life done talked about the crackers' heads I was going to blow off some day — and now here I be. And I'm glad. But — scared too and lonely. Fact, I think more lonely than scared. Wisht maybe there was somebody here to talk to, somebody

who was going with me so's I could see hows they taking it — maybe cheer 'em up some. Tell 'em about what we dying for tonight. Freedom. Dignity. Big words. How come a man can't tell himself them things I wonder, just *other* people?

He shifted his weight to the other haunch. I believe it — believe it hard, just as much as ever. Guess I'm having too much time to think, that's all. They should of come an hour ago, 'fore my mind had a chance to go wandering. . . .

Father, I pray you give me the lightness of hand and leg and the strength of will tonight. I pray you forgive me, Father. . . .

3.

A stirring to the right in the darkness. Buck Williams spat out the unlit cigarette and raised the shotgun making not a sound. They done parked down the road and crept up on me, he thought. Fear fled his body and a cool sense of expectation flooded him and he waited for a white face to show itself a few yards away where the hedges moved.

It was a black head.

Buck started to speak, but instead he kept his lips closed and aimed the barrel. So they done sent some nigger Judas to scout me out. His finger tightened on the trigger, he heard the spring crunch metallically.

"Moses Johnson! — You?" The old man bit out the words in the night, seeing his old friend.

The newcomer jumped back in the bushes — and then let out a long breath of relief. "Yes, Lord, God-amighty in the Heaven, don't shoot!"

"What you doing here?" An ugly suspicion edged up somewhere in Buck Williams' mind and he did not relax his trigger.

"Take that goddamned gun out my face, man. Don't you know a black face when you see one after all these here years?"

"I knows black faces and white faces and I knows sometime you can't trust neither."

"Lord have mercy," intoned Moses, "this boy done sat out here in the night and lost his natural Christian mind! It's me, Buck — MOSES. What's the matter with you? I come to be with you."

The strength in the old man's legs gave out and he dropped down from the squatting position to his buttocks. The earth was cold and damp and hard and the pain of release shot through his weary legs. He studied the black face that had come nearer.

"What you mean, you come to be with me?"

Moses Johnson pulled his shotgun up from the ground and shoved it lengthwise in front of Buck's face. "I mean I come to be with you. That's all."

Buck Williams didn't look at him; doubt ran through him like fire and in a second he was on his feet and on top of the other man.

"Did the crackers send you? — I swear 'fore God and all the lost tribes, Moses Johnson, if you playin' for the white folks, I tear out your heart and hang it from this here tree so's your children for generations know how you died!"

Buck had his fingers around Moses' neck and the man wrestled with him. "Buck. . .Buck. . .Buck! . . . What for I got to be a white man's nigger? . . .ME?"

He looked down into the face of his friend. And shame hurtled through his body. He slumped to the ground again.

"I guess I almost done got out of my mind tonight. Sit down. Be quiet. They be coming soon." He turned his face away from the second man, lest even in the darkness the tears be seen.

Moses crouched beside him. "Buck—"

"Shhh. We done made too much noise as 'tis."

"But I got to tell you. We ain't alone."

"What?"

"I say we ain't alone. Willy Brown and Ziah Coffin and old Jim Peek is in the woods across the road. They got two shotguns and a pistol."

The two men said nothing else to each other. Buck Williams trained his eyes on the road ahead but his eyes suddenly saw far beyond. He saw the marching. And oh *God*, it *was* glorious. Oh yes, children, there was Zion's wall ahead! Yes, Lord, and wasn't it a beautiful morning! Couldn't you hear the children walking. Pharaoh, your days are numbered. . . . Oh Glory, glory! Yes they were marching now. Him and Moses and Ziah and Willy and old Jim Peeks. Marching, children, yes Lord, marching!

4.

The first automobile roared up fast and slammed to a halt. They had not come cautiously at all. They feared nothing. As the men piled noisily out of the cars, he could tell that some were drunk. They were singing a song about whores. Young Ed Sheppard was in the first car. He stopped in front of the headlights and urinated in the road before he joined the others who were waiting for the other cars. And they came — a second, then a third, and finally a fourth car. And they were laughing and shouting and calling out Buck's name.

Buck put out his hand and touched Moses. It was the signal that he would start soon. He felt the trembling beneath Moses' jacket. And crazy-like just for a moment, he wanted to hold him and say, "You old, brave, black brother." He said nothing.

Ed Sheppard was calling for quiet. They saw him take his place in front of the mob and raise his hand like an actor. And Ed Sheppard was not drunk.

"Okay, boys," he yelled out in the night, and it became very quiet between his words. "Let's see if anybody around here wants to do any voting tonight!"

There was a mighty roar of laughter.

"Did y'all bring the ballot boxes? . . . I unnerstand there's a nigger in here wants to vote pretty bad."

The men laughed again. Someone shouted out, "We gonna give his ass a box all right!" They laughed again.

"What you waitin' for?" whispered Moses feverishly to Buck.

Buck's voice was steady. "I want him to put his foot on my step."

"NIGGER!" shouted Ed Sheppard. "NIGGER, COME ON OUT! You gon' get it inside or out. . . so's you might as well come on out and get on your knees. . . . You hear me in there, Nigger?"

Buck's mind was working calmly. He was thinking about the word. That's what Fred-Boy hates I guess. Well, be the last time Ed Sheppard use it.

Ed Sheppard had both his hands on his hips; he wasn't even carrying a gun like the others, and he waved them on and started toward the steps.

The crash of the old shotgun tore loud and powerful into the quiet. Then there were several more blasts from the woods and then the white men fell behind the cars and shot wildly everywhere. Ed Sheppard lay sprawled across the steps, half his face gone. . . .

5.

There was confusion at the *Daily Banner*. There were those who said it would be wrong to run a story at all. There were others who said run it on page 20 buried among the ads.

The copy had been written as best as possible. But then no way was best for such a story. Editor Tom Bradley felt he had his worst dilemma in 30 years of newspaper work. The niggers had killed six white men. It was a massacre. How could you print that? But how could you *not* print it?

How could you properly rouse the white folks if you didn't print it? But to print it might give the niggers more ideas about that kind of thing.

Six men, thought Tom Bradley, six good, decent citizens. Butchered. And he didn't know how to handle it. Everybody in town already knew about it. Everybody in the county knew about it — but he couldn't print it. Niggers must never know it officially.

Of course they did know it — but still you couldn't print it.

6.

Fred-Boy read the story in the *Chicago Defender*. He understood at once why no one had written him. It was a big headline story in the *Defender* and everyone on the Southside was talking about it, and by the following Sunday he had been notified by the Junior Usher Board of the Mount Zion African Methodist Episcopal Church that the Tennessee Club of that church was changing its name to the Buck Williams Memorial Association in honor of the Memory of His Great Father.□

FROM THESE ROOTS:

Lorraine Hansberry and the South

by Robert Nemiroff

. . . For at first, they had not understood this thing. But now, finally, they could say it had been a vision in the coming, this day they looked about and saw the battlefield strewn with all the dark and beautiful warriors — while coming on behind, singing, marched legions more. . . .

— Lorraine Hansberry

In the mid-1950s, even as she turned to the first of several contemplated plays that, in whole or part, preceded *A Raisin in the Sun* to the typewriter, Lorraine Hansberry began to assemble notes, jottings, sketches of characters, and incidents in file folders marked "Project N." *N* for Novel. By the late 1950s, the work in progress had acquired a title, *All the Dark and Beautiful Warriors*, drawn from the paragraph above which stands alone on a single typed page intended either as the frontispiece or as a passage to be incorporated within the novel. Between plays and other projects, she continued to work on *Warriors* until 1964, when the cancer that was soon to claim her forced her to focus her full remaining energies elsewhere. Thus *All the Dark and Beautiful Warriors* was never completed, but some 300 pages will be included in the forthcoming volume of Hansberry's fiction bearing its title, to be published in 1985-86.

"The Buck Williams Tennessee Memorial Association" (see p. 28) is a chapter written in the late 1950s, as best I can determine from the names of the characters (changed in later drafts), the typeface, and the paper. The chapter stands alone in what presumably at one time would have been "Book III — The South" (which is scrawled across the top of it), and it is published here virtually as it was found: a first draft, with only minor editorial changes and corrections. Buck Williams, whom we first meet in the prologue to the novel, is the father of one of the principal characters, Fred-Boy (in later drafts Denmark Vesey Williams, nicknamed Son). As a youth, Son leaves Tennessee to go north, finds work at a series of menial jobs in Chicago, and meets Candace Braithwaite, heroine of the novel. He then moves to New York where he is eventually swept into the liberation movements of the era, and again meets Candace. Several different endings were suggested in Hansberry's notes and outlines. Two end with "the Return of Son to the South." In another:

"They [presumably Candace and Son] go South together to fight." In yet another: "He won't have her and goes back South. He is left to decide."

To anyone who really knows Hansberry, the theme of "Buck Williams" will come as no surprise, for it runs like a thread through her work, from the autobiographical "high school" sections of *To Be Young, Gifted and Black* through the final curtain of *Les Blancs*, set in revolutionary Africa. Nor should the Southern setting surprise. For though she was born and reared in Chicago, I doubt there was a single day in the adult life of Lorraine Hansberry when at some point she did not think of the South. In a 1964 letter to the *Village Voice* discussing the particular passion of black writers like herself regarding events then unfolding in the South — the outrage, the desire at times simply to *scream* while others sat talking abstractions — she described herself as a "first generation Northerner" and the South as her "*homeland*." It is impossible in this brief space to explore the extent of this heritage and its effect on her art. Let me, rather, sketch a few facts and indications.

My mother was pointing out to the beautiful hills and telling my brothers about how her father had run away and hidden from his master in those very hills when he was a little boy.

Of the impact on Hansberry's life of Lorraine's extraordinary father, Carl A. Hansberry, who went north as a boy from Glaston, Mississippi, a good bit is said in *Young, Gifted*, and I will not repeat it here. There is less said of her mother. Nannie Perry was the daughter of an AME Zion minister. As a school teacher barely out of her teens she moved north (at about the same time as her future husband) from Columbia, Tennessee — site in the early years of the century of some of the ugliest racial violence in the region. Describing her mother — "a small, vividly dramatic woman with little round Indian eyes and a pug nose" — Hansberry wrote in a memoir:

> My mother was . . . a vain and intensely feminine person of the sort that it sometimes seems to me the Southland alone can thrust upon the world. She was also, aside from my father, the most ferociously proud creature to make an imprint upon my consciousness. . . .
>
> My mother's beliefs were vague. "Christian duty" was the testimony of her faith. . . . But even then I sensed some profound assessment in her of the dichotomy of the church. . . . There was a streak of practicality in the woman that caused her to be ruled by the changes in the world. She was a product of robust semi-feudal backwardness who, somehow, delighted in currency and was incapable of slighting true improvement. I consider this her greatest gift.

Long before the future author's birth in 1930, the violence of the South had been personalized in family memory: in October 1919 an uncle — Dr. Lewis Harrison Johnston, a prominent physician, was one of four brothers on a hunting trip taken off a train by a mob and lynched (with many others) in the infamous Elaine, Arkansas, "riot." During her childhood, Lorraine's frequent baby sitter was Cousin Louise, Dr. Johnston's daughter.

At the age of seven or eight, Lorraine made her first visit to Columbia and remembered waking up in the car "while we were still driving through someplace called Kentucky":

> . . . My mother was pointing out to the beautiful hills and telling my brothers about how her father had run away and hidden from his master in those very hills when he was a little boy. She said that his mother had wandered among the wooded slopes in the moonlight and left food for him in secret places. They were very beautiful hills and I looked out at them for miles and miles after that wondering who and what a "master" might be. . . .

She also remembered her first startled sight of her grandmother: "All my life I had heard that she was a great beauty and no one had ever remarked that they meant a half century before!" But if the old lady was "as wrinkled as a prune and could barely see and hardly hear," she could still make wonderful cupcakes and tell tales of her youth, and long after her death Lorraine would remember that "she was born in slavery and had memories of it and they didn't sound anything like *Gone with the Wind*."

I can hear Rosalee
See the eyes of Willie McGee

Lorraine Hansberry returned to the deep South only one other time. That was in 1951 when, at the age of 20, she flew to Jackson, Mississippi, as part of an interracial women's delegation — to present the governor of that state with a million signatures petitioning for the life of Willie McGee, then facing execution for alleged rape. The governor did not receive the delegation, the Supreme Court refused to hear the evidence of McGee's innocence, and on May 8, 1951, he was electrocuted. Hansberry had met his courageous young wife Rosalee, and in the early dawn following an all-night candlelight vigil through Harlem, she penned "Lynchsong." It concludes:

> I can hear Rosalee
> See the eyes of Willie McGee
> My mother told me about
> Lynchings
> My mother told me about
> The dark nights
> And dirt roads
> And torch lights
> And lynch robes
>
> . . . .
>
> The
> Faces of men
> Laughing white
> Faces of men
> Dead in the night
>
> sorrow night
> and a
> sorrow night

But this "sorrow night" was only one of many that haunted and shaped Hansberry's vision during the 1950s — nights unassuaged by the occasional hard-won victories that wrested one or another of the intended victims of Jim Crow "justice" from death. As a reporter and later as associate editor of the militant journal *Freedom*, founded by Paul Robeson, she not only wrote of the struggle, North and South, here and abroad, but also met many of its champions — and victims. Her full-page story, for example, on the "Sojourners for Truth and Justice" — 132 black women convened in Washington by Mary Church Terrell and others to demand federal protection and an end to the terror in Dixie — recounts the confrontation between the Justice Department and some of the women: Josephine Grayson, wife of one of the "Martinsville Seven" legally lynched that February; Amy Mallard, whose husband and World War II vet was shot dead in the car beside her and her children, and their house burned to

the ground, because he had attempted to vote in Georgia; a Mrs. Westry, whose son, his eyes gouged out by the police, had then been shot dead on the operating table.

At *Freedom* Hansberry also found one of the great influences on her life, in addition to Robeson — its editor, Louis E. Burnham, one of the founders and heroes of the Southern Negro Youth Congress which, in the late '30s and '40s had preceded SNCC on many battlegrounds in the Deep South. Burnham encouraged her to take her fledgling efforts as a playwright seriously. Hansberry's first publicly produced dramatic works were staged at *Freedom* events: a dramatized history of the black press in the freedom struggle and a pageant staged for an audience of thousands demanding the return of Robeson's passport. Burnham shared his deep love and knowledge of the South and black culture, and helped to give Hansberry's work a focus. She immersed herself in the literature and history of the long struggle, writing for *Freedom*, for example, such articles as "Baptist Tradition of Freedom. . ." (on the founding by slaves in Savannah of the First African Baptist Church) and a series of stories for children on heroes of the past.

And all the while, across the pages of the paper, and into its offices, came contemporary giants: men and women like W.E.B. Du Bois, under whom she studied; Dr. Charles Howard of Mississippi who, in the late '40s and early '50s, organized meetings of literally thousands in Mound Bayou, Mississippi, for black voting rights; Robert Williams, later to be ousted as chapter head of the Monroe, North Carolina, NAACP for daring to advocate armed self-defense when under attack ("*Of course!*" Hansberry wrote in approval, underlining the words); and Mojeska Simpkins of the Food, Tobacco and Agricultural Workers Union of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, then leading one of the South's bitterest battles for the rights of black and white workers. Yes, and whites too, like Anne Braden of Louisville, Kentucky, already in those years an undimmable beacon in the struggle for a new South.

When Lorraine left full-time work at *Freedom* in 1953 to concentrate on her creative writing, she became associate editor of a new popularly oriented left-wing magazine for teenagers, *New Challenge*. Here, in language aimed at a mass audience, her articles included such pieces as: "They Knew What They Wanted" — a report from Washington on the NAACP National Legislative Youth Conference on desegregation; "The Murder of Emmett Till: The Real Reasons Behind the Murder"; "The Truth About the South" — on the history of the Jim Crow system, and its disastrous effects nationally, for all races. The last of this series, "Heroes of the New South" — on Autherine Lucy at the University of Alabama, the Montgomery bus boycott, and the rise of young white voices for democracy in the South — concluded with a dissection of "Gradualism: Last Ditch of the Die-Hards?"

It is she who, while seeming to cling to traditional restraints, drives the young on into the fire hoses, and one day simply refuses to move to the back of the bus in Montgomery.

All of this, then, was in the blood at Lorraine Hansberry's fingertips as she sat down at the typewriter in 1956 to write a play about the legacy to their children of a father and mother who, like her own, had come north in quest of a dream. She called it first "The Crystal Stair," from the ironic lines of Langston Hughes's poem, "Mother to Son," about a black mother's struggle to keep climbing on past the "tacks and splinters" life had thrust in her way and of her legacy to her son: *keep climbing*. But the title presently became *A Raisin in the Sun*, Hansberry's response to the greater range of possibilities in Hughes's classic question, "What happens to a dream deferred?". . . and the revolutionary implications of his final lines: *"Or does it explode?"*

Significantly, Hansberry celebrated here a *Southern* legacy: the bedrock of values, strengths, culture, and pride without which black America could never have survived. In the climactic moments of the play, it is this legacy that is handed on, in a new age and new circumstances, from mother to son. Hansberry described clearly the woman who personifies this legacy in the play. Mama, she wrote, can be:

> . . . wrong, ignorant, bound over to superstitions which yet lash down the wings of the human spirit. And yet, at the same time . . . she is . . . an affirmation. She is the only possible recollection of a prototype whose celebration in the mythos of the culture of the American Negro began long before the author was born. Lena Younger is . . . the embodiment of the Negro will to transcendence. It is she who, in the mind of the black poet, scrubs the floors of a nation in order to create black diplomats and university professors.

And, lest there be any mistaking Lena Younger's relation to the larger struggle, past and future, Hansberry added, "It is she who, while seeming to cling to traditional restraints, drives the young on into the fire hoses, and one day simply refuses to move to the back of the bus in Montgomery."

In her next completed drama it was another black woman, fleshed from the same quintessential prototype and in many ways Lena's counterpart a hundred years earlier, who stands stalwart and unmoving, as she bathes the eyes of a son blinded for learning to read, while her master dies crying out for help at her doorstep. *The Drinking Gourd* was set in the South at the time, just before the Civil War, about which Hansberry's grandmother had told. It was a two-hour teleplay, commissioned by NBC for the 1960 centennial observance of the Civil War. NBC asked Hansberry to explore in human dimension the nature of the "peculiar institution" that caused the war. She did so — only too well. In my introduction to the published text of this play I discuss some of the reasons why, despite an incomparable cast in the making and press releases from the network that the play was "superb," NBC never filmed it.

The problem is we have to find some way, with these dialogues, to encourage the white liberal to stop being a liberal and become an American radical. . . .

Of Hansberry's role — as a now celebrated dramatist — in the movement of the '60s a few highlights:

On May 25, 1963, the lead headline in the *New York Times* was:

> ROBERT KENNEDY CONSULTS NEGROES HERE ABOUT NORTH
>
> James Baldwin, Lorraine Hansberry and Lena Horne Are Among Those Who Warn Him of "Explosive Situation"

This story broke the news of the Attorney General's "secret meeting here

photos courtesy Robert Nemiroff

yesterday with a group of prominent Negroes . . . at an undisclosed location" (actually Joseph Kennedy's apartment). Nationwide stores and columns for weeks afterwards, and ultimately histories and biographies, were to plumb the details of that three-hour confrontation — and the utter "gulf" it revealed — but nowhere more tellingly than in James Baldwin's indelible account, "Lorraine Hansberry at the Summit." Kennedy had initiated the meeting through James Baldwin, hoping perhaps to obtain some show of solidarity and some suggestions about how to ease the gathering racial crisis, and expecting certainly, from these distinguished blacks, at the least understanding (if not, perhaps in his secret heart praise for the steps he and the President had already taken in a difficult balancing act.) But he wholly misconceived the hour — and his audience.

The discussion centered around 23-year-old CORE organizer Jerome Smith (described by later CORE historians as having been jailed longer and beaten more often "than any other CORE member"). When the Attorney General turned impatiently away from Smith's unrelenting demands for action (what, after all, was *he* doing in this company!"), Lorraine Hansberry informed him that Smith was the most important person in that room. The meeting got hotter. In his *Freedomways* account, Baldwin recalled:

> We wanted him to tell his brother, the President, to personally escort to school . . . a small black girl already scheduled to enter a Deep South school.
>
> That way, we said, "it will be clear that whoever spits on that child will be spitting on the nation."
>
> He did not understand that either. "It would be," he said, "a meaningless moral gesture."
>
> "We would like," said Lorraine, "from you, a moral commitment."
>
> . . .
>
> The meeting ended with Lorraine standing up. She said [in response to something that had been said about black men], "That is all true, but I am not worried about black men — who have done splendidly, it seems to me, all things considered."
>
> Then she paused and looked at Bobby Kennedy. . . . "But I am very worried," she said, "about the state of the civilization which produced that photograph of that white cop standing on that Negro woman's neck in Birmingham."
>
> Then she smiled. And I am glad that she was not smiling at me. She extended her hand.
>
> "Goodbye, Mr. Attorney General," she said and turned and walked out of the room.

The others followed her out, and the meeting was over. It was "*the* most dramatic experience I have ever had," said psychologist Kenneth Clark, "the most intense, traumatic meeting in which I've ever taken part."

Of Hansberry's position at the equally momentous Town Hall forum of leading writers on "The Black Revolution and the White Backlash" in 1964, James Wechsler, one of the panelists, has written: "What I would remember most were 'the wounded eyes of Lorraine Hansberry'; it was she who tried hardest to speak to all of us, more in injury than in wrath, and with a fiery loveliness." And who in that hall that prophetic night can forget, in the light of what lay ahead, what she had tried to tell them:

> The problem is we have to find some way, with these dialogues, to encourage the white liberal to stop being a liberal and become an American radical.
>
> Radicalism is not alien to this country, neither black nor white . . . and I've never heard Negroes boo the name of John Brown. Some of the first people who have died so far in this struggle have been white men . . . [but] I think that only when that becomes true — when the white liberal becomes an American radical — will he be prepared to come to grips with . . . the basic fabric of our society — *which, after all, is the thing which must be changed to really solve the problem*: the basic organization of American society is the thing that has Negroes in the situation they are in and never let us lose sight of it!

From the earliest days of the Montgomery bus boycott, which Lorraine had seen at once as a turning point, the first movement of her time to move decisively beyond the legal tactics of the NAACP into truly *mass* action in the streets — Lorraine supported Dr. King actively. As the struggle mounted, she could be heard or seen everywhere — at rallies, demonstrations, public forums, with delegations for the SCLC, and indeed, all parts of the movement. But in the early '60s it was the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), on the cutting edge of the struggle in much of the South, that most excited her, and to which she felt closest. She was stirred not only by the courage, audacity, and

the total commitment of the young SNCC activists, but also by their utter refusal to bow to the myths and shibboleths and strictures of American society about what is proper and how much is *too* much and what *not* to question and who *not* to associate with in the struggle for freedom.

In March 1964, Lorraine Hansberry undertook her last major project for SNCC: to write the text for *The Movement: Documentary of a Struggle for Equality*, a photohistory from the frontlines by SNCC photographers. By late February, when the box of photos from SNCC arrived, she was struggling desperately — between recurrent bouts of pain and painkillers — to complete the work she had set for herself. She needed to free herself, I argued. Someone else could write *The Movement*, maybe almost as well. . . .

She looked up, smiled a bit too tolerantly . . . and went on thumbing through the photographs. They were witness to the most important *living* drama of her time, and she had been asked to be a witness, too.

The Movement begins simply, with this caption:

> This is the dirt road from Jackson to Yazoo City, leading into the Mississippi Delta country, the heart of the Deep South. . . .

It builds slowly, laconically, but sometimes with a sudden snap that creates an emotional intensity that never leaves it: "In the countryside, beyond the towns, familiar images of the Old South are conjured up . . . all of them." (We see antebellum ruins, and we turn the page: a double lynching.)

The prose is direct, without embellishment, letting the pictures speak, and the faces, the eyes provide the poetry. But Hansberry is not neutral; in her understatement there is every so often the dazzling distillation of truth unadorned:

> The laws which enforce segregation do not presume the inferiority of a people; they assume an inherent *equalness*. It is the logic of the lawmakers that if a society does not erect artificial barriers between the people at every point of contact, the people might fraternize and give their attention to the genuine, shared problems of the community.
>
> The results are everywhere. . . .

On the page opposite, two photographs: a black shantytown and five ragged white hollow-eyed children posing in their pitiful hovel.

Or again (beneath a protest demonstration): "Like, Man, I'm Tired (of waiting)" and "Liberty for All or Death for America — This We Mean"):

> It is an error to think of Negro citizens as beggars at the Golden Door, waiting to see if their countrymen will somehow "accept" them. The demands of the Negro Movement are far more audacious than that. We are "old stock" Americans in every sense: by blood, culture and temperament. We were here when the great migrations came in the mid and late eighteen hundreds. That is why we bristle when the grandsons and even the sons of the new ones lean back in their chairs and say that they think they will find it permissible for one of us to be President in another half-century. *We are old stock Americans, that arrogant, that certain of the rightness of our American cause.*

The Movement was published in October 1964 — as Lorraine Hansberry lay in coma. *Negro Digest* called it "a monument . . . more eloquent than any history."

It is a monument, I think, that she would have loved. Her closing lines read:

> They stand in the hose fire at Birmingham; they stand in the rain at Hattiesburg.
>
> They are young, they are beautiful, they are determined.
>
> It is for us to create, now, an America that deserves them.□

Tony Award producer/playwright and editor of ***To Be Young, Gifted and Black*** *and* ***Lorraine Hansberry: The Collected Last Plays****, Robert Nemiroff was married to Lorraine Hansberry from 1953-64 and was named by her as her literary executor.*

A Lorraine Hansberry Reading List

By far the most extensive Hansberry bibliography to date is in the *Freedomways* special issue listed below. It includes 67 essays, poems, and miscellaneous writings by the playwright, as well as hundreds of critical and biographical sources by others. The primary works are all (except for *The Movement*) currently in print in the following paperback (and in some cases other) editions.

A Raisin in the Sun & The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window, Signet Books (New American Library), 1966.

Lorraine Hansberry: The Collected Last Plays (Les Blancs, The Drinking Gourd, What Use Are Flowers?), Plume Books (New American Library), 1983. (This edition restores to *Les Blancs* material omitted from the Broadway production and not included in prior editions.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black: An Informal Autobiography. Signet Books (NAL), 1970.

To Be Young, Gifted and Black (drama). (*Not* the autobiography but the play adopted from it.) Samuel French, 1971.

The Movement: Documentary of a Struggle for Equality. Simon & Schuster, 1964. (Libraries might also list this book under the British title, *A Matter of Colour*, published by Penguin Books.)

A Raisin in the Sun: 25th Anniversary Edition (Revised). Samuel French, 1984. (This acting edition restores sequences cut from the original production, including several never published before.)

"The Negro Writer and His Roots: Towards A New Romanticism." (A major statement of Hansberry's artistic philosophy — in effect her credo — written just before the opening of *Raisin*.) *The Black Scholar*, March — April 1981.

Lorraine Hansberry Speaks Out: Art and the Black Revolution (A no-holds-barred interview with Mike Wallace and excerpts from five speeches — an invaluable introduction to the mind and thought of the woman in action.) Caedmon Records, 1995 Broadway, NY, NY 10023.

Lorraine Hansberry: Art of Thunder, Vision of Light. A special volume of *Freedomways* (4th Quarter, 1979) with assessments of Hansberry both as writer and activist by major dramatists, writers, and critics, and a lengthy bibliography. *Freedomways*, 799 Broadway, NY, NY 10003.

Lorraine Hansberry: The Black Experience in the Creation of Drama. (An extraordinary documentary film biography with live interviews of Hansberry and scenes from her plays by major artists.) Films for the Humanities, P.O. Box 2053, Princeton, NJ 08540.

Other extensive excerpts from *All the Dark and Beautiful Warriors* have been published in the *Village Voice* (August 16, 1983) and *TriQuarterly* (Spring/Summer 1984.)

THE SMOKE RING

Politics and Tobacco in the Third World

By Peter Taylor

The Smoke Ring — the ring of political and economic interests that has protected the tobacco industry since the first official health warnings appeared 22 years ago — now encircles the Third World as well. Governments there are increasingly dependent on tobacco for jobs, tax revenue, exports, foreign exchange, education, training, and prosperity. The industry also looks to the Third World for new markets, billions of potential new smokers to be lured into the Smoke Ring and spur the growth in cigarette consumption the West can no longer be counted on to provide.

For more than half a century, the world's tobacco companies, with their origins and raw materials rooted largely in the American South, were thought to be providing a great public service. In World War I, General John J. Pershing cabled to Washington, D.C.: "Tobacco is as indispensable as the daily ration; we must have thousands of tons without delay." During World War II, President Franklin Roosevelt made tobacco a protected crop as part of the war effort. Few suspected at the time that this product extolled by governments was capable of killing more people than the wars they were fighting. When the case against cigarettes was finally proven, governments refused to take appropriate action, and the tobacco industry refused to accept the evidence, because to have done so would have shaken the foundation of their wealth and prosperity.

Much of the story is familiar. The first official government health warning to the public came in 1962 from Great Britain's Royal College of Physicians, soon followed by the 1964 report of the U.S. Surgeon-General, the first of 20 issuing from that source over the years. By 1982 Surgeon-General C. Everett Koop could write: "Cigarette smoking . . . is the chief, single, avoidable cause of death in our society, and the most important public health issue of our time."

By then, cigarette smoking accounted for more than 300,000 deaths a year in the United States and nearly half a million more in Eastern and Western Europe. Overall, the global death toll down the years runs into tens of millions. The figures are so astronomical, they defy comprehension. What makes the scale of the problem even more difficult to grasp is that the deaths have been caused by a product which is still an accepted part of our society. Likewise the companies which manufacture cigarettes have grown to become part of our Western economic fabric.

The tobacco industry is made up of some of the richest and most powerful multinational companies in the world (see the box on page 42). For years they reacted to the medical evidence by insisting, publicly at least, that the case against cigarettes was not proven. The world's leading medical authorities dismissed this position as nonsense, but the industry remains firmly committed to cigarettes — which are cheap to make,

and addictive and recession-proof as well. Although millions have heeded the medical advice and stopped smoking, cigarettes remain one of the world's most profitable industries, with annual sales of four trillion cigarettes, worth over $40 billion.

Cigarette consumption continues to grow in the West, but only by about 1 percent annually. In the Third World, however, the growth rate is about 3 percent annually, and that is where the cigarette companies see virtually unlimited prospects. They remain as addicted to cigarettes as their consumers, which is why they will do all they can to defend the product on which their wealth and power depend. Their protection is the Smoke Ring.

The Smoke Ring is the ring of political and economic interests that has protected the tobacco industry for 20 years. The main reason why governments have taken so little action against these products responsible for the deaths of millions is that governments are themselves part of the Smoke Ring, dependent on tobacco for revenue, jobs, export earnings, and economic development. The addicted consumer is the other crucial link in the Smoke Ring, kept in place by the industry's most powerful ally, nicotine, and aided against the pressure to quit by the $2 billion a year the manufacturers spend on advertising to reinforce the myth that smoking is a socially desirable habit. The industry and the Smoke Ring are most starkly visible in their current efforts to seduce new smokers outside the industrialized West.

IN THE Third World a new Smoke Ring is being forged, even stronger than the one in the West. It is made up of the same political and economic links — employment, revenue, trade, advertising, and promotion — but it is stronger because the governments of many developing countries are even more dependent on tobacco than those of industrialized nations.

Few Third World governments believe they have the luxury of choice. They face huge balance of payments deficits, astronomical energy costs, chronic shortages of food, lack of hard currency for imports, runaway inflation, rising expectations on the part of their citizens, and the threat of political unrest which all these problems bring. To many Third World governments, tobacco offers a lifebelt. It provides jobs, revenue, exports, foreign exchange, education, training, and prosperity. It creates wealth and aids development — assuming of course that "development" is the creation of a consumer society which offers the West a market for its goods and services.

Tobacco is a cash crop which, unlike cotton, cocoa, coffee, tea, sugar, and peanuts, is not subject to the fluctuations of world commodity prices. That is why for years international organizations such as the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organisation (FAO) and the World Bank (whose criterion for development is return on investment) have supported tobacco as a cash crop in Third World countries. In October 1982, in response to a series of World Health Assembly resolutions urging the FAO to study crop substitution in tobacco-growing countries, the FAO Commodities and Trade Division compiled a report on the economic significance of tobacco, pointing out that tobacco is "an important source of employment and cash income" and giving some telling examples:

"Zimbabwe's tobacco industry is the nation's largest employer of labour, supporting 17,000 tobacco farmers who are also able to supply 35 per cent of the maize, 30 per cent of the peanuts, 21 per cent of the beef and 17 per cent of the winter wheat produced in the country. In Malawi, 100,000 families rely on cash income from tobacco, and in Tanzania, tobacco cultivation generates the income of about 370,000 people, or 2 per cent of the population. In the south of Brazil tobacco farmers number about 115,000 and a further 650,000 are directly dependent on tobacco; in the Indian state of Andhra Pradesh, tobacco provides a living for 75,000 farmers and about 2 million other workers engaged in the curing, packing and processing."

The report stressed that it made no attempt to quantify the economic and social damage caused by cigarette smoking. That, it said, was to be evaluated by its fellow United Nations body, the World Health Organisation (WHO). But the FAO left no doubt about its findings; after summarizing the social and economic benefits in terms of cash income, tax revenues, job creation, and so on, the agency concluded: "In view of these factors, farmers continue to have strong incentives to produce tobacco, and governments to encourage its cultivation and manufacture."

The World Bank reached similar conclusions, and between 1974 and 1982 it and its subsidiary, the International Development Association, made loans of over $600 million for rural development projects which included tobacco: Malawi, $30 million; Swaziland, $4 million; Tanzania, $14 million; Brazil, $68 million; Paraguay, $53 million; Philippines, $50 million; Pakistan, $60 million; Tunisia, $24 million; Yemen, $10 million; Greece, $30 million; and Yugoslavia, $267 million.

The World Bank notes that tobacco consumption over the current decade is likely to increase at 1 percent a year in industrialized countries and nearly 4 percent in developing countries. "Thus," says a World Bank report, "with developing countries consuming an increasing share of world tobacco output, there is considerable scope for increased production for this group." Nor does the World Bank, any more than the FAO, concern itself with the health issue: "Where governments and individuals have information on the consequences of smoking, it is up to the individual country to formulate a policy which it judges to be suited to it."

The golden leaf is just as profitable and recession-proof in Malawi, Zimbabwe, Kenya, the Dominican Republic, and Brazil as it is in North Carolina. No other crop offers the peasant farmer the same guaranteed return on investment. Other crops may look just as profitable on paper, but the market conditions always have to be right. The only alternative cash crops whose returns are as attractive as tobacco's are poppies for heroin, coca shrubs for cocaine, and marijuana.

It is clear why tobacco has become such a great part of the political and economic infrastructures of developing

World Bank photo by James Pickerell

countries. And few Third World governments are going to throw away the lifebelt when there are precious few others around. They are not eager to restrict the promotional activities of those they see as their benefactors and friends, despite warnings from the World Health Organisation: "The international tobacco industry's irresponsible behavior and its massive advertising and promotional campaigns are . . . direct causes of a substantial number of unnecessary deaths." Warnings of epidemics still to come tend to fall on deaf ears as governments struggle to survive in the present. This is why the Third World not only affords the international tobacco companies the new soil and markets they need, but the political and economic climate in which to make the most of their opportunities.

BRAZIL is a nation of 120 million people, the world's fourth biggest tobacco producer, and one of the world's fastest-growing cigarette markets. Seventy million Brazilians are under the age of 25; 40 million are between 10 and 20. Cigarette consumption has been growing at over 6 percent a year — six times faster than the growth in most Western countries. Rio de Janeiro's Ipanema Beach on a weekend is the biggest and most glamorous cigarette advertisement in Latin America: wall-to-wall teenagers, stunningly beautiful women, and cigarettes everywhere. Brazil is a tobacco executive's dream.

British-American Tobacco (BAT) has dominated the Brazilian tobacco market since the 1920s. By 1980, its 75-percent-owned subsidiary, Souza Cruz, controlled a staggering 80 percent of the cigarette market. Hollywood, its leading brand, is one of the world's top 20 best-selling cigarettes. Arizona, its second brand, was launched to keep the Marlboro Man off the range, which it has successfully done to date.

Driving in from the airport in Sao Paulo, I saw none of the cigarette billboards which wallpaper most highways leading from airport to city. I thought perhaps I had come to the wrong place — until I turned on the television in my hotel room.

A suntanned beauty leapt on to a surfboard and plunged into the waves. Another surfer swept into the shore to the beat of the music. Another beautiful girl drew a packet of cigarettes from the side of the briefest of bikinis. Another slid a cigarette from her boyfriend's lips. *"Ao successo con Hollywood"* — "To success with Hollywood" — was the message. It was as if the Surgeon-General had never put pen to paper. More Hollywood ads followed, all in the same vein and style: more beautiful young people driving dune buggies over the sand, driving sleek Porsches, and riding more waves. (The last commercial contained a memorable shot of the carpenter making the surfboard wearing a mask across his face to keep the dust out of his lungs.)

The same slogan, "To success with Hollywood," appeared in huge letters on the base line of the Davis Cup tennis match between Brazil and Argentina, which was being sponsored by Hollywood and carried on national television. Having seen it on the screen, I went along to the event. Again, cigarettes were everywhere. More beautiful young women, now wearing mini-skirts and blouses emblazoned with "Hollywood,"

moved among the audience giving away free cigarettes and lighting them between people's lips. Children gazed open-eyed at the performance.

All over the Third World, cigarettes are advertised and promoted in ways which would never be permitted in most developed countries. This goes on despite the assurances of BAT chairman and managing director C.H. Stewart Lockhart: "Where promotion is concerned, our managers in developing countries are aware that local practice should not be incompatible with promotional standards in the industrialized nations."

In Kenya, where BAT has held the monopoly (and also grows much of its tobacco), an advertisement in a glossy magazine shows a smooth black executive in black velvet jacket and bow tie, an elegant black woman at his side — both with cigarettes in hand — at a gaming table in a Playboy-type club with a Playboy-type bunny about to serve the drinks. "Smooth International Embassy" reads the caption. "The smooth way to go places." There is no health warning in sight.

In India — the world's third largest tobacco producer — an advertisement for Red & White cigarettes (manufactured by Godfrey Phillips, an affiliate of Philip Morris) appeared in the form of a cartoon in the romantic style of popular teenage comics. A train hurtles through the night. Suddenly someone shouts "Fire." The passengers panic. One screams they're going to die. The alarm doesn't work. Suddenly a young man climbs through the door of the moving train and inches his way along the carriages to warn the driver of the fire. "You've saved hundreds of lives," says the driver back at the station. "But the young man stood aside as if nothing had happened," reads the caption. "He coolly took out a RED & WHITE and lit it casually...[declaring] 'We Red & White smokers are one of a kind.' " At the bottom of the page is a tiny health warning: "Cigarette Smoking Is Injurious to Health."

But Brazil's cigarette advertisements still seem as blatant as any. I asked Alan Long, the president of BAT's Souza Cruz subsidiary, why Hollywood was associated with glamour and success. He replied that glamour was a very subjective word and that "success" referred to the "success" of the brand. Were not fast cars, surfing, dune buggies, and beautiful people smoking cigarettes glamorous? Long said he could not subjectively measure "glamour," but the commercials were effective, as they were intended to be.

When I asked him if he thought smoking was harmful to health, Long said, "The medical evidence as far as I am aware is of a statistical nature. It is, as you know, the industry's view that no evidence has been produced to establish a causal relationship between smoking and any of the diseases with which it has been associated." I asked him whether he was saying he did not know. "That's exactly what I'm saying," he replied. In Brazil there are no health warnings on cigarette packets or advertisements.

The Brazilian government puts little pressure on Souza Cruz or any of the other cigarette companies. The government needs all the friends it can get, especially the ones with plenty of money. Brazil is going broke. By 1984 its foreign debt had reached nearly $100 billion. With a trade deficit running at $10 million a year and inflation at 211 percent in 1983, no Brazilian government is going to upset an industry that provides $300 million worth of exports, nearly $1 billion of tax revenue (nearly 10 percent of total federal revenue), and, directly and indirectly, jobs for up to three million people.

THE main reason for the bond between the international cigarette companies and the Brazilian government lies nearly a thousand miles away from the great cities of Sao Paulo and Rio de Janeiro, in the country's most southern province of Rio Grande Do Sul, where 70 percent of Brazil's tobacco is produced. From here over 80,000 tons are exported every year, much of it to Europe and America, bringing prosperity to the once-poor region and especially to the town of Santa Cruz where the companies have set up their leaf-buying operations. Santa Cruz now calls itself "the Tobacco Capital of the World."

I visited Santa Cruz in February when most of the tobacco harvest had been gathered in, and the town was full of many of the region's 100,000 tobacco farmers who had just brought their season's crop to market. Souza Cruz buys over 50 percent of all the tobacco grown in the area. Its factory operates around the clock, employing 1,800 people in three shifts, most of them on the national minimum wage. The hours are long and the work is hard. There are no tea and coffee breaks. Each section is identified by the color of its T-shirt. The "loaders" and "feeders" wear orange; the "strippers" and "sorters" wear blue. The "strippers" work on a piecework basis and make 20 to 30 percent above the national minimum wage. Most of the workers are women.

There was standing room only in the cash office crowded with farmers collecting their money within two hours of selling their crop, the greatest attraction of growing tobacco for peasant farmers anywhere in the world. Growing tobacco has other attractions too. The companies arrange loans to set the farmers up in business, enabling them to buy equipment and build curing barns; they also provide free tobacco seed and sell fertilizer and insecticide at cost, as well as lending the money to buy these commodities. Further, the companies send agricultural instructors on regular visits to the farmers. Souza Cruz employs around 700 instructors in the south of Brazil.

The company guarantees loans, usually through the Bank of Brazil's rural credit scheme, as few farmers are well enough off to meet the standard of collateral required by the government. When farmers sell their tobacco to the company, the money they owe is deducted from the payment they receive. Loans for fertilizer and pesticides are usually made over the growing season and repaid at the end of the year. Bigger loans to buy a tractor or build another curing barn often stretch over five years. The farmers have to grow tobacco to pay off their debts, as no other crop will bring in enough money to meet the repayments. In turn, they become fur-

World Bank photo by James Pickerell

ther dependent on tobacco.

Perhaps the only way that Third World farmers can be weaned from tobacco is for governments to provide the same level of financial and technical assistance for the production of much-needed food crops as BAT provides for tobacco. But few Third World governments have BAT's resources. They would not only have to provide the same inputs and services, but would also have to subsidize the prices of alternative crops, to give farmers incentives to grow them.

I heard few voices raised against tobacco during my visit to Rio Grande Do Sul. Surprisingly, one of the rare dissenters was a leader of the Food and Tobacco Growers Union, Maurino Muller. He clearly placed food before tobacco. He told me that Santa Cruz imports most of its fresh vegetables from over a hundred miles away. "We're called the 'Capital of Tobacco.' We've other alternatives — pigs, vegetables, dairy products — but it's hard to convince the farmers. In time, no doubt, we will persuade them that tobacco is not the only thing in life."

I talked with Muller on a small tobacco farm in the hills above Santa Cruz. He spoke of a "sickness" that affects the land as well as its people. In a corner of the farmyard, a young boy was feeding a huge pile of wood into a blazing furnace which was curing a recently harvested tobacco crop hanging inside the barn. Great clouds of black smoke drifted across the bare horizon. I asked where the wood came from, as there were not many trees around, and was told the farmer bought it at cost from the company, as all the wood in the area had been used up long ago. Forests once grew around the farms, but they have been cut down for fuel, mainly to cure tobacco. The leaf is cured by exposing it to a constant temperature of 160 degrees for about a week. It has been estimated that around 150 large trees are needed to cure just one acre of tobacco. A quick calculation shows why the horizons are bare: the average size of a tobacco allotment in Rio Grande Do Sul is about four acres. In one year, then, the area's 100,000 tobacco farmers need the wood of 60 million trees, or nearly 1.5 million acres of forest.

This problem is not unique to Brazil. Huge areas of the Third World where tobacco is grown have been stripped of their forests to provide energy to cure tobacco. Deserts may be created where forests once stood. BAT is well aware of the problems caused by tobacco's insatiable appetite for an increasingly scarce and valuable resource. In Kenya the company has already planted nearly 10 million trees and now encourages each of its growers to try to become self-sufficient by planting 1,000 fast-growing eucalyptus trees for three consecutive years — although not all farmers have enough land to plant 3,000 trees, grow tobacco, and produce sufficient food to eat.

Most of the harvest was over when I visited Rio Grande Do Sul, and I had to travel into the mountains above Santa Cruz to find farmers who were still picking tobacco. The journey to the high plateau was spectacular. Deep, green valleys plunged away from the road, their slopes dotted with orange brick curing barns with red slate roofs. Here I found Joao Homero da Silva out in the fields with his family, their arms full of freshly picked tobacco leaves which they were loading onto a bullock cart. He took me back to his house, a simple wooden shack with fading pink paint,

the centerpiece of which was an incongruous Tyrolean stove painted with red and blue flowers, whose chimney shot up through the roof.

Da Silva told me he had been growing tobacco for five years, after a man from R.J. Reynolds had paid him a visit and asked him if he wanted to make some money. He said he did and Reynolds set him up in business with all the necessary equipment, supplies, advice, and loans. He said that the company's agricultural advisers visit him every 15 days. He was now growing about 15 acres of tobacco on about a third of his farm. On the rest of his land he grew beans, corn, rice, and potatoes. He also raised cattle and pigs. Tobacco, he told me, brought him twice as much as any other crop he grew. When he had paid off his loans ($2,000 a season) he still had $4,000 left over. With the money he has made over five years, he bought another 10 acres of land. As I left, I asked him if he thought smoking was dangerous. "We can't say that," he said with a smile. "We need people to smoke more so we can make more money."

MANY doctors in the Third World do not share Da Silva's enthusiasm for tobacco. They are concerned that as the traditional killer diseases (smallpox, yellow fever, malaria, and so on) are gradually brought under control in developing countries, and as people live longer because of vaccination, better nutrition, and medical services, millions of Third World smokers are beginning to incubate lung cancer, bronchitis, and heart disease. Because each of these smokers currently consumes an average of 300 cigarettes a year — the average Western addict smokes around 2,500 — the World Health Organisation believes there is still time to take action to prevent the new epidemic. The tobacco companies, however, see the figures differently: as a great opportunity to increase sales.

In some clinics and hospitals, doctors are now seeing signs of the smoking-related diseases which have swept the West. In Brazil I visited one of Latin America's largest cancer hospitals. Professor Jose Rosemberg, professor of medicine at the University of Sao Paulo, told me that over the past 40 years lung cancer deaths in the state of Sao Paulo have nearly tripled among men aged 40

ORIGIN OF THE MULTINATIONALS

The Smoke Ring protects six giant multinational companies that manufacture billions of cigarettes. They are largely the offspring of the tobacco empire created a hundred years ago by one man — James "Buck" Duke of North Carolina — and consists of Philip Morris Inc., R.J. Reynolds Industries Inc., and American Brands Inc., in the United States; British-American Tobacco Industries and the Imperial Group in Britain; and the Rembrandt Group in South Africa.

Legend tells us that when Buck Duke's father, Washington Duke, returned home after the Civil War in 1865, he had 50 cents in his pocket. He found his 300-acre farm near Durham devastated by the war. All that was left was some flour and a few tobacco leaves. He sold the land to raise working capital and then rented some of it back to make a living.

With the aid of his three sons, Brodie, Ben, and Buck, Duke processed the little tobacco he had, packed it in muslin bags and stuck on a brand name, "Pro bono publico." In a wagon drawn by two blind mules, so the story goes, the Duke family traveled to Raleigh on their first sales trip. They had no difficulty selling their tobacco and used the proceeds to buy bacon for the family. The "Pro bono publico" label — showing an Indian puffing a pipe and the exhortation "Do this" — soon caught on. While 80,000 Confederate and Union troops were awaiting the outcome of peace negotiations near Durham, they sampled some of the local "brightleaf" tobacco. They liked the new experience and carried their taste for North Carolina tobacco home with them.

Buck Duke was ready to meet the demand. He outsmarted his rivals by leasing the world's first cigarette-making machine, which they had rejected on the grounds that their customers wanted their cigarettes handrolled, not machine-made. This machine, the brainchild of Virginian James Bonsack, generated the twentieth-century cigarette revolution. When Duke took it over, the machine produced 120,000 cigarettes a day, the equivalent of what it would have taken 40 workers to roll out by hand. While his rivals were selling their cigarettes at 10 cents for 20, Duke sold his at half the price.

Within a few years Duke had bought out his rivals, including Richard Joshua Reynolds (the founder of the R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company), who sold Duke two-thirds of his stock to raise capital for manufacturing chewing tobacco, which remained far more popular than cigarettes. Reynolds disliked cigarettes and did not start making them until the turn of the century. Meanwhile, in 1890, Duke formed the American Tobacco Company and laid the foundation for the biggest tobacco enterprise the world has ever seen.

Not satisfied with his American acquisitions, Duke looked across the Atlantic to the lucrative British market, where 13 family tobacco businesses had grown up over the years by importing leaf. These companies knew that Duke had his eye on them, and they joined forces in 1901 under the banner of the Imperial Tobacco Company. On the theory that the best form of defense was attack, Imperial challenged Duke on his own ground, with plans to do business in America. A truce was declared. Both sides decided it was more profitable to cooperate and market each other's brands than to fight. In 1902 Imperial and American Tobacco formed the British-American Tobacco Company (BAT). American owned two-thirds of the stock, and Buck Duke became BAT's first chairman. Imperial would keep out of America, American Tobacco would keep out of Britain, and BAT would expand into the rest of the world.

But the political climate soon changed, and in 1911 the U.S. Supreme Court ordered Duke to break up his monolith. The companies he had swallowed — among them R.J. Reynolds, Lorillard, and Liggett & Myers — were set free to compete with a much slimmer American Tobacco Company. American also sold off its majority holdings in

to 49, and have increased nearly seven times in men aged 50 to 59 and nearly nine times in men aged 60 to 69.

Rosemberg said that young people were starting to smoke earlier than they did 10 years ago and blamed "the massive advertising on television which associates cigarettes with glamour and success in life." He added, "Young people from 12 to 19 are very receptive to this kind of advertising. Forty percent of our population is between 10 and 20 years old. It's a huge market in which to introduce cigarettes." Why is it so difficult to get anti-smoking programs off the ground? because the companies are involved in the tobacco business here. Cigarette taxes are very high (around 67 percent) and the government makes a lot of money from them. But we have to explain to the government that the public health problem is more important than the revenue."

Professor Rosemberg took me around the hospital. One patient, crippled with emphysema, was propped up in bed with breathing tubes up his nose and a pack of cigarettes by his side, which he hid when the doctors came into the room. He was 59 and said he had been smoking 20 cigarettes a day since he was 15. I also watched a lung cancer operation. The patient, who was 49 and had started smoking when he was 10, was having an extensive tumor which covered four of his ribs removed. If he was lucky, the surgeon told me, he might live five years; if not, he would be dead within six months. He told me that lung cancer was the third most common cancer among men in Brazil, but he expected it to be number one by the mid-1980s.

Brazil is a microcosm of the dilemma which tobacco now poses for many governments throughout the Third World. The warnings of Professor Rosemberg in Latin America are echoed by doctors and public health officials in Asia and Africa:

• **Pakistan.** Dr. Abdul Aziz Choudri, deputy director-general of public health: "Tobacco-growing is one of Pakistan's most important cash crops and an important source of government revenue which shows a substantial annual increase. Approximately 120,000 acres of Pakistan's most fertile land is under tobacco cultivation. The cigarette industry is expanding. Cigarette consumption has been increasing at 8 percent a year. Lung cancer is now the most common form of tumor found in men."

photo by Stephen March

BAT, mainly to British investors, although Buck Duke agreed to stay on as chairman. The companies which had formed Imperial Tobacco — in particular Wills of Bristol and John Player & Sons — stayed together as friendly rivals, now free from any American threat. They were safe for half a century, until 1968, when American Tobacco, which by then had become a diversified multinational called American Brands, returned to Britain and bought Imperial's biggest rival, Gallaher's.

Philip Morris and the Rembrandt Group have no direct historical link with Buck Duke's tobacco empire. Philip Morris originated in a London company that made handrolled Turkish cigarettes in the nineteenth century. In 1902 Philip Morris set up a corporation in New York to sell its brands right under Buck Duke's nose. One of its principal assets was a brand sold in London, called Marlboro. Seventy years later, Marlboro had become the world's best-selling brand and had generated billions of dollars for Philip Morris, making it one of the most powerful and successful of all the tobacco giants.

The Rembrandt Group is the youngest of the multinationals, created after World War II by South African financier Dr. Anton Rupert. The Group became South Africa's third largest corporation, with interests in mining, textiles, and brewing as well. It widened its tobacco interests in the 1950s by buying into the British companies Carreras and Rothmans and expanded still further in the early 1970s with the creation of Rothmans International, a merger of the Group's British, West German, Belgian, and Dutch tobacco operations. The Rembrandt Group's subsidiary, Rothmans International, became the world's fifth-largest tobacco company, manufacturing one out of every 12 cigarettes sold in the world.

Together these six multinationals produce around 40 percent of the world's cigarettes. The rest are produced by the centrally planned economies of the Soviet Union, China, and Eastern Europe, and by state monopolies such as those of France, Japan, and Italy. But many of these hitherto closed markets are now open to the multinationals' penetration through brand licensing and local manufacturing agreements. Philip Morris now sells in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. R.J. Reynolds now manufactures in China, the world's biggest cigarette market. The tobacco giants are slowly penetrating the whole global marketplace. In the process, they use the vast resources and marketing skills they have acquired over the past century to convince governments and people that the industry is a benefactor of humankind.□

— P.T.

• **The Philippines.** Dr. T. Elicano, director of the National Cancer Control Center: "More women are beginning to smoke, especially college and university students. Lung cancer is now the most common form of cancer in men and is slowly increasing in women. The Philippines is one of the main target areas for the tobacco companies. They use all the advertising and marketing techniques at their disposal. Thousands rely on tobacco production for their incomes. It's the government's second largest source of revenue after petrol. In 1980, the country imported over $100 million of Virginia tobacco for local cigarette production. Cigarette sales are on the increase."

• **Ghana.** Dr. R. Amonoo Lartson, deputy director of medical services, Ministry of Health, Accra: "Smoking as a social and eventually a health problem is on the increase. The headmasters of almost all the schools in the Greater Accra region noted that cigarette smoking was a major problem amongst their pupils. . . . Ways have to be found of de-emphasizing the role of tobacco as a major revenue earner and source of employment. Farmers should be provided with more extension services and facilities for increasing food production as the growth of the tobacco industry has been due to attractive services and prompt payment for crops produced."

• **Tanzania.** Dr. Konrad A. Mmuni, specialist physician, Kilimanjaro Christian Medical Centre, Moshi: "Tobacco is the number three cash crop after cotton and coffee. Tobacco remains a powerful revenue collector. The Ministry of Agriculture has not hidden its intentions of continued promotion of the crop. The tobacco industry enjoys unlimited advertising and promotion of cigarettes. There are no health warnings on packets. Other cash crops — tea, coffee, and groundnuts — could replace tobacco in some areas. Smoking is on the increase."

• **Swaziland.** Dr. Ruth Tshabalala, Public Health Unit, Mbabane: "Amongst the young, smoking is a sign of maturity, sophistication, and freedom. Tobacco growing is on the increase assisted by the Ministry of Agriculture. There are 2,500 tobacco farmers. Most of the crop is for export. Cigarettes are massively promoted through press and radio. There are the first signs of tobacco-related health problems, in particular amongst men in the 15-to-44 age group."

All these statements, and many more by other Third World health experts, were made in 1981 and 1982 at conferences organized by the World Health Organisation. They cause the industry concern not just because of what they say, but because of the international forum in which they are said. The tobacco companies fear that these criticisms may affect the policies of other international organizations, such as the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organisation, which have supported their arguments and given institutional respectability to their cause. Already they have noticed the FAO shifting its position as a result of pressure from WHO. But the industry has shown no intention of succumbing to pressure from health organizations; instead, they keep a careful eye on burgeoning concern about smoking.

In 1979 the tobacco industry set up a special task force to cover the World Conference on Smoking and Health in Stockholm. Dr. Ernst Bruckner of the German cigarette industry warned in a memorandum to the conference: "By introducing the emotional and political powers of Third World countries, the anti-smoking forces have given the fight about the smoking issue a new dimension. . . . We must try to stop the development towards a Third World commitment against tobacco. . . . We must try to get all Third World countries committed to our cause."

Dr. Bruckner noted that the industry's natural ally, the FAO, was showing signs of switching sides and must be influenced toward a pro-tobacco stand, and that the industry must also try to mitigate the impact of WHO by pushing that organization into a more neutral position. He recommended action on the basis that anti-tobacco measures posed a long-term threat to the economies of many developing countries.

By 1982 there were signs that WHO might be slackening its attention to the tobacco problem. Dr. Roberto Masironi, who coordinates WHO policy on smoking and health, was told he had been working too hard on these issues and should therefore give it only half his time. A WHO memorandum outlining program budget proposals for 1984-85 appeared to carry the same message: it reported that after lengthy discussion of a program on smoking and health, the consensus was to maintain activities at a low level; WHO's global work in this area could be undertaken on a part-time basis, thereby freeing the responsible officer for other duties in the cardiovascular disease program.

Perhaps these were indications that after all its attacks on tobacco, WHO was beginning to adopt the more neutral position which the tobacco industry wanted. If WHO could not actually be drawn into the Smoke Ring like many of the Third World countries whose health it was trying to protect, at least its attacks might be blunted.

IT IS no accident that developing nations are dependent on tobacco. The dependency has been encouraged not only by the tobacco industry, but also by the American government, which has seen the Third World as a valuable export market for its crop and a useful outlet for the surplus production generated by the price support system. These exports have also ensured that developing countries have acquired a taste for American "blond" tobacco, which is milder than the locally produced "dark" variety. The transfer was often further encouraged by developing local tobacco industries which grew their own "blond" tobacco. The U.S. government has helped to expand opportunities for its tobacco industry by widening the market for American cigarettes.

America now exports nearly half the tobacco it produces. In 1981 exports of tobacco leaf and tobacco products were worth more than $2.7 billion. But in recent years the pattern of U.S. exports has changed. The United Kingdom and West Germany are no longer the main customers, due to falling consumption, Common Market tariffs, and the high price of American leaf. The new markets for American tobacco, like the new

World Bank photo by James Pickerell

markets for cigarettes, are now in the Third World. In 1981 Asian countries attracted nearly half of all U.S. tobacco exports.

The soil has been well prepared. For nearly 25 years the federal government helped tobacco exports to Third World countries by including the crop in the "Food for Peace" program, commonly known as P.L. 480, "The Agricultural Trade, Development, and Food Assistance Act." The priorities of Food for Peace lie in the order suggested by its official title. Its main purpose is not to combat hunger and malnutrition, but to develop new markets for U.S. farm products, to dispose of surplus agricultural commodities, and to promote American foreign policy.

Under the Food for Peace program, developing countries could purchase American tobacco on federally guaranteed long-term dollar loans (up to 40 years) at low rates of interest (2 to 3 percent). If their governments resold the tobacco locally and used the money to finance approved development projects, they could then be exempted from the debt obligation. Although tobacco represented only 2 percent of the overall program, by 1980 nearly $1 billion worth of tobacco exports had been financed under Food for Peace.

The American tobacco industry has also been involved in more "questionable" methods of extending its influence overseas. A U.N. report on the marketing and distribution of tobacco describes these efforts as "global corporate bribery or the pay-off complex." According to this report, the sums involved run into millions of dollars and only a small fraction has been uncovered. R.J. Reynolds admitted in evidence to the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) that its international tobacco subsidiaries have made "questionable" payments of more than $5 million to lower- and middle-ranking officials of foreign governments and the companies they controlled. Most were made either in cash or by interbank transfer to numbered accounts. Reynolds also paid nearly $400,000 to employees and agents of foreign governments to gain information on marketing conditions and to "maximize distribution of the company's products." Philip Morris also admitted making "questionable" payments of nearly $2.4 million in the early 1970s, "in order to further what were perceived to be the best interests of Philip Morris." The company noted that "such payments are customary in the countries involved and apparently condoned by local authorities." Both companies have promised the SEC it won't happen again.

In their reports to the SEC, made in 1976 when the Lockheed bribery scandal focused attention on such matters, neither Philip Morris nor R.J. Reynolds mentioned the names of any country, company, or individual involved. But the *Wall Street Journal* obtained a copy of Philip Morris's special audit of its 43-percent-owned subsidiary in the Dominican Republic, Eduardo Leon Jimenes (ELJ). The audit named names and detailed specific figures for specific services rendered in the Caribbean island which, since 1966, had been ruled by President Joaquin Balaguer. According to the document quoted in *WSJ*, ". . . there were monthly payments of. . . $1,000 throughout the year of 1973 on [ELJ] company checks to 'Presidente Partido Reformista.' Several of them even show the official stamp of the central headquarters of the 'Partido Reformista' located in the National Palace of

the Dominican Republic."

Although they gave no time frame, the documents also reported that "Contributions to the President's political campaign amounted to $200,000 approximately." *WSJ* pointed out that corporate contributions to political campaigns were legal in the Dominican Republic and that these payments to President Balaguer may have been part of ELJ's acknowledged contributions to political parties. The paper also pointed out that the documents "disclosed that $16,000 was paid to a Dominican Republic tax officer in 1975 for a favorable ruling" and "$120,000 was spent some time during the past few years to have a significant law enacted by the legislature."

AN investigation into Philip Morris's legitimate lobbying activities in the Dominican Republic provides a rare insight into the political and economic relationship between a tobacco multinational and the government of a poor Third World country. For the past 20 years and more, the island has been an economic and political prisoner of its geography, sitting at the northern end of the Caribbean, an hour's flight from Miami and next door to Cuba.

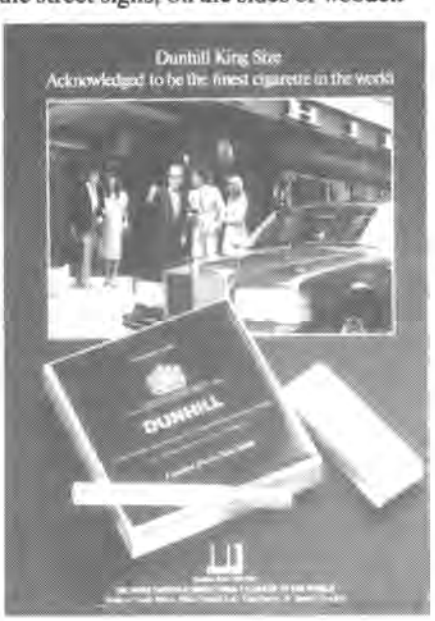
When the 30-year reign of its notorious dictator, Raphael Trujillo, was terminated in a hail of bullets in 1961, President John F. Kennedy took this view of his options: "There are three possibilities in descending order of preference: a decent democratic regime, a continuation of the Trujillo regime, or a Castro regime. We ought to aim at the first, but we really can't renounce the second until we are sure we can avoid the third."

Kennedy's successor, Lyndon Johnson, agreed. In 1965 he sent in the Marines to "stabilize" the violent situation which erupted in the battle for the succession between left and right. Johnson warned Castro to keep his hands off the island, and America settled for Kennedy's second option. In 1966, Joaquin Balaguer, who had served under Trujillo, returned in triumph from exile in New York and was elected president with the American seal of approval.

Many observers believed that Balaguer picked up where Trujillo left off. Political dissent was ruthlessly suppressed; 2,000 of his political opponents are said to have "disappeared." Many were murdered. But however repressive the regime, the Dominican Republic was safe from the communist threat and secure for American business once again. U.S. companies like Gulf + Western (which owns one-seventh of all cultivated land and whose sugar plantations account for nearly 50 percent of the island's exports) heaved a sigh of relief.

The gap between rich and poor in the Dominican Republic remains as pronounced as in most Third World countries. The island's second biggest export, after sugar, is people. New York has become its "second city," where over a million Dominicans do the menial work that is the lot of those at the bottom of the ethnic pile. Back home, 75 percent of the peasants are landless. Half the children are malnourished. Half the people suffer from calorie deficiency. Nearly half have no access to clean water. Thousands have flooded into the capital city of Santo Domingo, where they live in shacks made of cardboard, plywood, and corrugated iron in shanty towns along the river.

Just outside the airport is what must be one of the biggest Marlboro billboards in the world. The Marlboro cowboy is everywhere in the Dominican Republic. He is outside the huge new government office block *"El Huacal"* (local slang for a crate of empty bottles), on buildings high above the traffic, outside the bars and shops, in the cinema, and on the television. (One mother told me that her little girl thought that "Marlboro" was the word for "horse.") And he rides all over the island. The road from Santo Domingo to Santiago is a Marlboro trail nearly a hundred miles long. Marlboro is on the kilometer posts, on the street signs, on the sides of wooden shacks, and in the front gardens. I stopped outside one house with a 20-foot Marlboro billboard towering above its tiny plot. I asked the woman who was watching the men play cards how it got there. She said someone called four years ago and gave her $250 to put it up. Every night she pulls a lever behind the sign to light up the cowboy.



THE Dominican Republic has not always been Marlboro Country. Traditionally it was the preserve of the state-owned tobacco company, Compania Anonima Tabacalera (CAT) which, like Souza Cruz in Brazil, controlled a dominant 80 percent of the market. For years its rival ELJ, a small family business dating back to the beginning of the century, stood in its shadow. ELJ was taken over by Trujillo and released after his assassination. In the 1960s both companies realized that Dominicans were beginning to prefer imported American cigarettes made of blond tobacco to the locally grown dark leaf they traditionally favored. Peasants in the countryside still smoked the dark tobacco, but as more and more moved to the towns they left their old tastes behind and exchanged dark for blond.

Seeing the potential of this new market, the Dominican Tobacco Institute and the Department of Agriculture began experiments growing local blond tobacco — *tabaco rubio*. If local blond tobacco could be successfully grown on the island, they reasoned, there would be more jobs, more revenue, and savings on the balance of payments. Despite the obvious attractions, the state-owned company, CAT, was unable to take the experiment further due to lack of resources. But ELJ was more fortunate. As a private company it had access to funds the state company was denied. In the late 1960s, ELJ was reported to have received three loans totalling $1.7 million from the Fund for Economic Development (FIDE). The loans were financed by U.S. AID, the Inter-American Development Bank, and the Central Bank of the Dominican Republic. The loan channelled through FIDE came from the First National City Bank of America.

Potentially the development of a local blond tobacco industry would give ELJ a considerable market advantage over its much larger state rival CAT, enabling ELJ to market a blond cigarette to compete with CAT's blond brands. ELJ's

photo courtesy United Nations/Contact

brand would be cheaper since it would be made of local tobacco rather than the imported leaf used by CAT, which carried a heavy tax.

Given ELJ's plans for a new local tobacco industry and a new local brand, it was with some anxiety that CAT watched Philip Morris buy its way into ELJ in 1969, bringing with it marketing skills, expertise, and capital resources which the state company could not match. CAT now knew it was at a double disadvantage: it didn't have the resources to develop its own local blond tobacco, and it knew it could not compete with Philip Morris's wealth and experience.

By 1972 ELJ's production of local blond tobacco had increased nearly tenfold. That summer ELJ was ready to launch Nacional, the new brand it had planned, to be made entirely of local blond tobacco. But on May 12, 1972, the plans suffered a serious setback. A 1964 law, which taxed a pack of local cigarettes at seven cents and imported ones at 26 cents, was the foundation on which the whole Nacional strategy had been built. The National Congress proposed new legislation, Law 333, under which the differential was to be removed; all cigarettes made of blond tobacco were now to be taxed at the same rate of 26 cents. (Cigarettes made of dark tobacco were still to be taxed at seven cents.) Law 333 threatened Philip Morris-ELJ's plans.

Philip Morris immediately brought in the heavy guns. Two senior executives, John Thompson and Walter Sterling Surrey, talked to President Balaguer to try to get the law changed. Philip Morris's intervention was understandable and perfectly legitimate in defense of its interests. They discussed the matter with Balaguer on May 19, 20, and 22, a week after Law 333 had been published. The president immediately set up a commission of senior officials to review the situation.

Thompson and Surrey met with the commission and insisted that the tax on local blond tobacco should be reduced from 26 cents to 13 cents. The commission stated publicly that the government could not meet the demand for such a large reduction. It pointed out that to grant such a request would create substantial problems for the state-owned company, which had to be protected as the main source of work for a large and important area of the country. In view of this, the commission said it could only recommend a reduction of five cents to President Balaguer, not 13 cents as Thompson and Surrey had sought.

The negotiations were protracted and complex. Philip Morris understandably argued that it had to protect its investment in ELJ and secure the Dominican company's future. The argument on the Dominican side, equally understandably, stressed the need to protect its own state industry. At one stage it was suggested that Philip Morris-ELJ split its harvest with CAT so that the state company could also market a cigarette made out of locally grown blond tobacco. After six months, agreement was finally reached.

On December 29, 1972, Law 333 was changed. The National Congress passed Law 451, which made the new tax on cigarettes made of local blond tobacco 18 cents, five cents more than Philip Morris had originally asked for and three cents less than the commission had originally been prepared to concede. ELJ launched Nacional, and smokers in the Dominican Republic took to the new cigarette in a big way.

photo courtesy United Nations/Ciric-Geneva

Under Philip Morris's tutelage, ELJ went from strength to strength. Over the years CAT watched its rival gradually erode its dominance of the market. Between 1978 and 1981, the market share of CAT's its best-selling brand, Montecarlo, dropped from 38 percent to 29 percent; Marlboro's rose from 15 percent to 26 percent; Nacional's rose from 7 percent to 15 percent. Then in 1982, Marlboro finally made it to the top. In a spectacular leap it captured 31.5 percent of the market to Montecarlo's 29.6 percent. The number one brand in the world had finally become the best-selling cigarette in the Dominican Republic. Another corner of the world became Marlboro Country.

THE battle to break the Smoke Ring is a battle between wealth and health. The tobacco companies and governments want to keep people smoking because of the wealth cigarettes create; the interests of public health dictate that the smoking habit should be encouraged to die.

The industry continues to woo and reassure its consumers, in particular those in Third World countries, with the myth that smoking is socially desirable. Governments can break the myth by banning all cigarette advertising and promotion. Revenue would not crash overnight, factory gates would not close tomorrow, tobacco farmers would not go out of business, and nations would still remain free. An advertising ban would be a sign that smoking was no longer considered socially acceptable, a belated recognition by the state that cigarettes are lethal. Despite the industry's defense — that advertising does not attract new smokers, does not appeal to young people, and only encourages brand switching — advertising gives smoking society's seal of approval.

The industry knows it will lose its battle if both governments and consumers are weaned from cigarettes. It remains reasonably confident that governments will stay dependent because of revenue and jobs, but fears for the loyalty of its consumers who are the Smoke Ring's most vital and vulnerable link. But the industry calculates that if this link can be held, the other political and economic components (which all depend on people buying cigarettes) will probably take care of themselves.□

Peter Taylor is a British journalist who reports for Panorama, *a BBC television current affairs program. This article is an excerpt from his book* ***The Smoke Ring: The Politics of Tobacco****. Copyright © 1984 by P.R. Taylor. Reprinted with the permission of Pantheon Books, a Division of Random House, Inc.*

The China Connection

R.J. Reynolds Tobacco International, Inc., announced in May 1984 a $20 million joint venture with the People's Republic of China for the manufacture of cigarettes in Xiamen, one of the special economic zones set up by the Chinese government in the late 1970s to allow foreign investment. The agreement marks the first time since the late 1930s that a foreign cigarette company has been given access to the Chinese market. According to Lester W. Pullen, president and chief executive officer of Reynolds Tobacco, more than 950 billion cigarettes are sold in China annually compared to 600 billion in the U.S.

The huge contemporary cigarette market in China traces its roots to the vigorous efforts of a number of North Carolinians who were instrumental in introducing bright leaf tobacco to that country at the turn of the century. "More than any other single person," writes the North Carolina China Council, "James B. ["Buck"] Duke positioned the tobacco industry for its penetration into the China market."

By 1905, his British-American Tobacco Company (BAT) had dispatched a team of white Southerners to China under the guidance of "crack salesman" James Thomas of Mecklenburg County, who headed BAT there for many years. He developed an exceedingly profitable relationship with an already well established tobacco trading network. The newcomers expanded on the existing market through the clever use of mass advertising techniques.

China became the testing ground for such now familiar sales techniques as free samples, discounts for repeated purchases, eye-catching billboards and packaging, and the generous display of the company's trademark on "scrolls, handbills, calendars, wall hangings, window displays, cotton canvas for the tops of carts and even small rugs which served as footrests in rickshas." While 90 percent of the company's advertising budget was spent on outdoor advertising, it is Quentin Gregory of Halifax County who can take the credit for popularizing what later became a major weapon of radio and television commercials. He introduced victrolas that played British-American Tobacco Company jingles.

The campaigns were so successful that a number of American firms soon began raising demonstration crops of bright leaf in China, after identifying areas where growing conditions were similar to those in North Carolina. The farms employed American managers and Chinese land and labor, and the Chinese variety came very close to duplicating the color and texture of the American original. Savings on transportation costs, tariffs, and labor brought higher profits, and by 1916 factories in Hankow, Shanghai, Mukden, and Harbin were manufacturing between one-half and two-thirds of the 12 billion cigarettes it marketed there and employing 13,000 Chinese industrial laborers.

But it wasn't to last. The rise of Chinese nationalism in the 1920s, the Japanese invasion and occupation in the '30s and '40s, and the 1949 Communist Party victory over the Kuomintang that consolidated the People's Republic brought an end to Southern profiteers' domination of the Chinese tobacco industry.

R.J. Reynolds' latest business coup may well mark the beginning of a revival of Southern incursion on the China market. Although the terms of the current agreement allow the Chinese government to assert limitations on production and sales, the potential market comes as a boon to the Southern tobacco farmers. As public attention focuses increasingly on the connection between tobacco smoking and disease, farmers are facing the grim possibility of losing federal support for their major cash crop. A China market safely in place could avert financial disaster.

The future of North Carolina's tobacco industry is one of the hottest issues in the state's upcoming Senatorial election. Jesse Helms (R.) is worried enough about getting re-elected to have selected a black man as press secretary North Carolinians of all hues were startled by this development given Helms's well known antipathy towards blacks. But Helms's record as a "friend of the farmer" is at least as renowned, and it is this image that he tries to evoke in his bid for black support. In North Carolina, as in many Third World countries, tobacco production and processing provides income for people who would ordinarily have access to little or none.

Governor Jim Hunt (D.) claims credit for having paved the way for the tobacco industry's new venture into China. As a national spokesman for the New South, Hunt has publicly advocated improving international relations, while privately pursuing foreign industry and overseas investment opportunities for American business. In the first debate between Hunt and Helms, the governor boasted of his trip to China to improve the market there for North Carolina tobacco, while the senator attacked him for dealing with a communist country. □

Historical information here is excerpted from ***North Carolina's China Connection, 1840-1949*** *published by the North Carolina China Council in 1981 and used with their permission.*

EAST TEXAS RED

THEN AND NOW — by Art Thieme

One of the least compromising songs Woody Guthrie ever wrote was his "high ballad" called "East Texas Red."

The story line of the song involves a couple of Texas hoboes who are harassed by the notorious railroad brakeman, East Texas Red.

Red is a sadist who enjoys tampering with the very necessities of life; he purposely spills the stew these two men were cooking. The hoboes then warn Red that exactly one year from that moment, they will return to the same spot and give him what he's got coming. Red just laughs and jumps back on his train.

The hoboes move on to Amarillo and then to the oil fields, where they get good-paying jobs — but they do not forget. As they promised, exactly one year after the original incident, the two men (this time with cash in the pockets of their warm overcoats) swing off a freight train to wait for the arrival of East Texas Red. Red is amazed to find the two waiting for him, and he pleads for mercy. The hoboes are not in a merciful mood; this man had deprived them of food. One of them pulls a gun and kills Red on the spot.

He went to his knees and hollered
"Please don't pull that trigger on me,
I did not get my business straight —"
But he did not get his say.
A gun wheeled out from an overcoat,
And played the old one-two.
And Red was dead when the other two men
Sat down to eat their stew.

It certainly is an amazingly straightforward little song. It assumes that there are certain laws that are above the law, the laws that free men create to impose order when the official rules of society no longer apply. Hobo society, made up as it is of those who have fallen through the holes in the safety net, has had to set up new rules to live by. If someone breaks the rules, there are (as John Steinbeck indicated in *The Grapes of Wrath*) two ways to deal with the transgressor. You can dispatch the person in a quick and violent fashion, or you can ostracize him. Woody's hoboes chose the most permanent punishment for this man who broke the rule against depriving someone of food. They made sure he'd not bother them again.

Last year I recorded "East Texas Red" on my latest album, *That's the Ticket.** On the album notes, I mentioned that when the social system fails, folks are sometimes forced to resort to drastic measures to ensure survival during hostile times. Several months later, I received a letter from songwriter Bruce O'Brien in Independence, Wisconsin. He had written this new version which he refers to as "an answer to" Guthrie's "East Texas Red," which he put to the tune of Earl Robinson's classic song, Joe Hill. It's a real link on the chain. He says, "I don't intend the song to be a prescription for violence against the East Texas Reds of today; I hope for my song to be a message to the East Texas Red within us, that a brutal economy makes us brutes."

O'Brien's song also manages to say, simply and eloquently, something we've all been thinking: all those fights we thought we'd won were only temporary victories. We're gonna have to go out and win 'em all over again, no matter how tired we are now that we're not 20 years old anymore. East Texas Red, Joe McCarthy, George Lincoln Rockwell, and all your cohorts — be warned!□

East Texas Red

I dreamed I saw East Texas Red,
Alive as you or me,
Says I, "But Red, you're long, long dead;"
"I never died," says he.
"I never died," says he.

"Was Woody wrote and sang the song
Of the evil you did do,
To hoboes on your railroad line;
You even spilt their stew,
You even spilt their stew.

"Those hobo workers shot you, Red,
They killed you dead," says I,
"Down in some lonesome railroad yard."
Says Red, "I didn't die."
Says Red, "I didn't die."

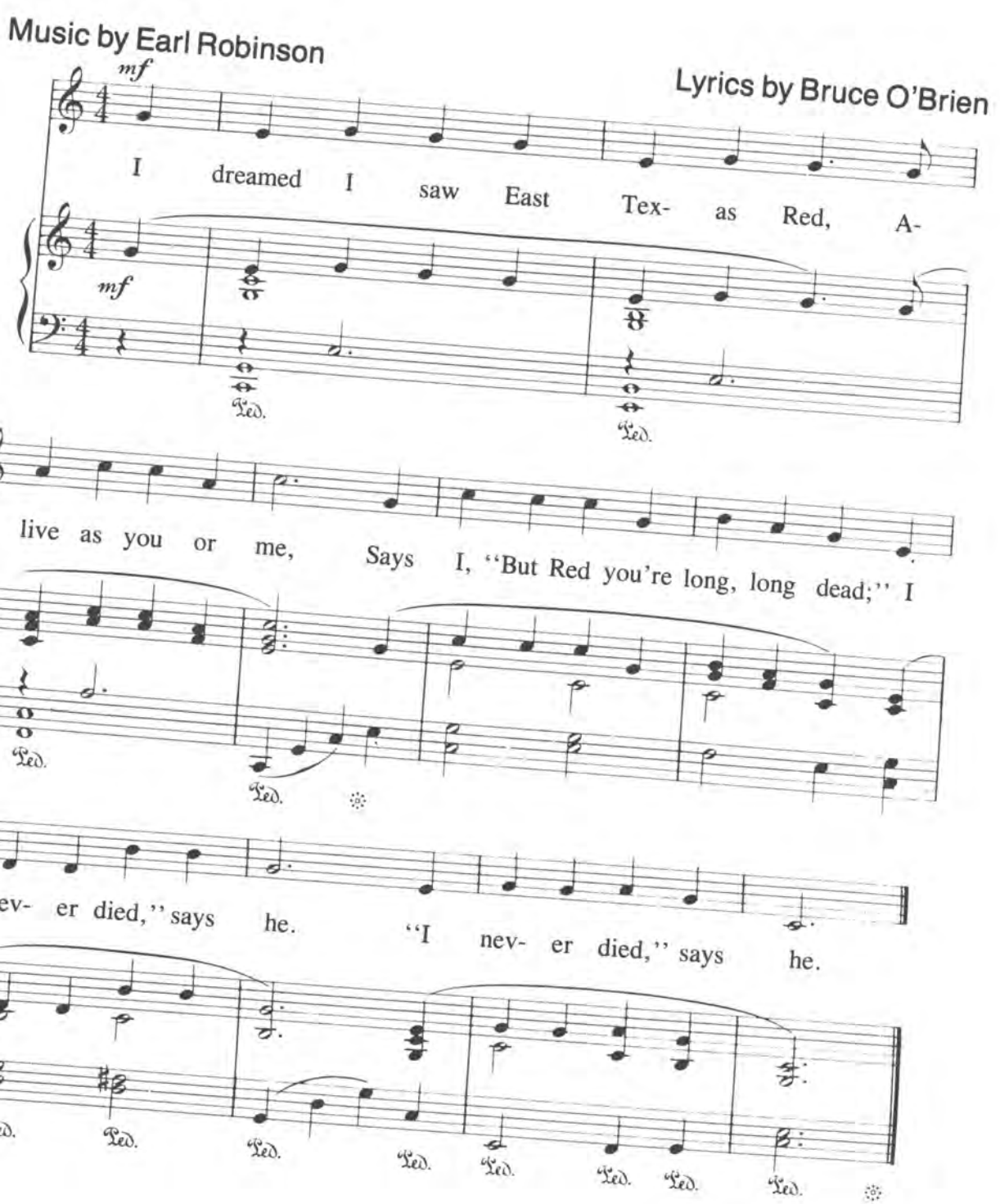
"Hard times has brought me back to life,
Just like I was before;
To preach of fear and greed and hate,
To teach of might and war,
Teach of might and war."

"Now I just do as I am told,
Like any Bill or Bob, (like any other slob,)
It's hard times everywhere you go,
You know, it's just a job,
And I'm glad I've got *my* job.

"Where there are bosses more than rich,
Where there are poor, near-dead,
Where there is hate and greed and fear;
You'll find East Texas Red.
You'll find East Texas Red."

I dreamed I saw East Texas Red,
Alive as you or me,
Says I, "But Red, you're long, long dead;"
"I never died," says he.
"I never died," says he.

* Available from Folk Legacy Records, Sharon Mountain Road, Sharon, CT 06069 for $7.98 plus $2.00 postage and handling.



Art Thieme is a folksinger based in northern Illinois. This article is reprinted from Volume 10, Number 3 of ***Come for to Sing****, a folk music quarterly published at 917 W. Wolfram, Chicago, IL 60657. Subscriptions are $7.50. Music to "Joe Hill" by Earl Robinson © copyright 1938, 1970 by MCA Music, a division of MCA Inc., New York, NY. Copyright renewed. Used by permission. All rights reserved.*

Reflections on a reunion by Ken Goodrich

1.

The church was smaller than I remembered it.

It had become — through my growth, not its own — a rather quaint structure. Made of fieldstone or sandstone or some such stone, it formed something akin to a pregnant "L" with the front of the sanctuary pompously cresting the hill overlooking Old Canton Road and the education wing tapering off down its side. Even the hill itself did not rise to the adventurous heights it had once seemed to scale. All in all, it appeared comfortably pleasant in its midtown setting.

The church of my earliest childhood, it was also the church of my great-grandfather, for it is his name which it bears; and gathering there in reunion was the family he and his bride began at the end of the last century with the birth of my grandmother. The Family and the church and I hadn't visited with one another in years. I was six years old when we left the church and nine when we left the city. And though we occasionally returned for a Thanksgiving or a Christmas over the next few years, by the time I was in my teens The Family had become, like the church, something to which I felt only vaguely and historically related. But on this day we were coming together again: for the celebration of Bill and Emily's fiftieth wedding anniversary, and for renewal.

I have always thought of The Family as my grandmother and a cast of thousands, since that was easier than sorting through who belonged to what branch of

the family out of which union, and have thought more than once that Jesus would need a good night's rest before attempting to feed this bunch with five loaves and a pair of fish.

The Family began when David and Annie Fondren decided to have children. They started about six months after they were married and didn't quit for two full decades. Whether they intended to give birth to 11 children or whether they just couldn't help themselves is now known only to God, but when you have been acquainted with the eight who lived to adulthood, you get the lasting impression that David and Annie would have begat a whole new nation if they'd had a little more time on the biological clock. My grandmother was the first and my Aunt Dee was the 11th, and they were all born and raised in a little settlement on the northern edge of Jackson, Mississippi. The settlement itself bore the family name and was annexed by Jackson in 1930, the same year that Fondren Presbyterian Church was organized in the family home.

There is something at once compelling and aversive about a call to family renewal. You are drawn to it by an almost irresistible sense of history and heritage and the outstretched tendons of your roots beckoning you "home." There is somewhere deep within you the nagging suspicion that you are who you are because of who you were, that the six year old still resides to some degree in a part of the 32-year-old body, and that to know him at all you must return to the old surroundings and to the old faces that did most of the surrounding.

But there is also somewhere closer to the surface of you a counter-proposition that these thoughts are so much sentimental gibberish. It would be easier to stay away and be your own, safe, unscrutinized self, nursing a beer and watching the ball game, and to think of The Family as a pleasant band of angels that, nonetheless, belongs only to childhood memories.

Although I have always adored my great-aunts and enjoyed their families (when I was growing up in Jackson, my best friends were my cousins, not my schoolmates), and although it would be pleasant enough to see them again, I could not make myself relish the thought of wandering about for three or four hours trading small talk with people I hadn't seen in 10 or 20 years. I thought I would have a silly enough time matching old faces to the young faces I remembered without struggling to find some common ground beyond "how are you, where do you live now, what do you do," and "oh, so this is your wife/husband and your children."

I pictured myself standing in the middle of a large room, rocking back on my heels, with my hands in my pockets and a grin ridiculously frozen on my face, nodding at this person and that person — whoever they were — and wondering why God had ordained all of my cousins into marriage and three children each and me into a mid-life bachelorship and identity crisis.

It isn't that I don't care for The Family or that I haven't from time to time missed some of those who make it up; it's just that I am uneasy in most any situation in which I am surrounded by husbands and wives, their three children (they *all* have three children, as if it was the 11th Commandment to do so), a bowl of greenish punch, and traditional Old South values. So, when I got there, I sat with my chin on my hands in my car in the parking lot and tried to remember what it was that compelled me there.

What it was, I supposed, was my grandmother. Of the eight children of David and Annie who survived childhood, five sisters remained to survive this reunion. The last time The Family had gathered was for my Aunt Mae's funeral. And the next time The Family gathers it will probably be for another funeral — maybe my grandmother's, maybe someone else's grandmother's. So the reunion is for them — these grandmothers and aunts and mothers — that they may again absorb the fullness of the family they bore and the goodness that is borne with them.

2.

Name-tags helped. They helped identify the wives and husbands and teenagers I had never met, and whom I wasn't *supposed* to know. But, surprisingly, even the faces of those cousins I had not seen but two or three times in all of the years between then and now smiled at me and I at them in recognition of one another. Sometimes I greeted them more tentatively than assuredly, and sometimes I met another's eyes across the room, out of range of the name-tag, and wondered if I *was* supposed to know their owner, but as my relatives trickled in throughout the late afternoon, I found that the years had not changed them nor my impressions of them nearly as much as I had thought they would.

I wandered about the dining hall, avoiding equally the green punch and the videotape camera someone had brought to record the event, and between introductions to a wife here and to children there and the short conversations about

THE BIG HOUSE

photo courtesy Ken Goodrich

what we each do in the world that always ended with our nodding our heads and saying, "Oh" at each other, it slowly dawned on me that here was a family of some 85 people, all born and bred in southern Mississippi, and we didn't have a single Bubba or Lula Mae among the bunch of us.

About the nearest we could come to a pure Southern stamp like Bubba was a cousin two years younger than I named Wilkins, but called of all things "Wix." Wix' father is a big teddy bear of a man named Buster whose every utterance is followed by an infectious laugh, and I suppose when Wix was a little runt of a boy the name sat well on him, especially when it came lovingly bellowed from the father.

Wix and I had not been close, yet we had been comrades-in-arms. We had both been — in the vernacular of the day — "squirts," and, on the rare occasions when we got together with the rest of The Family, we stuck to each other as much for survival as for companionship. Since his family lived outside of Jackson, we didn't see them nearly as often as we did the rest of the clan, so if there was anyone I had not seen in 23 full years, it was Wix. Yet when he walked into the dining hall with his wife and children, I knew him like it was yesterday and it was summertime and The Family was holding its Sunday get-together in the Summerhouse, a screened-in patio which sat on the back of the garage.

I've heard that David Fondren insisted as long as he lived that all his children convene at the Big House for Sunday dinner, so I suppose that our picnics were an effort to carry on the family tradition. Even those who lived 30 miles away in Canton and 25 miles away in Edwards came to many of the Sunday picnics, so they were about the only times I got to see Wix.

We kids would wolf down the chicken and potato salad and deviled eggs and cake, and then roam the big yard in search of adventure. We played someone's version of War or Cowboys and Indians, or simply chased after the bigger kids such as my brother John and Ed Melvin, who hauled off for places we couldn't follow, which sooner or later usually led to the top of the garage. They jumped up to the first limb of the pecan tree, crawled out on the fat branch, and swung down onto the roof. Dick (who usually considered himself one of the "big kids" but who just wasn't big enough), Wix, and I would undertake the task of climbing the picket fence to

photos courtesy Ken Goodrich

get to the top of the Summerhouse to get to the top of the garage, and as soon as we got there John and Ed simply jumped off and went on their way. Dick always jumped off after them (he may have been small, but he was the bravest small sumthin I ever saw), but while John and Ed took off for another sanctuary he would stand there and taunt Wix and me for not jumping. We'd sit on our haunches with our arms hugging our legs and peer calmly over our knees way down at Dick, who was yelling "chickennnn" at us." I'd look at Wix and lie, "I'll go if you go," and he'd lie back, "I'll go if you go," and we'd both of us look back down at Dick, knowing we weren't going anywhere and feeling secure in the knowledge of it. Actually, the serenity and peacefulness of the garage roof was not lost on us, and there was no intuitively good reason to hurry down just to try to find John and Ed and Dick, who would just run off again. When we got good and ready, which was usually a few minutes after Dick got tired of calling us chicken and went off to find the others, we would simply climb back down the

same, safe way we had climbed up there in the first place.

It was a common bond we shared at the time. It was a companionship born out of a few needed moments together over a period of only two or three years. I don't know any more now about Wix than I do about a stranger lying in the gutter, but I know that, once, we knew each other in innocent truth and trust.

Twenty some-odd years later, I recognized him as soon as he walked through the door. For a racing instant I wanted to grab him and say: "Wix, don't you remember us? Don't you remember the brotherhood of us sitting on a rooftop or climbing a picket fence? I haven't seen you from that day to this one, and yet I feel we are linked by something undescribable and unspeakable. Twenty-something years have passed and I only know you as a little boy sitting on a garage roof hugging your legs. Sit here and tell me who you are."

But I didn't and the moment passed. I didn't because he'd think me a damn fool, and for good reason. Instead, I said "Hi, Wix, you probably don't remember me." And he replied, after a glance down at my name-tag to be certain, "Sure I do. How are you?" So I shook his hand, was introduced to his wife and children, and the moment passed.

DAVID FONDREN

3.

Sitting in a row of chairs just inside the door were the ladies for whom the whole affair was thrown. My grandmother and her sisters Em, Ag, Margaret, and Dee sat together squeezing hands as The Family passed in review.

They were — are — damn fine women. You couldn't be a part of their family without feeling fiercely proud to be so. And even though each is her own peculiar brand of person, it is difficult to think of one without thinking of the others. When I was a boy, they were so very much like one another that simply by listening to them talk, you couldn't tell them apart.

They would each show how we grandchildren impressed them by laying palm against cheek and exclaiming either "Oh, law," or "You don't *mean* to tell me!" or "Gracious!" My favorite, however, which my grandmother usually pronounced at the mere hint of an achievement, was "I'm so proud I don't know what to do." My grandmother would be so proud she wouldn't know what to do if I so much as sat all the way through church service without having to go to the bathroom. And as soon as word of that magnificent feat spread through the Sunday picnic, all of my other aunts would be so proud they wouldn't know what to do either. When she learned that I was the first one in my second grade Sunday school class to memorize the Apostle's Creed, my grandmother was so proud she didn't know what to do for a whole week.

It is unfair to describe one of those grandmothers from a grandchild's perspective, because there were no grandchildren in that room that thought any of them as anything less than God's crowning gift to the present world. I remember when I was about 20, after a particularly harrowing tug-of-war with my mother, she told me that she and her mother used to get into the same kinds of shouting matches, and my immediate and horrified response was, "Not *my* grandmother!"

But even if I cannot give an accurate accounting of my grandmother's complete personality, I have come to know much about her by examining my own mother, just as I learn about my aunts as much by watching their children as by watching them.

4.

We began changing the dining hall from a reception room into one you could eat dinner in. The green punch and candy mints were mercifully put away and the ham and turkey, potato salad, deviled eggs, 14 different casseroles, and six different jello something-or-others took their places. People were still signing in; Mary Agnes was chewing out her six-year-old for smacking my sister's four-year-old in the

mouth; there were as many women in the kitchen trying to help out as there were in the dining hall trying not to; and my Uncle Bill was standing in the hall doorway smoking a cigarette.

Of all the people in that room, I thought no one had changed less than Bill Keeton. Having just celebrated his fiftieth wedding anniversary, he looked about the same to me as he had looked when I was nine and he caught Dick and me out behind their garage gawking at a men's magazine we had found. I don't know what he said to Dick after I left, but he asked me if I didn't think it would be a good idea to tell my father about it. Actually, I thought that was the second worst idea I could think of — the worst being to tell Uncle Bill what I thought of his idea — but I sat there in the dirt nodding my head up and down, like one of those plastic dolls you put in your car's rear window, in vigorous agreement of the suggestion. I told my father about it the next day, thinking that surely Uncle Bill would ask him if I had, and, of course, Bill never mentioned it at all.

Twenty-three years had passed since that time, and yet the man seemed unchanged and unmoved by the passing. He had the same full white mane, and the same hard-bitten look in the same leathery face. I thought as I watched him talking to someone I didn't know that the reason I had always been in awe of him, if not plain terrified of him, was that he spoke in a low, rumbling undertone, and never seemed to change his seemingly indifferent expression, so that I never had a hint as to what he was really thinking. Being hard of hearing and a dependent lip reader, I never actually heard him say anything at all except when he raised his voice to Dick and me after Dick had gotten us into trouble.

The reason Dick got us into trouble so constantly was that, though I had a vivid imagination, mine wasn't nearly as wild or as non-stop as his, and everything he suggested that didn't risk my life sounded like too much fun to pass up. Whenever I spent the night with him, it was with a sense of nervous anticipation, wondering whether or not we could get away with whatever it was we were going to think up to do. Sometimes we'd make it almost until dawn before yielding to our fatal urges and sneaking out of the house at 4:00 in the morning to take a long walk down the drainage ditch or along the railroad tracks. Unfortunately, we didn't get around to sneaking back into the house until after his father was up, looking for us. I was 22 years old before I heard Bill Keeton say anything other than "What do you boys think you're doing?" I never did have trouble hearing that.

photos courtesy Ken Goodrich

5.

There didn't seem to be anyone new coming into the dining hall. Apparently, The Family had filled itself up, at least for this evening, and so with no one else to nod my head at or to talk football with, I slipped away for a walk through the church of my childhood. Ambling down the hallway out of the light into the darkness, out of the noise into silence, I found that I was escaping into myself — into my past and my present.

I walked down the stairs to what used to be the dining hall but was now children's classrooms, and sauntered up the stairs to other frozen memories. The hallways we once chased through after pot-luck suppers were not the endless tunnels I remembered. At the end of one of them, I wandered into the session room. It looked like any other church's board-meeting room, with its intersecting T-shaped table and velvet chairs. I had never been in it before, so it held no special significance for me.

But then I noticed the picture of Marion hanging on the wall. Why we called her Aunt Mae when she had such a lovely name as Marion is something I never thought of before, but which now distressed me. I thought, as I stared at the photo of her in a familiar blue dress and hat, that I would have liked to have called her by her name. I thought also that few Southern Presbyterian churches would have a picture of a woman hanging on the session-room wall, and I stood there and applauded them for it.

Aunt Mae never married, and if I have nothing else in common with her, at least I have that. She started working in her daddy's grocery store when she was 17, and was still working in a frame shop when she died at 76. She lived with my grandmother after my grandfather died and took over all the duties he would have performed. My grandmother cooked, sewed, and ran the house, and Aunt Mae drove the car, brought home the bacon, fixed the plumbing, and ran the church. She wielded a hammer and a wrench as deftly as she thumbed through her Bible.

Though she was a charter member of her church, Aunt Mae was not one of those black-veiled matriarchs who sit in the prominent pew, critically appraising the preacher and long-windedly carrying on about the church's history and tradition, making certain that everybody knew of their families' importance to it. She was more of a worker than a voice, which is another irony about her photo being in the session room. She simply gave herself tirelessly to whatever task needed doing, and proved almost indispensable in certain areas. She wrote the history of the church, grew and arranged the flowers for every Sunday

morning service, and she and my grandmother prepared communion and washed the glasses in their own kitchen.

Having her picture hanging on the session room wall may not seem that almighty of a compliment, but in the perspective of the all-male sessions dictated in those days, it ranks nobler than any other tribute I could think of.

Thinking of her, I thought of her nephew Dick. Aunt Mae and Dick had a relationship which only in retrospect did I recognize as being special. Dick was two years older than I, but was what I termed "slow." The word "retarded" did not enter my consciousness until long after we had moved away from each other, because it was a concept that my young mind could not hold — certainly not in association with someone as vibrant and alive as Dick.

I don't know why Aunt Mae took a special interest in Dick. Maybe it was because she didn't have any children of her own and the Keeton family just adopted her. Maybe she was as close to all the Keetons as she was to Dick, but since he needed it more, he got most of her attention.

Whatever the reason, Aunt Mae seemed to look out for Dick more than for any of the rest of us. She didn't dote on him the way her sisters doted on their grandchildren. She was tough on him when she needed to be, but patient with him always. "You chillun get down from that roof this minute or I'll wear you out" was about as strong as she got. More than anything else though, my impression was that Aunt Mae taught Dick about things. She was, if anything, a realist. She viewed the world by what needed doing in it, and I think she wanted Dick to learn, if nothing else, what he could do in it.

When Marion Fondren died, her church lost a valuable servant, my grandmother lost her right arm and lifelong companion, The Family lost perhaps its noblest member; but Dick, possibly more than anyone else, lost his dearest friend.

6. With my hands draped around the steering wheel and my chin resting on my hands, I drove back to Memphis on a balmy, moonless, but star-filled night. Just when I felt I was beginning to understand what it meant to be there, it had been time to go, for I had a long drive ahead of me, and I still had to study the lesson I was teaching in Sunday school the next day.

I had eventually arrived at a table where my cousins Rob and Doug sat with their wives, and I settled among them and talked with them. It was as if we were meeting each other for the first time, which, of course, we were — as adults. And when each unit of the family stood before the group and introduced their brand new selves, and when my grandmother and her sisters stood together for a picture (as Buster hollered, "Show us a little leg, ladies!"),

there were moments that burst with newness and rebirth.

I began to realize that it was not reunions in and of themselves that make us approach them waveringly, but the way we think them to be. That we convince ourselves of how they will be before we even get there renders us incapable of reacting to the moments presented to us or of grabbing the Bill Keetons and the Wixes to uncover the mysteries.

Before leaving, I had spent some time sitting down in the middle of the sanctuary, in darkness punctuated only by the hall light shimmering through in the greens and maroons of the stained-glass windows. I had listened to the children playing chase in that long, endless tunnel behind me and thought of the differences between being six years old in that place and being 32 years old there. The walls of the sanctuary had said, "You will never be six again, or 18 or 29. You will never be this age or this person or this body again from the moment you leave this darkened sanctuary and return to the light of the world." And that was neither a cause for rejoicing nor for bereavement; it was only a cause for fine tuning.

Driving back to Memphis, sipping on a beer and listening to Merle Haggard on the radio, I realized that I had not seen so many stars out in a long, long time. I guessed that I just hadn't been away from the city at night where I could see the glory of a clear, well-lit universe. Pulling into a restroom-less rest area, I got out of the car and leaned against its side, looking about me. A night like that is awesome in its magnificence, and I marveled at the power and the amazing artfullness of a God who would create something as breathtaking as this universe. And I marveled also at the love, patience, and grace of the same God who allows us to become human in it.

The next time The Family gathers, I will be there. But I will go early and stay late, because just having met these people, I would like to spend some time getting to know them and letting them know me, whoever I'll be at the time. Next time there will be no lost moments. There will be instead wine and dance, and Napoleon brandy and wee morning hours.

I raised a beer in holy toast to The Family and to the God who had been there all along, got back in the car, and drove toward tomorrow.□

Ken Goodrich is a student at Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, Virginia, and a freelance writer.

An art form for everyday use

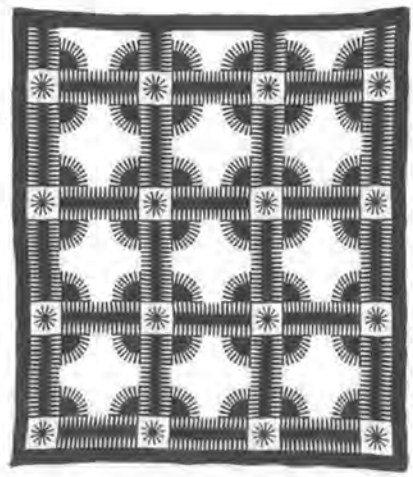
Kentucky Quilts 1800-1900, introduction and quilt commentaries by Jonathan Holstein; historical text by John Finley; design by Lazin & Katalan. Pantheon Books, 1984. 80 pp. $14.95.

— by Linda Rocawich

Quilts hold a special place in the affections of the South and probably always will. Since the latest revival of interest that began in the early 1970s, which has raised their status from that of an admirable, practical craft to indigenous American *art form*, tens of thousands of words have been written trying to explain the whys and wherefores of their heartwarming attraction. But spend an hour or two wandering through the pages of this book, and no one will need to explain anything. An outgrowth of a project to find and preserve the nineteenth-century quilts hidden away in Kentucky attics and closets — or, for that matter, proudly displayed on the beds and walls of quilters' descendants — *Kentucky Quilts* is a catalogue of the best finds, with 63 color plates, detailed commentaries on the quilts, and a history of the art form in that state.

The Kentucky Quilt Project, which is documented in this book, is a fascinating story in itself, which I'll paraphrase from John Finley's text. Bruce Mann was a quilt dealer in Louisville who had sold a number of nineteenth-century quilts to out-of-state collectors — until he realized that he was selling away part of Kentucky's artistic heritage, which he viewed as considerable. He proposed a project to (1) locate and document early Kentucky quilts, (2) collect the best for a major museum exhibition, and (3) write a book about the quilts and what they revealed about nineteenth-century life.

In 1980, before he could get started, Mann was killed in a traffic accident. Two friends, Eleanor Bingham Miller and Shelly Zegart, decided to carry on and were joined by Eunice Sears and Katy Christopherson to found the project. The first problem was to find the quilts: get-



ting the word out to the state's 120 counties and getting people to bring their quilts somewhere to be examined and documented. Sears had the idea that rather than expect quilt owners to come to the Kentucky Quilt Project, they would take the project to the people.

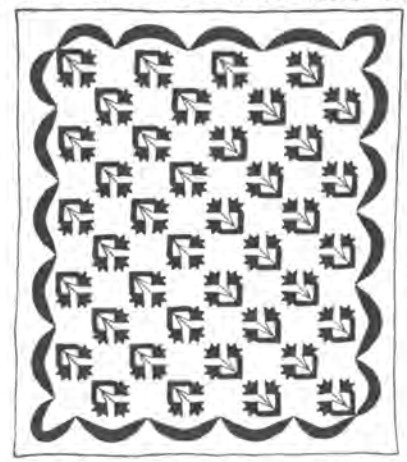
They held 12 Quilt Days in 10 cities from one end of the state to the other. In advance of each, they put up posters, contacted local women's groups and quilting circles, placed ads and feature stories in local newspapers, and relied as well on word of mouth. The enthusiasm they generated was overwhelming. As Miller said, "People have these quilts and they know they have value in them, but they really don't know what they've got in terms of heritage and monetary value." They went to the Quilt Days to find out, carrying plastic bags bulging with quilts, turning out in greater numbers than anyone had expected.

Project people critiqued and photographed the quilts, took notes on what was known of the quilts' and quiltmakers' histories, showed a film about quilting, explained how to recognize value in old quilts and how to care for them, and urged the owners not to sell them. By Quilt Days' end, they had documented more than 1,000; later they chose the 63 pictured in the book for exhibit in Kentucky museums and a smaller number to tour the country via the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service.

The book is beautifully designed, displaying the brilliant colors on nearly every page. The text is a history of Kentucky as told through the lives of the women (and one man) who created this art: opening the frontier, relations with Indians, subsistence farming, domestic life, the terrible toll of the Civil War and its aftermath on families both white and black in this divided border state.

Ultimately, though, the delight of the book is the quilts themselves, which are surprisingly diverse. There are many fine examples of the traditional patterns, with intricate piecework and subtle appliques. But there are many more that twist a traditional idea in unusual directions, sometimes by using unusual color patterns, sometimes by using an old pattern that is normally a simple overall design to create instead a broad visual image. And then there are quilts that depart so dramatically from what we usually see, they shock in the way that the large canvases of twentieth-century art must have shocked before we grew so accustomed to them.

In fact, as Jonathan Holstein points out here, these two art forms have much in common, although they have no direct links earlier than the 1970s. This is more



illustrations from Kentucky Quilts

noticeable since people began to collect quilts as art and thus to hang them on the wall, like paintings, instead of using them to stay warm. Interestingly, though, many of the quilts that struck my eye in this new way are ones that were primarily intended not for show but for use, coarse quilts for cold nights, with irregularly shaped pieces, roughly organized, with little regard for the niceties of stitching, edges, and the like. A woman on the Kentucky frontier had dozens of tasks to perform

aside from making quilts, and she might need to make dozens in the course of outfitting her family over the years. So that is one of the things I like most about this project: its inclusion of quilts that were used every day and show it by their worn condition, but were nonetheless stitched with an eye toward creating a visually exciting object to have around the house.□

Linda Rocawich is an editor of ***Southern Exposure.***

Students, health care and social change

Streams of Idealism and Health Care Innovation, by Richard A. Couto. Columbia University Press, 1982. 169 pp. $18.95.

— by Gertrude Fraser

Often, as I listen to conversations on college campuses, I lament the dominance of apathy. I want to cry out, "Whatever happened to involvement?" "Whatever happened to idealism and to student advocacy for the 'downtrodden'?" A bit of nostalgic idealism, perhaps, but well worth considering. What distinguishes the years of the late 1960s and early 1970s from the inner-directed era of the 1980s? Where are those involved students now? What did they grow up to be? Richard Couto provides a partial answer to those questions in a work which, while directed specifically at grassroots health care organization, addresses the broader issues of the limits and possibilities of student and community-directed social change.

In 1969 a group of students at Vanderbilt University, with the aid of faculty members, organized and participated in the Student Health Coalition, later to be broken up into the Appalachian Student Health Coalition and the Western Tennessee Health Coalition. Couto traces the history of these organizations and, with questionnaires, follows the participants in an attempt to assess how their experience working among the urban and rural poor affected their subsequent practice of medicine. In the more successful second section of his work, he examines the dynamic of grassroots organizing in the communities targeted by the health coalitions and looks at the results of these efforts.

Nursing and medical students, as well as some law students — faced with learning in an academic setting with little connection to surrounding communities, which had histories of inadequate and relatively expensive health care — decided to spend their summers in "service-learning" projects. These ranged from organizing temporary community health fairs to working with communities in establishing and staffing permanent health clinics. I will, as does Couto, focus on the experiences of the students working in health care, although he tangentially refers to land loss and legal rights clinics operated by law students.

As Couto makes clear, the Student Health Coalition, at its inception, had some very real problems with clearly defining its goals and drawing up a plan of attack. Conflicts arose early between participants who saw health and health care as strongly political issues with underlying links to a critique of American economy and society and participants who saw their involvement as just wanting to help people get access to health care.

Perhaps, as the author suggests, these differences created a valuable tension which contributed to the "vitality" and "appeal" of the health project. But he fails to reflect more deeply on the inevitable dilemma facing both the students and community members in the project: that is, the difficulty, perhaps impossibility, of working for social change without deeply questioning the nature of power and the institutions that foster neglect of the poor. Secondarily, while his work is strongly in favor of community-student projects, it also exposes the shortcomings of these ventures. To be sure, students and community members both benefited from the health fairs, but none of the students in his sample seems to have returned to practice rural medicine full-time, and communities were still, in the late 1970s, having difficulties in staffing and maintaining control of health care facilities.

Responses to Couto's questionnaire by past student participants clearly reflect this. All gained a greater appreciation of rural and urban poor folk in Appalachia and Tennessee. They came to appreciate, for example, the value placed on interdependence in these communities, values arising from the intimate acquaintance of the poor with living on the socioeconomic margin. For these students, largely middle- and upper-class, socialized to value individual competitiveness, these were important object lessons. Many felt they had received more than they had given, and all saw their summer involvement as worthwhile pre-professional training.

Yet some were unsure as to the basic impact of their efforts on the communities themselves. They wondered whether a summer in Appalachia giving vision tests constituted political action. As one nursing student and community organizer put it, "Students came in for a summer and left. . . . One bright student diagnosed a carcinoma, another a chromosomal abnormality. That's fine. But they moved on, and the patients were left with no available or *good* follow-up care."

There is no need to belabor the point. My contention, however, is that the issue as presented here remains a pedagogical one. Couto accepts the role of dispassionate reporter of the questionnaire responses, which in any case do not provide the sort of portrait of participants that would allow us a nuanced understanding of who these students were. He never takes a point of view, and his attempts to quantify the effect of this experience on the "psycho-political development" of student participants rings shallow in the end.

Now every chronicler of social activism need not take a stand or provide readers with life histories along with their data. But Couto's first section would have been greatly enhanced by a stronger slant in these directions, and there is no better proof of this than the second section of his work: a revealing analysis of the inadequacies of health care access in Southern rural communities, and specif-

ically of community involvement in the health coalition projects. It is here that his book has tremendous value as a multi-leveled examination of social change from the bottom up.

Couto characterizes the student health projects as *catalysts* in the grassroots efforts of these communities to improve their health care. This is important, for he argues that it was the efforts of community members that ultimately sustained health mobilization efforts. He focuses on community leaders and people who sponsored the work of students, interviewing 100 of them in 35 communities in 1978 — three primarily black communities in west Tennessee and 32 primarily white Appalachian communities in eastern Kentucky, southwestern Virginia, and east Tennessee. These community leaders reflected on their experiences in establishing clinics and organizing health awareness fairs in collaboration with students from different cultural and socioeconomic worlds.

In a fashion sorely lacking in his analysis of student respondents, Couto stresses the importance of understanding the social and economic context within which these communities and their leaders grappled with the problem of gaining access to better health care. He reminds us of the all-too-familiar axiom that American health care operates on a market-allocated system: it is unequally dispensed to those with the ability to purchase it. Consequently the poor, especially the rural Southern poor, are in poorer health but have more limited access to health resources than their wealthier counterparts.

We also learn that the very notion of community has undergone immense change in Appalachia and west Tennessee, change resulting from industrialization, land loss, and technological incursions into what were once thriving communities. Couto correctly suggests that it is against this process of community disintegration that the health coalition projects must be assessed. For example, in the Appalachian communities studied, out-migration in search of jobs resulted in drastically reduced populations. In turn, already under-served areas were further ignored because private doctors and federal and state agencies judged it financially unfeasible to serve such small populations.

But Couto distinguishes between the situation in the two regions: ". . . despite the similarity in social context, there was a difference. The community efforts in West Tennessee [predominantly black] sought to hasten a future time when services of equally high quality would be provided to people of all races, something that had never been true of this region. The community efforts in the Appalachian region were, at least in part, an effort to restore something that had been there before."

Efforts to establish clinics in black communities were initially met, by one community leader's account, by some resistance on the part of whites, who perceived the clinics as a critique of the existing health care system. This critique, while unintended, arose naturally from the inequitable allocation of health care resources to blacks.

Couto's focus on the "psyco-political" development of student participants is paralleled by his use of Paulo Freire's concept of "conscientization" in his discussion of the involvement of leaders in bringing better health care to their communities. He finds from his interviews that black and white leaders use different metaphorical images and analogies, perhaps reflecting differing relationships to the polity, in discussing their eventually political efforts to get adequate health care. Black leaders, according to Couto, couched their mobilization efforts in terms of theological stories of deliverance, and gains achieved through spiritual solidarity. White leaders drew on their experiences of union organization and on the history of worker struggle in Appalachia. Both black and white, however, viewed themselves as largely working against an unresponsive federal government.

In a bittersweet ode to the power of grassroots health organizing, and to its limits within the larger health care system, Couto also discusses the failures of these early projects. Failures were due in large part to the demands placed on local community coalitions by federal regulations, by an inflexible national health care system, and by other factors that consciously or unconsciously wrested control from community members.

At this point, Couto examines the limits

of local and volunteer action, which is unable to change the imposed boundaries and assumptions of the larger medical and political system. One community leader sadly realizes that because of financial and political encroachments on an initially community-run clinic, "Our dream has become a nightmare." And we are saddened, in turn, by the view of one resident who notes, "Now every day it seemed like it was another step towards someone else running the show. And I don't know, I can't really put a finger on who or what, you know. . . . There was, it seems, like a conspiracy."

At a time when we are being asked to look to voluntarism and to the private sector to solve very real structural problems of inadequate health and other social services, Couto's second section is important reading. These communities' struggles to address the often overwhelming problem of providing adequate health care to their members is both a lesson and a warning — of both the possibilities and the real limitations of such attempts. We need a federal policy which is sensitive to the heterogeneous health needs of rural communities, but one which does not overwhelm community efforts with a monolithic model of bureaucratic health organization.

Couto makes enlightening reading for both a health services audience and those generally interested in community organization. Even in its documentation of their failures, his book celebrates the strength of Southern rural communities. It should also be read for his effort to document the practical idealism of students who seriously grappled with issues of social change and who committed themselves to the process of reshaping their society.□

Gertrude Fraser is doing dissertation research on the political economy of health in a Southern community for Johns Hopkins University.

Learning the Golden Rule

Passing Through, by Leon Driskell. Algonquin Books, 1983. 239 pp. $13.95.

— by Chris Mayfield

Tobacco farming is under attack from many directions these days (as Peter Taylor's article in this issue attests), and rightly so. But the last story in Leon Driskell's *Passing Through* describes the emotional and aesthetic attraction that tobacco still holds for many small farmers — an attraction that in many ways works independently of the economics of allotments and market prices:

> Stripping time was the highpoint of uncle Rosco's year. Going to market and holding in his hand the check which represented a year's work was nothing compared to the good spirits and conviviality in the stripping room. . . . Rosco paid top wages, but some folks said they'd rather pay Rosco than miss the fun.

Rosco is the oldest male in the motley family group that Driskell explores in this slim nine-story volume, which, despite Driskell's disclaimers, reads more like a novel than a short-story collection. And tobacco farming is just a sidelight of their life together (in Owen County, Kentucky), which really centers on figuring out the nature of the ties that bind them. This is no easy task in any family, but is especially complicated in this one since the members are not even all blood kin.

Mama Pearl — the placid, rock-like heroine who holds it all together — is not really kin to anybody else in the household. She married the ex-husband of the woman who originally owned the farm (both now dead), but she is now living there with uncle Rosco (also no kin), whom she finally decides to marry near the end of the book. These two are in their sixties; uncle Lester (great-nephew of the original owner) is 14; his sisters Erline and Lurline (who don't really live at the farm) are in their thirties; *their* children (whom Mama Pearl is bringing up, as she did Erline and Lurline) are Audrey and Augie, ages 11 and nine.

Irritating as they all find each other at times, the members of this family end up realizing what Mama Pearl has known all along: that it's best for people to be good to one another, whether they deserve it or not, since life is short and we are all just "passing through." It's a simple lesson, but a hard one to live by, and the difficulties of this creed are what Driskell relates, both hilariously and poignantly. His tone is the familiar, colloquial voice of a family storyteller, and although his tale is sometimes confusingly cluttered with detail (who said what to whom and when), the overall effect is to make his readers feel we are sitting right there in the old farmhouse kitchen, watching Mama Pearl shell crowder peas, or huddling in the cab of the ancient pickup truck loaded with under-ripe watermelons, as that pesty Erline frantically pushes the busted brake pedal.

Passing Through is one of the initial offerings of Algonquin Books, a small press recently founded in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, by Southern literature scholar Louis Rubin.□

Chris Mayfield is a former editor of ***Southern Exposure*** *who now serves as copy editor for the magazine.*

Books on the South

This list consists of books published through December 1984. All books were published in 1984. Dissertations appeared in Dissertation Abstracts in April and June 1984. All dissertations are dated 1983 unless otherwise noted.

The entries are grouped under several broad categories for your convenience. Mention of a book here does not preclude its being reviewed in a future issue. Unsolicited reviews of publications of general interest to our readers are welcome. Recent works are preferred.

Copies of the dissertations are available from: University Microfilms International, Dissertation Copies, P.O. Box 1764, Ann Arbor, MI 48106; (800) 521-3042.

ECONOMICS, HISTORY, AND POLITICS — BEFORE 1865

Atlas of Antebellum Southern Agriculture, by Sam Bowers Hilliard. LSU Press. $27.50/8.95.

Cannon's Point Plantation, 1794-1860: Living Conditions and Status Patterns in the Old South, by John S. Otto. Academic Press. Price not set.

"Civil War, Black Freedom, and Social Change in the Upper South: Middle Tennessee, 1860-1870," by Stephen V. Ash. Univ. of Tennessee.

Dark Lanterns: Secret Political Societies, Conspiracies, and Treason Trials in the Civil War, by Frank L. Klement. LSU Press. $25.00.

"General Hugh Judson Kilpatrick in the American Civil War: A New Appraisal," by John E. Pierce. Penn State Univ.

Growing Up in the 1850s: The Journal of Agnes Lee, edited by Mary Custis Lee de Butts. UNC Press. $11.95.

"A Historiographical Study of the Taney Court and the Dred Scott Decision," by Dianne L. Heafer. Univ. of Houston.

Indian Villages of the Southwest, by Buddy Mays. Chronicle Books. $9.95.

Justice Accused: Antislavery and the Judicial Process, by Robert Cover. Yale Univ. Press. $12.95.

McKeithen Weiden Island: The Culture of North Florida, A.D. 200-700, by Jerald T. Milanich, et al. Academic Press. Price not set.

My Passage at the New Orleans *Tribune*: A Memoir of the Civil War Era, by Jean-Charles Houzeau; edited with introduction by David C. Rankin. LSU Press. $20.00.

A New Voyage to Carolina, by John Lawson; edited by Hugh Talmage Lefler. UNC Press. $9.95.

No Chariot Let Down: Charleston's Free People of Color on the Eve of the Civil War, edited by Michael P. Johnson and James L. Roark. UNC Press. $16.95.

North Carolina Quakers and Slavery, by Hiram Hilty. Friends United Press. $7.95.

Slavery and Race in American Popular Culture, by William Van de Burg. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. $29.50/12.50.

"Spain in the Mississippi Valley: Spanish Arkansas, 1762-1804," by M. Carmen Gonzalez Lopez-Briones. Purdue Univ.

"A Study of the Late Prehistoric, Protohistoric, and Historic Indians of the Carolina and Virginia Piedmont," by Jack H. Wilson. UNC-Chapel Hill.

The War Against Proslavery Religion: Abolitionism and the Northern Churches, by John R. McKivigan. Cornell Univ. Press. $29.95.

The Web of Victory: Grant at Vicksburg, by Earl S. Miers. LSU Press. $8.95.

ECONOMICS, HISTORY, AND POLITICS — 1865-1984

"After the Flood: An Analysis of Social-Psychological Consequences of Natural Disaster [in Louisiana and Mississippi]," by Daniel Lee Dotter. Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

"Black and White Women Workers in the Post World War II Period," by Randy Pearl Albelda. Univ. of Massachusetts.

Breaking the Land: The Transformation of Cotton, Tobacco, and Rice Culture Since 1880, by Pete Daniel. Univ. of Illinois Press. $22.50.

"A Case for Equal Opportunity," by Joseph G. Andritzky. Claremont Graduate School, 1984.

"A Case Study of Relational Communication: Jimmy Carter and the 1976 Black Electorate," by Mary Alice Baker. Purdue Univ.

"Creoles of Jerusalem: Jewish Businessmen in Louisiana, 1840-1875," by Elliott Ashkenazi. George Washington Univ.

Crucible of Reconstruction: War, Radicalism, and Race in Louisiana, 1862-1877, by Ted Tunnell. LSU Press. $25.00.

"Explaining the Severity of the 1960's Black Rioting: A City Level Investigation..." by Gregg Lee Carter. Columbia Univ.

"The Health of Blacks During Reconstruction, 1862-1870," by Michael A. Cooke. Univ. of Maryland.

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"A Descriptive Study of Male and Female Speech Stereotypes on Selected Television Shows with Predominantly Black Characters," by Barbara Hill Hudson. Howard Univ., 1982.

"Happy in the Service of the Lord: Afro-American Gospel Quartets in Memphis, Tennessee," by Christopher Lornell. Memphis State Univ.

"Jazzology: A Study of the Tradition in Which Jazz Musicians Learn to Improvise," by Wilmot A. Fraser. Univ. of Pennsylvania.

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Long Steel Rail: The Railroad in American Folksong, by Norm Cohen. Univ. of Illinois Press. $17.50.

"The Mythic Black Hero: From Slavery to Freedom," by Sarah Louise Rosemond. Florida State Univ.

New Orleans Jazz: A Family Album, third edition, by Al Rose and Edmond Souchon. LSU Press. $35.00/19.95.

BULLETIN BOARD OF THE SOUTH

Announcements

CAL/NEH Taped Dialect Search
The Center for Applied Linguistics, with NEH funding, is compiling a list of collections of tape-recorded American English speech. The goal is to facilitate access to the untapped resource of privately-held tapes and to increase awareness about their importance to our cultural heritage. Later, the project will gather a representative group of recordings for a Library of Congress collection.

If you have recordings or want more information, write: Donna Christian, CAL, 3520 Prospect Street, NW, Washington, DC 20007.

Reparations
Black Reparations are your due. Act now! For more information send SASE to:

African National Reparations Organization, 1330 North Bond Street, Baltimore, MD 21213 (301) 563-1533.

Stop Paying for Executions!
Send stamped envelope to: Penny Resistance, 8319 Fulham Court, Richmond, Virginia 23227.

Authors!
Need an aggressive Literary Agent? High rate of success over the past 10 years! Write the Peter Miller Agency, Inc., 1021 Avenue of the Americas, NY, NY 10018 and receive a free copy of our information pamplet.

Events

SWEC Conference
Leadership conference for women organizing women on poverty issues in the Southeast will be held November 30-December 2, 1984 in Montreat, NC. Sponsored by the Southeast Women's Employment Coalition. Scholarships are available for low income women. For information contact: P.O. Box 1357, Lexington, KY 40590 (606)276-1555.

WRL Conference
War Resisters League/Southeast announces a Southern Regional Conference, at Camp New Hope in Chapel Hill, NC, October 12-14. The conference will appeal to anyone who is interested in peace and social change issues throughout the region. Registration cost is $35, which includes six meals, lodging and conference materials. Reduced rates for children and day attenders. Childcare provided. A limited number of scholarships are available. Deadline for registration is October 1. Write for a conference brochure at War Resisters League/Southeast, 604 W. Chapel Hill Street, Durham, NC 27701 or call (919)688-6374.

Black Child Conference
National Black Child Development Institute's fourteenth annual conference will be held in Chicago, IL, October 10-12, at the Hyatt Regency Hotel (in Illinois Center). This year's theme is Black Children: Succeeding in a High Tech Era. For additional information contact: Vicki Pinkston, NBCDI, 1463 Rhode Island Avenue, NW, Washington, DC 20005 (202) 387-1281.

Jobs

Grassroots Fundraiser
Save Our Cumberland Mountains, a Tennessee grassroots organization tackling stripmining, property tax reform, toxic waste, oil and gas development. SCOM has a collective staff of six.

Duties: Managing grassroots fundraising program: 75%. General: 25% (responsibilities negotiable based on your skill and SOCM's needs).

Salary: $9,096 plus benefits

Qualifications: Fundraising experience. Writing skills helpful. Organizing experience perferred.

Position Available: September 1, 1984

For details: Peggy Matthews, SOCM, PO Box 457, Jacksboro, TN 37757.

Regional Coordinator
CORA, the Commission on Religion in Appalachia, is looking for a coordinator for the new Northern Regional Office to be located in Northern West Virginia or Southeast Ohio.

Duties: Develop coalitions among constituent churches; promote and develop church-based citizen organizing; develop relationships between churches and secular coalitions; provide consulting services to groups on issues and actions; promote and implement the objectives of CORA; be available to denominational caucuses; manage and administer the office; develop appropriate programs and projects.

Requirements: Knowledgeable about the Church and public issues; citizen organizing experience; knowledge of the region; conversant with religious values; willing and able to travel regionally. Salary: Negotiable Contact: CORA, P.O.Box 10867, Knoxville, TN 37939.

Publications

Women of the South
Southern Exposure announces our third book from Pantheon Press: ***Speaking for Ourselves: Women of the South.*** Inspired by the highly acclaimed special issue of ***Southern Exposure***, "Generations," this eloquent collection of more than 30 authors — including Gloria Anzaldua, Sara Evans, Mary Mebane and Lee Smith — brings home stories of the Southern heritage they received and, in turn, molded. Order direct from us for a discount off the cover price of $10.95. Price to Institute sustainers, $6.60; all others, $9.00. Send to ***Southern Exposure***, P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702.

The Summer Encampment: Socialists Reach Out

— by Richey Alexander

In the early twentieth century, the Socialist Party used encampments both to bring socialists together and to reach more people. Richey Alexander, the manager of the first encampment, held in Grand Saline, Texas, in 1904, described how to put one on in this article excerpted from The Southern Worker *of 1913. The article can be found in the Socialist Party of America Papers in the Manuscript Department of the Duke University Library.*

The first gathering known as a Socialist encampment, deriving its name from the fact that people camped on the ground throughout the week meeting, was held at Grand Saline in August of 1904. Annually since this pioneer gathering these meetings have grown larger each year, with every successive Encampment becoming more successful and laying the foundation, through the accumulation of experience in organization and management, for still greater achievements. The efficacy of the Encampment plan is demonstrated by the remarkable growth in the Socialist vote at the places where Encampments have been regularly held.

We held our ninth Annual Encampment at Grand Saline last summer, and notwithstanding that the population of this town is less than 3,000, ever since the Encampments were started here, it has polled more Socialist votes than any other town or city on the Texas map. In the election preceding the first Encampment here the Socialist vote was just six out of a total of 500. At the first election following our initial Encampment we cast 146 Socialist votes; in 1906, 165; in 1908, 210; and in 1910, we polled 243 votes and elected the Justice of the Peace. In 1912 we elected all of the Precinct officers over the combined opposition of the Democratic and Republican vote, by polling 312 votes for the straight Socialist ticket. . . .

An Encampment is something like a fair with everything arranged to get as many people as possible to hear the speaking. The speaking stand is the only place on the grounds to get a seat; a drink of water free or a reasonably quiet place away from the vociferous showmen; the industrious venders shouting their wares; showering confetti; the whirling merry go round and all the accompanying hubbub of a carnival.

Some people think that the amusement features should be limited, but an Encampment without them is an impossibility. It is just these attractions that draw the uninterested who come because the occasion offers them the greatest opportunity of their lives for a good time. Moreover, the pleasure seeking element spend most of the money with the privilege men, thus paying the bills for all the propaganda campaign. . . .

Here are some of the vital points to be watched in running an encampment. For a success the first requisite is a good location which should be at least half a mile, preferably a mile, from the business district of the town where it is held. . . . The best location is outside the city limits so that the camp will be the center of attraction with nothing to detract from it. Then as it is not so convenient to get to and from the grounds, the crowd makes the ground permanent headquarters.

illustration courtesy Duke University Library

The date for holding the Encampment should be set at whatever will be most convenient for the majority of the people to attend. If in an agricultural country, just when the crops are laid is the best time, as the farmers then have leisure. . . .

Lay out a wide street or pike through the center of the grounds for pedestrians only, and arrange the stands and attractions on both sides of it. Locate the speaking place two or three hundred yards beyond the termination of this main thoroughfare so as to get a quiet place for the speaking. Place all the shows and noisy attractions as far away from the speakers' stand as possible. They will all make more noise than you are looking for. . . .

I doubt that the Encampment plan could be used successfully for other causes as for Socialism. The enthusiasm of the individual Socialist and general public unrest would be lacking as contributing factors. Every Socialist is an advertising agent for the encampment in his vicinity. The old parties could hardly get out the crowds with the same methods. It is the drawing power of the Socialist message, combined with the amusement features, that makes these mid-summer gatherings universally popular.

The Encampment is the greatest single agency at our command for reaching the great mass of political sinners in the South.□

At ***Southern Exposure*** *we listen to the voices of many people for guidance and inspiration. We want to recapture the indomitable spirit of those who have spoken for human dignity, for egalatarianism, and for collective social action. We want to celebrate those ideals.*

We welcome submissions from our readers for this feature. Send ideas to: Voices From the Past, ***Southern Exposure,*** *P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702.*

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